

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor

GEO. W. DAY, Printer. SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1857. VOL. X.--NO. 45

The City of Delhi.

Our readers have read and heard much of the "dreadful" rebellion of the Sepoys in the North Western Provinces of India, which form a part of the Bengal Presidency. Never perhaps, in the history of the world, has anything happened more terrible than this rebellion. When all seemed safe, and the Government believed that the native soldiers were loyal men, fifty thousand of them had risen up with the determination, if possible, to destroy every white man, woman, and child in the country. And, sad to relate, they have been many places to success. It would fill a volume to describe the tides of horror and of blood which are brought by every mail from India—how men, women, and children have been tortured and murdered in the most frightful way.

But why have they done this? Have the soldiers been badly treated? It is far otherwise. The cause will be found elsewhere. This rebellion, it is believed, has been planned by the Mohammedans, who have cunningly drawn many of the Hindus in to the plot. The object of these fish and wicked men is to get the power and riches away from the English into their own hands. But God, we hope, for the sake of the people of the country, will prevent this, as nothing could happen which could be worse for them than to be brought again under the dominion of such tyrants as those who formerly governed them.

There is one thing which must strike every body who thinks much about this rebellion. It must show them what frightful evils Mohammedanism and Brahminism are. All the wretched Sepoys profess these false religions. There is not a Christian amongst them, for Missionaries generally were not allowed to preach the Gospel to them. And what could show more clearly that these horrible systems make men like demons, and fit them for wickedness far worse than pen can describe! Surely, after what has happened in India, Christians will be more concerned than ever to spread light through that land of darkness and to bring the millions of its people from the power of Satan unto God.

There are many cities in India where the rebels have risen up to rob, destroy and murder. But the centre of this fearful outbreak of violence and wickedness is Delhi. Here thousands of the traitors have found a refuge, and as the city contained immense quantities of arms and ammunition, and is defended by wall and river, it is not an easy thing to take it. But British soldiers are gathered around the place, and before long we hope to hear that they have driven the murderers and robbers from their stronghold.

Delhi is one of the most ancient cities of India; according to tradition it was founded 300 years before the Christian era. When possessed by the Hindus, it was called Indraprastha, and Hastinapora, and also Delhi. The latter is the name by which it is now universally known in Hindostan. It lies on the right bank of the river Jumna, and is about 900 miles from Calcutta. It is a walled city, and the distance round the wall is not less than seven miles, while their height is, on an average, upwards of 30 feet. The wall is said to be made of grey granite. At the foot of the wall is a glacis and a wide ditch, and at intervals are strong stone bastions. It has seven gates, called by the names of the principal places or countries to which the roads through them lead.

In the centre of the city, and crossing a canal, are two principal streets, one 90 feet wide and 1500 yards long. Through the whole length of this street, in a channel of stone and masonry, deliciously sweet water, brought by a canal all the way from the outermost range of the Himalaya mountains; and, without this supply of water the inhabitants would perish, as the water of the Jumna is brackish, and not fit to be drunk during eight months of the year. The other principal street is 120 feet wide, and a mile long. The palace of the Moghal Emperors forms a part of the city. This stands upon the banks of the river. The walls of the palace are all of stone, and are thirty feet high. The royal hall of audience is of marble, with mosaic work, formed of precious stone of various colours. Here is a mass of rock crystal, three feet in diameter and eight inches in thickness. The gardens of the palace, with the marble baths, are said to have cost originally one million of pounds sterling, but their ancient magnificence has long since passed away.

The most remarkable building in the city of Delhi is the Jama Masjid, built of red sand stone and marble, with a marble reservoir containing water for the purification of the hands and feet of the Muslim worshippers. The minarets of this mosque, elegant tapering structures, can be seen from every part of Delhi. Here is one of those deep, wide-mouthed wells, called Bapils in India, which was dug through the solid rocks by order of the Emperor Shah Jahan, and from this sweet water is obtained when other supplies fail. At the time when Delhi became subject to the British Government, all the water-works were out of order, and the inhabitants were suffering great distress; not only from thirst but sickness and disease. Our Government, in compassion, ordered the works to be repaired at its own expense, and great was the rejoicing when they were told that the preparations for letting in the water were finished. All Delhi, old and young, rich and poor, rushed out of the city in their gaily dressed, to meet and escort the health-giving stream.

