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CHRISTIAN VISITOR OFFICE

No. 99 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

OUR FATHERLAND.

Our dear Fatherland,

Singing to-day,

Thousands of children stand

In bright array.

Mark how the choruses ring!

They cry to the King of kings!

Peace, love, joy he brings.

Blessings for aye.

Holy, happy band

Before God's throne

Assembled from every land

(Not one alone),—

Minions from idols won,

His sons with fetich done,

Wives turned from the sun,

Safe, safe at home.

East and West each other greet,

When life is done;

Meeting at Jesus' feet,

The victory won.

Singing in glory bright

Of the same Redeemer's might,

Sharing supreme delight

In Christ made one.

MISS DE BROEN'S MISSION IN

PARIS.

MISS DE BROEN is the devoted and

capable superintendent of the

Belleville Mission, Belleville, Paris.

She is about thirty-five years of age,

of prepossessing appearance and

of mental capacity.

BELLEVILLE

A suburb of Paris, with more than

three hundred thousand inhabitants, and

abode, not of poverty and star-

vation only, but of sundry forms of

crime. There at the time

Franco-German war in 1870-71,

thousands of Catholic priests

brought by the infuriated Cen-

tralists, and shot, amid scenes of the

most excitement and terror.

There, too, the government forces

sent down hundreds of desperate

starving or sustained in life upon the
vermin of the common sewers, they
struck right and left when their op-
portunity came. Their provocation
had been great, and their revenge
was terrible.

It is in this faubourg, and among
this people, that Miss de Broen origi-
nated her mission in the summer of
1871, while Paris was yet smoking in
ruins. It sprang from the sight of
the misery of those who had lost all
in the indiscriminate and sanguinary
retaliation of the Versailles Govern-
ment after the wild struggle of the
Commune, and who in their rage and
grief were abandoned by every one.
Their sorrows and sins were the press-
ing reasons for making known to
them our Saviour and our hope, and
many have blessed and do still bless
God for constraining Miss de Broen
to begin

THE BELLEVILLE MISSION.

For some time Miss de Broen, who
speaks French like a Parisian, had
lived in Mrs. Pennefather's Home at
Mildman, London, and had success-
fully labored among the French emi-
grants and refugees in various dis-
tricts of the metropolis, so that when
in June, 1871, she was invited by a
friend to accompany her and others
in a missionary tour in the French
provinces, she had already gained a
practical experience of the work in
which she has ever since been so suc-
cessfully engaged.

The travellers arrived in Paris so
soon after the Commune that at the
railway station no carriage of any
kind could be got to convey them to
their hotel.

Presently, however, a vehicle, a
grocer's cart, did appear, but it was
driven by a woman. In the course
of a few hours Miss de Broen made
her way to the celebrated

CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE.

This cemetery is one of the sights
of Paris, and is the resting-place of
the most illustrious men that France
has produced during the last two
centuries. The site of it was the
gift of the confessor of Louis XIV.,
whose name was Pere la Chaise, and
the cemetery is called after him.
Numbers of visitors pass through its
gates every day, but no visit to this
grand Necropolis has ever been so
productive of such great and benefi-
cent results as that of Miss de Broen
on the day in question.

Only a few hours previously the
cemetery had received a notable ad-
dition to the number of its silent
tenants. Five hundred Communists
had been shot there, and the long
ditch into which they had fell, one
after other, was their common grave.
The friends of these infuriated,
frenzied men, their wives and child-
ren, now surrounded the spot, bitter-
ly mourning. Some had brought a
little black cross, bearing the name
of the lost husband, or father, or son;
some carried wreaths of immortelles
as tokens of their loving remem-
brance. A few were silent in their
deep grief, but the majority gave ut-
terance to cries of rage and revenge.

They proved singularly open, how-
ever, to words of kindness, and all
who were spoken to listened with
grateful attention to the Christian
lady while she spoke of the Saviour
and the unfailing consolations of the
Gospel, and accepted gladly the por-
tions of Scripture given to them.

