

They call the ignorant man blind, and the learned man they say has a hundred eyes. If they wish to describe a man of good outward appearance with a bad heart they will say that is a golden cup full of poison, whilst the man with a poor outward appearance and good heart they will say is an earthen pitcher full of nectar. The liberal man is as well within reach of every thirsty traveller. The truly benevolent man is a tree which drops its fruit even to those who cast stones at it. The wicked man is a serpent that will bite even those who feed it and fatten it. The indolent man is a pair of bellows that breathes without life, ("Hear, hear," and a laugh.) Sin is a sea into which the wicked sink, and religion is a boat to ferry the good across. And thus they paint and picture almost every object and event they speak of. The missionary also must acquire this parabolic mode of speaking if he would have his preaching understood and appreciated by the people. (Hear, hear.) And when by dint of patience and perseverance he has partly conquered these preliminary difficulties, and is about to enter heartily on his great work of preaching the Gospel to the heathen, what does he find? Does he find the people ready to listen to his message, and anxious to receive his instructions? No, alas! but quite the contrary. Those to whom he preaches are generally prejudiced against his motives and his message too, and thus he finds his way hemmed upon all sides. He is regarded as a mere mercenary agent who makes a trade of preaching, and who makes men converts to Christianity as a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. Often have I been asked by congregations in the bazaar, "Sir, how much do you get for every Christian you make?" The people's idea is that the missionary is a good servant; and that in addition to his regular salary, he receives a handsome bonus for every convert that he makes. That his efforts are prompted by love, and that he is labouring for other's good and not for his own profit, are thoughts too holy and pure to find admission into minds closed to a single act of pure love or disinterested charity. Even the gods of the Hindoos are supposed to be actuated by selfish motives; and the gifts and offerings presented at their shrines are regarded as so many bribes to secure their favour. In the same light they regard every favour conferred on themselves, even by their own relatives and friends. If they do not see the motive, they feel sure that there is one; and of anything beyond a selfish motive they seem unable to form a conception. Hence the great difficulty of touching the heart of a people, and gaining their affection, who are so entirely engrossed by selfishness. Moreover, they are prejudiced not only against the missionary, but also against the Gospel. By the learned Brahmins and Buddhists who have an interest in upholding idolatry, the gospel is regarded with that hatred which is known only to those who feel that their trade is in danger. To the common people Christianity is misrepresented by the religious teachers. The levelling of castes in eating and drinking is represented as a monstrous system of libertinism and sensual indulgence; and the adoption of Christianity involves the loss of all that the Hindoo holds sacred and valuable, and subjects him to the deadly hatred of his friends, to the curse of the holy Brahmins, to the wrath of the mighty gods. Moreover, the doctrines which the missionary has to preach to the heathen, are such as to arouse the enmity of the benighted heart of the heathen. The Gospel aims a deadly blow at all his long-cherished hopes. It robs him at once and for ever of the right which he has been thinking he possesses from his deeds of self-denial. A man does not like this. He likes a religion which is suitable to his own desires and inclinations.

The outward pomp and grandeur of Hindoism tells in its favour. It is a religion captivating to the senses. It can boast of gods by millions; of holy books the most venerable; of a divinely-appointed priesthood; of temples most gorgeous; of rights and ceremonies most grand and imposing; and most of all it is rendered popular to the people on account of its peculiar adaptation to the corrupt condition of human nature. It not only admits the practice of everything that is evil; but it fans into a flame the worst passions of the soul, and makes its votary seven times more the child of hell than he was before. Man is a religious being; but if he can get hold of a convenient counterfeit, it is not easy to persuade him to forsake it for the truth. The truth is not flattery, it will not take from him anything less than a full and complete surrender of himself; and this man does not like. He likes a religion that tallies with his wishes and desires; a religion that will foster his pride and feed his passions; and such a religion is Hindoism. And as if all this were not sufficient to protect the fortress of Satan, he is bound firmly with the chain of caste. To become a Christian is to break caste; and to break caste is to become everything that is mean and vile and execrable in the estimation of the Hindoo. It requires a great deal of moral courage to withstand the obloquy of society, the hatred of friends, the enmity of relatives, and oftentimes the loss of property, to which every high-caste Hindoo is subjected, when he becomes a Christian. What, but the mighty grace of God alone, could enable men to make such a sacrifice for the sake of the Gospel? Again, my lord, the missionaries in India have to contend with very serious misrepresentations of the Christian religion by the Pagan policy of a professedly Christian Government—(Hear, hear)—and the loose and immoral conduct of many nominal Christians in India. What the policy of the late Government was is too well known to need explanation. It was of such a nature as to impede the progress of Christianity in the country. How futile must have been the efforts of a few missionaries to recommend to the millions of In-