Delhi, as a city, has been more favoured by our Government than any city in India.

Four years in Heaven.

In the deepening twilight of a Summer evening, a pastor called at the residence of one of his parishioners, and found seated in the doorway a small boy, with both hands extended upward, holding a line.

"What are you doing here, my little friend?" inquired the minister.

"Flying your kite, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Flying your kite?" exclaimed the pastor. "I can see no kite; you can see none."

"I know it, sir," responded the lad; "I cannot see it, but I know it is there, for I feel it pull."

More than four years ago the angels came and bore far above us, out of our sight, one that was very dear to us. They left her body in our charge, and we robed it in white, and laid it in a casket, and, with many tears, on a wintry day, we put it on a shelf in a cold, dark place, where it slowly faded, and lost that expressiveness which we can never forget. But the superior part, the immortal, had been removed to a home of timeless beauty, and was in the custody of Jesus. The attachment of our hearts was not severed. The connecting ties were lengthened, not broken. We loved her while here; we love her still. She loved us while in the flesh; we are sure that she loves us none the less in her new condition. Rising higher and still higher in the heaven of heavens, we feel her pull. It is not imagination; it is consciousness. As one element of the better world for which we sigh—one of "the powers of the world to come"—we are drawn by her towards that blissful centre of Christian hope, Christian aspiration. She is with Christ, and attracted by gentle influences, we are tending—God forbid that we should deceive ourselves! we are moving towards her peaceful home, with the prospect of the same glorious companionship.—*Watchman and Recorder.*

Correspondence.

Jottings by the Way.

No. IV.

Prince Edward Island is not to be left without a few desultory reflections upon its educational institutions, politics, internal means of conveyance, improvements, &c. With regard to its schools; it is in advance in some respects of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, inasmuch as the Government sustains, education by a direct tax on property, absentees, possessing large tracts of land are obliged to give this present year for Common Schools a one. There are upwards of two hundred licensed teachers, male and female securing at the rate of from £45, to £60 per annum which includes the whole salary, with the exception of a small sum given by the people as a bonus. In some cases many neat school houses may be seen, scattered over the island, though others may be seen very poor, but a great improvement is going on. There is a general superintendent of education, a Normal School at Charlottetown, not equal of course to that at Toronto, N. S., presided over by a thoroughly trained gentleman from Glasgow, a Grammar School at the head of which is a Roman Catholic, with a most uncouth tongue. These schools were visited, in the Normal School the exercises were commenced by saying the Lord's prayer, this is the extent of religious instruction that the Papists of P. E. I., are willing to allow to their Protestant fellow subjects. An important question may arise, as to how far a Protestant Government is justifiable in making such concessions to Roman Catholics. Where schools are supported by the State, they have a right to a share of the funds that Government inasmuch as they assist in its support. If we are to barter away our religious privileges for the purpose of conciliating a class of persons so opposed to our Bible let us have separate schools, where Roman Catholic children may be instructed by teachers belonging to that communion, and Protestant children trained in the principle of their faith, such a course may obviate some of these difficulties which brood erroneously over the political horizons of P. E. I., but enough of this, it would require an elaborate article to do full justice to this subject instead of some random jottings by the way.

The facilities for travel are convenient, a small steamboat crosses to Southport continually, connecting the East end with the Western part of the island, another goes up the Hillsborough River, twenty miles to Mount Stewart, enabling the farmers to bring their produce to town, whilst the talk of another to go to West River. The stages run to all parts. The stock of this island is very superior, horses are sold for \$40 to \$50, cows for \$13, and other animals in proportion, but these are choice animals. The Agricultural Society is doing every thing to improve the breeds by importing from England, the superior stock of that country whilst the English settlers of fortune take pride in having a prize cow, sheep, pig, horse, poultry, etc. at the Annual Fairs, a fine taste for horticulture may be found here, and the vegetables, flowers and everything of that sort will equal any country in the world, whilst the domestic manufactures equal if not surpass any thing seen in Nova Scotia.

We are now off for Moncton, a long drive is before you Bob, but you are well seasoned to travel, rain, hail and snow, as well as you

Master.

