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Poetry.

Bread of Heaven.

The world with stones, instead of bread,
Our hungry souls has often fed;
It promised health—in one short hour
Perished the fair but fragile flower;
It promised riches—in a day
They made them wings and fled away;
It promised friends—all sought their own,
And left my widowed heart alone.

Lord! with the barren service spent,
To Thee my suppliant knee I bent;
And found in Thee a Father's grace,
His hand, his heart, his faithfulness;
The voice of peace, the smile of love,
The bread which feeds the saints above;
And tasted, in this world of woe,
A joy its children never know.

[From the Acadia Athenaeum.]

Reminiscences of European Study and Travel.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

A large part of the stream of travel from America to continental Europe flows through London. In the travelling season especially, hundreds, or even thousands, of persons from this side of the Atlantic may be found temporarily stopping in the great metropolis on their way to Paris, or Berlin, or Dresden, or Heidelberg, or Geneva, or Nice, or Rome, or other European centres. If one has travelled alone as far as London, he need not do so from that point onward. In the same car or steamer in which he has taken passage he will probably find persons of his own tongue or nationality, and probably having in view the same destination. Such, at least, was almost invariably my own experience.

At the hotel at which I stopped in London, I made the acquaintance of a Prof. Wright, just arrived from the United States, and intending to proceed to Leipzig, to prosecute his Greek and Sanscrit studies under the great Curtius.

As he purposed going hither by the same route which I had chosen for myself, we agreed to go in company, and a most agreeable and profitable travelling companion did I find him. My recollections of the journey, which his genial presence did so much to enliven, are of the pleasantest kind. I may remark in passing, that after spending two years in Leipzig, Prof. Wright received an appointment to the chair of classics in Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, and recently entered upon his duties. Should these lines fall under his eye, he may know as he reads, that their author still remembers him, and ardently wishes for him the highest prosperity and happiness.

The first of our journey brought us to Antwerp, which lies nearly east of London, on the opposite side of the channel. We crossed over by steamer direct from London Bridge. Getting on board at 6 o'clock in the evening, we had over two hours' daylight for seeing the many objects of interest along the banks of the Thames, as well as the highly cultivated and beautiful country stretching far away on both sides.

A steam down the river gives an excellent opportunity for inspecting the great

Docks,

which convey an astonishing idea of the extent of London's commerce. They are seven in number, and occupy between 700

and 800 acres. In the West India Docks alone colonial produce to the value of twenty millions sterling has been stored at one time.

Six miles below London Bridge, on the site of an ancient royal palace, in which Henry VIII. was born, and where he married Anne Boleyn and two others of his unfortunate wives, stands

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

The buildings, consisting of four piles, constitute one of the finest architectural groups in England. In the neighborhood of the hospital is the

ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL,

where 800 boys and 200 girls, the sons and daughters of petty officers and seamen, are clothed, fed, and educated.

Here also is the Greenwich Park, a picturesque piece of ground of 174 acres, containing some magnificent old elms, planted in Charles II.'s time, and on one of the beautiful elevations of which stands the

ROYAL OBSERVATORY

of worldwide celebrity.

Meteorological observations are made at this observatory as well as astronomical, and the collection of instruments for both sciences is very complete. Here also longitude is calculated for all maps of English construction. At one o'clock every day the exact time is notified by the descent of a large ball on the spire of the eastern turret. By electric agency this is conveyed to London, and to all the chief towns of the kingdom where it is desirable to know Greenwich time.

Five miles below Greenwich, and on the same side of the river, is

WOOLWICH,

one of the great naval establishments of England. The objects most deserving of a visit here are the Dockyard, the Arsenal, and the Royal Military Repository, the various contents and operations of which cannot fail to remind the beholder of the tremendous power the nation is capable of putting forth. Permission to go through these establishments is granted to strangers only through their respective ambassadors. In about ten hours after leaving London Bridge, we found ourselves in the Schelde, on which river, 60 miles from its mouth, Antwerp is situated. The Schelde is about 6 or 8 miles wide at its mouth, and gradually contracts, till at Antwerp it is about one-third of a mile. The country through which it winds its way is low and level, having been largely reclaimed from the sea. Along each bank of the river runs a well formed dyke, planted with trees standing a short distance apart, and giving a beautiful relief to the otherwise monotonous landscape.

Antwerp, the capital of Belgium, has a population of nearly 200,000. It was a very important and wealthy place in the middle ages. The height of its prosperity was reached about 300 years ago, when it rivalled even London. Twenty-five hundred vessels often lay in the Schelde at the same time, while a hundred or more arrived and departed daily. The great fairs held here at this time attracted merchants from all parts of the civilized world, and upwards of a thousand foreign commercial firms had established themselves here. Under the Spanish regime the City began to decline till in 1790—about 100 years ago—its population had dwindled down to 40,000.