One poor woman was so wild in
her sorrow that Miss de Broen ven-
tured to speak a few words of sym-
pathy to her, adding, tenderly, "It
is sad for you to lose what you have
loved." "Ah!" replied the woman,
"You don't know what it is. I have
lost all!" "You have not lost the
love of God," was the answer. These
simple words seemed to soothe the
poor bleeding heart, and, thus encour-
aged, Miss de Broen spoke to several
others, telling them that "Christ
came into the world to save sinners,"
and pointing them to Him as the
only Comforter.

Her interest in these wretched out-
casts did not end here. She resolved
to remain in Paris and devote her
time and energies to the miserable
people of Belleville, for she felt that,
though guilty, they were not too bad
for the love of Christ to reach them.
Her resolution was received with sur-
prise and disapproval. The quartier
was considered abnormally unsafe.
No soldiers, even, would dare to enter
its haunts, excepting in imposing
companies, and for a lady to take up
work there was pronounced to be
monstrous.—But the harrowing spec-
tacle in Pere la Chaise had shown
Miss de Broen the need these people
had to hear of the Saviour's love, and

as she left her friends, after having
made known to them her proposal,
with tears in her eyes she said, "If
God has put the thought in my heart,
HE WILL SEND THE MONEY."

The money requisite to commence
the mission and for one year's opera-
tions was speedily forthcoming, and
that, too, in the most singular man-
ner. Two gentlemen came to Paris
to dispose of some money remaining
over from the funds provided by the
Society of Friends for the victims of
the recent war. It was determined
to hand over this sum to Miss de
Broen for the furtherance of her gen-
erous scheme, and from that day to
this she has heroically worked in
humble dependence upon the help of
heaven, meeting only with the re-
spect and confidence of the inhabi-
tants of that ill-omened Parisian fau-
bourg.

For the first time the novel sight
was witnessed in the streets of Belle-
ville of a lady passing to and fro
speaking to the women, and telling
them that she knew of their distress,
and that if they would come to a
room lent to her in La Villette they
would receive a small sum for three
hours' needlework, at the same time
adding that her chief object was to
tell them about the Lord Jesus Christ.
Her invitation was accepted, though
it sounded strangely in the ears of all,
and many wondered what it could
really mean. Only three attended
the first meeting; eight came the
next time, and then the numbers
steadily increased.

A few months pass away, and the
group of women are gathered at the
sewing-class. But what a change a
few months have made! The sullen-
ness and fierceness have died away
from their countenances, and are re-
placed by an earnest, nay, even soft-
ened expression. Love has won their
hearts, and, best of all, the marks of
a real change, through the inward
working of the Holy Spirit, are seen
in many of them.

The ignorance of the poor women
whom Miss Broen gathered around
her was surprising. One day, when
she asked the question, "Who wrote
the Bible?" a woman looked up and
nodded, and then said readily, as if
a bright idea had struck her, "C'est
vous, Mademoiselle" ("You did,
Ma'am").

The women began to tell at home
what they heard at the sewing meet-
ings; then their husbands thought
they would like to hear it too. Find-
ing that many of them really longed
to hear the Gospel, Miss de Broen in-
stituted

EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

which were held two evenings a week,
Christian gentlemen coming from
Paris to conduct them. The room
being near a thoroughfare, was soon
filled, for passers by came in also, un-
til 250, or more, were assembled,
many of whom had to stand.

Madame Dugand, the wife of a
French pasteur, near the Champs
Elysee, Paris, with whom Miss de
Broen lived during most of the first
year of her mission work at Belleville,
has asserted that "she worked with
the energy of ten men, and had to
bear all kinds of persecutions." Every
morning, even in the depth of winter,
when the snow was on the ground,
she started upon her journey of three
miles, that she might resume her
work, and, taking some cold luncheon
with her, she remained in Belleville
all day. "The suffering and sorrow
I have witnessed during this period
of my work," says Miss de Broen,
"are beyond all description." Some-
times even aged people were found
lying on the floor, the bedstead and
other furniture having been broken
up for firewood during the terrible
siege.