Thirty miles are passed over under a pouring rain, Brother Bradshaws is reached, how refreshing is shelter from the darkness and rain. Ten miles are still before us to Summer Side, up at day light, rain, rain, and no boat, patience must be exercised.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 17th.

The "Westmoreland" is in sight, was the cry which aroused us from slumber, and barring off our apparel, we are down on the wharf, can't take your horse and wagon, was the first answer to our enquiry for a passage, what now is to be done, never give up, is the motto, so after interceding with a French captain, to haul off his vessel, who misook your humble correspondent for a French Priest, I got all on board the noble steamboat. The other, in which I intended going, having stuck on a sand bar, at Shediac. It will be fortunate if she does not go to the bottom some of these days like the "Fairy Queen."

SHEDIAC.

We must amplify now a little, and take observations upon what is to be seen, this is the Railway terminus, and fifteen miles further is the growing city of Moncton. Here are signs of life. An immense steam mill sends volumes of smoke to the skies, whilst the clanking of the saws, the houses, half finished, and other aspects indicate, a growing new and busy community. We will take a glance at its religious interests first as these are the most important. In the heart of the settlement is the Baptist chapel, a building finished with much taste, with venetian blinds outside, and everything else in keeping, costing \$600. The magnificent liberality of Mr. Wilber enabled the few Baptists to erect this fine house, a large sum is still owing him, and the denomination should relieve him. A strong man stationed here with some assistance from the Board would rally around him an interest and the pews would be sold. There is a Methodist Chapel, a very plain structure, and a Church of England. A stationed minister, stirring in his habits, and missionary in his spirit would do a great work for God here.

The puffing of the iron horse is heard, and now comes sweeping along locomotive and cars, what a grand exhibition of art and power does a railway present, how stupendous have been the steps of modern improvement, and, alas, how many mournful associations are awakened in the breast that train passes along. How many lives have been lost, how many limbs fractured, how many awful calamities are identified with steamboats and rail cars, but we must shut out this melancholy soliloquising from the mind, and look at the utilitarian. To a mere casual observer, some blunders appear to have been committed in running the line, why take such a long circuit, and build a bridge which cost \$40,000, when both might have been avoided? To get deep water! is the reply: Could not the same end be accomplished by running the old wharf out to the channel at far less expense, and having a straight line, but I suppose railway engineers can solve such queries. Everything indicates that Shediac may eventually become one of the marts of trade in New Brunswick. A communication can be opened up with Canada, and whilst Moncton is inaccessible to large ships by reason of the unsafe navigation of the Petitcodiac River, this harbor may be made very secure. The trade of the island by the fisheries of the St. Lawrence may find a depot in this place.

MONCTON.

Fifteen miles are soon traversed over, and now the good city of Moncton rises up to view, surrounded by a marshy country, in every direction may be seen bridges for railway crossings built in the most substantial manner. Whilst the most imposing sight is the gothic steeple of the Baptist chapel towering towards Heaven. A few years have made a great improvement in this place, though called a city yet it scarcely deserves the name at present. It has a mayor, councilmen, etc., and the place is alive with the hum of a busy population and no doubt the good citizens anticipate the period when Moncton may rival St. John. Already may be seen spacious stores of every description, a bank is in successful operation, inundating the country with a paper currency, and an active business carried on, a large farming country flanks it in all directions.

We drove at once to the Cathedral, and a nearer view struck us with delight, as we gazed upon this magnificent building erected to the worship of God, built after a pure Gothic style, with buttresses, minarets, pinnacles, &c., and painted of a dark brown colour, its *tout ensemble* is so solemn and imposing, a clock strikes the hour, marking the rapid flight of time, and a bell calls the worshippers together, a cross surmounting the lofty dome would not offend the taste of the lover of architecture, but I suppose this would be considered as one of the marks of the beast by pious Baptists. We enter the massive door-way, and the interior, with its dim religious light, meets the view, beautiful stained glass windows cast their variegated colour across the building, but the finish is exceedingly plain, we expected to see grand arches, and scolloped screens, fretted roof, and all the decorations of Gothic architecture, but there was something grand even in its simplicity. It is capable of holding nearly one thousand hearers, with galleries and organ loft, many well known faces are recognized. The choir is practising, and after many congratulations we pass away to our

