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## Poetry.

### The Gold of Hope.

Bright shines the sun, but brighter after  
rain;  
The clouds that darken make the sky more  
clear;  
So rest is sweeter when it follows pain,  
And the sad parting makes our friends more  
dear.

'Tis well it should be thus; our Father knows  
The things that work together for our good;  
We draw a sweetness from our bitter woes—  
We would not have all sunshine if we could.

The days with all their beauty and their light  
Come from the dark and into dark return;  
Day speaks of earth, but heaven shines through  
the night,  
Where in the blue a thousand star-fires burn.

So runs the law, the law of recompense,  
That binds our life on earth and heaven in  
one;  
Faith cannot live when all is sight and sense,  
But faith can live and sing when these are  
gone.

We grieve and murmur, for we can but see  
The single thread that flies in silence by;  
When if we only saw the things to be,  
Our lips would breathe a song and not a sigh.

Wait then, my soul, and edge the darkening  
cloud  
With the bright gold that Hope can always  
lend;

And if to-day thou art with sorrow bowed,  
Wait till to-morrow and thy grief shall end.  
And when we reach the limit of our days,  
Beyond the reach of shadows and of night,  
Then shall our every look and voice be praise  
To him who shines, our everlasting light.

(From the *Zodia Athenæum*.)

### Reminiscences of European Study and Travel.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

In my last article, allusion was made to  
the Antwerp Cathedral. After admiring its  
beautiful exterior, giving especial attention  
to the great portal and the window over it  
with its rich tracery, we entered to gaze  
upon something still more beautiful within.  
This was Rubens' far-famed masterpiece in  
painting,—his

#### DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

A visit to Antwerp without seeing this  
celebrated picture would be a mistake in-  
deed. To the art student it is in fact one of  
the great sights of Europe. It is what is  
called a winged picture, that is, a picture  
consisting of three pieces, a main central  
piece, and two side pieces, the latter of  
which are so joined to the edges of the  
former that they may fold in upon it and  
cover it.

When these side pieces or wings are  
thrown back they show a picture on their  
inside, the subject of which may or may not  
be related to that one in the centre.

The impression got by looking upon this  
wonderful picture is hardly less strong and  
vivid than would have been produced by the  
reality. The white linen on which the body  
of the Saviour lies, is a peculiar and very  
effective feature in the composition. The  
principal figure itself is admirably conceived  
and carefully drawn, and the attitude ex-  
tremely expressive of the utter inertness of  
the dead body. The arrangement of the  
whole is most masterly and judicious, the

figures not too ponderous, and the coloring  
rich and harmonious, while a degree of senti-  
ment is not wanting, so that this work is  
adapted to exhibit Rubens' wonderful genius  
in the most favorable light.

It is related that Sir Joshua Reynolds, the  
English painter, and a certain young man  
once visited this picture in company. They  
gazed at it in silence for some time; at  
length Sir Joshua said: "It is time for us to  
be going." "Just wait a moment," replied  
the young man, "till they get him down." So  
enchanted was he by the representation,  
that he seemed to forget that he was not  
looking at a real transaction.

Here also may be seen Rubens' **ELEVATION TO THE CROSS**,  
a companion picture to the one above alluded  
to. Though somewhat inferior to that, it is  
yet a magnificent work; it seems instinct  
with life. The master's thorough acquaint-  
ance with the anatomy of the human frame  
is strikingly shown in the figures of  
Christ and his executioners. The horses are  
noble and life-like, and a dog has been intro-  
duced to give greater diversity to the scene.  
On the right wing is a group of women  
and children, with horror depicted in their  
countenances, behind them the Virgin and  
St. John; on the left, mounted officers, be-  
hind whom are the thieves, who are being  
nailed to the crosses by the executioners.

another of Rubens' pictures, and fairly rank-  
ing with those just described, also adorns  
the interior of this great edifice. The Virgin  
is beheld among the clouds, surrounded by a  
heavenly choir, below whom are the Apostles  
and numerous other figures. In this picture  
Rubens has been pleased to represent the  
Virgin by the portrait of his own wife—a  
practice quite common with him in his  
paintings. "Fat Mrs. Rubens," irreverently  
observes an old author, "is planted as firmly  
and comfortably among the clouds, as if in  
an easy chair, gazing with phlegmatic com-  
posure on the wondrous scene which she  
witnesses in her aerial flight, and betraying  
not the faintest symptom of ecstasy or  
emotion."