Noticing that whenever a soldier
came in sight the women turned
away, Miss de Broen asked one of
them why they did so. "I cannot
bear to see a soldier; it cuts me to
the heart," was her answer, for it
reminded her of the fighting between
the Communists and the soldiers. On
one occasion she gave a warm red
petticoat to a poor woman who had
been very ill in consequence of the
shock she received during the horrors
of the siege. One very cold day
when Miss de Broen called to see her,
she found that her gift had been put
away, so she asked why she did not
wear it. After some hesitation she
said, "Ah, miss, if you could only
give me one of another color! You
know it is red. I have seen so much
human blood in the streets I cannot
bear the sight of red."

A POOR WIDOW.
speaking of the first time Miss de
Broen went to see her, said, "I shall
never forget it. She prayed with me;
I had never heard prayer like it before.
C'était comme une conversation
une l'on avait avec Dieu" (It was
like holding a conversation with God)
"It touched me so much I could not
help crying, and yet it comforted me.
Previously I repeated a certain num-
ber of prayers as a duty, but now I
have learnt to speak to God as my
Father. What is the use of praying
to saints when we can go straight to
God?"

The mission work developed in so
many different directions that Miss
de Broen was often deeply affected by
the distress which came daily be-
fore her, but which, single handed,
she could neither remove nor dimi-
nish. Her work seemed like a drop in
the ocean; she longed for

MORE LABORERS.

and prayed that the Lord of the har-
vest would speedily send them. Just
at this time she was present at a ser-
vice in the Rev. Baron Hart's chapel,
in the Rue Royale. The pasteur read
a letter which he had received from
an English Congregationalist minister
who was wishing to preach the gos-
pel among the Paris workmen, but
owing to the recurrence and multi-
plication of difficulties, he began to
think that it could not be the Lord's
will that he should do it. He there-
fore asked God's children to pray that
the way might be made very plain to
him.

Miss de Broen heard the letter
read, and at once hailed it as an
answer to her prayer for "more labor-
ers." She therefore wrote to
the minister in question, begging him
to come, concluding her communica-
tion by saying, "Only come, and the
Lord will bless you." A few weeks
afterwards she had the joy of wel-
coming Mr. and Mrs. McAll to Paris,
and has ever since witnessed, with
most grateful satisfaction, the exten-
sion and usefulness of their noble
work among the masses of La Vil-
lette, Belleville, Paris, and Lyons.

Besides the Gospel meetings and
sewing classes, Miss de Broen felt the
urgent necessity for originating

NIGHT SCHOOLS.

Her offer to teach any who liked to
come being widely accepted, and it
was a most interesting sight to see
fathers and sons sitting side by side
spelling out words or patiently learn-
ing to write, the proverbial volatility
of Frenchmen giving place to the
most steady and resolute persever-
ance.

At the end of her first year's work
the funds supplied by the Society of
Friends had come to an end, and, as
they had undertaken to support a
mission at Boulogne on the Seine,
they could not give further help at
Paris. What was to be done? The
work must go on, and the need of
money was laid before the Lord in
prayer. The answer quickly came,
but in a most unexpected way.

A friend, in writing to Miss de
Broen from England, mentioned that
she had received a letter from a gen-
tleman, then in America, in which he
spoke of his visit to her mission at
Belleville; and she added, "His im-
pression having been that you need
more money to carry it on, I am
willing to give some help." Thus en-
couraged, the devoted lady went
courageously forward, step by step,
always desiring that it might be a
work of faith in the ever-loving God.

The holy enterprise now increased
so rapidly that Miss de Broen deter-
mined to live at Belleville, that she
might always be among the people;
so she hired a house and invited
ladies from England to help her.
From that time she has had a little
band of voluntary workers always
with her, who devote their time and
strength to the work.