dia a religion which was practically and studiously ignored by a professedly-Christian Government in all its dealings with a heathen people! How vain must have been the attempts of a few men of God to denounce idolatry as a sin, while that same Government recognised caste, upheld heathen prejudices, and conferred princely gifts on the shrines of the gods! The people knew that their rulers were professedly-Christian people, they also knew from the missionaries that Christianity was opposed to idolatry, that it condemned it as the greatest of crimes, and still they found these Christian rulers assisting it. To what conclusion could they come, when they reasoned as they did on the subject? Why, years ago, it was a common saying that Englishmen, in coming to India, left their religion at the Cape of Good Hope. And certainly their general conduct justified the remark. The moral conduct of nominal Christians in India is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the progress of the Gospel. The Hindoo looks on every Englishman as a Christian. He knows nothing of such distinctions as the world and the church, the professing and the real Christian, and he takes the conduct of nominal Christians as a criterion by which to judge of the nature and character of Christianity itself. I cannot close this address without briefly glancing at a few encouraging facts. The happy change that has taken place in the Government of the country may be regarded as a token for good. The unholy alliance of a professedly-Christian Government with heathen prejudices will now be broken, and the powers that be shall no longer be permitted to uphold and sanction idolatry. And further, there is a growing desire in India for knowledge and education. Many Brahmins in Bengal are becoming proficient scholars in English literature, while others, who are medical students, do not hesitate to dissect the corpses of the polluted Sudras. We have not only Government colleges in large cities, but in almost every district throughout British India, village-schools have been established. Sir Robt. Montgomery, the pious Governor of the Punjab and father of the missionaries, is taking lead in female education, and that noble movement will no doubt be warmly supported by Sir John Lawrence. Even public works are doing a great deal for India, for when the great Ganges canal was cut by the English, hundreds of Brahmins on their bended knees prayed that Ganges would not go; but it went, and they now say that if England can lead the Ganges where it likes she is no goddess after all. The Brahmins also prefer mixing with other castes in railway carriages to walking; and even caste itself favours us for once. Let a large number of Hindoos from any caste become Christians, and the rest will follow as a matter of course. If Satan's strongholds in India have not been abolished, the outworks have been attacked and are giving way. William Carey said, "I will go down the pit if you in England will hold the rope." When he got to India he found that the pit was blocked up, and his first work was to prepare the necessary instruments to dig, and it was years before he got a single jewel. You who are holding the ropes, wondering that you have to hold so long and why there is comparatively so small a return, must not forget that if many jewels are not found a great part of the pit has not been opened, and that you have only received an earnest of the fruit of the mine. May God hasten the great ingathering in His own good time!

Mr. Spurgeon's speech must be reserved for our next.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

"WHAT THE SUN IS MADE OF."

MR. EDITOR,— Upon perusing your very valuable issue of the 20th ult., my attention was attracted by the signature of "Carl Steinhammer." From personal acquaintance with "Carl," I have been led to drink in with unquenchable thirst his beautiful ideas, especially his geological productions, which are stamped not only with depth of intellect, but clad in the brightest corollas of cultivated taste.

His communication then, on "What the sun is made of," was eagerly read.

It may seem presumption in me to undertake a criticism upon so valued and scientific an author's writings, but such a liberty is only actuated by a spirit of enquiry.

The phenomenon presented by means of the spectroscope in the analysis of any terrestrial spectrum, makes known the presence or absence of any metal; and certain bright lines characteristic of such metals are noticeable. But the argument, introduced to substantiate the assumption that the solar spectrum reveals the presence of any of those metals in the sun, is unsatisfactory. Although, certain lines in analysing the sun's light appear to correspond to similar lines in a terrestrial spectrum emanating from the ignited state of a body containing such metals as sodium, potassium, &c.; yet they vary in color. This difference of color between the terrestrial and solar spectrum, does not seem to be sufficiently accounted for. The fact is quite palpable, that by transmitting a terrestrial ray of light, through a less intense one emanating from material containing the same metal,

the presence of that metal is characterized by dark lines instead of bright ones, because the primitive ray is extinguished or reversed. Now the analogy, in accounting for the dark color of the supposed metallic lines in the sun's spectrum, does not appear a good one.

