

CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS"—2d Timothy, i. 13.

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR

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Rev. J. E. HOPPER, A. M.,
Editor and Proprietor.

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HINTS.
1. The date on the paper shows the time to which each subscriber has paid.

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From the Acadia Athenaeum.

[At the coal mines in Stellarton, N. S., a terrible explosion occurred on the 12th of November, 1880, by which fifty miners lost their lives.]

A RAY OUT OF THE SHADOWS,

[An incident of the late disaster at Albion Mines.]

It was not a scene, for a poem,
Or one to wake romance,
There was scarce enough of beauty
To win a second glance.

No grandeur of hill or forest,
No shining stream or sea,
No pride of human genius
In pillared masonry.

But streets all bare and squalid,
And houses old and small,
With dingy-curtained windows,
Where curtains hung at all.

And little to break the landscape,
Or catch the stranger's eye,
But the great smoke stacks of the coal mines,
Black shafts against the sky.

Pillars of smoke in the day-time,
But at the fall of night,
The ruddy glare from the coke-works
Shone like a pillar of light.

Dingy and dark and dusty,
Smoking against the sun,
Such was the Albion village,
On the borders of Stellarton.

The women must drudge in the cottage,
The men must drudge in the mine,
And life seems prosaic and dreary,
With more of cloud than shine;

And I've pitied the miner's children,
Trooping, laughing, to school,
For their life must follow their fathers'
When childhood's years are full.

But hearts of men and women
With all life's hope and fear,
And love and joy and sorrow
Are throbbing there and here.

And mothers there as fondly
Upon their babes look down,
As any jewelled lady
In all of Boston Town.

Side by side in the village,
In one of its dusty rows,
Stood the houses of Roland Fraser,
And his cousin, Harry Montrose.

Side by side in the Foord Pit,
Where comes no joy of the sun;
A thousand feet under the daisies,
Their coal picks rang as one.

As children, like twin brothers
They played about the door,
As boys, at the same dingy desk,
They gained their scanty lore.

Alike in age and stature,
Alike in form and face,
They always went for brothers
With strangers in the place.

And their hearts were knit like brothers'
Hearts,
Till, as the proverb ran,
They lived again the Bible tale
Of David and Jonathan.

And tho' their hands were hard with toil,
They bore their manhood's crown
As bravely as the kingliest youth
Who walks in Boston Town.

The fairest thing in the village,
As all the miners say,
Is the foreman's daughter Lucy,
As winsome as the May.

How often at the lowliest door
The stranger checks his pace
For spray of sweet-breathed mignonette,
Or rose-bud's opening grace:

So, in the Albion Village,
Men linger as they pass,
For a glimpse of the budding beauty
Of Lucy, the foreman's lass.

Light is her step in the cottage,
And sweet is her voice, like a bird;
And oft in the pauses of labor
Her flute-like song is heard.

Her eyes were like pools of the mountains,
And 'neath her homely gown
Her heart beats true and tender,
As any in Boston Town.

I have told of the flush of manhood
And girlhood's winning grace,
You need no higher calculus
To help you solve the case.

For the golden wand that scatters love,
May let its blessing fall,
As well beside the hovel door,
As in the marble hall.

And the hearts of the loyal cousins
Who had shared in childhood's joys,
Who bent above the same torn book
In the old-school room as boys.

Awoke to a stronger throbbing,
And a new pleasure came
When they caught her glance by the wayside
Or heard her speak their name.

Her words were sweet and tender;
To her girlish nature true,
She was kind to Roland Fraser,
Yet smiled on Harry, too.

Till the new love, warm and glowing,
And beating deep and strong,
Cast out the quiet friendship
That held their hearts so long.

And the flaming breath of passion
Had scorched each memory green—
You know how bitter friends may grow
When a girl's love comes between.

Side by side in the cutting
Their picks ring out as one,
But the thoughts of their hearts are bitter,
All the old days are done.

You weep, ye wives and mothers,
You weep, ye sisters true,
You wring your hands, ye damsels fair,
For those who cherished you.

And thro' year's tears cry strong to God,
If you have learned to pray,
A heavier woe can never come,
Than smites your souls this day.

A thousand hearts are still with dread,
A thousand cheeks are white,
The sound that miners know too well
Has told its message right.

And all the villages beyond,
From Drummond to the sea,
Know well that voice, it wakes again
The blast of 'seventy-three.

