

# The Messenger and Visitor.

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VOLUME XLIX.

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VOL. I.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1885.

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The "Messenger and Visitor" from this time to the end of 1885, for One Dollar. Do not forget. Get your friends to send in their dollars at once, so as to make the most out of our Special Offer.

The Breweries of the United States propose to devote \$10,000 to the circulation of literature in the interest of beer drinking. Now let us have a prize essay on the benefits accruing to the family, the church and the state in poverty, crime, and murder.

—The class graduating this week from the University of Toronto numbers 11, and includes five ladies, who all received high honors. One of the ladies, Miss M. N. Brown, daughter of the late Hon. George Brown, Senator, won the gold medal in modern languages. Among the graduates are 7 Baptists, all for the ministry. Miss Balmer in the third year won the Lansdowne gold medal and the Blake Scholarship in constitutional history.

—The (Pope, Catholics) gave his opinion very frankly that in no Christian country were things so bad as in Germany. Owing to the cheapness of labour, many of the poorer classes were tempted to work several days in the week; and a large number of the educated and cultured are avowed sceptics. Not all, however, thank God. There is a stratum of sound evangelical thought—many more than the seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to rationalism. Nowhere are matters worse than in the large cities. In Berlin, with upwards of a million of inhabitants, there are only some fifty churches, all told, and scarcely two per cent. of the population attend religious services. In Hamburg, a city of 300,000, the state of affairs is even worse. The Protestants are divided into Lutherans and the Reformed Church; but the line of division is not very distinctly drawn. Between them they have seven or eight Missionary Societies, the most important of which is the Berlin Society, founded in 1824, of which Dr. Wengemann is the chief secretary. That Society has from fifty to sixty European missionaries in South Africa. But the contributions of all the German Societies put together do not equal those of any one of the five great English Societies. Dr. Christlieb is clearly of opinion that State connection is not conducive to the growth of the missionary spirit, at the same time he thinks there are indications of increasing interest in regard to both Home and Foreign Missions among the Protestants of Germany.—Presbyterian Record.

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—A BREXID COLONIST travelling in Germany, and meeting here and there, like his fellow-workers, with resistance and discouragement, stopped to read and pray in a dying youth, and several others in the house heard him speaking of eternal things. After seven years he had again occasion to visit that neighborhood, and a woman greeted him joyfully with the tidings that she had long been a believer, and her daughter and son were also converted. The colonist's words were also since had led her to seek the Saviour, and though he had himself forgotten the incident, he was greatly cheered when one of the daughters reminded him who had been then a little girl, and like the rest of the family she was in much distress, but her heart had been rescued by the beautiful German lines the visitor recited to them. The colonist realizes how much blessed fruit unknown by us will be visible hereafter, and he laid again to heart the verse with which he had comforted them—  
"Wait, my soul upon the Lord,  
He will hear thy faintest work,  
Tell Him all thy soul's distress,  
He is grace will surely bless."  
—The Quiver for May.

must be rivalry, let it be a generous one— which shall be most excellent. Let there also be no attempt to obtain unfair advantages; but with a fair field and no favor, let each strive to do the best work for the common end and the highest good.

—The same in richness. The country is quite level, with some marsh too low for producing grain crops. Passing into the State of Wisconsin, no change is perceptible, but after a few hours' ride the land becomes more uneven. Just on our left a range of high land stretches along for miles, but even on the high land the soil is rich and produces good crops, as we advance the land becomes more rough, rocks and small mountains rise here and there; many small rivers stretch along the line and numerous lakes, abounding in fish, lie slumbering among the mountains. Of the lakes, the most noted is "Devil's Lake," surrounded by a rough mountain with loose rocks overhanging, 75 feet high. I asked a passenger who is acquainted with the country, why it is called by that name. He said he did not know, "unless it was that the Devil was there." Baraboo is a small town near by, and the evil one spends most of his time there.

So the second night comes on, and the scenery is veiled until the morning, when we see St. Paul's lofty spires glittering in the sun. Here we rested for a short time before starting across the prairie.

Passing up we crossed the far-famed Mississippi near the fall, where it is spanned by a suspension bridge. Minneapolis comes next, but we cannot stay. On, on we sweep towards the setting sun, and the iron horse trembles as his points for the prairie.

Through Minnesota, the country is rough for many miles, but as we get North, we strike the rolling prairie, and soon we are out on a vast country, smooth as the sea in a calm.

Again the night comes on, and we see no more until the day dawns again, when away in the distance the spires of a city appear. Then the shipmen deemed they were drawing near to some country.