Of the various objects of attraction possessed by Antwerp, its

CATHEDRAL

deserves the first mention. It is the largest and most beautiful Gothic Church in the Netherlands; is of cruciform shape, with triple aisles 384 feet long; the width of the nave being 171 feet, the width of the transept 213 feet, the height of the ceiling from the floor 130 feet, and the height of the tower 402 feet. Charles V. used to say this tower—this elegant specimen of Gothic architecture—ought to be preserved in a case, and Napoleon is said to have compared it to a piece of Mechlin lace. The chimera are among the most complete in Belgium, consisting of 99 bells, the smallest of which is only 15 inches in circumference, the largest weighing 8 tons.

The view from this tower is very extensive and charming. With the aid of a good glass the spectator can follow the course of the Schelde as far as Flushing, and can distinguish the towers of Bergen-op-Zoom, Breda, Brussels, the Field of Waterloo, and Ghent.

To obtain this view my friend and I resolved to make the ascent. This was by a spiral stairs of 622 steps, in ascending which one goes round and round, and up and up, scarcely knowing sometimes in the darkness and dizziness of the flight whether it is himself or the Cathedral that is in motion, till the top is gained.

Among the party that made the ascent were a London barrister and his lady, who had just crossed the channel with a view to making the tour of Europe. I allude to them more particularly on account of the astonishing physical feat performed by this lady of mounting these stairs from bottom to top without resting. I have no disposition to underrate the physical ability of our Dominion young ladies, but it is doubtful if one in a thousand of them could have done this. Not that they are not naturally as strong and enduring as their English cousins; but on account of their too habitual staying in the house, their too little attention to physical training, they seem less capable of performing such feats as the one I have named.

It is no uncommon thing for English ladies travelling in Switzerland and other parts of Europe, to walk their fifteen or twenty miles a day, and to climb mountains, steep and difficult of ascent, as easily as their friends of the sterner sex accompanying them. English ladies are proverbially good walkers, and they have earned this reputation, not by walking occasionally, or by fits and starts, but by habitually accustoming themselves to the exercise. I have often been tempted to pause and admire the grace of their motion as they have swept by me in the great parks of Liverpool and London, at the rate of three and a half or four miles an hour. There was an ease, a regularity and firmness, in their step which showed that they had thoroughly mastered the pedestrian art. Some of our Canadian young ladies are so unused to this healthful exercise that their step is of quite the opposite character; they walk with the hesitancy of children who seem afraid of falling, and the distance of a mile quite overcomes them.

It is worthy of remark, too, that the walking boot of the English lady has not a thin paste-board sole, but one rather of solid leather, nearly half an inch thick, through which it is impossible for dampness to come; and that it is sufficiently large and roomy to permit the freest circulation of blood in the foot. May not the bloom in the English woman's cheek, making her seem young and beautiful at forty, be largely traced to her abundant recreation in the open air? Certain it is that our young ladies are too disinclined to this recreation, and the result often is that strength and beauty prematurely fade together.

In European countries many families live, as it were, out of doors, especially in the summer months. The young ladies sew and study in the garden, and there also the family takes many of its meals.

The last glimpse I got of our London barrister and wife was as they turned the corner of a street to some other point of interest, he leading off, and she following at something less than gallop speed. With this rate of travel kept up they could not have been long in doing Europe.

Womanly Adornments.

The *Richmond Herald* closes a just and forcible article on this subject thus;

The true character of woman is revealed by her choice of her adornments. Some females care not to adorn either their souls or their bodies. They are degraded, lost, a reproach to their sex. Others are anxious to deck their bodies; but have no care to adorn their souls. They are triflers, wasting their time, prostituting their noble powers, dishonouring their Creator, and earning a wretched immortality. Enlightened Christian females are careful to adorn their bodies in modest and becoming apparel; but far more anxious to have their souls beautified with the graces of the Holy Spirit. They would rather be adorned "with a meek and quiet spirit, than with the most gorgeous and costly raiment. For these an incomparably more beautiful adornment is promised. Christ will change their vile and dishonoured bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto his glorious body. Then shall they shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

A Heavy Argument.

For many years one of the arguments most relied by on those who have sought to justify sprinkling for baptism, has been what they called the impossibility of baptizing three thousand in one day. At On gloe, a Baptist mission station in India, during the past summer, missionary Clough with his seven assistants baptized in one day two thousand, two hundred and twenty two. On the day of Pentecost there was at least twelve administrators, and if eight persons can baptize 2,222 in one day, then twelve persons can baptize 3,332 in the same length of time. This is 333 more than are said to have been baptized that day. To this is to be added the fact that the entire seventy seem to have been administrators, which with the apostles would make eighty-two, and this number of administrators could have baptized twenty thousand as easy as Brother Clough and his assistants could have baptized two thousand. The resort to such flimsy arguments show how pressed they must be who seek to prop up sprinkling for baptism.—*Vermont Baptist.*

Tremont Temple.