To all the cities of the land
Have passed the awful lines,
That fifty men are lying dead,
Deep down in Albion Mines.

The first wild flood of grief has ebbed,
The first great horror died,
The broken hearted mourners,
Go down to seek their dead.

Lying there, where they labored
Side by side to the close,
Lay the bodies of Roland Fraser,
And his cousin, Harry Montrose.

With their arms about each other
In a brother's close embrace,
And a calm and a quiet beauty,
On each dead, pallid face.

For when the death-blast shook the mine,
And they knew that never more
Their eyes should hail the light of day,
Save on the golden shore;

Then woke again their childhood's love,
Their boyhood's friendship strong,
The warm heart currents leaped to life
That had been bound so long.

And from that common love they bore
To her, whose face no more
Should bid them, in the eventide,
A welcome at her door.

There sprang a holy tenderness,—
There rose before their eyes,
The land that knows no wooing,
No lover's tender ties:

And for her days of mourning,
There rose the common prayer,
That God would let his comfort fall
Into the shadow there.

And hand in hand like brothers,
They passed to the light above,
Walking the closer together
Bound by the common love.

But Lucy sits in the shadow,
To her girlish nature true,
She grieves for her lover Roland,
Yet weeps for Harry, too.

Yes, the streets are poor and dingy,
And the houses low and brown,
But love and grief may tarry there,
As well as in Boston Town.

NEWTON CENTRE, DEC. 30, 1880.

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CENTRAL BOARD OF THE W. M. A. SOCIETIES OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

The days and weeks of 1880 have quickly passed and with them their cares and responsibilities, sorrows and pleasures, and while none of us have drunk as deeply from these wells as we should, had we been as consecrated to the Master as He requires us to be, yet we rejoice that in all these things we have had tokens of His watch-care and tender love, and our hearts have longed that the blessedness wherewith we are blessed, might reach to our benighted sisters to the ends of the earth.

We are glad that we live in a day when women have somewhat awaked to the fact that to them is entrusted a part in christianizing the world, and that we have some small share in this glorious work, we would indeed thank our Heavenly Father. Although deeply conscious that we do not fully appreciate the high calling wherewith we are all called, yet sufficient light has dawned on us to enable us to see that to be co-workers with the Son of the Most High is indeed no mean service.

Many of us cannot personally go to our Telugu sisters, but all of us can speak to them through our representatives the cheering words, "Christ is risen indeed." And in no other way can they ever hear the "old, old story," but through the earnest efforts of Christian women. Do we not then see more and more the necessity of being earnest and like our Master praying and laboring to the end,

"That we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Should not to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

We are happy to be able to report that we have not fallen behind in our contributions this year. Some of our Societies have done more than last year, but more should have been done. Old Societies that have long since ceased to contribute should have been revived, and have sent forth their love offering to this feast; and new Societies should have been organized and represented here to-day did the Baptist women of New Brunswick but think as they should what blessings comes to them through the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour.

When we contrast our position with our heathen sisters, if it were only for this life, we wish they had heard of the Nazarene. But when we think of the life to come and hear from His own word "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by Me," and know that they have never heard of the Father or His precious Son, and that without this knowledge they cannot have life eternal, we would fly to them with the gospel. Too soon, alas, we forget this all-important truth, and find ourselves busied, yea cumbered with minor matters.

We'd pray Thee, Saviour, to forgive,
And keep us nearer Thee,
That in Thy light we'd see to work,
And useful ever be.

Take not the work away from us
Because we've slothful been,
But help us to begin afresh
With spirits bright and keen.

We have frequently heard from our Missionary, Miss Hammond, during the year, and we have wondered how she has been enabled to accomplish so much work, and also at the almost super-human judgment she has manifested in the many perplexing circumstances in which she has been placed.

At the beginning of the year she was located at Bimlipatam succeeding admirably with her school and mission work; but in May she was removed to Chicaco, to take charge of that station in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, who, from Mrs. Armstrong's ill health were returning home. There she has been since alone, directing the work of that important field, sending out native preachers, superintending the schools, administering medicine to the sick, visiting the women in their homes and telling them of the way of life, holding female prayer meetings, and numberless other things until she says she is kept in a constant whirl.

