

there, how they would have lifted up their voices in a loud hurrah!

When he came out again his tool-bag was crammed with a medley of fairy like treasures that might well have made the prosy old tools huddle themselves together in one corner, quite confounded. Never before had they found themselves in such society. A snow-white lamb nestled cozily against a fierce pair of pincers; a wooden horse stared defiantly down among gimlets, and bradaws, and tweezers; boxes of toys scorned to notice the tools on which they rested, some of which they had been familiar with when being manufactured. Tops and balls made themselves comfortable among small heaps of sharp-pointed nails, and a delicate wax loll laid her cheek confidently against a saw which protruded out of the basket.

When Stephen arrived home at tea-time that Christmas-eve, of course nothing was expected of him. He looked round kindly at the little ones, as he had done the evening before, but he did not take his bag from his shoulder as usual. His wife, moving about getting tea, perceived a vision of wax and lace at one end of the bag, and wondered greatly.

"Why don't you put your bag down?" asked little Jack.

"Would you like to know why?" asked the father, with a meaning smile, at which four pairs of eyes were suddenly raised to him, as wide-open as they could be.

"You've got something, I know, dad," said Maggie.

"Have I? Then I suppose you must see what it is," he replied, lowering his bag to the ground with as much straining and effort as if it were as heavy as a sack of flour.

Then there was such a flourish of voices and clapping of hands as might have made the entire dingy old court ring again.

"Bess the children! you'll frighten Bob into fits!" exclaimed the mother, when she could make herself heard. But baby seemed more inclined for a fit of delight when his father put into his little hands a puffy, white lamb, on a stand with four wheels. How he crowed and shouted over his treasure!

As for the other children, Bessie could scarcely believe her own eyes, Maggie was trembling with happy excitement, and the little boys were lost in admiration of tops, balls and the other wonderful things produced from father's bag.

"It's a dreadful piece of extravagance for such folks as us, you'll say, wife," remarked Stephen, as he watched his happy children rejoicing over such treasures as they had never possessed before; "but if I had spent the money, instead of this way, by having a jollification at old Still's tavern to-night, as I intended to do, I shouldn't have thought it a bit of extravagance; nor have I thought it extravagant to spend many and many a pound of good money there, for which I got nothing worth."

"Oh," said Maggie, under her breath, "see what God has sent us because we asked him!"

"I hope he has sent you something better than toys," said Stephen, with a tremor in his voice.

"What, daddy?" asked Tom.

"A father in his right mind, and who wishes to keep so," he replied. And he hurried up-stairs, and there, in the darkness, wept such blessed, happy tears as had never before fallen from his eyes. That Christmas proved to be the first of a series of very happy ones.

And when little Maggie faded away, and was gathered to the home above, the father said, in the midst of his sorrow, "Thank God that I decided for the children that night at the toy-shop, and gave Maggie one happy Christmas before she went away from us."

[From the U. S. Home Mission Herald.]

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

"DEAR BROTHER:—My work is to preach the Gospel to the Chinese in San Francisco and elsewhere in the State of California. In the last six months I have held 72 meetings for preaching, exhortation, prayer and singing the praises of God in Chinese and in English. We instruct the Chinese in the English language until they can read and understand the Scripture.

"Our Mission-school has greatly increased in interest and numbers. We have now sixty pupils among whom are some enquirers.

"In our First Baptist Church Chinese Sabbath-school we have over 100 teachers and pupils.

"The Oakland Baptist Chinese Sabbath-

school has 40 pupils and 20 teachers.—Brooklyn has 17 pupils and 10 teachers.

"Wang Sing," one of our most valuable members, is now in China and continues faithful to his principles. Dong Gong is now with our excellent brother, Rev. R. H. Graves, in Canton, China, receiving instruction for the ministry; he was the first baptized by your missionary in this place, and has stood firm for Jesus in the face of bitter persecution.

"The fields on this coast are white already to harvest, and Chinese Gospel laborers are few. We are earnestly praying the Lord of the Harvest to give us more of them.

"Lee Key," whose conversion and baptism I mentioned in a former report, is an acceptable Chinese speaker of excellent spirit and deep piety. His preaching and labors with me in the Mission rooms, in the Sabbath-schools, in visiting from house to house, distributing Chinese religious tracts, and copies of the Word of God, are so essential to the Mission work that I feel compelled to ask that he be appointed by the Board as Assistant Chinese Missionary.