And thus year by year the mission
has steadily increased and now con-
sists of the following

IMPORTANT BRANCHES:

A medical mission, sewing classes,
girls' day school, night schools, gen-
eral meeting for men and women four
times a week, Sunday school for
children and adults, training home
for young nursery maids, bible classes,
visits to the homes of the men and
women, a free library, and a depot
for the sale of Bibles and Testaments.
The entire expense of carrying on
this magnificent work for Christ is
under \$10,000 per annum. Well de-
fined and unmistakable evidences of
the divine blessing are continually
appearing. Take the following:
The number of suicides in Paris has

increased of late years to an appalling
extent. In 1873 it was computed by
official authorities that five thousand
committed suicide, while fifty years
previously, in 1822, there were only
200. One man who attended the
Belleville Mission Hall, told Miss de
Broen's Evangelist—who is a con-
verted Roman Catholic—that his
wife and children were starving be-
cause he had no work, and that he
was on the point of committing sui-
cide, but, he added, "I happened to
open the Bible you gave me; my eye
fell on that passage which tells of
judgment to come, and I dared not
rush unprepared into the presence of
the Judge."

The last few years many of the
French, and those in large towns
more especially, having lost faith in
"the religion of the priests," as they
call it, have become either *libre pen-
seurs* (free thinkers) or totally indif-
ferent. More than half of those who
apply at Miss de Broen's dispensary,
say, "How can we believe in what
the priests teach when they do not be-
lieve it themselves?" or "the ques-
tions asked at confession are disgust-
ing." The priests for the sake of
money openly lend themselves to
falsehood, and it is a current saying
in France, "We have a religion in
which everything can be had for the
buying." Some go so far as to say,
"It is a religion about a God who can
be bought," and with bitterness add,
"it is a religion for the rich, and not
for the poor," for they know full well
that absolution, indulgences, masses
for the dead, may all be had for pay-
ment.

A LITTLE ORPHAN BOY.

A member of Miss de Broen's night
school, went one day to the priest to
ask that some prayers might be said
for his mother, who had recently died.
"The charge is ten francs," said the
priest; "have you the money?"
"No," replied the boy, "but I will
earn it and pay you later—do say the
prayers," adding, with tears in his
eyes, "It was mother's last wish."
"Ah!" said the priest, "that won't
do. I have been taken in so before,
and I won't be taken in again." This
is one out of many instances of the
mercenary, heartless character of the
priests.

Among the girls in Miss de Broen's
Training Home is

BERTHE, AN ORPHAN.

Her life has been a very sad one.
Her mother being a widow, and too
ill to work, the child was sent out to
lead an old blind man about the
streets, and was thus often in low
cafes and bad company.

One cold wintry day the poor wo-
man went to Miss de Broen's dispen-
sary, and the doctor saw at a glance
that she was in the last stage of con-
sumption. When the lady visitors
went to see her in her home they
found her in a very small room, with-
out fire or light, and they learned
that when she could bear the cold no
longer she used to crawl across the
street to warm herself by a neigh-
bor's fire. She said she was willing
to die if only some one would care
for her child.

Miss de Broen visited her frequ-
ently, telling her the simple gospel mes-
sage. She also gave her a new Tes-
tament, which she read eagerly. One
day the poor woman said, "Oh that
I had only known it before! I hope
to be able to read it through before I
die." At length she passed away, re-
joicing in the Lord, as her Saviour.
Her orphan child and the evangelist
followed her to the grave, and then
Berthe was taken into Miss de Broen's
Home.

In one part of Belleville there are
low, narrow streets of the foulest
kind; dark alleys and wretched
abodes—in fact, a nest for the worst
of characters. Three years ago three
of the lady visitors resolved to make
a special effort to carry the gospel
into this

DARK DEN OF INIQUITY.

Accordingly one Sunday afternoon
they invited a few of the people
to come to one of the courts to
hear about God. It was a strange
scene. At first only a few men and
women in tattered garments gathered
round them; then gradually one head
after another was poked out of the
windows above. Very soon a stair-
case outside one of the houses was
filled, then a small balcony, crowded
with hearers, began to groan under
their weight, and the meeting passed
off very quietly and successfully.

