

WHO IS LOUIS HARMS?

To this question our answer is: a genuine apostle, a true Christian hero. Louis Harms is a plain Lutheran clergyman. In eighteen hundred and forty-eight he was installed as pastor of the parish of Hermansburg, on the Luneburger Heath, in the kingdom of Hanover. He is a man, according to the reports, of simple, direct nature, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. His parish, in which his father had been pastor before him, is made up of simple country people, and among them, as in most other parts of Germany, a dead orthodoxy had for the most part held sway. Under the new pastor and his earnest and faithful labors the parish soon began to assume a new aspect. The Christian life began to quicken, and in a short time the reformation became thorough, to a degree unknown, perhaps, in any other similar population in the world. In Hermansburg there are not a beggar, no rough street loungers, no drunkards, no ragged straggling children, and no paupers. In every house in the village there is family prayer, morning and evening; no one is absent from church except in case of sickness; the services in the week are as well attended as those of the Sabbath; the workmen have prayers in the fields, and throughout the parish the songs heard are not the common country ditties, but sweet, sacred melodies, which joyfully express its Christian life. During the year there are eleven thousand communicants, which must embrace nearly the whole of the adult population. The people live in great harmony, and are good farmers and good laborers. All this has come of the blessing of God inspiring and giving fruit to the labors of a single man.

As was natural, when the parish of Hermansburg was brought to such a state of Christian completeness and efficiency, when it seemed by its character to invite the divine hand to use it for the benefit of the world, it came into the mind of the people to do something for others. A mission to the heathen was suggested. The simple people wanted to be missionaries themselves, and the suggestion at once took the form of a solemn purpose, and speedily grew into a plan. Twelve persons offered themselves as candidates for the missionary work, and were accepted. A separate house was assigned them as a Missionary Institute, and Harms prescribed a course of training which was to occupy four years. This course embraced much and hard work, especially for peasants without any previous preparation. Besides studying introduction, exegesis, dogmatics, history of doctrines and church history, history of missions, homiletics and catechetics, they were required to perform a daily task of manual labor. This work with their hands, as Harms told them, "was to keep them healthy; to enable them, in part, to earn their bread, and to keep them humble, that they might never be ashamed of their work any more than Peter was of his fishing or Paul of his tent-making."

Like true Christian knights they chose the hardest field they could think of. They selected the tribes of the Gallas, on the east coast of Africa, who were said to be "men without being human." True, they have not yet reached these people, but still they are among the heathen doing a good and great work. When the pupils in the Institute were nearly through with their preparatory training, the question necessarily arose as to how they were to be sent out. Where was the money to come from? Harms "knocked," as he says, "diligently on the dear Lord in prayer." But he well understood that the man who prays dare not stand still. Hence he wrote to this and the other great man, but nothing came of it. At last it was said, Build a ship! Good, thought Harms, but the money? He prayed on. He remembered that when Duke George, on his death-bed, doubted whether he should go directly to Jesus Christ with his dear merits, or to the Pope with his good works, a trusty courtier said: "Your Grace, straight forward makes the best runner." That word stuck fast in his soul. He arose at midnight and said: "Forward now, in God's name!" He was assured. The brig was built and paid for; she was supplied for the long voyage with all the needful provisions and comforts from Hermansburg, and lifted her anchor and floated away on her holy, unselfish errand amidst exulting songs and earnest, loving prayers.

And what now? Tell us of the fruit. The results are as wonderful as the means. Harms, it seems, is not a dreamer. His life and his faith are both real. The brig still continues her voyages back and forth between Hamburg and Africa. A hundred candidates are knocking for admission into the Institute; a new Institute building is about to be erected, which will accommodate forty-eight persons; more than a hundred missionaries are already in the field; nine stations have been established, and the results, in the way of converts among the heathen, are larger than usual for the time devoted to the work. And all this, humanly speaking, is the work of one man; one man, without money, without earthly power; of one man, quickening, not a great city, but only an inconsiderable village, and animating its simple population with his own unwavering and all-conquering faith. But we have not yet answered the question as to where the money came from. The answer is a purely spiritual one: he asked God for the money, and God gave it. He asked no one but God. He would neither beg himself nor allow his people to do it. His sole and continual resort was to the "dear Lord." He prayed to God in secret, and men sent him the money. It came from Australia, from America, from England, and from many parts of Germany; it came, in many cases, in the very nick of time, but never, never came too late.