Coming around the bend and near a point where the Red and the Assiniboine rivers mingle their muddy waters, we cross an iron bridge into Winnipeg. The morning was cold and damp, and the mud gave us all a warm welcome, laying hold of us by the feet, it would persist in our remaining.

I made my home at the New Douglas House, had received much attention. I met four of the boys from Acadia, who showed me the much kindness, and made my visit to Winnipeg very pleasant.

The place and people are very different from anything I ever heard of there before. I came. The brethren are exceedingly kind, and one receives a warm welcome.

Now is the time if we intend to do anything for this country. Other denominations are rushing in and getting houses of worship built in the chief places; are we going to content ourselves joggling along behind, trying to get a few people gathered together in a barn, or school-house, while others, with less truth, are getting up good respectable buildings for the Lord's service?

—Come young soldiers, enlist in this service for Jesus. You need not be afraid to come up here. Briel is captured and the Indians do not like war. Come now and put down rebellion against God. You are willing to fight for our Queen and country, are you willing to wield the sword of the Spirit for the King of Kings? Come and tell the redskin Indians and the Half-breeds of Jesus and his love, how he died to make us at peace with God.

When the troops marched to the front, there were ministers ready to offer their services as chaplains. Our friends and former neighbours are settled here and want to hear the Gospel.

"Where are the reapers? Oh, who will come And share in the glory Of the harvest home."  
—H. G. MELLICK.

Home Life on Mount Zion.  
BY SARAH BARCLAY JOHNSON.

After a weary day of riding in the pelting rain, we approached the Holy City. Entering the lofty portal of the Jaffa gate, despite the opposition of the Turkish soldiers who seized our bridles and demanded "backseeh," we turned to the left and alighted at the Latin convent, where we were cordially received by the monks and ushered into neat but rather comfortable cells.

A night's rest gave us energy for exploration. I rose next day in time to see Mount Olivet receive the first beams of the rising sun. The many-tinted domes of Omar showed me, where Solomon's Temple stood, and the ruins of Zion appeared gray in the mid-distance. I then realized that I was standing within the walls of the City of the Great King.

After spending a few days at the Latin convent, my father rented a house on Mount Zion, which, on the completion of certain repairs, became our home. While native workmen were employed glazing the windows, whitewashing the vaulted rooms, and mending the broken stairways, I explored the house, which I found was old, rambling, grotesquely inconvenient, and still somewhat ruinous. There were open courts and perplexing corridors, and stairways leading to chambers of all sizes. There were wide terraces suggestive of twilight promenades; and from these and the iron-barred windows there were views of Mount Olivet, the Temple area, the Tyropean, and the broken, irregular piles composing the city. We engaged native servants, took possession of our home, and began to keep house on Mount Zion.

A large apartment was fitted up as a harem or dispensary, another was plainly furnished with divans and a table as a reception-room, and iron bedsteads were put up in the sleeping-rooms. The smallest of these I chose for my own, on account of certain pretty moldings which ornamented the ceiling and the lovely outlook from its two windows. From this little room I could plainly hear the call to prayer from the mosques through the day and night; and when I once lay there week after week, confined to my narrow bed with fever, the night chant of the muezzin, as it was borne on the soft air from the minarets, impressed me as did no other feature of my Jerusalem experience.

The first step in furnishing our house was to obtain wooden forms for divans. Upon these thin cushions were placed and covered with chintz. A deep frill of the same material was sewed all around, making sofas at once inviting and cool looking. The cushions at the back were soft, and could be heaped up in a luxurious pile for the tired loungers. More chintz was hung at the windows, in light, simple draperies, and matting and rugs were laid on the floors. Mosquito nets were made of figured muslin, and these, with the bright-colored rugs, divans, and matting, produced an effect that was charming. In the reception-room we soon had the great pleasure of receiving Judge Holt, of Kentucky, who was visiting Jerusalem with his lovely wife, Mrs. Holt, had just crossed the desert on a camel, and laughingly told me "he should not try it again. Here we also received Bayard Taylor, and the poet Bryant, and many other American travelers.