The sun is assumed to be a material, containing some of our simple substances, in a state of combustion, and is analogous to a terrestrial material containing the same substances. Let us assume the simple substance common to both, sodium. The soda ray of light coming from the terrestrial object previous to passing through the prism, is reversed as above mentioned, accounting for the dark color of the metallic lines. The solar spectrum, we are told, exhibits the presence of the sodium by similar dark lines, whose reversal is explained by substituting the sun's atmosphere in place of the less intense soda flame. The analogy is considered not good, because the sun's atmosphere in my opinion is no more than a part of itself, and a ray proceeding from it does not pass through any such medium as the "sun's atmosphere," they being one and virtually the same. If we consider its atmosphere, as different from itself so must we consider the immediate space circumjacent—the soda flame an atmosphere. Therefore we would expect the same phenomenon to be exhibited by the soda ray passing through the soda atmosphere. And until some intervening medium is discovered substituting more reasonably as the less intense light of the terrestrial spectrum, we cannot sufficiently account for the reversal of the metallic pencil in the solar spectrum.

Again, granting these nine simple substances to be the sun's components, is it possible that they or any of the metals could exist in such a heated state? Would not the inestimable intensity of its heat immediately consume any metallic ingredients, as sodium, potassium, copper or zinc; and their analytical results evaporate in a gaseous form? Then, from what inexhaustible source would or are those nourishing substances obtained which have unceasingly supplied its burning appetite for thousands of years?

UNUS.

Antigonish, May 7th, 1864.

For the Christian Messenger.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

NATHAN ELLIS,

Died at Sackville, N. S., on the 23rd of October last, in the 63rd year of his age.

Our departed brother united with the Baptist Church in Sackville many years ago; from which time he walked worthy of the profession he had made, securing thereby the esteem and christian affection of all who enjoyed his society. In August last he was prostrated by illness, which terminated in consumption. During the 10 weeks of our beloved brother's illness, no one heard from his lips a doubt, a murmuring word or an expression of impatience. His will ever seemed absorbed in the will of his Saviour. He was regarded by all who knew him as a humble godly man, he has left a widow and 8 surviving children to mourn their loss. May the same grace which supported him in life and in death, sustain and guide them to that rest, into which doubtless he has entered.

Hear that the voice from Heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blest,
How kind their slumbers are,
From suffering and from sin released,
They're freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord,
The labours of their mortal life,
End in a large reward.

—Communicated.

In commemoration of Mary E., wife of S. W. Rodick, who departed this life January 8th, 1864, aged 25 years. She died resting by faith upon the merits of her Redeemer.

Well might the inspired of ancient days,
Breathe out their hearts in plaintive lays;
In warnings to the people cry,
Like grass ye all shall fade and die.

This mighty truth we see fulfilled,
In those whose voice by death is stilled;
The faded forms, that from us pass,
Remind us still, "all flesh is grass."

In sadness now let memory dwell,
On one of whom these stanzas tell;
A few short months ago,
My Mary's cheeks with health did glow.

In buoyant hope of future time,
She was my bride in youthful prime;
But ah! disease without delay,
Soon snatched my fondest hopes away.

Those hopes we build on worldly joys,
How soon adversity destroys;
But those we fix on Heaven above,
No sore affliction will remove.

My Mary's dead, her spirit flown
To that pure world where care's unknown;
God called her soon from earth away,
To mingle in a brighter day.

She died in faith;—in hope we live;
When of that world a view we have;
Then we shall higher raptures know,
Than mortals think, while here below.

SAMUEL W. RODICK,
West Cornwallis, April 20th, 1864.

Mrs. NANCY H. CUNNINGHAM.