We have here a problem. What will men of the world do with it? Upon their principles it is wholly insoluble. They must confess their

ignorance or attempt to explain it as a series of accidents, strangely persisted in through a series of years, until chance itself becomes a law. But then, where do things of this sort occur outside of the sphere of religion? Why, nowhere. Christianity has a better answer. The work of God, through Lewis Harms, without being a miracle is of the nature of a miracle. It is a divine intervention, or a series of divine interventions, lying between the ordinary form in which God answers the prayers of his people and the more startling form characterized as miraculous. It is so nearly miraculous that only ignorant and stupid folly can refuse to see God in it, and yet is it not precisely like restoring dead senses to their normal condition by a word. Harms does not command it to rain gold with which to build his brig. Money does not hail down from the sky at his word. That were a formal miracle. He "knocks on the dear Lord," and men bring him the money; but still it comes as surely as if he had snatched it from above the clouds.—N. Y. Methodist.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

One who learns to notice natural objects with a discriminating eye has a great advantage over dull-sighted people, and makes many discoveries which escape them. The Scientific American gives a case in point:

Of the uses of practical knowledge we recently saw an illustration. A mammoth hexagonal crystal was shown to us by its owner, Mr. Mitchell. It is nearly a foot in diameter, and about eighteen inches long. Next to a specimen in Barnum's Museum, it is the largest we have ever seen. The base of the specimen is opaque quartz rock; the other portion is as clear as crystal. It was found by Rev. Craig Mitchell, on the farm of Dr. Johnson, near Ellicott's Mills, Md. The young divine was on a visit to Dr. Johnson. From the house a path leads to a spring that supplies the family with water. Mr. Mitchell, walking with Dr. Johnson in the path, observed "a stone" about an inch above the ground.

"There's a splendid specimen," said he.

"Of what?" asked the doctor.

"Why, of crystal quartz," was the reply.

The doctor said he had passed that stone every day for thirty years, and knew it to be nothing more than a common paving stone. Mr. Mitchell asked leave to wrench it up. A pick was procured, and, to the surprise of Dr. Johnson, the "stone" was buried about eighteen inches deep, and beneath the ground was a perfect six-sided prism of crystal, almost as pellucid as French cut glass. The young man knew enough of geology to recognize it by the butt end, above the ground, though none but an expert would have seen in it anything but a boulder on a small scale. A little learning may be a dangerous thing; but somehow or other, knowledge is quite as productive as ignorance.

A DEAD MAN COME TO LIFE, AND CONTEMNS THE PROBATE RECORD.

Some years ago a man without a family or relatives lived in a county in Arkansas, and was possessed of an estate worth five thousand dollars. He went to New Orleans, and was absent four years without being heard from. The Probate Judge granted administration on his estate—wound it up and discharged the administrator. The man returned—had been to Mexico—when in the court the following dialogue took place:

Dead man—If your honor please, I want my effects returned to me, as you see I am not dead.

Court—I know as a man that you are alive and in court; but as a Court, I know you are dead, for the records of the Court say so, and against their verity there can be no averment—so says Lord Coke, and a good many other books I never read.

Dead man—But I want my property, and it is no difference to me whether your records lie or not. I am alive, and have not transferred my property, and to deprive me of it without my consent is against the law.

Court—If you intimate that the records of this court lie, this court will send you to jail!

Dead man—Send a dead man to jail!

Court—Sheriff, take this apparition out.

SEMINARIES OF LEARNING IN SIAM.

BY MRS. S. J. SMITH.