Jerusalem seems literally a "city of stone in a land of iron with a sky of brass." What a relief to go inside and find a cool corner of the quiet, where I can watch Allah going divinely and amiably about her work! She is doing her best to set a Frank table, and in a little awkward way, knives and forks and tumblers and napkins. Until she came to us she never saw these things; but she is rapidly falling into all our American ways, and is even learning to sew and knit. But she was best skilled in native arts, and could prepare nice preserves of rose leaves and citron. One day I was quite mystified at her proceedings. Having procured several porous stone jugs and saucers, she carefully planted on the bulging sides of the jug, and in the saucers, lentil seeds and grains of barley, and then watered them in the sun. On my asking her what it all meant, she said: "In a few days the seeds will grow, and you will be pleased to see the fresh green blades. They will beautify your room, and Allah will make your heart light at the sight of them. Their smell will be pleasant, and they will remind you of the green fields." True enough in a short time the vessels were found thickly covered with a growth of fresh young grass and tender blades of several shades of green. They were quaint and pretty ornaments for the table and window-sills.

Allah was a little, pretty, nut-brown fellow from Mount Olivet. She had three blue stars tattooed on her face, one at each corner of her mouth and one on her chin. Her teeth were so white they fairly glistened, and the thin red lips were often parted in a bright smile. Her little brown feet were always bare, and I could hear the tinkling of her silver anklets as she moved about the house. She cleaned the rice which appeared daily on our table, pounded the grain for kibbis, and cheerfully went about other household duties of the lighter kind. She was almost a child, being about fourteen years of age, yet her tact, intelligence, and judgment were worthy a man's age. What a faithful little handmaiden she was, and how kind in her ministrations!—frequently bringing me offerings of sweet-smelling herbs from Mount Olivet, lovely terraces from the caves in Jehoshaphat, and filled with cool water from the pool of Siloam.

Mahmond, her brother, daily came to my mother about ten o'clock in the morning with the question, "What, O my lady, do you want for dinner?" On receiving his instructions, he made the tour of the bazaars, and returned laden with fruits and vegetables in season, and mutton or chicken—best being very inferior and difficult to obtain. He always gave us good dinners, though he had never heard of American pie or of English plum pudding. He was a born cook, and placed on our table dishes more palatable than those of Western luxuries.

By the middle of March the weather became very hot and the season was so far advanced that the most serious apprehensions were entertained that there would be no "latter rain." The Moslems and Jews had fasted and prayed for rain somewhat in concert for three days, but all in vain. To hear the lamentations of the latter as they mournfully poured forth their petitions at the Jewish, waiting place was most affecting. The tanks were almost empty, and the pool of Siloam became dry. We were compelled to buy nearly all our water, which was brought by Allah's mother on her back in great black goat-skins from a long distance. As she was no longer young, and her poverty prevented nourishing food, I felt great pity for her and suffered in sympathy. After emptying her skins in the great stone jars that stood in the court, she usually sat down outside the door and took from her girdle two flat cakes and a bit of cheese, which she silently ate, first looking heavenward and exclaiming, "Elham drillah!" (Thank God.)

By the 20th of March heavy rains had fallen. Soon after, Allah came early to my door, with her timid knock, to tell me that the brook Kidron had overflowed, and a crowd had gone to the Valley of Jehoshaphat to refresh themselves with the welcome sight. She proposed to accompany me there. I quickly put on my sun hat, and followed her as she went before me in the direction of St. Stephen's gate all the while holding her veil across the lower half of her face, her silver coins jingling as she went. The gate had just been opened, and the drowsy guard had barely taken his seat on the stone bench where he had been sleeping through the night. Seated on a small piece of worn matting, he was lighting his morning pipe. At his side was his untasted breakfast of tough bread and white goat-cheese. Outside we joined a perfect throng of people wending their way down the stony path, leading to the valley.

The rains had made a great difference in the appearance of the landscape outside the walls. Patches of verdure appeared here and there, and the asphodel, hyacinth, and star of Bethlehem peeped out from the ground. Even the city walls were relieved of their gray bareness by clusters of yellow henbane and the hyssop. The cactuses and valleys were gay with bulbous plants, and ferns were to be found in all the shady nooks.

The winter having been such a dry one, the wheat and barley were thirsting for the latter rain, and the people had despair of seeing a harvest, and Turk, Jew, and Gentile had indulged in gloomy fore-

bodings. But at last the torrents of rain that had fallen had filled the cisterns, the wheat had begun to grow, and the herbage was springing up everywhere, even from the cracks in the domes of the houses. Reaching the valley, I heard the sound of rushing water. The brook Kidron was flowing, and would add greatly to the city's supply. I sat on a rock in the shade of some mastic and apricot trees, and watched the impetuous stream as it rushed and tumbled over ridges of stone, now forming little cascades and now spreading itself over beds of pebbles. Women were filling their jars with water, and a few adventurous boys were beginning to prepare lemonade and sherbets for sale. Others were seen emerging from the city bearing trays of sweetmeats, and many families were seated under the trees drinking coffee. Other groups smoked the arghilah, or told their beads while gazing with ecstatic content upon the rushing stream. The Moslem women, of whom there were scores of groups, kept apart, and saw that they could through their figured muslin veils.—Christian Union.

