

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

{ NEW SERIES. }
{ Vol. XVIII., No. 4. }

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, January 22, 1873.

{ WHOLE SERIES. }
{ Vol. XXVII., No. 4. }

Poetry.

CROSS AND PALM.

Here is my Cross—
I bear its weight which r my footsteps seek
Dim forest a shes, where Nature's voices speak
With silent eloquence unto my soul,
And in melodious breath my woes condole;
Or whether by the lonely, sea-girt shore,
Straying in pensive moods, they tend
Where sea-birds' cry and moaning billows
blend
In one wild, wailing strain, whose plaintive
moan
Strikes on my heart a chord so like its own,
I plead them, bid and blitlow, moan no more;
For oh! my Cross!

My bitter Cross!
I cannot lay it down. Early and late
It presses on my heart its grievous weight.
No song of bird, no bloom of gentle flower,
No gleam of sunlight, mid a summer shower,
Cleaving the prison'd drops and setting free
The imprisoned jeweled colours—none of these
Can lift my burden, give my spirit ease
For but one restful hour. Even prayer,
That lightens every burden, every care,
Can never raise my bitter cross from me.
Here is my Cross.

There is my Palm!
I cannot see its glorious foliage now;
Earth's shad'ws dim my eyes and veil my
brow,
My pathway leads unto the Mount of Death—
A way of sorrows, and with sighing breath
Of martyrs who have trod the way before.
Oh! glorious army, were ye once like me,
Burdened and cross-bound, pitiful to see?
Ye, now who dwell where none a burden
bear.

Oh! when shall I your joy and gladness share?
Your perfect bliss upon the peaceful shore,
Your martyr's Palm!

Oh! conqueror's Palm!
Bend down from heaven, and wave so lov-
ingly,
With tender grace, thy flag over me;
And breathe of One whose tender, loving eyes
Yearn o'er me, might be palms of Paradise,
That trustfully I walk in way of cross
May with true footsteps follow the way
That leads through blood and death; and
toling, pray

Not 'Lift my cross,' but 'Help me bear it on,
Until my Lord shall lay it down
Where sorrow ends' For there, beyond all
loss,
There is my Palm.

—Independent.

Religious.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL AND PRAYER.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

The writer introduced by Mr. Tyndall has felt obliged to come out and explain further his views on prayer. He seems astonished at the outcry that his sentiments and propositions has created. He does not seem in the least to be aware that in touching with an unceremonious hand the great vital nerve of prayer, he was touching to the very quick a thousand vibrating, sensitive human hearts.

As if one should run a probe into the nerve of the eye, purely in the way of a philosophic test, and then say, when the man cries out: "Bless me, sir, what a noise! I was only instituting a philosophic experiment!"

It is exactly here that the spirit of physical science and the spirit of the Christian religion stand directly opposed to each other. Nature in its mere physical aspects is hard and cruel. Its laws advance overstriking sufferers, over bare and bleeding nerves and crushing bone, with a cold equanimity. Nature has for the poor human heart, with its agonies, its cravings, its ceaseless wants, nothing but despair; and the scientist who ignores religion, and follows only natural law, becomes like her.

Have we not read of enthusiastic scientists who pursue their inquiries and experiments on living flesh and blood? They cut, and flay, and tear; they slice the white quivering nerve of the helpless dog or horse, tied on the rack of an unutterable agony—all that they may demonstrate some law of science.

In like manner, the mere physical, scientific view of man leads directly to inhumanity. In the height of the French revolution, one of the dictators of the massacres said: "What is killing? Only diverting a few ounces of blood in another direction! That is all!"

In the physical, scientific view, the ward of an hospital is only a collection of breathing machines on which experiments may be tried. Experiments of life and death have been tried there—six treated in this way and six in that—and the results noted. No. 6789, bled and blistered; Nos. 1011, 1213, treated another way, and results noted.

"Now," says the scientist, "why not try the efficacy of prayer just as you try bleeding and blistering, calomel and jalap? Take fifteen with no prayer, and fifteen with prayer, and note results."

Just here comes in the difference, however, made by an immortal soul, and a living God who made that soul for himself, who loves it with everlasting love, and in whose views all bodily agents and physical laws are only valuable as *soul educators*.

The patients in a ward hospital are each one so dear to God, says Jesus, that He gave His only begotten and dearest to suffer that they might not suffer—to die that they may live.

How is the scientist to hush in every soul in the ward of a hospital that breathing heart as instinctively as the breath of life?

Not nearer to the babe is the breast of its mother than is the loving God and Father to every suffering soul that needs him. Who would dare to go into a hospital when his poor brothers wrestle with pain, and say, "Stop praying! We want to try an experiment!" He might as well say, "Stop breathing!"

But more than this, these patients in the hospital are fathers, brothers, sons; they have mothers, wives, sisters, fathers, whose sad hearts sigh to the Ever-Present love and pity for them. God is nearer to these sufferers who pray for their bed than any other nearness.

Since the scientist seeks facts, oh! that he could gather facts from those sad, sorrowful ones cast off from human sympathy, who have learned in that very desolation how near, how dear, how tender, how comforting is the ever-present God!—he whom no prison walls can shut out, no bonds confine, and who can enter the soul in the midst of desolation, torture, and despair, and flood it with the joy of his presence!