A correspondent of the *Christian Union* in speaking of the leading churches of Boston says:

The first of these is known as the Tremont Temple, and is of the Baptist "persuasion." Everybody who knows Boston knows the Tremont Temple. It is only a lesser Music Hall. Large, central, accessible, with quite as much of the atmosphere of the lecture-room as the sanctuary, it invites and secures each Sunday a thronged congregation easily, the largest preached to by any Boston pastor. The preacher is the Rev. Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer, who was once an actor, and who has carried into the pulpit, or rather upon the platform, much of the action and manner of the stage. There is not probably a suburb within ten miles radius of the state House which does not contribute one or more hearers every Sunday at the Temple. I say audience rather than congregation, for its associations combine to suggest the former. A printed "order of exercises" is furnished anew every Sunday, outlining the service, containing the hymns, and furnishing various particulars of the Church and its work: an excellent plan for a place of popular gathering like this. The Tremont Temple unquestionably is doing a great good. Its minister is a godly and gifted man. It catches many people who would not find their way into the "Churches." And the multitudes whom it accommodates must carry away good with them, even if many individuals among them come neither often nor regularly.

What Others are Saying.

The February number of the *Catholic Presbyterian*, the new Presbyterian Journal, edited by Professor Blaikie, has an article on "Pastors, Theology and the Age," in which it is sought to define the duty of the former as regards the latter. Says the writer, after pointing out errors to be avoided:—"What then should the pulpit do? Should it ignore the controversies of the day, and say nothing about the questions which are on the lips of thinking men? Very seriously do some give this advice and very sincerely do we think they are mistaken. The pulpit has a magnificent opportunity in these days when all ears are open to hear whatever may be said on fundamental questions of belief, and the duties of the pulpit are commensurable with its opportunities. There is room for questioning whether it is not too often taken for granted that those who habitually hear the gospel are troubled with no doubts and beset with no fears. But it would be hard to make a greater mistake. The duties of the pulpit cannot be performed, it is true, by preaching dry and lifeless theological formulas; but neither can they be performed by adopting a tone of uncertainty, timidity and doubt regarding the great verities of our faith."

The Christian life is not knowing nor hearing, but doing.—*E. W. Robertson.*

Gems.

Saviour, thou knowest the souls that are dreary,
Songless and sad as these desolate stones;
Hearts that would welcome thee, yet are too weary,
Voices that give thee but desolate tones:
Thou art the bringer of hope to the cheerless,
Thou art the giver of peace after strife;
Teach them to cling to thee trusting and fearless,
Lord of their life!

Come as the healer of hearts that are broken,
Come when our sunshine is wintry and pale;
Hearer of pleadings that never were spoken,
Thou art the same and thy love cannot fail;
Enter the chambers that light has forsaken,
Bring back the gladness of earlier days,
Come and the joy of thy presence shall waken
Songs to thy praise.

Give the man such a heart as the Son of God describes in the beatitudes and a whole universe of sorrow cannot rob him of his blessedness.—*Spurgeon.*

The hiding-places of men are discovered in affliction. As one has aptly said, "Our refuges are like the nests of birds; in summer they are hidden among the green leaves, but in winter they are seen among the naked branches."—*J. W. Alexander.*

It is a little matter at what hour of day
The righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come
To him untimely, who has learned to die.
The less of this brief life, the more of heaven;
The shorter time, the longer immortality.
Dean Millman.

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning; an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—*Longfellow.*

Suffering well borne is better than suffering removed. When we reach the blessed garden above, we shall find that out of the very bruises and wounds over which we sighed and groaned on earth, have sprung verdant branches bearing most precious fruit for eternity.—*Bushnell.*

If any say he has seen a just man in want of bread I answer that it was in some place where there was no other just man.—*St. Clement.*

There is in Christianity light enough for those who sincerely wish to see it, and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition.—*Pascal.*

In the humblest dwellings and obscurest corners the noblest, the most successful, and the most honorable lives are lived as truly as on the wide avenues and beneath the gaze of myriads of admiring eyes. Every life which Christ guides by his light and cheers by his smile and crowns with his forgiveness and his reward is thoroughly worth living for its experience and for its abundant rewards.—*Pres. Porter.*

Items of Interest.

Last year Mr Robert Arthington, of Leeds, England, offered to give \$5,000 if the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions would plant a mission in Central Africa. Now he offers to give \$10,000 more to provide a steamer for the Upper Congo, to be used for Missionary purposes.

The Governor-General has written a letter to the Governors of McGill College, Montreal, expressing his pleasure with the annual report of the University and donating \$500 to the faculty of Applied Science.

Sir George Campbell has given notice that he intends asking Sir Stafford Northcote at a future day, whether if Canada adopts a protectionist policy at a time when England is striving against a similar policy by foreign Governments, Her Majesty's Government will consider it advisable to continue British connection with Canada.

It is proposed in Paris to erect a monument to Admiral Coligny, the leader of the French Protestants and principal victim of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The proposition indicates a very decided change of feeling towards the Protestants in France.

The city of Paris has a debt of \$400,000,000, the interest on which is \$20,000,000. The rate of taxation is nearly \$22.50 per head of population.