JOHN FRANCIS.

In a letter of more recent date, Nov. 29, Bro. Francis says:—

"Our mission among the Chinese is daily increasing in interest. On Lord's Day last the Chinese requested me to preach to them in English. Many of them are able to read and understand it. I spoke to them of the sufferings of Christ and the end for which he suffered.

"Last evening we held a Chinese Thanksgiving service in our Mission Rooms, when, at their request, I spoke to them again in English. I was followed by Lee Ly, our Chinese assistant, and by Ah Rou, of the Chinese Methodist Mission.

"During the service we sang, both in Chinese and English.

"After the addresses had been delivered by the two Chinese brethren, I asked all present to recite each a passage of Scripture. Four of our English friends who were present responded and seven of the Chinese. One of the Chinese repeated the *One Hundred and Fifteenth Psalm*, with scarcely a mistake. The fitness of it and its effect upon those of us who heard it, coming as it did, from the lips of one heretofore accustomed to worship the idols it condemns, will be best appreciated by those who, having read this, will read the Psalm.

SEETA RAM, THE TAUGHT OF GOD.

The Bible Society Reporter contains a simple, but marvellous history of what the Bible can do, alone and unaided, in an Indian village. It is taken from the journal by a Bellary missionary of his tour on behalf of the Bible Society in the February and March of the past year. This story concerns the Telugu Bible, one of the translations for a Hindu population of South India, numbering about ten millions, and occupying a tract of 120,000 square miles. It is further diffused over various districts, where the Tamil and Carnarose are the vernacular languages. The Telinga people were originally wanderers and conquerors, and the missionaries say of them that in intelligence, migratory habits, secular prosperity, and infrequency of return to Telinga, this people are in relation to the other parts of India what the Scotch are in relation to England and the world. Telinga or Telugu is the most polished of the languages of Southern India, and contains the greatest proportion of Sanscrit words.

The missionary from Bellary commenced his work with his colporteurs in a certain town named Bookapatnam. An unusually large number of persons appeared to welcome the vendors of the Bible. One of the colporteurs was asked what caste he belonged to; and ingeniously answered, "Well, to the caste called 'man.'" This answer amused and delighted the people, and on inquiring concerning the missionary who had accompanied the Bible-sellers, they were told, "He is a son and servant of our great Father." Whereupon they concluded that a Christian teacher and Christian books had arrived among them in answer, as they said, to their prayers.

It was evident, ere the first day's very large sale of Scripture portions was over, that many persons in the town were already familiar with the Word of the living God. "It had gone before us to the town," says the missionary, "and had also been glorified."

The next morning, which was Sunday, the missionary and his assistants found their way again to the first house, from a raised seat in front of which the colpor-

tears had begun to sell. They found it occupants to be a young woman, a widow; an elderly woman, her mother, and two men;—all of whom were ready to speak of what they had learned concerning the one true God, and Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men, quoting aptly and accurately many passages from the Telugu Bible.—Many listeners soon surrounded the missionary, and he gathered the following particulars concerning the individual who had first received the light of the Gospel in Bookapatnam.

This man's name was Seeta Ram; he was a working goldsmith by trade, and had been the son and husband of the woman just mentioned. He had died, aged about twenty-eight, some ten months before the visit now narrated, but ten or twelve years before this had received from some Christian man—supposed a colporteur from Bellary—a few Scripture portions, which he immediately gave himself up carefully to study. Ere long he put aside his former Telugu books, which he had been in the habit of reading and explaining, for the "New Book," he said, "cast them out."

He ere long desired some merchants who traded to Bellary, to promise him a larger Christian book than these and for the rupee he gave them they brought him a Bible, which he proceeded to read from the beginning, and the Divine Word at once had power to make Seeta Ram strive to walk according to its holy precepts, and "reproduce in his own life their lives who walked with God" and were the "friends of God;" and he induced his friends to come to his house every evening "to hear what the new book said." To this his mother and his wife objected, and with tears they told how they had often refused to place the lamp for him in his room, or to supply it with the oil it required. By kind and gentle persuasions, however, never by angry commands, he not only won them to light the lamp, but to join the company; till the Word of God, they said, to them also became sweeter than the honey or honey-comb.

