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"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS"—2d Timothy, i.

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Poetry.

The Old And The New.

BY B. W. LOCKHART.

Pilgrims on their way to hallowed days,
Where oft our feet have roved in halcyon days
Where oft our spirits thrilled with joy and pain
And where the olden steeple, we stand and gaze
On a fair temple throned on the height
Which looks down on Acadia's Arcady,
Now beams the eye of Athens with new light,
And Homer's song yet answers to the sea.

As Jewish exile from a land of sighs—
With joyful footsteps to their Zion come;
Exult to see her walls and towers arise,
And hymn with praise their spirit's temple

And tune their harps, long silent and unstrung,
To deeper notes than woke the by-gone years,
So we, in presence of the triumphant young,
Sing hope triumphant over loss and fears,
By our re-erected spire with twinkling feet,
The outer-tribe of angels of Helicon,
Now through the future vistas far withdrawn,
Resound the lofty song prophetically sweet.

Noble and fair thy new proportions rise
A young Acadia; founded on the old;
Dear classic grounds we reverently hold
As consecrated by the fathers wise,
By memories and melodies of yore,
I may thy prouder pillars nevermore
In fiery fragments pile
But even in hoary ruin call
The future pilgrim to thy haunted shrines.

Go and fulfil the destiny
The opening ages hold for thee,
Let light of sovereign thy life adorn,
So shall a heaven God exalt thy horn.
Preserve inviolate the faith
That laid thy pillars deep in earth,
Cast out the spirit force which lurks
In Protean form behind the works
Of science. Search where lie
The germs of a divine Philosophy,
Drink deep Castalia's crystal fount,
Bathe in the naiad-haunted streams;
But hold, 'bove grandest Grecian dream
That Cross whereon ye mount
Higher than flight of classic lore
Olympian mounts untrod before
By mythic men and gods.

Be Christ the glory and the song
Of thy deep soul; and be the throng
Of Bards and Seers of old
The Gentile chorus prelauding
The coming age of gold.
Within thy ample halls shall stand
The flower of our progressive land,
From South and North from West and East,
They come and gather round the feast.
Some modern Horace drinks his fill
Of honey from Hyacinth's hill:
A new born Plato steals the gleam
Of the old Plato's God-rapt dreams;
Another Newton through deep laws
Of science discerns the eternal cause,
A Galileo oils his ear
To travel to the farthest star.
Like bees I see an exodus
Of souls drenched in the calculus
And differentiated well—
Infinite, infinitesimal.

The music swells: the Dorian lute
Commings with the Lydian flute;
The deeper toned Ionian lyre
Burns with the red Æonian fire,
And strength blows his organ too,
With strength that Bacon never knew,
And on this hill in coming time,
I see a nobler host arise,
To purge a man's spirit from its slime,
And light his darkened eyes,
The sons of souls-like Orpheus, who
On India's plains the trumpet blew
Whose echo never dies.

They drink from wisdom's sacred rill,
They list the oracles which fill
Their hearts with power divine,
Some Paul, read in all modern lore,
Some John, by love taught to adore,
Here too, the word divine
Shall speak, with equal rights shall come
The daughter with the sons,
From cottage roof, from stately home,
The mingled current runs;
And ladies' grace with manhood's strength,
Shall educate the land at length,
In Christian chivalry,
So cultured mothers, cultured wives,
Shall give Acadia fairest lives
With brain as well as brawn,
No poet shall lament with tears,
In looking on those happy years,
A golden age that's gone.

The song was finished. I turn back to the old
And muse on scenes times never can restore,
And think on friends whose eyes no more behold,
But whose familiar footsteps evermore
Make music in the glades of memory.
By many a stream, in many a haunted grove
I wander, a dream, in the past and yet
Brooding upon the severing of our love
On the mere marge of life's unbounded sea.
Shafner and Campbell, your familiar names
I call because I know ye well,
And of your virtues too, ye well
My faltering tongue erewhile assayed to tell;
And you my brothers whom I never knew,
Dead with the battle-harness buckled on,
Dear Chipman, Vary, Grant, the hundred true
Whose sun has risen in a nobler dawn;
Methinks invisible ye hover now
To press a kiss on our young mother's brow.