quarters to prepare for the Sabbath. People are wending their way from all quarters to the Baptist chapel, every other service is given up by the different denominations, and very soon the chapel is crowded. In the pulpit may be seen the venerable Father Crandal, now in his 87th year, who is to officiate in the morning, by his right is Brother Bill, Demill, and Wallace, on the left may be seen Father Temple, of the Wesleys, Hall, and Coleman—and the aged minister is equal to the task, after the dedication prayer by Brother Bill, a text is taken, "Will God in very deed dwell with men." Nothing can surpass the calm and impressive majesty of Joseph Crandal, and the emotional influence produced by his preaching, a holy and hallowed feeling followed the discourse, which was a masterly exposition of truth, Father Temple prays, and the house pours out its crowd.

The hour of three comes, and the house is again filled, the organ pours out its notes of praise, Germain Street Choir rolls out music never heard in Moncton, and the minister, Bro. Bill, pours out his soul in thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

Brother Demill officiates in the evening, and the congregation is as large as ever. Tomorrow is the time of trial, for the pews are to be sold, committee-men are a little nervous, for now the means are to come to meet the cost of the house, \$3,000. Brother Hall preaches the introductory sermon, and the sale commences. What do you bid for choice of the house, the auctioneer bawls out, \$10, says one, \$15 another, and so on, to \$40, first pew \$80, the auction goes on, \$1,750 are realized, leaving almost half the pews unsold, exceeding all expectations, thus far a favourable issue to the building of the finest place of worship in the lower Provinces. The opening of the Moncton meeting house closes with another attraction, namely,

THE CONCERT.

Oh for the pen of a musical critic to do full justice to this beautiful exhibition of musical taste and skill! one is compelled to exclaim, but here goes for some jottings about it. Let my readers fancy a small gallery with a beautiful organ, and around that gallery are seated six fair young ladies, dressed in snowy white, looking as if they did not belong to this lower world, and four young men, with the organist. Below may be seen five hundred hearers, all looking up with eyes and ears disjoined, and there, as the moments roll round, are poured forth strains of melody unsurpassed in New Brunswick. Anthems, quartets, duets, trios, and solos, follow in swift succession, at one time may be seen two fair sirens warbling out their strains; four again make their appearance, and one stands alone, the prima donna. Oh sweet voices! how magic is your influence, taking away the breath of your auditors, the scene was almost heavenly, the fair youthful forms in the gallery at Moncton appeared almost angelic, the noble National Anthem is sung, and the crowd disperses. Such things are like oases in the desert. The memory fondly lingers over the pleasure experienced. What would this world be without music? There is music in the hoarse roar of the ocean, there is music in the storm; but how cheering is that music which comes from the lips of those whom God has endowed with so wonderful a gift, how beautifully does the bard of Avon describe its influence,

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
In the better land angels, and redeemed spirits sing
They sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and of the Lamb,
H.

(From our New York Correspondent.)
Ithaca, Oct. 21, 1857.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The Seneca Association convened on the first Wednesday of the present month, and adjourned the next day at noon. Its sessions were very harmonious and were blessed by the presence of the spirit. So deeply interesting were some of the devotional exercises that many wished the meeting prolonged, and it was voted, that hereafter the Association convene on Tuesday and adjourn at our usual time.

We do up our business with very little discussion, and spend all the time possible in exercises of devotion. It is generally conceded that the substitution of preaching, exhortation and prayer for those resolutions and their discussion which used to consume so much time in our Associational gatherings, promotes more brotherly love, secures more religious joy, a more consecrated action, and higher attainments in piety; while those objects for whose special benefit resolutions were framed, discussed and adopted, succeed just as well without them.