These Bible readers continued to meet for more than three years, often during the week, and always on the Sunday; while Seeta Ram, for his holy life, his fervent prayers "to the one God whom his neighbors did not know," his steady opposition to idol-worship, and his faith in Jesus the Saviour, was revered by many and honoured by most. None persecuted him. He never went more than a few miles from his native town, and had no inclination to do so; but he was weary of the idolatry and wickedness he saw around him, and was often heard to say, "I am ready to depart when God shall call for me."

The time came when he felt failing in health, yet not so ill as to cause alarm.—He was more earnest and devoted than ever in reading the Bible and explaining it to others, and also in prayer. One evening he appeared especially anxious to speak solemnly to all around him; and while reading the description of heaven from the Book of Revelation, he was himself much affected. He laid down the book, and asked his friends if they understood those beautiful words, and if they could see the beautiful city—if they did not then behold the glorious light. Later the same evening without pain or struggle, he passed through the valley of the shadow into the blissful presence of God who, by his own Word, had revealed himself to him.

Some time before he died he desired his relatives to distribute the few Scripture portions in his possession far and wide, but to keep the Bible he had so long read in their own house, and meet his friends to read it still. He had expressed a great hope that at some time he should see a Christian teacher and learn from him the best way of keeping the Sabbath, and the full meaning of baptism and the Lord's Supper. He appears not to have seen the need of baptism by water, and often said that he thought the true baptism was that of the Holy Ghost that purifies the soul. His memory was so revered that those who had been much with him speak of him as their "beloved teacher whom God had sent to them;" and many from surrounding villages who had only heard of him but knew him not, brought coconuts and incense to offer worship at his grave, trusting in him as a saint who would intercede for them in heaven.

These facts and effects of a Christian life were related by persons who had never read any Christian memoir, and they were corroborated by the most disinterested witnesses. As to the effects of his teaching and the aptitude and force of it, the missionary was able to judge for himself.—Seeta Ram's own family and those who still

met with them for prayer every Sunday, had a most correct knowledge of the Bible from beginning to end. They spoke of all Scripture doctrine always in Scripture language, and used its illustrations and references as aptly, freely, and fully as could have been done by a Christian congregation carefully reading it for years. His wife had learned and repeated many portions, could compare the prophecies of the Old Testament with the histories of the New. With facts, miracles, and parables she was alike familiar, but asked many questions concerning passages in the Epistles the meaning of which she did not clearly understand.

"From a man—another member of that same congregation who met in my tent that Sunday," says the missionary, "we heard Bible stories so correctly repeated that we were reminded of the Christians of the first century who had no copies of the written Word, but treasured up all in their hearts and memories. Truly the Bible in Telugu had not been to them a 'sealed book,' but the plain Word of God; and the unaffected way in which every one of them spoke of their Father in heaven, of Jesus as their Saviour, and of the holy Ghost as their Comforter and Teacher, showed that flesh and blood had not revealed these things unto them; and yet, strange to say, not one of the female members of the congregation could read a single letter of the alphabet! 'He taught us,' they said, 'so thoroughly and with so much love and earnestness, that we could not but remember his words; and well we remember, too, his manner of teaching us.'"

Seeta Ram's efforts and influence had not been confined to the few persons mentioned. His old neighbours came to these Christian visitors, seeking for the book from which he had taught in the lanes and corners of the town. They called at the house of a carpenter, inviting him to hear our message; but he had heard it already, and brought them the Gospel of Luke in Telugu, received from that good friend, and took from them the Gospels of Matthew and Mark in addition. "The old Bible, read so long, much needed to be rebound, and we prevailed upon the mother to let us bring it away in exchange for a new one, after convincing her that the contents were the same." She shed tears of joy mingled with sorrow as she told of her beloved pious son, and blessed his memory.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES will not only supply the waste going on in the brain, but will enable the mind to endure a greater tax than before. It will impart vigor and promote clear conceptions to the intellect. It will strengthen the nerves and give power to all the involuntary as well as the voluntary muscles of the body.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