Once we listened to the story of a slave woman,—a woman of great soul, great sense of justice,—whose child had been torn from her bosom, and sold like a calf to a slave trader! In her anguish she spoke fiery words of indignation against her oppressors, and for this she was tied by her wrists, and scourged as long as nature could bear the agony.

Then, left bleeding, she was tortured with an agony of thirst, and prayed for water, which was refused with mockery. Then she said: "I prayed to Jesus, and oh! he came down; and it seemed as if he put water in my mouth, for all was so cool, and the pain all went, and my heart was so full of love and joy. I never was so blessed, and I could love them all—all!"

Such facts as these are to be taken account of as much as the facts of mere dead science. To examine man's body without taking account of a soul is to reason falsely on imperfect premises; for we all know that a soul makes all the difference in the world in the working of bodily fibre.

But God is the strength of man's soul. The ever-present ever-loving, ever-helping Father, Friend, Comforter, and Saviour, who dwells in the souls of the lowly and simple, bears their burdens, helps their infirmities, and consoles their sorrows, is to be taken account of in estimating the facts and

probabilities of man's being as much as the soul in the body.

Professor Tyndall in his final result comes to a direct issue with Christianity. "God can do nothing for us in our physical life," he says. "The physical world is entirely cut out from the region of prayer."

Opposite to this stands Jesus and says, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father! Fear not, ye are more value than many sparrows. Verily, I say unto you, the hairs of your head are all numbered." And in our daily prayer, he bids us ask, "Give us this day our daily bread." What more physical than this?

And St. James the brother of Christ, and one whom He promised to guide into all truth, says, "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might rain, and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months; and he prayed again and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."

It is plain, then, we must choose in this matter between Christ's teachings and those crude ones called scientific. They are not true science, for they do not take account of all the facts of the case. They do not take account of man's soul or God's love.

A TOUR AMONG THE KARENS OF SIAM.

We continue the Rev. C. H. Carpenter's interesting report of his recent Missionary visit of exploration in Siam:—

CROSSING THE LINE.

Friday the trail ran for 12 or 15 miles almost under the shadow of immense limestone cliffs from 1,000 to 1,500 feet high. Saturday morning we began to approach the boundary, the ascent still gradual for the most part. About 9 A. M. we reached the remains of an old Peguan stronghold, placed here doubtless to guard the pass against hostile incursions from Siam. The moat and ramparts and a large tank are still visible. By this route the great Alompra marched his army in 1767, when he destroyed the capital, Ayuthia, and slew the king of Siam. By this route, we hope, scores of native missionaries will go on their errands of mercy from the churches in Burmah to their brethren in the Mo-klong valley.

At 11 o'clock, contrary to our custom, we halted two hours for dinner at the last water in British territory. Half an hour's march from this point brought us to the boundary at "Three Pagodas," so called. They are merely three large piles of rough stones, heaped together by the boundary commissioners of the two countries. From this point we went on rapidly by an easy, descending trail till an hour after dark, when we camped on the eastern bank of the Than-ga-lay river. Here we spent our first Sabbath in Siam, far from the habitations of men, but happy in the conviction that, as in Burmah, thousands of the elect shall yet be gathered in this dark land.

A DETOUR—SGAU KAREN.

Early Monday morning we resumed our march. At 8 o'clock we left the main road to Bang-kok via Weng-ka which travellers ordinarily take and proceeded in an easterly direction to the village of the Pwo Karen governor of Pra-thoo-wan, the highest Siamese official this side of Kan-boo-rie, where we arrived at 2 P. M. There is a belt of Sgau villages to the south of this, and a larger one to the northeast, but all in this vicinity are Pwo. While the Pwo Karen dialect varies exceedingly in different districts, so that our Bassein preachers could understand and talk with the people here with difficulty, the Sgau language is substantially the same wherever it is spoken. It is providential that the Bible was first translated into Sgau Karen, that

too at Maulmain, which is nearly the geographical centre of the Sgau Karen habitat. For the same reason, it is fortunate that the Sgau language was adopted from the beginning for use in the Karen Theological Seminary. In the College as well as in the Seminary, some one dialect must be fixed upon as the medium of vernacular instruction for Sgaus and Pwos, for Bghais and Mopghas alike. The Sgau is undoubtedly the best adapted for this purpose.

KIND RECEPTION.

The governor received us with great cordiality. His people insisted on feeding our whole party, over thirty in number, during the three days of our stay. He gave us all the information we required as to the locality and numbers of the Karens. His district is covered with rugged hills and abounds in rocky fastnesses known only to the Karens themselves. During the centuries of war between Burmah and Siam, this has been the track followed by hostile armies from either side, but the Karens have always had secure asylums for themselves and their cattle. They have long been practically independent of the Siamese. The other races are taxed to the very limit of endurance, but no tax or service of any kind is exacted from the Karens, except to convey occasional messengers of the King from one village to the next.