Those blackened stones, that dark and ashy mound
Those levelled vaults, this shattered masonry,
These old foundations razed to the ground?
Were they the only remnants left of thee?
Thou didst not die, thy spirit lives for aye.
Thy life's eternal current pure and deep
Yet pours a stream from heart of sire to son.
Thou didst but weary go awhile to sleep.
And wake to find a greater youth begun.
Acadia! offspring of th' heroic past,
That ledst the van of culture in our land;
A firm pillar of the night which cast
Around a radiance ever clear and bland—
Whose arm shall span the triumphs of the hand,
What plummet sound thy depths of influence
vast?

The immortal soul expands, and breaks away
The faded garment which enclosed it here;
And with perennial freshness in the ray
Of deeper suns, re-creates its power there.
With divine vesture for his high career,
Thou too a worn out garment didst unbind
And take a stronger body for the fight,
Even as the spirit of the fabled bird
Sprung from its body's ashes plumed for flight.

But yet the sad weeps o'er a mother's sea,
And we were sad thy dearest walls to see,
No garret, class-room, hall or worn stair-way
But spook with tongues a glowing history,
Each nook had serious voices of the past.

Blended with the laugh of Boys of Grand Pre;
And names were carved on thee that live no more,
Doubtless our vision piercing through the past
Would see them carved far higher than before.
In the annals recorded of thy years,
Mid other names two names shall reign supreme
With that soft light which hallows and endears,
And when we pass—forgotten as a dream,
And other generations read thy page,
They twain, midst half-remembered forms shall
stream

In dual radiance o'er the closed age
Which saw thy loom of labor strenuous ply,
Crawley and Cramp revered—the students
friends,
No grave can quench their Immortality,
While truth with love in noble spirits blends,
Nor let the Muse forget the tribute due
To those who still stand in the toilsome van,
But grateful, give the well-earned and the true,
The honor that true manhood pays to man.
They never failed in hour of deepest need,
And when the old bell rang in dying tones,
They stood afloat, in word, in prayer, in deed—
Firm Sawyer, rugged Higgins, kindly Jones,
And with them, hand in hand, the later three
Professors Welton, Turfs, and Kennedy,
Ye have a people's sympathy and love,
Ye have the benediction from above.

Enough. Oppressed, my daring Muse retires
Time will not serve each generous heart to tell,
Farewell Alumni, brothers, reverend sires,
Not all shall meet here more—a kind farewell,
We go divergent ways as God hath given;
O may they end in truth—in home, in heaven.

Missionary Correspondence.

Chicacole, May 1st, 1879.

MY DEAR MRS. MARCH:
For months your unanswered letter has been a burden on my mind, and yet I have never felt able with the time at my disposal, to give it a proper answer.

I have been extremely busy, while my strength has steadily failed since last hot season. Why I am any better now I cannot tell, but I had tonight I have taken up work that I had long been unable to

do. Early in March I grew so weak that I was almost helpless and feared I had not sufficient strength to undertake the journey home, but I rallied again. I suppose the Master wanted me here a little longer.

I have been particularly anxious to tell you about our little orphans. During a time of great distress among the poor last year, numbers were entirely dependant on charity; very many died, and from the country, for miles and miles around, those who were left crept towards the town to beg. Hundreds of such were crowded together in "rest houses," as they are called, buildings put up to accommodate travellers, without charge. Among them were a great many children, some of them utterly friendless, all homeless wanderers. Little wanderers from three years and upwards, with no future before them but to beg from door to door. It seemed to me a duty to rescue them from lives of sin and shame, if not from death, by taking them in and giving them a Christian education. Such children had no friends to trouble them about caste or any Hindoo superstitions. We gathered ten of them in. If you could have seen them you would have wept. Some scarce able to walk, all living skeletons, nothing more. Two little things the police picked up and brought here in their arms. People were dying of hunger everywhere, and how could these little un-cared-for ones beg enough to eat. We had to feed them very carefully at first, and they were never satisfied. "More rice, more rice," was their cry. But we dare not give it till they were accustomed to eat daily. Now three children do not eat as much as one did for the first few months. Gradually their flesh covered their bones again and normal appetites returned. The famine fund enabled me to support them while I wrote to you for their future needs.

