

The Christian Visitor.

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

VOL. XXXII.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1879.

NO. 25.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

The largest Religious Weekly in the Maritime Provinces,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

AT

No. 99 GERMAIN STREET,

Saint John, N. B.

For \$2.00 per annum in advance, or 50 cts. extra if not paid within the year.

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Editor and Proprietor.

Correspondence for the paper must be addressed to the CHRISTIAN VISITOR OFFICE, No. 99 Germain Street, Saint John, N. B.

All payments or remittances for the CHRISTIAN VISITOR, from May 1st, '78, are to be made to REV. J. E. HÖPPER, No. 99 Germain Street, St. John.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

the representative paper of a large and growing denomination, is a most

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circulates, more or less, in all the Provinces of the Dominion and United States.

TERMS:

Per square—first insertion, \$1.00

Per square—subsequent insertions, .50

Per Line—first insertion, .10

Per Line—subsequent insertion, .05

Business Card per year, 6.00

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Poetry.

The Petrified Fern.

Valley centuries ago,

A little fern leaf green and slender,

Being delicate, and fibres tender,

When the wind crept down so low,

Its tall, and moss and grass grew round it,

Its sunbeams darted in and found it;

No foot of man e'er trod that way;

It was young and keeping holiday.

Water fishes swam the silent main.

Its forests waved their giant branches.

It remains lurled their showy avalanches.

Smooth creatures stalked across the plain;

They revelled in grand mysteries;

The little fern was none of these.

Not number with the hills and trees,

It grew and waved its sweet, wild way,

Some came to note it day by day.

One time put on a frolic mood,

It tread the rocks and changed the mighty motion

Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;

It tread the plain and shook the mighty wood!

It tread the little fern in soft, moist clay;

It tread it and hid it safe away:

For the long, long centuries since that day!

The agony! O, life's bitter cost!

That useless little fern was lost!

Alas! Lost! There came a thoughtful man,

Seeking nature's secrets far and deep;

From a fissure in a rocky steep

He withdrew a stone, o'er which ran

Of pencillings, a grand design;

Its veins, leafings, fibres clear and fine,

And the fern leaf lay in every line!

I think, God hides some souls away,

That only to surprise us the last day.

Announcements of European Study and Travel—No. 8.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

We next took the train for

COLOGNE,

which is situated on the Rhine, about 150

miles east or a little south-east from Antwerp.

As we approached this City it became evident

from the language we heard in the cars and

from the different stations, that we were on

German soil. I confess it was rather an

interesting moment to myself. I had given a

good deal of attention to the study of Ger-

man, and hoped, therefore, that if I should

be able to converse with others in this

language, I should yet understand them

when speaking to me. But I was mistaken.

I could fix up a question in my own mind,

but put it as occasion required, such as:

"Wann geht der Zug ab? When does the

train start? Soll ich hier aussteigen? Shall

I get out here? Wo nimmt man die Billette?

Where are the tickets sold? And if the

answer, when it came, had been as brief, and

spoken as slowly as the question, I should

possibly have understood it; but instead of

its words were so many, and seemed so

confused and blended in their utterance,

that I found it impossible to separate between

them with my ear as they were spoken, or

comprehend their meaning. I was now

convinced of what I had never thought much

before, namely, the great difference be-

tween learning a language on the printed

page through the eye, and as spoken through

the ear. I believe a person may thoroughly

master the grammatical structure of a

language, and read it easily at sight, and yet

not be able to understand it at all when he hears it spoken. Indeed, learning a language through the eye only, is only half learning it. It would doubtless be better if, in the study of the ancient Latin and Greek classics in our Colleges, these languages were learned by sound as well as by sight. They are thus learned, particularly the former, in many schools in Europe. The German student is not considered fit to matriculate from the Gymnasium into the University until he can not only read Latin, but compose and converse in it as well.

In the University valuable courses of lectures are often delivered in Latin, but they must be a sealed book to him who has not been trained to understand the language as spoken.

Cologne is the largest City in the Rhenish Province of Prussia, and one of the most important places in Germany. Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus and mother of Nero, was born here, and founded here a colony, called *Colonia Agrippinensis*, in the year 50.

