

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE GUARD SET IN VAIN.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

"Pilate said unto them, Ye have a watch: go your way, make it as sure as ye can."

"As sure as ye can!" Did Pilate really think, with the Jews whom he hated and despised, that this military watch would be sufficient to arrest the further progress of the dead Nazarene? Rather, did he not in these words imply his belief or suspicion, that "this just person," as he himself had owned him to be, might yet prove what He claimed to be—"the Son of God?"

All through those terrible hours in the judgment-hall, the two parties—Jewish and Roman—had been exchanging their mutual gibes and taunts in the presence of their Divine Victim; and although Jewish rancor had triumphed in forcing the Roman Governor to authorize the judicial murder of the Prisoner, yet Roman wit made the Jewish triumph an ignominious defeat, when the triply written title was affixed to that centre cross, where, with a proved malefactor on either hand, the "King of the Jews" was numbered with the transgressors.

The Governor was having a keen revenge on the men who, taking advantage of his past illegal oppressions which had put him in their power, had pushed him to crush down and practically deny the facts which his own lips had verbally acknowledged concerning that Holy Accused.

"All that a man hath, will he give for his life." And to secure a few prolonged years of wretched existence in plunder and vice, Pilate gave all that he had. He had a conscience—he gave it; God sent him a message through his wife's dream, affording him one more moment of grace—he gave it, that season of merciful opportunity; he had absolute power—he gave it, like a coward, rather than like a brave man risk it for truth and honor;—all that he had, he gave for that miserable life of his, and so "delivered Jesus to be crucified." And then, as if in maddened passion at the Jews, as he thought on his trampled conscience, his slighted wife, his lost honor, his forfeited truth, and perchance, his ruined soul,—he let loose the sharpest stings of his subtle wit, and wrote the grand satire of Calvary:

"THIS IS JESUS, THE KING OF THE JEWS!" And now, when the agony and awe of the earthquake and the darkness had driven conviction deeper into his shrinking soul, causing every fibre of his being to quiver with the shock, now came his tormentors again, to crave a Roman watch for the grave of the Crucified; and like the wild howl of some lost devil who "believes and trembles," he hurls back the order for the guard, with the closing, biting sarcasm of bitter eloquence:

"Make it as sure as ye can!" "Ay, as sure as ye can! And to what does that amount? My Roman legions are the mighty of this world; but what can they do against the thunders of the Eternal? They are the victorious soldiers of Cæsar; but what if a greater than Cæsar have been among us, and left a curse upon their arms? Little for them to guard the grave of a dead Nazarene; but what will their power avail, if a living God be there? Yet take the guard, and ye will, "fools and blind," as He Himself once called you; set the watch, seal the stone, make it as sure as ye can, and then let the King of the Jews show you how sure that is; for the Nazarene will triumph yet!

And he did triumph, and conquers still. So let the foes of Jesus rage as they may, and try to crush His glorious gospel, there is notwithstanding no need for fear in the hearts of those "whom He has redeemed with His precious blood." Again and again in the history of our world, has the seal been set on the stone-wrought prisons which enclosed, as in living tombs, the martyrs of the truth; again and again has the military guard been set with sword and spear to stop the progress of the rising God in the person of His messengers; yet—

"Vain the stone, the watch, the seal." They made it as sure as they could, but He "burst the gates of brass, and broke the bars of iron in sunder." But Satan and his emissaries have not learned the lesson yet, but in our days of quieter appearances and more dangerous seductions strive still to stay the hands of Gods workers, and to shut up coming souls in the dungeons of unbelief and ignorance. Let them try their best, or their worst, making it as sure as

they can;—"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh at the Lord shall have them in derision," for if He hath blessed, they "cannot reverse it."

Precious comfort for His tempted and tried ones! For in the open and empty sepulchre of Jesus linger the echoes of His departing footsteps, testifying that "He is not here, He is risen," and ascended into heaven; while, through all the "confused noise" of earthly conflict, steals silvery clear His still small voice to His beloved: "Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." "Fear not for I am with thee."

THE NEW ACADEMY BUILDING.

DEAR EDITOR,—

Please allow me to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums for the above object:—

Table with 2 columns: Donor Name and Amount. Includes Brookfield and Caledonia Churches (\$6 25), Mrs. Asa Morse (10 00), Francis W. Morse (5 00), Rev. A. Cohoon (2 50), Martha Palfrey (0 50), Lizzie Palfrey (0 50), and Previously acknowledged (\$1910 69).

Total.....\$1,940 44

For the Committee,

D. M. WELTON.

For the Christian Messenger.