Here and there throughout the village a few lights flicker like pale stars through the darkness. One shines from an attic window, where a youthful aspirant for literary honor labors, wasting the midnight oil and sixing his life in toil, unuseful it may be, save as patience and industry are made, and give him a hold upon eternal happiness. Another gleams with a ghastly light from a chamber into which death is entering and life departing.

One light shines through a low cottage window, from which the inmates are pushed partially aside, showing a mother's face, patient and sweet, but careworn and anxious. The eyes, gazing through the night, faded and sunken but lighted with such love as steals only into the eyes of true and saintly mothers, who watch over and pray for their children; who hedge them in from the world's temptation, and make of them noble men, and true and loving women. It is nearly midnight, and the faded eyes are strained to the utmost to catch the far-off light of some one coming down the street. The mother's listening ear loses no sound, however light, that breaks upon the stillness that reigns around.

No form seen, no quick step heard, she drops the curtain slowly and goes back to the table, where an open book is lying, and a half-knit sock. The cat jumps up in her chair and yawns and shakes herself, and gradually sinks down again into repose. No one disputes her possession of the easy chair. Up and down the little room the mother looks, trying to knit, but vainly she can only think, and wonder, and imagine what is keeping him. Her mind pictures the worst, and the heart sinks lower and lower. Could the thoughtless boy know but one-half of the anguish he is causing, he would hasten at once to dispel it with his presence.

She trembles now as she listens, for an uncertain step is heard—a sound of coarse laughter and drunken riddley; his heart stands still, and she grows cold with apprehension. The sound passes and dies away in the distance. Thank heaven, it is not he, and a glow comes over her, and once more her heart beats quick.

Only a moment, for the clock on the mantel shows on its pallid face that it is almost midnight. Again the curtain is drawn aside, and again the anxious, loving eyes peer into the darkness. Hark! a sound of footsteps coming nearer and nearer; a shadowy form is seen, and more and more distinct; a drowsy whistle; a brisk, light footstep up the gateway; a throwing wide open of the door; and the trusty boy finds himself in his mother's arms, welcomed and wept over. He chafes at the gentle discipline; he does not like to be led by apron-strings; but he meets his mother's gentle, questioning gaze with one honest and manly, and makes a half unwilling promise not to be so late again. And he keeps his promise, and in after years thanks heaven again and again that he had a mother who watched over him and prayed for him.

He knows better than she, now, the good that was done by her sitting up for her boy.—American Rural Home.

Literary Notes.  
Aboard and Aboard, by W. P. Wood, D. D. A book full of brilliant description and rare information respecting many of the special objects of interest which intelligent travelers see abroad. No person of ordinary intelligence and taste will find the book a dull prosaic one, or fail to derive both intellectual satisfaction and profit from it. Published in Funk & Wagnall's (10 and 12 Bay Street, New York) Standard Library. Paper, 15 cents.

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Our Book and Tract Society are doing their best to put colporters into the field in the Maritime Provinces. It is a good work. Who will help by giving donations?  
—PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, FIELDING spoke some wise and needful words on the need of our young men being taught to guard politics with other feelings than contempt. The duties of our country are high and responsible. They came to us with some sense of rebuke. There often comes over us this feeling of disgust, as politics are proscribed and the high purpose they might serve seems lost sight of. But this makes the need all the greater that the young men of our land be trained to more worthy ideas of politics that they may help make a change, which seems imperative if our country is to have her best progress.  
—Prof. Foran, just elected by the authorities of Dalhousie College, to the presidency of that institution, was at the alumni dinner, and responded to the toast, "Our sister colleges." As representing Dalhousie in a certain sense, he seemed to feel that Acadia was very coy. He hinted, however, that if she were a widow, his knowledge of a suitor that was ready to make proposals, did he not fear a refusal. From all that we can gather, we should say to this suitor, don't, the risk is too great. We fear it might be the old story of the cat and dog. Let them lie on opposite sides of the hearth, and they will look good naturally at each other's side. An attempt should be made to tie them together, there would be trouble.  
—We CAN ASSURE Prof. Foran's desire that all the colleges of the land should recognize their sisterhood through the exchange of work and aims. It is the