Siam has fine buildings for study and great faculties of teachers; but seek the wide world over, you will hardly find less school-learning. The great religious monasteries or wats, all receive boys professedly to learn books, and all the priests are teachers. But a scholar is very rare. I doubt very much whether you could find half a dozen in the whole kingdom who understand studious application. Indeed, they have very little to learn and fewer books to learn from. They have no printed books themselves; no reading books, except in manuscript; no spelling book, except such as they copy with laborious pen. They only teach the four simple rules of arithmetic, and very sparingly of these; no geography whatever,—no history,—no nothing, but reading, writing, and prayers in the Bali language. (I now exclude the missionaries' work.) Some study the Bali language so as to get a smattering of it. It is a great wonder in the country to know the language well. The king is quite

a prodigy. He reads Latin, and Greek, and English, and Bali, and a few in the wat where he presided before ascending the throne do the same. But learning is much rarer than jewels. These sparkle upon almost every nobleman's hand.

The question is, how is a love of learning to be secured? The soul has no longing aspirations in this country, and knowledge is the food of the soul. The Great Spirit must breathe into these fallen creatures, and they will become purified beings, with hungers after food adapted to their spiritual natures. We can in time change the habits of some by taking them into Christian schools in childhood, creating for them a new atmosphere, forming them to different habits, stirring them up to higher aspirations, and awakening their souls to a new life.

Those we teach would in turn go forth to teach others; and thus the little stone thrown into the waste of waters, would widen and extend its influence, till its results would tell from the center to the circumference of the country.

I take it for granted that all such efforts should be carried forward with deep reliance on God, with a constant, faithful application of God's word, and with faith in its spiritual efficacy.

THE GREAT WANT IN SIAM.—We need more in this country to make the people think,—to lead them to study the inner life,—and to awaken them to the necessities and the deserts of the spiritual being. He that wounds my body but wounds my flesh; he that wounds my feelings wounds the spirit, and has more deeply injured me,—should be the feeling common to humanity. But few in this eastern world know how to suffer deeply in heart or mind. Speak however plainly, the wound is always slight, it felt at all.

It is the life of the soul which needs in Siam to be ever the subject of contemplation. Its susceptibilities should be cultivated in every possible way. That great arbiter which decides upon our actions should be made acute in all its susceptibilities.

At the basis of all is the fear of God, the Great Spirit of the universe,—the All Spirit. Till there is a God to fear, a spiritual God, how can we exalt the spiritual life? While we believe in a religion of transmigration, and know of only fleshly punishments,—while all our thoughts, all our desires are confined to the wants of the flesh, how are we to hope to raise the standard of the soul, and awaken energy to develop its capabilities?

Man in Siam, like man in Old and New England, was created in the image of his Maker; for we sometimes get glimpses of the godlike. Man in Siam too evidently reaps all the fruit of Adam's fall; but the new Adam, creating a new spirit, awakening new impulses, creating new desires, and bringing old ones into subordination, is yet to raise his recreative word over this race as a race. The intellectual and moral being as yet is like a luxuriant soil, left to its own accidental development and growth. It is a medley of noxious weeds, yielding no good fruit. The spirit is like a city without walls, a prey to every passing influence.

Now angry passion towers aloft, and like a raving maniac the subject forgets shame, decency, respect, reputation, and with a piercing, angry tone, he gives his vile tongue the utmost limit, and makes his neighbourhood a seeming bedlam.

Again the uncurbed will is crossed; it bursts all bounds, and will prevail. The heathen know little of judicious parental discipline, which tames the child as bit and bridle the untamed colt. The heathen's love seems but instinctive; it fondles or snarls as its fickle love suggests, without principle or reason.

Again the appetites call loudly to be gratified; and gratified they are, at the sacrifice of virtue, integrity, interest, everything.—There is no well disciplined mind to keep the baser nature under; no public sentiment, which so frowns upon the guilty that fear creates a safeguard. But worse than all, there is no fear of God, no enlightened conscience to reveal the turpitude of guilt.

The selfish gratification of the dominant power at the moment is the motive power, irrespective of consequences,—whether the passions or appetites or an uncurbed will rules the hour. The consequence is there is no reliance anywhere; what is now may be entirely another thing an hour hence. Here more than anywhere you need the warning, "Trust not in an arm of flesh.—Macedonian.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

EARNESTNESS.