Quite a number of other celebrated pic-  
tures of Rubens may be seen in the Antwerp  
Museum, which is the finest picture-gallery  
in Belgium, containing 600 pictures, most of  
them collected from the suppressed monas-  
teries and churches of Antwerp. Here, for  
example, is Rubens' **CRUCIFIXION**.

This picture is remarkable for its dramatic  
effect, and is by no means deficient in senti-  
ment. Longinus, the Roman officer, mount-  
ed on a grey horse, is invoking the side of  
the Saviour for the last time. To the left in the  
foreground stands the Virgin mother, whom  
Mary the wife of Cleophas in vain endeavors  
to console. Farther back, St. John leans  
against the cross of the impenitent thief,  
weeping. Mary Magdalene, on her knee sat  
the foot of the cross, implores Longinus to  
spare the sacred body of her Master.

By many persons this picture is considered  
to be Rubens' *chef d'œuvre*, and deserves  
the minutest inspection. It is marked by  
none of the inaccurate drawing which mar  
some of his other works, and the composition  
and coloring are almost inimitable. The  
wringing agony of the impenitent malefactor,  
whose legs a soldier has just broken, is de-  
picted with startling fidelity, while the ex-  
pression of the other is composed, although  
worn by suffering. The face of the Magda-  
lene is remarkably beautiful, expressive of  
horror and supplication, without being  
distorted. The whole composition is a strik-  
ing example of that marvellous boldness of  
imagination in which Rubens is unrivalled.  
Here also is Rubens' **ADORATION OF THE MAGI**,

which contains about twenty figures over  
life-size, besides camels and horses in the  
suite of the Three Kings.

Also his **DOUBTING THOMAS**,

with the two accompanying portraits of

**BURGOMASTER ROCKCOCK AND HIS WIFE.**

This last picture was greatly admired by  
the learned and accomplished B. B. Edwards  
of Andover, who saw it thirty years ago, and  
thus wrote concerning it: "I would give

the whole of Texas, Oregon, and California,  
for one portrait by Rubens in the Museum  
at Antwerp,—that of the burgomaster,  
Nicholas Rockcock."

It is objected to many of Rubens' pictures  
that their figures exhibit a voluptuousness of  
outline and finish which hardly consists with  
the highest art in the representation espe-  
cially of maiden purity and beauty. This  
blemish, if such it may be called, is more  
visible in his later pictures.

Considering that he was a politician as  
well as artist, and made repeated trips to  
London, Paris, and Madrid, it is not easy to  
see how he found time to produce so many  
pictures. Nearly a thousand, many of them  
of colossal dimensions, bear his name. His  
works found their way, even in his life-time,  
far and wide. Many of the choicest of them  
are now contained in the respective galleries  
of London, Madrid, Paris, Munich, Vienna,  
and St. Petersburg.

The Antwerp Museum contains also  
numerous pictures by Quentin Massys, Van  
Dyck, Teniers, and other distinguished  
artists, who flourished in the golden age of  
Flemish art, and did so much to make  
Antwerp a cradle of art second perhaps to  
none but Florence.

I content myself now with alluding to the  
masterpiece of only one of these—

#### THE DEAD SAVIOUR,

by Quentin Massys. It was completed in  
1508, and formerly served as an altar-piece  
in the Cathedral. The funeral cortege is  
represented as halting at the foot of Mt.  
Calvary, while on the way from the cross to  
the Sepulchre. The body of the Saviour is  
partially sustained by Nicodemus, on whose  
right Joseph of Arimathea supports the  
head with one hand, while with the other he  
removes the remaining shreds of the crown  
of thorns. The mother in an agony of  
grief kneels near the body of her Son, and is  
supported by St. John. Her face is almost  
as pale as that of the dead body itself.

Adjacent to the principal portal of the  
Cathedral is an old well, protected by a  
canopy of iron, which Quentin Massys  
executed, as the inscription on his tomb-  
stone adjoining the entrance to the tower of  
the Cathedral Records. He was originally  
a blacksmith from Louvain, who came to  
seek his fortune at Antwerp, where this  
canopy of iron remains a specimen of his  
skill. The romantic story is that he became  
enamoured of the daughter of a painter, and  
to propitiate the father and win the daughter,  
he exchanged the anvil for the palette. His  
wooing and painting were successful, and he  
did much towards raising the school of  
Antwerp to a celebrity equal to that of  
Bruges and Ghent.