SINGING IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

I was glad to notice on the last number of your excellent paper some remarks on the subject of Christian Psalmody. Coming from a country where I have been accustomed to see the whole congregation stand up to praise God, it has discouraged me greatly to find in many congregations in this country, three-fourths of the assembly keep their seats during the time of singing as if it never occurred to them that it was their privilege; and should be their pleasure to join in the songs of the sanctuary. This discouragement would be unbearable, if I were to believe, as some affirm, that Christians of Nova Scotia in general, cannot sing. There is good reason to hope that believers in this country can sing as readily as God's people elsewhere, if they were only induced to try. In some congregations it is so already. It has been said that the further we go from Italy the less good music we hear. This may be true, for aught I know, but surely there should not be less singing among those who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ, and whose tongues are to be tuned to angelic strains.

Some congregations of dissenters in England have fallen into the popish practise of getting their singing done by proxy, by a number of persons called the singers or choir. It seems that the Baptists of this country have adopted the same course to a large extent. I have attended prayer meet-

ings and conference meetings in some parts of the Province, when I have been informed at the commencement that we could have no singing as none of the singers were present. It has often been difficult to get a person to start a tune, because, though there may be one present who could do this, yet it so often happens that a leader has to do all the singing himself, that he has no encouragement to begin, so little are the people accustomed to join in this most indispensable act of worship. It is very pleasing to find some happy contrasts from this when some easy and melodious tune has been started and every one has been encouraged to join in the singing.

No objection is laid here against a choir or even an organ, if they be regarded only as helps to lead forth the music of grateful hearts as each worshipper seeks to express the praises of God. Let us get as many as possible of those who can sing with the understanding also, but should not such persons be called leaders in singing, rather than be designated the singers? We read a great deal about singers as well as of priests in connection with Old Testament ritual; but as far as I know no persons are spoken of as such in the New Testament, but all are called upon repeatedly to express the sentiments of their hearts in united singing to God.

It is scarcely possible to overestimate the advantages that would be gained if every attendant on the means of grace would do his best to sing the praises of God. What a charm our meetings would have for the unconverted; what an encouragement to the minister if he found every person taking an active part in the service—what a discouragement to the devil!

Ever since Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises to God in the prison at Philippi to the present day courageous Christians have been, as a rule, singing Christians; and usually there is not much amiss in the life of the man or woman whose heart is so full of gratitude to God that he hails the first opportunity to express it. Singing and sinning have no concord when the former consists of the praises of God.

When the whole of papal Europe was in arms against Martin Luther and his doctrines, and the glorious work was likely to be overthrown and his followers were losing heart, the good man would rise up in their midst and say, "Come let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm and spite the devil." As they sang those soul stirring words their hearts would glow with seraphic ardour and heart would be drawn to heart, until as one man they resolved to conquer or die for the cause they had espoused. The early Christians who inhabited the catacombs of Rome forgot their griefs and losses while they sang the praises of him who was able to relieve them and strengthened each other to suffer for his cause. In the times when God's people were hunted like partridges upon the mountains, their hiding places were sometimes discovered as their persecutors caught the distant strains of those expressions of praise which they had not the prudence to suppress. These were the battle songs and shoutings when our glorious forefathers were fighting for our liberties.

One of the largest and most prosperous congregations of the present day is an assembly in which every one stands up to sing the praises of God. Many visitors to the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London have been as much moved by the voices of six thousand persons uniting in singing one hymn of praise as they have been enraptured by the preacher's marvelous powers. Well does the writer of this letter remember the influence of this upon his own heart, when in the early part of his Christian career, it was his privilege to add his mite to the contributions of praise which went up to God as a morning and evening sacrifice on each returning Sabbath. Similar offerings from smaller assemblies are just as acceptable to God, and the blessings in the heart and life of each worshipper, in the smallest congregation, are the same as though he formed a part of the largest meeting of Christians that was ever convened.

I most devoutly pray that the time may soon come when every worshipper in this Province will provide himself a hymn book and when every leader at the Sabbath service, the prayer meeting, and the conference will select tunes, the strains of which may be readily caught by the whole assembly, so that in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs we may sing with grace in our hearts to the Lord.

I am, my dear sir,

Yours very truly,

H. BOUL.

Kingston, Kings Co., 13th Jan., 1873.