In a letter dated Nov. 20th, she says, "There have been some changes in the work since I came here. I like it better, but it has not been done without a great deal of heavy care and trouble for me; but I believe the prayers of home friends have brought near the help of the Lord. It seemed to me at one time that He took the work out of my hands, and for what He did I shall never cease to praise and thank Him. My health has been and is still good, and could you see as I do, you would say with me that it is God's goodness in answer to the prayers of people at home. I know when people pray, and the Lord has been near me at Chicaco. I have said so many times, 'More than all in Thee I find.'" And thus she goes on to write.

One great burden on her heart expressed in that letter is for the conversion of the teacher of the school. This we should all remember and join with her in believing prayer that not only should she have her desire

in this, but that she may see thousands of those by whom she is surrounded, brought to a knowledge of the truth, and made useful in God's cause.

The wives of our missionaries in Bobbilee and Bimlipatam are also doing noble work. Mrs. Churchill writes under date Nov. 22nd "I resumed my Caste girls' school, Oct. 1st. I had only fifteen to begin with, but my daily average for the month was 38. It will not be quite as large this month, as the novelty is wearing off and the benefits to be gained are not tangible enough with the pupils or their parents to induce them to come regularly. Still we have a good school in which I spend my forenoons very happily.

We have not a Christian in Bobbilee, so I had to take a heathen to teach in my school, but he has been under our instruction a good deal since we came here. He told me last evening, when we had a long talk after I had dismissed my Sunday school class of boys, that he truly believed in the one God and Jesus Christ His Son and our Saviour. I told him he must not say that to please me, and if he truly believed he must confess Jesus before his friends and the world. He replied that he must bring his wife with him. I often find him when I am late in getting to my school, earnestly reviewing my Bible lesson with the children. Pray for him and for my little girls, that the truth may take deep root and bear fruit to the glory of God, and for me, too, that I may be faithful to this new charge the Lord has given into my hands.

I give the children a holiday on Saturday, and then have Sunday-school on Sunday morning to which they come even better than on week days.

A great many people visit the school daily. Indeed, whenever I leave the door opening out to the street open, they are filled. When I shut them they come around to the windows, and fill them up with their heads. This is not a help to the good order and attention of my children, as you may suppose, and so I often have to close all up except doors in the rear of the building. Then they disperse, only to come again when they see a chance of again looking in. O how often I wish I had a native Christian, male or female, to go outside and talk to the crowds that assemble, while I carry on my work inside. But we must wait the Lord's time for this, I suppose, as we have done everything we could to secure one and have not succeeded.

We are beginning to look for a reinforcement from home to our mission. Surely there are some among our young pastors at home, or those preparing for the work, who have the cause of missions and the needs of the perishing heathen enough at heart to be willing to forego the comforts of home and the association of Christian friends, and spend their lives in preaching the gospel to those dying people, but why do we not hear of them? And is there not among all our Christian sisters at home one who is not only willing but anxious to come out and help us in teaching these women the way of life. I cannot believe it possible that there is not. Many of these women will never hear of Jesus and His great love to us unless we go to them and teach them.

Now that the time is near, I hope, when I can offer a comfortable home to some one, is there not some dear sister at home who wants to come to Bobbilee to teach these women and girls? I love so many of them and yet cannot get time to visit and teach in half the homes where I would be made welcome, that it is a great burden to me.

We have no society in Bobbilee. I have not seen an English woman's face since I came from Bimlipatam in May. But we can be happy without it. All we ask is our health and an opportunity to spend our time in the work of teaching Christ to the people, and if any sister like-minded, will come to us, we will give her a joyful welcome and a good comfortable home beside us, and assure her of plenty of work before she is ready for it. Who will come?"

This is a heart-touching appeal. May the dear Lord stir up some one to respond, "I'll gladly go." Three young ladies of the right stamp should go at once—one to each of the stations. We have heard of two who are thinking in this direction, but we have nothing definite of which we could speak.

Mrs. Sanford, at Bimlipatam, has charge of the school which Miss Hammond taught while there, and like the others, from whose letters we have quoted, is heart and soul in the work, toiling on, toiling on, that those about her might hear of the crucified Redeemer and be brought to love and serve Him. One of her boarding girls has made a profession of faith in Christ and has been baptized. This is a great joy to Mrs. Sanford. May it be the beginning of good days in Bimlipatam.