The City has more attractions than I can here particularly describe. I cannot, however, pass by its Cathedral, which justly excites the admiration of every beholder, and is probably the most magnificent Gothic edifice in the world. It is smaller, indeed, in superficial area than the Cathedrals of Milan and Rome, but it surpasses either of them in beauty. It has a grandeur born of a vast design, and the most harmonious proportions. It is a magnificent poem in stone, and fascinates the eye as music does the ear. The mind that originated its plan—which lay its multifarious proportions and graces before they were realized in stone, deserves to be ranked with those which produced the *Iliad* and the *Paradise Lost*.

It is a cruciform structure, the nave being flanked with double, and the transept with single aisles. Its total length is 444 feet, breadth 201 feet, length of transepts 282 feet, height of the walls 150 feet, height of the roof 201 feet, height of the central tower rising over the transept 357 feet, and the projected height of the two great towers which are now rapidly approaching completion, 511 feet. These will consist of four storeys, crowned with elegant open spires.

The principal portal is 93 feet in height and 31 feet in width, and is most elaborately ornamented with statues, making it a fitting entrance to so grand an edifice.

The interior is beautiful and impressive beyond description. Especially is it the case from certain angles of observation, in which its combined charms strike the eye at once. Its 56 columns, branching so gracefully at the top in flying buttresses and arches, seem not unlike so many majestic elms, though they are taller than elms ever grew. At the height of 150 feet they seem to weave their branches beneath the roof which they support. The streaming down among these columns of the sunlight, colored with the hues of the magnificent stained windows through which it has come, and flinging these hues over pillar and statue, and altar and worshipper alike, filling the whole place with glory, produces upon the beholder an almost overwhelming effect.

Flanking the side aisle of the Cathedral are seven chapels, in which are preserved various relics. In the fourth, for instance, are exhibited what are declared to be the bones of the Magi, who came from the east to worship the infant Christ. They were brought in the first place by the Empress Helena to Constantinople, from which place they were afterwards taken to Milan. In 1164 they were presented by Frederick Barbarossa to Archbishop Reinald, by whom they were removed to Cologne.

These bones may be said to have made the fortune of the Cathedral. They were the greatest religious card of the middle ages. The old feudal lords would keep an oath made over these bones, though they broke every other.

Other Churches in Cologne can also boast of their bone relics, notably that of St. Ursula, so called, from an English princess of this name, who, according to the legend, when on her return from a pilgrimage to Rome, was barbarously murdered with her 11,000 virgin attendants by the Huns, on the spot on which the Church is built. The bones of these virgin martyrs are preserved in cases, placed round the Church. Their skulls grin and stare at one everywhere.

On the little altar is the very skull of the very saint himself, and that of Conan, her lover, who made the pilgrimage to Rome with her, and with her was also slain.

The guide who conducted us through the Church of St. Ursula was a young man of extraordinary linguistic ability. Though only 19 years of age, he spoke seven languages, namely, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English. As we entered the Church he said to the party that he would be happy to answer our questions—to converse with us concerning the Church, or on any other subject in either of these languages. Questions were accordingly put to him in four of them, namely, English, German, French and Greek, all which he fluently answered; and no doubt, had he been tested, he would have shown himself equally at home in the others. On asking his name he took my note-book and wrote in it: *Joseph Maubach, opposite the Church of St. Ursula, B. A.*

Missionary Correspondence.

MY DEAR MRS. MARCH:

Yes here we are at last, in our own home in India. You were right in supposing that your kind, welcome letter would find us here, and I am happy and thankful every hour of the day that it is so, that after our years of waiting, wandering, and anxieties, we are at last, in God's good Providence, settled in our own field of labor, and ready for any work the Lord may send us to do.

If I were to choose now I would ask that it be all work, direct mission work, for years to come, but the Lord may have a different plan for us even now, it may be waiting still, or sickness and sorrow may be in store for us. He knows best, I am sure and so with confidence and pleasure I can say with the Psalmist: "My times are in thy hand." We know that his grace is sufficient for us, whether in working or suffering, and without it we can do nothing acceptably.