The youngest, a little thing unable to talk yet, that the police picked up, but no one knew anything about, lingered along till January and then died. Two others who had come from near the hills, some thirty miles away, waited till the crops were ripe, and then, homesick for their old surroundings, ran away. They were sisters about six and seven years old. Two others, after the famine was over, relatives claimed. One, about twelve years old, proved to be an inveterate beggar. She would run away to the town and beg in spite of all we could do. We found she was in communication with people with whom she had formerly lived, and her case seemed so hopeless and her example so bad, we sent her away. Another was punished for inattention in school one day the next she was missing.

Thus when the hard times disappeared one after another left us till but three remain; those are so domesticated now that I think we may have hoped for them. They are wonderfully changed from the gaunt spectres that came to us. Two are able to read a little and saw, the younger one is following on. I am hoping that they will be useful in our Mission work, if God's grace but reaches their hearts. At least they are free to be Christians. Their caste shackles are broken away; they are Hindoos no longer.

The money you have appropriated will provide for these three for two years. After that it would be well if some Sabbath School or Mission Bands took them up. I spoke of an orphanage, but it would not differ from a boarding school, and since so few have remained with us it might be better simply to call them boarders in the school.

Our girls' school is well attended. It was examined by the Inspector of schools in April, and a grant of 38 rupees was given. The money is granted according to the number of pupils who pass in certain standards. As these children knew absolutely nothing when they came, of school lore, they could only pass the lowest standard, and all but nine little girls failed even in that, consequently but a small sum was realized. Probably next year it will show larger results.

Our boys' school originated in a school in town which the teacher wished us to take over. He is one of the "almost persuaded" not unfrequent in India and thus whom the dread of losing caste and thus

being cut off from all social and family relations, keeps back from the good they covet. In January we complied with his request, hoping that it might be the means of good to him as well as to the children. We have made such arrangements that the school will nearly, if not quite, be self-supporting. I cannot do thus with the girls' school. Each of the schools meet at present in rooms we have given to them in our house. Over one hundred children assemble here daily. Besides being uncomfortable and confined for them, it makes some noise and confusion for us, and we shall be very glad when our school chapel, not yet begun, is ready for their use.

I must bring this long letter to a close. My little Katie keeps pretty well, though she is not strong. Baby is happy and good as he can be. Mr. Armstrong has completely recovered his health again, much to our satisfaction, for however pleasant a visit home would be, it is more desirable to remain here.

Ever yours lovingly,
N. M. N. ARMSTRONG.

Selections.

Mr. O. B. Frothingham, who has been foremost among the Free Religionists and Transcendentalists of this country, in his farewell address to his congregation the last Sunday in April, made a frank confession of the failure of individualism of which he has been a champion. He has trod nearly the same path with Mr. Alcott; it is for him to find the satisfaction he has hitherto failed to find, in the same faith.

Mr. A. B. Alcott, says a Boston correspondent, has come out an evangelical man. He has been known as a peripatetic philosopher whose discourses on divinity, humanity, nature, ethics, and various other practical questions, have been characterized by much thought and have awakened much interest. He has been claimed as an idealist and Platonist; but now after a life spent in reflection and observation, he finds rest for his soul under the shadow of the cross of Christ.

I do not respect any proposition merely because it is ancient, or in the mouths of majorities. But I do respect propositions that have seen honest and protracted battle, but not defeat. The test of the soundness of scholarship is that it should contend with scholarship, not once or twice, but century after century, and come out crowned.