We have not words to express the regret that we feel in the severance from us of the founder of our Societies, Mrs. M. N. Armstrong. But it is a circumstance over which we have no control, and we must leave it in the hands of Him who will guide us all aright if we but ask aright and hope that when the last great report is

made, it will then appear that it was among the "all things" which worked together for our mutual good. We are glad to know that her health is improving. We pray that it may be entirely restored, and that many years may be granted her to work on the foreign field.

We have seen the improvement in our Missionary Link with much pleasure, and wish this paper was more widely taken among our Societies, and made, as was intended at the first, a Link indeed, binding us in the Provinces with our missionaries more closely together. We concur most heartily in the idea that it is far better to use the surplus funds in improving the paper than dividing it among the various Boards.

We have expended from the general fund this year sixteen hundred dollars for finishing the buildings at Bimlipatam, four hundred dollars for completing the Chicaco buildings, five hundred dollars for defraying the travelling expenses of Mrs. Armstrong's return home, and five hundred dollars for Miss Hammond's salary, making in all three thousand dollars, being an addition of \$100 to that of last year. The Treasurer's report will show the number of Societies which have contributed and the amount raised.

Signed, on behalf of the Board,
M. E. MARCH,
Sec. of the Central Board of N. B.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

WOMAN'S MISSION AID SOCIETIES OF N. B.
1880. Cash received.

Dr.	
Cash from Centreville	\$18 00
Petitcodiac	5 00
Lower Wickham	29 00
Cumberland Bay	45 00
Brussel Street, St. John	23 55
Lower Cambridge	30 72
Fredericton	30 00
Cambridge Narrows	23 00
Salmon River	11 00
Springfield	2 00
Jacksontown	15 90
Hillsdale, Hammond	28 00
Hopewell Hill	42 00
Florenceville	15 25
Hillsborough	56 75
Leinster Street, St. John	54 25
Collina, St. John	7 25
Portland, St. John	29 00
New Canada	8 00
Kingsclear	6 25
Moncton	25 00
Hammond Vale	3 30
Riverside	3 50
Lower & Upper Cape, Hopewell	5 00
Chipman, Queens Co.	22 00
First Sackville	4 00
Maugerville	3 00
Jacksonville	4 00
Germain Street, St. John	40 00
Second Sackville	20 00
Carleton, St. John	15 75

Donations.	
Peters Shipmates	7 00
Mrs. John Gerow, Lower Wickham	1 00
Miss Mary McPhail, Buctouche	1 00
Mrs. S. C. Head, Campobella	1 00
Mrs. D. J. Bailey, Newcastle Creek	1 00
Mrs. Wm. Chipman	1 00
Mrs. G. D. Bailey	1 00
Mrs. Thomas Herritt, Hillsdale, Hammond	2 00
Mrs. R. Hetherington, Johnston, Q. C.	1 00
Miss Melville's S. S. class, Leinster Street, St. John	1 00

Collections.	
Annual meeting of St. John, held in Germain, St. John	5 11
Convention meeting, held in Hillsboro' August, '80	12 00

Cash paid out.	
1880.	
Cr.	
Feb. 24. By cash for 17 VISITORS at 4 cts. each	68
17 Postal Cards	17
Stamps	17
April 7. By cash to Rev. W. P. Everett, Treas. F. M. Board	170 00
July 7. By cash to Treas. F. M. Board	75 50
Oct. 9. do. do. F. M. Board	142 00
Dec. 29. do. do. F. M. Board	104 00
By cash for books, stationery and stamps for Treas. W. M. A. S. of N. B.	4 00

GENERAL ACCOUNT.	
Cash Received.	
1880.	
Dr.	
To cash in hand January, 1880	61 63
Cash from Societies	636 87
Cash from Donations	17 00
Cash from Collections	17 11

Cash paid out.	
Cr.	
By cash to Rev. W. P. Everett, Treas. Foreign Mission Board of N. S., N. B. and P. E. I.	585 10
By cash for stationery and postage, per Mrs. Allwood, Treas. W. M. A. S. of N. B.	4 00
By cash for VISITORS and postage	1 02

\$590 12
By cash in hand, Jan. 27, 1881. 132 49
\$722 61

Mrs. WM. ALLWOOD
Treasurer Central Board W. M. A. S.
St. John, January 27th, 1881

Rev. Dong Gong, the first Baptist Chinese convert on the Pacific Coast, and subsequently the first Chinese Baptist minister on the coast, expects to sail for China soon.