It was with a feeling as of leaving home again, that I left Bimili, and the dear friends there, to come up here into the denser heathenism of Bobbilly.

To you at home, with your palace cars and iron horses, 52 miles would be but a little pleasure trip, of an afternoon, but to us with our slower, and less comfortable modes of locomotion, it means something else, and so, living at this distance from each other, the mission families do not expect to see one another oftener than once a year, unless something imperative demands it.

Our journey here was made on this wise: Mr. Churchill left Bimili on Monday night, March 31, about twelve o'clock, in his bullock bandy, getting into Vizianagram in the morning. The children, ayah, and I left the next day at 4, with our pony and carriage. When we had come about nine miles we expected to find coolies waiting to take us the rest of the way, and give pony a rest, as the man whose duty it is to provide them, had promised Mr. C. to be there. This is about as far as a good pony is expected to travel at one time, and draw a load in this country, so, as we found no coolies, we got out and walked, allowing the pony to draw the carriage, expecting that we would have to travel thus the rest of the way to Vizianagram, but after coming a mile we induced some coolies we found at a village, to take us the rest of the way. At Vizianagram we took dinner with some Christian friends and before midnight we were on our way again, our mattresses spread on some straw in the bottom of two bandies, Mr. C. and Willie in one, and Bessie, ayah, and I in the other. We arrived at Gudjapootanagram at daylight; then while Mr. C. cut some splints from an old root he found, brought water from the river, made a fire-place of two stones, and boiled the kettle, I spread our breakfast on a mat, and we regaled ourselves gypsey fashion. That day it was very hot and it was more than we could do to keep cool in the little bungalow by the roadside. Our servants came along in the course of the forenoon, and after dinner, just as the sun was sinking we set out again. Mr. C. and I walked quite a long distance for exercise, then climbed into our bandies and stopped before our

own bungalow in Bobbilly before sunrise the next morning, April 3. "So this is our home," I said as Mr. C. came around to help us out. "Yes," he said, "and how do you like it?"

As you may feel inclined to ask the same question, I may first say here that I am very much pleased with the site chosen for our mission compound, perhaps it is because it is home, but I think it is the prettiest spot in and around Bobbilly, or will be when we get a few trees growing, and the house, which has cost Mr. C. so much labor, is just a snug little home for us, till we get a larger one, and then it can be used for a variety of purposes, whatever is most needful, and will save building as large a house as we would otherwise have had to, if this had not been done so well. We will be a little cramped for room, the children's cots must be kept in the dining room, as there is no room for them, but we will do nicely if we only keep well during this hot season, which is fairly upon us now.

The town of Bobbilly seems large compared with Bimili, and when I walk or ride into the town, it would seem to be as great a sight for the people as if an elephant were walking along our streets at home. Crowds of men, women and children will gather at the doors or stop on the streets to see me pass. Oh how I long to tell them all of Jesus. How unworthy I feel I am, to be almost his only representative here. I think I feel differently towards these people than I have ever felt towards any other heathens. I feel more responsibility in regard to each one's soul, and that there is no one to share this responsibility with me but Mr. C. The Lord make us faithful. Ask him for this, dear sister.

Many of the boys from the Government school in town have been to see us; of course they are hoping for help in learning English, but the Lord may use this as a means of giving them a knowledge of himself, so we have written them to come on Sunday afternoon to study the Bible and the second Sunday we were here 9 came, and last Sunday 13 sat down to be taught and a few others stood off and listened; these have come this week and promised to come next Sabbath. How long this may continue we cannot tell, but we are glad to find anyone ready to listen to us, and must make the most of our opportunities to sow the good seed of the kingdom. I wrote to the Rance asking an interview, and she sent a peon for me last Wednesday. She wanted to know why I left my country to come to India, how long I was going to stay in Bobbilly, what my husband's business, how many children I had, etc. Thought it was a good thing to establish a girl's school, and thought there would be no difficulty in getting pupils, shook hands with me when I went to come away. The first high caste woman who has ever allowed me to come near enough to touch her clothes. I was quite surprised when she offered me her hand, but it seemed more like civilized life. She can read and write, and therefore knows the benefit of that much education. I have been hoping that she would assist me some in establishing a school, at least by her influence, but she is one of those *goshu* women and they know little of the outside world.