The governor professes to be a Buddhist, and supports quite a large monastery, in which his son is one of the novitiates. The people pride themselves on a strict observance of the Buddhist law. They drink no arrack and keep no fowls or pigs for slaughter. But observation here, as below, convinces me that the Siamese Pwos profess Buddhism mainly because it is the King's religion. Even the priests do not understand the tenets of Buddhism well enough to defend it. They have no brick or stone pagodas, no idols, so far as we saw, save half a dozen small ones about a finger long. The Sgaus quite generally retain their primitive superstitions without adopting Buddhism.

PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

We preached to the people here and to their people faithfully. The native brethren went out to all of the surrounding villages within a day's journey and preached the people everywhere listening well. But the governor loves his office too well to imperil it, as he supposes, by accepting the new religion. The people around him generally refuse to believe that the King would tolerate Christianity in his dominions. They say that nothing but the sight of an edict of toleration under the royal seal will convince them. We leave them, as we left so many on this journey, with the sad conviction that they neither understand nor care to understand the truths which they have heard about God and eternity, unless they can be assured of protection against temporal loss. At the same time, if the truth as it is in Jesus were preached here long enough, patiently and lovingly, it would surely be received by some, and the truth would free them, as it has freed so many like them, from the fear of man and demons.

RIVER TRAVEL.

At night the cold in this narrow mountain valley was severe, and the Karens in our party suffered much. The danger of contracting fever under such circumstances, when the system is relaxed by hot days and the fatigue of travel, is great. On Thursday, as the elephants from Kyah-eng had returned, the governor sent three of his own to convey us and our baggage some twenty-five miles to the bank of the Red-stone or western fork of the Mo-klong River, at Tee-wah-plong. Here we obtained small dug-outs, in which to make the remainder of our journey. From this point we followed the Red-stone, shooting nearly a hundred rapids, to its junction with the eastern fork at Kan-boo-rie. The valley is narrow, and most of the villages are on the banks or within a few miles

of the river. We divided our preaching force into two or three parties, and made it a rule to visit every village within half a day's walk of the boats. In this manner we offered to the inhabitants of forty-three Karen villages free pardon and eternal riches through Jesus Christ. In some places, particularly among the Sgaus, considerable interest was manifested. We might give interesting details of conversations with various individuals, but they would perhaps mislead the reader. The general attitude of the people was like that of the people in Pra-thoo-wan. "Give us proof that the King will not molest us, and we will learn to read your books,—perhaps we will worship your God." We have no evidence that a single soul accepted Christ through our preaching, but we are certain that many hundreds heard of Him who had never heard before. If we could have tarried longer, favorable impressions might have been deepened into saving convictions. As it is, our hope is in God and the labors of those whom He may send after us.

KAN-BOO-RIE TO BANG-KOK.

Within two days of Kan-boo-rie the Karen villages left the river bank, retreating towards the mountains on the west and south, and the Taleing villages began to appear. Above that point, there is hardly an acre of level, interval land, and the entire population, with the exception of twelve or fifteen Taleing families, is Karen, the Sgaus and Pwos being in nearly equal numbers. This homogeneity of population is favorable to missionary effort, but the villages are small and far apart. We spent one day in Kan-boo-rie. It is finely located, and is quite a large, walled town. There are many Chinamen, which secures a good native market and good servants, in case mission families should be located here. We made a long visit to the Siamese governor. He was very hospitable and friendly. He showed us a Siamese New Testament which one of the Presbyterian missionaries had given him, and showed his liberality, if not his intelligence, by saying that in his opinion Buddhism and Christianity were the same at bottom. One day below Kan-boo-rie we passed a Roman-Catholic establishment. I called on the priest for a few minutes. He claimed to have 800 converts. He is one of eighteen French priests in Siam, besides their bishop. As in China, they assume a great deal of importance. When traveling, they always fly the French tricolor with a silver cross in the centre, at the stern of their boats. We reached the kindest of friends in Bang-kok, February 26, just forty-one days from Maulmain, thankful for so many journeying mercies, and thankful for another taste of the comforts and social enjoyments of a Christian home.

DISTANCES.

The following table of distances between Maulmain and Bang-kok is calculated from the number of hours that our elephants or boats were actually in motion:—

- To Kyah-eng, by boat, 21 hours, at 4 miles per hour, 84 miles.
- To Three Pagodas (boundary), by elephant, 49 hours, at 24 miles per hour, 1224 miles.
- To Pra-thoo-wan (or Bang-su-am), by elephant, 134 hours, at 24 miles per hour, 3216 miles.
- To Tee-wah-plong (Red-stone), by elephant, 8 hours, at 3 miles per hour, 24 miles.
- To Kan-boo-rie, by boat, 75 hours, at 34 miles per hour, 2550 miles.
- To Bang-kok, by boat, 32 hours, at 3 miles per hour, 96 miles.
- Total from Maulmain to Bang-kok, 1984 hours, 6224 miles.

EXPLORING TRIP FROM BANG-KOK.

On our way down the river we heard at various points of Karens living in the Pata-wae district northeast from Bang-kok. I was exceedingly anxious to visit them, and get what light I could on the dispersion of the Karens in that direction. My hope was that they might prove to be the outposts of an extensive Karen popula-