On the south side of the Cathedral stands  
a bronze statue of Rubens 13 feet high,  
while the pedestal supporting it measures 20  
feet. At the feet of the statue lie scrolls  
and books, together with brush, palette, and  
hat, indicating the functions of the master,  
as diplomatist and statesman, as well as  
painter.

#### Preaching that Tells.

BY REV. S. G. WHITE, D.D.

An eminent minister in this State once  
said that a prominent evidence of a call to  
preach is the ability to get an audience.  
According to this definition Robert Inger-  
soll has a loud call to preach. And cer-  
tain ministers whose character and practice  
have given the churches great trouble and  
pain, have a loud call to preach. But in  
this matter of preaching let us never for-  
get that back of speech is mind, and back  
of mind is heart, and back of heart is the  
Holy Ghost. Only he who combines all  
these elements of power can ensure to our  
churches the preaching that tells. A man  
of mind, though it be ever so strong, can  
not give to us what we search for; neither  
can a man of both mind and heart, except  
the Spirit of God breathe into them and  
through them.

In tracing the history of telling sermons  
I think you will every time trace them to  
such men.

You will trace them to Barnabas, who is  
said to be a good man full of the Holy  
Ghost and to have been the chief speaker  
even when associated with Paul. You will  
trace them to Jonathan Edwards, to Wes-  
ley, Whitefield, Nettleton and Finney.

These were all men of prayer, and  
sought the presence and indwelling of  
the Holy Spirit. These men carried the  
Holy Spirit with them wherever they  
went.

They brought him right into the audi-  
ences that they addressed, and the hearers  
were made to feel that God was in that  
place.

These men insisted that the church  
should pray for the Spirit's presence and  
prepare the way for his coming. We know  
that Mr. Finney prepared his sermons on  
his knees, and the first work he found it  
necessary to do, that his preaching might  
take effect, was to call the church to join  
him in seeking the presence and power of  
the Holy Ghost. This is why lawyers and  
strong men, Universalists and infidels were  
made to bow beneath his telling sermons.

They told because the Holy Ghost was  
in them.

So far as the preacher is concerned the  
failure in our day to deliver telling sermons  
is right here.

But the question may be asked, do these  
sermons live in literature? If you mean  
the literature of the printed page, No; per-  
haps not. But if you ask whether they  
live where alone it is important that they  
should live, I answer, Yes. They live  
where God in his covenant said he would  
write his law; "I will put my laws in their  
hearts and in their minds will I write  
them." Heb. x. 16. Yes, they live where  
Paul's epistle of commendation lives.  
"Ye are our epistles written on our hearts  
known and read of all men; for as much  
as ye are manifestly declared to be the  
epistles of Christ, ministered by us, writ-  
ten not with ink but with the Spirit of the  
living God; not on tables of stone but on  
the fleshy tablets of the heart." This is  
the kind of literature that telling sermons  
will live in when others are dead.

But even with the above conditions  
answered, there may be a right way and a  
wrong way of doing the thing. And here  
the witness stand gives a good heeding to  
our thoughts; tell the truth, the whole  
truth, and nothing but the truth.

This partial telling of the truth is the  
besetting sin of modern preaching.

God's love is dwelt upon out of all pro-  
portion to the other facts and attributes of  
the divine nature. Love is so overshadow-  
ing that the other parts of God are not  
seen. Because it reads God is love they  
infer that he is nothing else.

This gives rise to a maudlin theology and  
preaching that God can smile but cannot  
frown.

In this world of mixed moral elements  
God sits all day and smiles on virtue, but  
these maudlin preachers being judge, how  
must he feel towards vice? "Oh," say they  
"he must—he must—have no particular  
feelings about it, but keep on smiling."

If that is the character that the Bible  
gives God, then I have read that book to  
little purpose. And my opinion is that we  
shall have no telling sermons until we  
preach, and preach in earnest too, that God  
can frown and that his frown is the shadow  
of hell.

There is a disposition to eliminate from  
the Bible everything that represents God  
as disposed to punish sin.