Several Brahmin women have called to see me since coming here. I have been surprised and pleased to see them, and they have promised their girls for my school when I see my way clear to start one, but we must not be too highly elated with promises. Indeed most every day numbers of people call "to see" as they say, when I ask what they wish, and if the Telugo would only roll off my tongue nicely, I would have a good opportunity of telling of Jesus. I try some times and some listen and try to understand, while others when they hear enough to see the drift of my remarks, shake their heads and wave their hands in their peculiar way, and say they cannot understand me at all, but if I change the subject I get their attention again. The natural heart is the same everywhere, is it not? It is not any better here than in America, any way. But the Lord is the same all powerful one, here as well as there, and on

him we rely in our weakness.

I think I have never told you how nice the globe and maps are.

I am very grateful for them. I used the globe in my school at Bimlipatan. The lesson on it seemed to awaken entirely new thoughts in the minds of my little girls. I hope to find good use for them all here ere long. We are so near town that I will try and have my papers come here, and we will do the best we can until the mission house is built, and then use a part of this for a school room, but if they will not come here, which I very much fear, I must see what can be done in town in the way of renting a building, but more of this hereafter.

As we now hope for permanency in our work we must try and start right, and so must look into things a little before we begin.

Mr. Churchill and I will both be very grateful for any assistance towards building the mission house. We are greatly in need of funds just now and are looking anxiously for every mail to bring us the needful.

I am always glad to hear of prosperity in the home work, but do not forget to pray for and write often to

Your Missionary,
M. F. CHURCHILL.

For the Visitor.

Home Mission Correspondence.

DEAR EDITOR:

Immediately after the date of my last communication to your columns, I visited Shediac, Cocagne, and Buctouche, with a view to ascertain the desirableness of combining the little churches in the support of a missionary pastor, and hope beneficial results may follow my visit. This is surely an inviting field, and "already white unto the harvest." I next came on to Dundas, and found the church there enjoying the faithful ministrations of the Rev. J. E. Fillmore as their pastor. And then on to Lutz Mountain, Steeves Mountain, and Salisbury, where it was my privilege to render assistance to the churches of those places in securing pastors. At Salisbury I stood by the grave of the late venerable Joseph Crandall, of precious memory, and as my eyes rested on the following lines inscribed on the monument that marks his resting place—

"With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait a sure reward."

My earnest prayer was that his successors in the the pastorate of that old and honored church might be richly furnished with the same "heavenly weapons" and become largely successful both in defensive and aggressive warfare in fighting "the battles of the Lord."

On the following week I held a series of Home Missionary meetings, beginning at Moncton and extending down thro' Albert County. Twenty dollars were given in Moncton with a promise that this sum would be raised to \$100. Hillsboro and Hopewell will probably give each \$100 and Harvey will not be far behind.

It gave me immense satisfaction to learn that during the past Winter no less than 435 persons had been baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist churches of Albert Co.

My visit to Alma resulted in our sending an excellent young brother as a missionary to that field. He is probably by this time at work there. The little town of Alma, including Point Wolf and the Hastings and Sinclair settlements, present an inviting field for the settlement of a good man. This field has become increasingly important to us as a denomination by the recent purchase of the Point Wolf milling establishment with its extensive lumber lands by Brother C. F. Clinch & Sons.

I am now visiting feeble churches in Charlotte Co., and will (D.V.) report progress in due time.

Permit me to say to the churches visited and to the collectors appointed, as well as to all interested in our work—*Do your best*, and send up generous offerings to the Associations, as pressing demands for Home Mission operations present themselves on every hand as we go forward. "Let us attempt great things for God, and expect great things from God."

Yours in the work,
ISA. WALLACE.
Lepreau, June 12, 1879.