The subject of this memoir, was born in Antigonish, on the 8th of Nov., 1818, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pushee. The family were Presbyterians at that time. When about 8 years of age, she became greatly afflicted. She was brought very low, and one day friends were called in to see her breathe her last. About this time Rev. Jno. Whidden, then a very pious and active christian, ever ready to frequent the house of mourning for the purpose of giving counsel and pointing the needy to Jesus, and offering the prayer of faith, visited this family. He prayed, no doubt earnestly, for the sick child who was not expected to survive. It was remarked that she began to amend from the time Mr. W. prayed for her. Whatever the cause or instrumentality, she recovered, and grew up a hearty robust woman.

From her life and conversation it was believed she had given her heart to Jesus in childhood, perhaps at the time of the sickness above mentioned.

In the Autumn of 1847, her heart seemed to fill with love to Jesus and his cause. Under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Rideout, she desired to be united with the people of God. Accordingly she was baptized and received into the communion of the Church. In December last she was seized with typhoid fever, and after enduring seven weeks severe suffering fell asleep in Jesus without a struggle; and was thus called from earth in the 46th year of her age, leaving a husband and 12 children to lament their loss.

In the first part of her last sickness, her mind appeared somewhat dark. She was heard to say: "Why hast thou forsaken me?" and, often wished the conversation and prayers of pious people, which were denied her, from fear of her disease, except the society and intercessions of her husband. She would call one of her little girls to sing two particular hymns in the "Golden Shower." One was; "We're nearer Home," the other; "The crown of Glory." Her greatest anxiety about worldly things was leaving her little ones in this rough world without a mother. She kept her senses well until within a short time before her decease, when occasionally she would be heard talking a little to herself. One instance I will mention, as it affords a lesson worthy of attention, and shows the motto of her life—a peacemaker. (See Matt. v. 9, for the rewards.) Her husband was sitting in the room and she began to say, "Speak kindly to him whenever you meet him; speak kindly and you will overcome him, he is an ill-tempered man, but kindness will overcome." She had lived in different neighborhoods, and in each had gained the affection of all her acquaintances, especially of the poor and needy. A few minutes before she died, one of her daughters, seeing that she was fast going, asked her if she was happy, to which she made a satisfactory sign—her speech had ceased. Through her sickness she often charged us not to neglect family worship. The last words she was heard to speak were; "Had you the books this morning?"—meaning family prayer.

The foregoing, dear Editor, is an obituary of a truly worthy christian sister, suddenly cut down, in the midst of a vigorous life and while the maternal head of a large and somewhat dependent family. The name, Cunningham, will probably attract the attention and interest of Western readers of the Messenger. It has been to me a rare privilege to have been permitted of late to form a christian acquaintance with an own brother of that clear discerner, and uncompromising propagator of the truth, yet withal the seraphic christian, Rev. Richard Cunningham, who a few years ago passed upwards from our churches.

A still rarer pleasure has it been my lot to enjoy of late in the acquaintance of the aged and christian father of Rev. Richard C. He too, as the Messenger has announced, has just passed away from earth, I have no doubt, to his eternal home in glory, welcomed there he may have been by the justified spirit of his son, now made perfect. Suffice it to add here a word respecting the aged brother. The first time I saw him he related to me his christian experience, dating his conversion, (I think) at the 59th year of his age, since which time to his death he was graciously kept from ever being sight entirely of the living and healing beam of Calvary.

Although his natural vision was totally dimmed for the last two years of his life, I was recently astonished and delighted on hearing him make correct and most happily appropriate quotations from the Divine oracles. On one occasion when I was standing by his bedside, he repeated to me slowly and distinctly, while his face was radiant and turned heaven ward; "Eye hath not seen, &c.," again as I bade him farewell, "Bro. Chipman," said he, "Iron sharpeneth iron, so &c." "As in water face, &c."

The last time I saw him there seemed to be somewhat of a burden on his mind. Calling me, after he had politely ascertained that I was at leisure, to his bedside, he proceeded to tell me minutely how at one time after his public profession of his trust in Christ, and attachment to his cause,—when the mind and body had grown weak, he consented to send for the Roman Catholic Priest of the place, for the purpose of an auricular confession. Through the prompt solicitations of christian friends, he however was prepared to tell the priest at his arrival, that he had concluded to dispense with his services; apologizing at the same time for the trouble he had occasioned him, which apology was accepted by the priest in the most honorable manner.