Either sin is so small a circumstance  
that it ought not to be punished at all, or  
to a degree that they are wise enough to  
limit and define.

Until these modern critics taught me I  
never supposed that it was proper to define  
the meaning of a word by its figurative use.  
Since these learned critics have taught me,  
if you should say of a man, "he is a  
whale," I have a right to infer that a whale  
is no larger than a man. If you should  
say of a man that he is an æonian fool I  
should be right in inferring that æonian is  
no longer than a fool's life. And in regard  
to that other word Hades, we had sup-  
posed that, from its composition, it must  
mean the unseeable, and that it is used  
figuratively to define that which is compar-  
atively invisible, like a dark hole or the  
grave.

But these modern critics are teaching us  
that we must find its meaning by its figu-  
rative use. Thus they attempt to elimi-  
nate hell and eternity from the Bible.

#### A Poem by Milton.

[The following sublime and effecting produc-  
tion was discovered among the remains of the  
great epic poet and is published in the recent  
Oxford edition of Milton's works.]

I am old and blind!  
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;  
Afflicted and deserted of my kind:  
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;  
I murmur not that I no longer see;  
Poor, old, and helpless I the more belong,  
Father supreme to thee.

O merciful One,  
When men are furthets, then thou art most near;  
When friends pass by me, and my weakness  
shun,

Thy chariot I hear.  
Thy glorious face  
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light  
Shines upon my lonely dwelling-place—  
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee  
I recognize thy purposes clearly shown:  
My vision thou hast dimmed that I may see  
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear,  
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;  
Beneath it I am almost sacred here  
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand,  
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath  
been,  
Wrapp'd in the radiance of thy sinless laud,  
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions Come and go:  
Shapes of resplendent beauty around me throng;  
From angel's lips I seem to hear the flow  
Of soft and holy songs.

Is it nothing now,  
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes?  
When airs from paradise refresh my brow  
The earth in darkness lies.

#### Gems.

Nature writhes and hates the rod—  
Faith looks up and blesses God;  
Sense looks downward, Faith above;  
That sees harshness, this sees love.  
Oh! let Faith victorious be—  
Let it reign triumphantly.

The epitaph of Dr. Morrison, of Eng-  
land, on his tombstone, is as follows: "I  
have sinned; I have repented; I have  
trusted; I have loved; I sleep; I shall  
rise; and (through the grace of Christ  
though unworthy) I shall reign."

Without the idea of a God-head regulat-  
ing the course of human destiny, of an all-  
ruling Providence, and the saving and re-  
deeming power of God, the history of the  
world would be a labyrinth without an  
outlet—a confused pile of ages piled upon  
ages—a mighty tragedy without a right  
beginning or a proper ending.

Working Christians are happy Christ-  
ians. You never hear the lark sing sit-  
ting in its nest; it sings when out on the  
wing; so if churches get nestled down on  
easy cushions, satisfied with hearing one  
or two sermons a week, they'll not sing  
much. No wonder if they are not very  
happy. Let them go to work for the Mas-  
ter.

God's Spirit is wonderfully persevering  
in the conversion and discipline of souls.  
It required a long process to build up such  
a man as Paul. A great sculptor never  
beverages the chisel-strokes which fit his  
"Eves" and "Greek Slaves" to shine in the  
gallery of masterpieces. A Christian is  
carving for eternity.

Of current infidelity Dr. Hodge makes  
the following summary: "It knows no  
intelligent or conscious God but man; it  
admits no incarnation but the eternal in-  
carnation of the universal spirit in the hu-  
man race; the personality of the human  
race ceases with their present existence;  
they are but momentary manifestations of  
the infinite and unending; there is no sin  
and no holiness, neither heaven nor hell.  
This is what the infidel would bring us.  
From all such, good Lord deliver us!"

Some people seem to be here in this  
world just on their guard all the while, al-  
ways so afraid of doing wrong that they  
never do anything really right. They do  
not add to the world's moral force; as the  
man, who, by constant watchfulness over  
his own health just keeps himself from dy-  
ing, contributes nothing to the world's vi-  
tality. All merely negative purity has  
something of the taint of the impurity that  
it resists. The effort not to be frivolous  
is frivolous itself. The effort not to be  
selfish is very apt to be only another form  
of selfishness.