But the intellectual snmpremacy of Christianity in the nineteenth century is not a novelty. There are other battle fields worth visiting by those who walk and meditate, on which Christian trophies stand, more important as marks of the world's agencies and advances, than any that ever Greek erected for victory at Salamis or Marathon. I lean on church history. I go to its battle fields and lie on them. They are places of spiritual rest. Gazing on their breadth I see no narrow prospect but a horizon of nineteen hundred victorious years. Looking into the sky as I lie here, I hear sometimes the anthem: "As it was in the beginning, is now; and ever shall be, world without end." I obtain glimpses of a heaven opened, and behold a white horse, and he that sat on him is called the Word of God, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. He is clothed in a vesture dipped in blood; but his eyes are a flame of fire, and on his head are many crowns.—Joseph Cook.

Herbert in the Watchman thus concisely puts the position of this man of Poncelet whose sacrificial act has thrilled the whole community with horror. It is not an element of evangelical religion or of orthodoxy so called. It is the doctrine that has always been the fanatical opponent of evangelical religion, and was, in fact, a thorny annoyance to Luther, nearly ruining his work in the incipency of the Great Reformation. The doctrine is that, independent of the teachings of the Word, and supreme over them as a rule of faith, are the revelations of new truths by the Holy

Spirit, as direct and authoritative in our time as were the revelations given to the apostles in the first century.

When this doctrine is once accepted, the Bible ceases to be a regulator of thought and a guide of practice. Then without any objective standard whereby to test the new revelations, to try the spirits, there is no telling to what ultimate issues the wandering mind may drift. Hence the teachers of evangelical religion have been always careful to smite this doctrine with the sharp sword, the Word of God, whereby it appears as did Luther when he met the pretending prophets, Storch, Cellarius and others at Zwickau and bade them prove their commission by miracles or submit to the teachings of the Word. These men attempted to overawe Luther, and shouted, "The Spirit! the Spirit!" The answer of Luther, says D'Aubigne, was marked by cool contempt and cutting homeliness of his expression: "I slap your spirit on the snout." Cellarius stormed till he foamed at the mouth. The result was that the pretended prophet abandoned the bosom. Thus Luther expelled from the field of the church the fanaticism and disorder which had invaded it.

Hindoo Hymn.

The following remarkable hymn is from the *Rig Veda*, one of the four sacred books of the Hindoos. Heathen in origin and belonging to remote antiquity, it yet bears in thought and words a striking resemblance to the utterance of Psalmist and Prophet. Surely the time is not far distant when India shall "offer her sacrifice" to that God of whom, not knowing, her Sanscrit seers wrote. The translation is by Prof. Max Muller:

1. In the beginning there arose the source of Golden Light. He was the one born Lord of all that is. He established the earth and the sky. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
 2. He who gives life, he who gives strength; whose command all the bright gods revere; whose shadow is immortality; whose shadow is death. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
 3. He who through his power is the one King of the world, who is the God of the living, He who governs all, man and beast. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
 4. He whose power these snowy mountains, whose power the sea proclaims with the distant river. He whose these regions are as it were his two arms. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
 5. He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm. He through whom the heaven was established, nay, the highest heaven. He who measured out the light in the air. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
 6. He to whom heaven and earth stand firm by his will, look up, trembling inwardly. He over whom the rising sun shines forth. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
 7. Wherever the mighty water clouds went, where they placed the seed and lit the fire, thence arose he who is the sole life of the bright gods. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
 8. He who by his might looked even over the water clouds, the clouds which gave strength, and lit the sacrifice. He alone who is God above all gods. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
 9. May he not destroy us. He, the Creator of the earth, or he, the Righteous, who creates the heavens, and He who also created the bright and mighty waters. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?
- Queen Victoria has recently spoken behind her in Italy. She talked with ease and kindness to the poor washer-women by the lake, and the olive-wood workers in their shop; she stopped her carriage and spoke pleasantly to the peasant boys who doffed their caps as she passed; and she took great delight in the lovely scenery about her. She has returned to England in vigorous health.