

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

HENTHADA JUNGLES.

My Dear Messenger,—

No time to write a letter—so in lieu I send you a few extracts from my Journal, and hope your readers may find them "better than nothing" from

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

July 26th, 1870.

Passing a Kyoung to-day I observed a crowd of people gathering in and outside the building. Learned that a Phonygee had just died, and on going up in to the Kyoung, saw the body still in the same position in which death had found him—sitting on the floor, the body bent forward, and resting on the palms of the hands, the praying attitude of the Burmese. Poor man! had his soul, on the verge of the great unknown, been reaching out in pitiful helplessness, to the dead god, who himself gave up his soul to Him who made it,—more than 20 centuries ago! There was the forsaken "earthly house"—the spirit gone, where? and where the soul of the myriads, passed, and daily passing?—I waited to see the body laid out. It was 60 years old. After the remains had been decently prepared for the last rites, I noticed that the people came forward one by one and placed in the mouth of the dead small silver coins. I had heard of this before, but had never myself witnessed the proceeding. I inquired of an old man what it meant. His answer was that the money was for the "ferrige" of the spirit—and there his ability to inform me ceased. Whence the custom arose, and across what river the spirit was to be ferried, none could tell me! Strange to find here this perpetuation of the old Roman myth of the Styx and "Charon and his boat!"

27th. Among my visitors in the Zayat to-day was a remarkably shrewd young fellow,—and as cantankerous as shrewd. He seemed to consider himself "set for the defence" of the Burmese Scriptures. On showing him a globe and demonstrating the rotundity of the Earth, he said "Hum! smart follows you English! trump up a story about the Earth's being round, and then make a wooden ball, and cover it with paper, and think you are going to make us believe that is a truthful representation of the figure of the world!" When I had succeeded in keeping him quiet long enough, I gave him a clear and simple description of the plan of Salvation. But he seemed fairly to revel in question after question on the origin of God and of sin, on the Trinity, and "things hard to be understood which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction."

Tain-daw, August 1st., 1870.—As I listen to the musical tinkle of the bells hanging on the iron crowns of the Pagodas; and heard the monotonous chant of the evening worshippers at the idol-house; I am reminded that the scene before me is, substantially the same, unchanged and unimproved, that every-day has witnessed for more than twenty centuries! Buddhism fastens its votaries in chains as firm and adamant as its own Thanthayō Set, or Eternal order of things!

And this is, according to Maleom in his Eastern Travels, the very best religions ever invented by man; the best of the myriad experiments to "find out God" without a revelation;—and what is the grand result? A God purer than Jupiter—but less powerful! a salvation attainable only through the purgatorial fires of countless Hells! a series of rewards of which annihilation is the supreme! and, for the life that now is, a legalism which fails to secure even an outward morality, and a well ordered life! Not one, of all who came to see and talk with me, who does not admit that sin is universal and ineradicable, and its future punishment as inevitable as "the mark of the cart wheel after the foot tracks of the oxen;" and yet they resist the offer of a free salvation, and contest the claims of Him who "is able to save."—Two or three men to-day seemed thoughtful, and arrested by the superiority of the "glorious gospel of the blessed God."—and yet, in the most natural manner, inclined to be offended with its simplicity.

The thoughtful friend who sent me anonymously, when I was in Sydney a year ago, a number of Scripture pictures would be pleased to see her (or his) pictures now; they are pinned up on the curtain, (which screens my bed-room from public gaze) and are admired, and their subjects inquired about by all my visitors; and thus many are led to hear for the first time of the grand incident in that wonderful "Life."

For the Christian Messenger.

A SABBATH IN GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

Dear Editor:

I began the public worship of the day in Barony Church. It is a plain old-fashioned building, nearly square, and has deep galleries on three sides. Here Dr. Norman McLeod preached to a large and intelligent congregation. The morning was rainy, and this no doubt accounts for the fact that the house was not full. The singing, led by about a dozen persons in a circle before the pulpit, was congregational. The interesting sermon, to which I listened, was preached from the tenth chapter and second verse of the Book of Job—"Show me why Thou contendest with me." It was evident that the war on the continent had led the Doctor to select this text; for in a discussion of the providential government of God over the world he sought to present, in a Scriptural light, the terrible conflict now raging on the old battle ground. Physically Dr. McLeod is not of the sharp bony type, but is a great remove from it, even to plumpness, moderately full and round. He rejects the razor, and on lip and chin wears a full-grown beard, which, together with his hair, is in the middle stage of transition to snowy whiteness. There is in his personal appearance a little of the burk and barly so common to the sturdy Scotch; and his voice proclaims most unmistakably his nationality.