We pass down the side-walks of life and see men pressing forward. O how earnestly, each one seems to have a purpose or design, and is striving to accomplish his end. It is this principle that raises men in any avocation. The student, the merchant, the lawyer, must be in earnest, ere they will succeed. So too is it with the christian—with the Church of God. The want of this soul-stirring principle has prevented the Jerusalem of God from being a praise in the whole earth. There would long since have been a shout of victory from the camp of God's Israel, had the church come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Ministers and people mourn the Laodicean spirit that prevails, while so many are wandering from the fold, and so many who have heard

of the love and kindness of the Great Shepherd, refuse to be fed by the still waters, and fed in the green pastures of his grace. They remember too, other sheep and lambs wandering on barren mountains, exposed to wolves fierce and savage, yea, dying by thousands who have never heard of this wondrous fold and loving shepherd; those of whom Christ said, "Them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

But is it enough to mourn with folded hands? Has not God said, "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, and prove me now here with, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Let us earnestly then go to work in the vineyard, wrestle with God like Jacob of old. Hell is in earnest sinning men nothing is left undone by the powers of darkness.

We believe in the immortality of the soul and that "except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God;" that there is a heaven of unspeakable joys, joys too great for flesh and blood to sustain, where the soul will eternally progress in knowledge, holiness, and happiness; that there is a hell where the lost soul will forever sink from gulf to gulf in the bottomless abyss,

"Who would not shiver,
To think upon the dreadful words forever,
Friend, is the question on thy heart engraved,
"What shall I do to be forever saved?"
Believe in Jesus is the sole reply.
Believe in him and thou shalt never die."

Alas! who would think we believed thus. Are our actions in accordance with our principle. Are we not justly reproved by the infidel who heard a minister preach from some of the great verities of the Bible, and the duties resulting therefrom. The minister meeting him next day, said, he was surprised to see him at meeting the evening previous, as he did not believe what he heard. "No," said he "I do not believe it nor you either." "Indeed." "No; why if I were to believe the things you affirm to be true, and which are written in the Bible, I should not know how to contain myself. I should feel their importance so much, that I should exhibit them every where I went. But I do not believe them, nor do you either, or you would be a very different people from what you are. Oh how deserving this rebuke, let it no longer be justly ours. Let us now be earnest in winning souls to Christ—leading the weary and heavy laden to the only one who can give rest. Let us exhibit Jesus a crucified Saviour to all around. Nor is this enough. Let us look across the ocean and see mothers and sisters enveloped in the darkest night, lost, with no knowledge of a Saviour, not one, or two, but millions, dying for lack of the bread of life. O can we not speedily send it to them. Multitudes every year are perishing, while the Baptist Churches of Nova Scotia are sitting in sweet repose, saying, "I wish we had a missionary in India, supported by this Province." Let this be the last year of apathy, and ere the close of sixty-four, as they bring their garland of praise to him "who has loved them, and given himself a ransom for him;" let them give of their number to follow in the Saviour's footsteps,—to seek and save the lost." Let them have the joy of knowing—that they have sent a laborer into the vineyard of the Lord. Listen to the Apostle's beautiful language. "He who converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins." Can we imagine a greater achievement.

For the Christian Messenger.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

MRS. WM. BENTLEY,

Died at Upper Stewiacke, Dec. 28th, 1863, aged 31 years. Some twelve years ago, Sister Bentley chose that good part which cannot be taken away. This bereavement is deeply felt by all, but two years from the date of their marriage, did their union here continue.

Whilst Bro. Bentley feels in its full weight, the loss he has sustained, he is divinely supported. The little church here feels most sensibly this removal, as sister B. endeared herself to us, by walking worthy of her vocation. Indeed her amiable disposition, her social qualities and her christian virtues, won for her the esteem of all who formed her acquaintance. She leaves a babe, which will never know a mother's care.

The master came somewhat suddenly, and called for her; but she received the summons without surprise or perturbation. She was willing yet longer to remain with the society below, with the church militant, but ready at the master's call, to join the "general assembly and church of the first born."

Whilst life is now rapidly ebbing, the following lines express her state of mind, and are among her last utterances:

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
Whilst on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

—Com. by Rev. O. Clute.