All the churches of the Association have possessed the spirit of peace during the year that is past, and some of them have enjoyed "a refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Death in the same time has removed some of their valued members to the more glorious scenes of paradise, while others have left us exceedingly plain, we expected to see grand arches, and scolloped screens, fretted roof, and all the decorations of Gothic architecture, but there was something grand even in its simplicity. It is capable of holding nearly one thousand hearers, with galleries and organ loft, many well known faces are recognized. The choir is practising, and after many congratulations we pass away to our

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around them that need the blessings of the gospel, will soon lose their visibility unless a special blessing is granted them, so completely are they discouraged from their losses by death and removals. Is it not usually best when churches thus faint, to let them calmly expire and give them a christian burial. In order to keep them alive they require to be fed on cordials, and also the time and labour of those who could be more usefully employed. Besides, they have no faith nor energy to advance the cause of God, and often upon their graves new churches could be raised with all the life and vigor of youth, whose influence would bless the world, and add new pearls of grace to our glorious Redeemer's crown.

A singular phenomenon recently occurred in our village. A boy, whose leg had for a long time been swollen, and discharged most obnoxious matter, two days before his death, had a stem about six inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter, suddenly spring up from the sore, and produced a bud and a blossom, similar in appearance to a Passion flower. It has been carefully preserved in alcohol, and attracts the attention of the curious. As the doctors disagree about it, all others hesitate to give a very decided opinion.

For the sake of variety we had an episode last week amid the dull routine of business, groups might have been seen on Tuesday in the offices, bar-rooms, stores, and at the corners of the streets, discussing with grave solemnity the condition of one of our banks, that with many thousand on deposit, and \$250,000 in circulation, had just suspended, and could no longer make specie payments. No one anticipated the event, and the tidings fell upon the ears of the whole business community, like the crash of some venerable pile, whose structure was deemed too solid for any event to shake short of the final catastrophe. Faces, usually cheerful, were either blank with dismay, or else were lined with sorrow, and some looked as if they could have easily sympathised with Micah when the Danites stole his gods.

What gave effect to the scene was the view that the farmers presented. It was at this bank that many of them had made their deposits, either for safe keeping, or to secure the interest that a deposit after a few months draws. As the news flew to their dwellings that all their yellow gold, laid up for the time of need, was in a single night metamorphosed into unredeemable paper, they came one by one to the village to discover the secret of the charm that had wrought so sad a change. Every look was ominous that met their anxious gaze, and no one could explain the cause why gold and silver was not paid except that the bank, like all the rest of the country, was out of the precious metals. But it was observed that the generous public had no sympathy for the farmers who were sharers in the general misfortunes. The fact is, these gentlemen have been invading the monopolized right of the business circles, and have taken advantage of the markets in the sale of their produce and except holding their money rather tight, a sort of common failing, this was their only crime, which shut them out of sympathy. But who can give any reason, save an immemorial custom, why business men alone should have all the advantages of trade. The cry so universal now, "Down with monopolies—Equal rights to all," may have a meaning that some who use it do not intend.

In the evening a relief meeting was called. Speeches were made and resolutions passed expressive of confidence in the bank, and the business men agreed to take its bills at par. Business was brisk next day. Notes that had long been enclosed in darkness were shown the light. Old debts were paid; new goods were bought. Even editors received some money. All seemed to act in good faith, and yet but few appeared perfectly satisfied.

All now is right. The bank has found its soundness. Its bills are again at par in all the State. We have had "much a do about nothing." It was all for the event of a reasonable confidence. The lesson may do good, but its price was rather expensive.

As ever, yours,
J. M. HARRIS.

SALISBURY, Oct. 1st, 1857.

DEAR BROTHER—I give much to learn that under the Baptist name there should arise a dispute about words, which gender strife and grieve the Holy Spirit of God. These divisions tend to interrupt the union of our churches; for this evil I will offer a few thoughts.

I would advise a diligent reading of the Holy Scriptures; a few passages I will name, Matthew, iv., 4. "But he answered and said, it is written man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," shewing that the word of God is inspired and not to be neglected. The doctrine of divine sovereignty exhibits Jehovah in his divine attributes, his wisdom, goodness, love, holiness, and justice. His mercy proclaimeth the salvation of man. Jesus engaged and satisfied justice in behalf of an innumerable multitude, even as many as the Lord our God should call. Therefore the doctrine of divine sovereignty reveals the rock of ages, the only foundation on which the whole of the spiritual church of Christ rests. The means the Holy Trinity has ordained to make this mystery known is the preaching of the Gospel, and according to the Lord's command it is to be preached to every creature. The gospel is revealed to us by the Saviour and his Apostles, and communicate "good