In the sermon there were indications that to a mind moderately logical, quick and sharp in analysis, and fruitful in imagery, Dr. McLeod has united a genial, generous, sympathetic nature, easily moved to compassion for suffering humanity. Everyone present must have been convinced, by the natural outflow of pity in the sermon, that the thousands of sufferers in Prussia and France have, in Dr. McLeod, a sympathetic Christian friend. He referred briefly but touchingly to the sufferings of the wounded, the heartbreaking grief of the widows and orphans; instancing, to close his human reference to the sufferers, the case of a devoted young bride who, in her desperate unwillingness to part with her husband, so grasped and held his hand, as the train that was to take him to the war moved off, that she was dragged under the wheels and crushed to death before his eyes.

The sermon was written, but the language evidently was extemporized, and the memory was assisted by glancing the eye at the manuscript, the leaves of which he turned over as he passed along through his discourse. Two things could be justly said in praise of the sermon. It was a very clear and able discussion of the providential government of God, as taught in the Scriptures. There was also an evident absence of all effort to please men. It is not common to hear plainer and severer language used than was employed by him to denounce practices from which no large congregation could be regarded as altogether free. The rebukes were most withering which he administered to persons who honor and promote men whose only claim is in the fact of their riches. There was great faithfulness and plainness of speech.

In no place that I have visited are there evidences of more general and earnest evangelistic work than in Glasgow. I am convinced that there are very few of the four or five hundred thousands (400,000 or 500,000) inhabitants who are old enough to hear the gospel to whom the word of life is not preached. In this, as well as in every other city and town in which I had the opportunity of making enquiry, there is an Association of Christian Young Men. But the Young Men's Christian Associations are not so aggressive and public in their labors in Great Britain as they are in America. Here they confine their labors chiefly to meetings for general improvement and the study of the Bible. It would, I am quite certain, do them much good to mingle in such meetings as we have enjoyed in Halling and Pictou. Lazarus was alive, but he was not entirely free before his grave clothes were taken off by his friends. The structure and condition of society doubtless has something to do with shaping their style of labor, and guiding them in their operations. A little more liberty and freedom would add to the enjoyment and success of both old and young.

I went, after hearing Dr. McLeod, to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was the first meeting of the season for the study of the Bible; and, according to engagement, Dr. Black read a very interesting and instructive paper on the study of the Scriptures. There were present over a hundred young men, who seemed to take a deep interest in the exercise. On the way to my lodgings I heard singing in a lane, and on going to the place whence it proceeded, I found three men engaged in

conducting worship in the open air. The houses were high, the lane was narrow, and about ten rods long. The preacher was a son of thunder. The loudness of his preaching was no more remarkable than its length. I have heard of pulling the skirts of a preacher to bring him to a close, but I never saw it done until I witnessed it in this lane at Glasgow. But, wonderful to tell! the pull at his coat skirt failed to end the sermon. In response to the jerk, the preacher turned round, and remonstrated with his monitor, and then proceeded as loud and vigorous as if it was his first commencement. Mortified, and perhaps annoyed, with the failure in bringing his discourse to a close, his colleagues left him and went away. I determined on a different course. My decision was to stand by a man of such pluck and perseverance, and to ensure him one attentive hearer. I learned afterwards that he was a rope-spinner, which was all the apology I wanted for the length of his discourse. I remained and heard him through: As the scene has receded into the past, this phase of it seems now a little ludicrous; but, at the time, it did not so affect me. I have rarely ever had my heart more moved in attending the services of religion. There was before me a man whose heart had been touched with the love of God; and, impelled by this love, he had gone into this filthy lane to preach the gospel to the degraded and drunken. His loud voice enabled the people to hear from their raised windows and open doors. Many were careless, but there were not a few who listened. But the noise and confusion of the careless did not disturb the preacher. Some sauntered carelessly, boys wrestled and chased rats, but there was no falling off in the earnestness of the preacher. His words of solemn warning reverberated up and down that narrow lane, and penetrated into open windows and doors. It was my prayer that the invitations of the gospel might penetrate into the hearts of some of the poor creatures who were the victims of sin and poverty.

My attention was specially attracted to a pale but intelligent looking woman who was listening to the gospel through a window that was not raised. Either she herself, or the pretty babe she held in her arms, was too delicate to bear the evening breeze; and she endeavored to hear the gospel through the window. The babe would first put its tiny and marble-white hand on the window-pane and then on the emaciated cheek of the fragile form that held it. At first it seemed to me unaccountable that a woman of so much tidiness and culture should be in the midst of squalor and ignorance. But when I learned that there were families in that lane who had been in better circumstances, and had been brought there by the drunkenness of husbands and fathers, the matter was no longer inexplicable. What scenes of silent suffering may not this pensive mother have been dragged through as she followed her husband from a house of plenty and happiness to this scene of want and misery! What could equal the silent anguish of the heart of a mother of refined and cultivated tastes, and capable of filling and adorning her exalted sphere, who, with the children about her, and a fragile babe upon her breast, is consigned and held by a dissipated husband to such a place of poverty and social and moral degradation? It is not in language to express the refined and cruel sufferings which are endured by many in obscurity and silence.