In this court a soup kitchen is now
open three a week, on which occa-
sion the Bible is read and explained,
and Gospel hymns are sung. The
Sunday afternoon meetings are now
held in a wine shop, rented by Miss
de Broen for the purpose and it is a
rough set of men and women who
are thus gathered there. Many are
in rags; some are so unkempt that
they look quite wild. When the meet-
ing is over the wine shop is immedi-
ately transformed into a ragged school
and it is crowded to the very doors.
Lord Shaftesbury says: "a great
part of the problem of 'Woman's
Mission' is shown by the life and ac-
tions of Miss de Broen. All women
may learn from these singular details
how great is the power of the female
sex over the mightiest and fiercest of
the human race. A woman—ay, even
a young woman—earnest, decided,
persevering, rich in piety and com-
mon sense, with the love of Christ in
her heart, and with a burning desire
to impart it to others, becomes all
but irresistible. While the commu-
nists were in the midst of vengeance,
orphange, widowhood, and ghastly
privations, this young lady, unguided,
unprotected and alone, begun her
marvellous and Christian career."
And thus in the very heart of *La
Belle France*—for "Paris is France"
—the work of God goes grandly on.
And among the devoted laborers
none need more fervent prayer for
blessing than Miss de Broen and her
small though faithful band of fellow
helpers, and none deserve a larger
measure of the sympathy of evangeli-
cal Christians.

SHORT PRAYERS.

A man may pray in his closet all
night, as Jacob wrestled at Peniel,
or as Christ prayed on the mountains
of Galilee. And in those lonely sup-
plications the pleader may repeat
again and again the same words as
our Saviour did during the three
hours' agony in Gethsemane. But
this is very different from leading
the devotions of others, or blending
our petitions with theirs in the social
meeting. There, brevity is an ele-
ment of interest and power.

Our Saviour was asked by his dis-
ciples to teach them to pray, and he
gave them what we call the Lord's
Prayer, but which, as Mr. Moody
says, should rather be called the dis-
ciple's prayer. The real Lord's pray-
er is in the 17th chapter of John.
But the divinely taught model for us
can be repeated reverently in a single
minute. Moses' prayer for the child-
ren of Israel, recorded in Exod. xxxii
32, consists of thirty-nine words. Eli-
jah's prayer on Mt. Carmel is eight
lines long. Asa's prayer before go-
ing into battle (2 Chron. xiv. 11), is
seven lines long. Habakkuk's prayer
(chapter iii. verse 2), is less than five
lines long. The beautiful prayer of
Agur, recorded in Prov. xxx. 7-9, is
only eight lines. We have in the
130th Psalm a prayer that David sent
up "out of the depths." It is com-
prised in three short verses. Job's
prayer, which God accepted, is con-
tained in thirteen lines (see Job xiii.
2-6).

In the New Testament after Christ
came, how short the prayers! The
woman of Canaan cried; "Lord, help
me." (Matt. xvi. 25.) The father,
whose son was possessed with a dumb
spirit, said; "Lord, I believe; help
thou mine unbelief." Peter when
sinking in the sea, cried; "Lord,
save me." The blind men near
Jericho cried; "Have mercy on us,
O Lord, thou son of David." The
publican in the temple cried; "God
be merciful to me a sinner." Our
Saviour prayed in Gethsemane; "O
my father, if it be possible let this
cup pass from me; nevertheless not as
I will, but as thou wilt." The thief on
the cross said; "Lord remember me
when thou comest into thy kingdom."
Stephen, when they were stoning him,
prayed; "Lord Jesus receive my
spirit."

These examples show that true and
prevailing prayer does not require to
be long and logical. When we are
in earnest our words are few and full
of meaning. A Christian revived will
put more real prayer in a single sen-
tence than a cold, formal one will put
into a speech to God half an hour long.
We need many things, but there is
some one thing especially needful—
some burden upon the heart. Let us
struggle with that in prayer until it
is removed, then struggle with the
next, and not try to carry to the
mercy seat an indefinite number of
burdens every time we go there. I
believe that the weekly prayer-meet-
ings in our churches would be quad-
rupled in interest if we could have
each evening fifteen or twenty short
prayers instead of two or three long
ones.