When the service in the open air ended another commenced in a little room on the ground floor of one of the houses in the lane. I attended this meeting also, and was invited by the young men who had it in charge to take part with them. There were present twelve or fifteen poorly clad men, women and children. The meeting was solemn. The eyes of some present flowed with tears, and, as I learned afterwards, they were tears of joy as well as tears of penitence; for one, at least, of the weeping ones had found peace in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The young men who closed their Sabbaths in labors of this kind were three of twenty who belonged to a small church in the city, and had united together for evangelical labors. They go in twos and threes to different parts of the city, where the outcast and neglected dwell, and urge upon them the acceptance of the gospel. They had already seen fruits of their labors. Souls had been converted, and were, as in the case of those weeping in the meeting, rejoicing in the Lord their Saviour. It was not a little gratifying to see these young men engaged in so good a work, and none the less when I found that they were members of a Baptist Church.

As one walks through the city on a Sabbath day it is no uncommon thing to come upon a group of persons in a retired street quietly listening to some one preaching the gospel. The

exercises are varied with singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayers. It may be said of the people of Glasgow, "they have the gospel preached unto them." May the Lord bless to the salvation of souls his own word in that and all other cities.

Truly yours,
EDWARD MANNING.

For the Christian Messenger.

MINISTERIAL VISITING.

Mr. Editor:

In my Letters to a Young Preacher—published in the *Christian Messenger* a number of years since—I offered some thoughts on this subject. The duty, however, in my view, is so important, and so frequently neglected, that it seems to me desirable to have attention frequently called to it. The following pithy remarks, contained in the October number of *The Macedonian and Record*, deserve serious attention:

"The duty of visiting means earnest pastoral work. The minister who neglects this neglects a great part of his duty. It implies something more than going around among the friends, saying a good word, and then passing on; it means to go to each house, family after family, and if the time and circumstances will admit, on such occasions a brief passage of Scripture should be read, instructive and pointed comments should be made in a frank, tender and common-sense manner, without whining or cant, and an appropriate prayer should be offered. For proof that the apostles practised daily preaching see Acts v: 42; xx: 20."

The texts cited read thus: "And daily, in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." "I kept back nothing profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly and from house to house." It is evident that while they had opportunity to teach in the temple, and in the synagogues (xiii: 15; xiv: 1), as well as in the larger dwelling houses of Christians, they also taught "from house to house," and "in every house." It is, therefore, obviously incumbent on the ministers of Christ, whether pastors or missionaries, in addition to their public labors to make frequent religious visits to families.

Excuses are sometimes made for the neglect of this duty. One may allege that he has not a natural aptitude for it. On the same ground some men endeavor to justify their neglect of family prayer, assigning as an excuse their want of a suitable gift. But we justly reply that an inferior gift may be, and it should be improved by exercise. So it is in this case. A minister that is aware of his deficiency with reference to family visiting should labor to have this obstacle removed by diligent study and practice.

It may be objected also that families are not always in a state of preparation to receive a ministerial visit. True; but when a prudent man perceives that in one family circumstances are unpropitious, he will pass on until he comes to another in which they are more favorable, and visit the former at another time. He will also use such affability as will prevent people from being disconcerted if everything is not in such a state of order as they would wish.

Another minister may allege that he cannot spare the time from study. This duty should, indeed receive due attention; but probably the spending of a portion of his time in free Christian intercourse with his people would be more beneficial to his own spiritual interest, and tend more to fit him for a profitable discharge of his duty in the pulpit than would unremitted study; which is liable to be injurious both physically and spiritually.

In many instances there are people who do not live remote from a place of worship, and would gladly attend, but it is frequently out of their power—as in the case of aged and infirm persons, and of females that are raising families. To such persons a visit from a godly minister who will converse freely with them, read and expound the Scriptures, and pray with them, is peculiarly consoling and profitable. Moreover, people that are not disposed to attend public worship may be drawn to the house of God by kind and prudent visits from the preacher; and may by these combined means be won to Christ. Ministers should "sow beside all waters."

It may be remarked in connection with this subject, that direct personal admonition is a requisite and useful part of ministerial duty. Paul says of himself and his ministering brethren: "We exhorted and comforted and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children. Warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom." Elsewhere he says: "I ceased not to warn every one with tears." (1 Thes. ii: 11; Col. i: 28; Acts xx: 28.) Unquestionably these examples ought to be followed. Many