OUR INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING.

MR. EDITOR,—

Is there wealth in knowledge? It appears to the writer if this question could be answered in the affirmative there would be no longer any difficulty in raising all the funds necessary to carry on our Institutions of Learning; for be assured there is wealth enough among the Fifty Thousand Baptists of this Province, to say nothing of an equal, or greater amount in the other two Provinces, to meet all necessary demands for these, and for all the other benevolent claims upon the denomination.

The old adage, "knowledge is power," has passed into an axiom. I do not know but there is truth, if not equal truth in the expression, knowledge is wealth. The gradation of knowledge is every where apparent in its history. None know so little but that they might know less, and none know so much but that they might know more. Wealth in general, other things being equal, has been in proportion to knowledge. The relative position of the civilized among the uncivilized, disclose this fact to demonstration; see English and American wealth in the Indies. And in civilized countries the ratio of wealth, as a general fact has been on a par with knowledge.

We see the normal result of knowledge in relation to wealth pretty clearly presented in the various enterprises and improvements of the present day. The mineral and agricultural interests afford ample illustrations. The value of the former is often unsuspected by the owners, whose misfortune has left them without knowledge of their value, until those better educated have made themselves owners or proprietors thereof. To give, as illustration, one case among many: In the neighboring Province of New Brunswick, there was a very rich deposit of a peculiar kind of coal, around and over which the proprietors of the soil lived. In process of time this was brought to the notice of a foreigner, who saw by means of his knowledge the, to those less educated, hidden wealth. Availing himself thereof in connection with a few others, the results has been to him, so I have been informed, a dividend in some years of over one hundred per cent. Query, had the inhabitants known the wealth that lay beneath their soil, would they have suffered, for a trifle, foreigners to derive the advantages thereof.

The agricultural interests of the country are no less benefited by knowledge. The mower, the reaper, the rake, the fork, are all products of knowledge. Built on the knowledge of Philosophical principles applied by experiment to practical purposes. Their utility, in the saving of time, (and bear in mind, time is money) is more than merely admitted. It is not too much to say that half the expense of harvesting is saved by their use. The calculation is easily made, and it is believed that it would more than justify the assertion.

The mercantile and the mechanical enterprises afford equally decisive evidence that knowledge is wealth. The application of steam, and the use of electricity, great agents of nature, and sources of wealth, are beyond all controversy, the products of knowledge; but no need of illustration, or argument to prove that the sun shines in cloudless day, nor that knowledge is wealth of the purest kind.

MISAPPLIED SCRIPTURES.

The following article, from the Garden and City, a local magazine of one of the Boston churches, is sent us with a request for publication. It has some excellent and appropriate thought on the subject of which it treats, and yet we must not suppose that when a christian receives pardon and peace from God that he ceases in himself to be a sinner. It is in Christ only he becomes a saint, "for there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not." This is the foundation of his humility, and, feeling this, he can always use the Lord's Prayer and say "Forgive us our trespasses." If we get beyond this we think the ground becomes unsafe.

The great enemy of souls—the devil—it he cannot blind our eyes utterly to the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, (2 Cor. iv. 34), will seek to pervert the scripture, or with cunning craftiness, will lead us into the misapplication of it. Thus he sought on successive occasions to tempt and mislead our Lord, by saying to Him—quoting the scriptures—"It is written." But our Lord knew he was misapplying the scriptures, and so responded by saying, "It is written," and would then quote a scripture in proper application. Satan failed utterly with our Lord, but he meets with better success with many of His dear disciples.

It is our design, in this article, to call attention to some misapplications of the word of God, and show how disastrous to the soul's health and growth this subtle snare is. We speak, at this time, of two of the more common cases among the many; those that we meet with in the prayer-meeting, and in personal dealing with souls.

The first one we speak of is the prayer of the publican, who, "standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven; but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me, a sinner," (Luke xviii. 13). Now this is a part of a most precious parable, in which the hollowness and hypocrisy of self-righteousness is exposed, and the matchless grace of God to sinners is set forth. And we may recall it, i. e., the Publican's attitude and prayer, to our remembrance, as a precious unfolding of that grace by which we who were once sinners, came to God; but to hold on to that prayer as a model one for christians to use, is a most fearful perversion of the word, and will be an obstacle in the way of our sanctification. Our Lord said of the Publican, that he "went down to his house justified." Now if you had seen him the next day taking his same far-off place, and with downcast eyes smiting himself on the breast, and repeating his prayer would you not go to him and say, "Friend, the Lord hath heard thy prayer, and justified thee, there is no need for thee so to pray any more; go take thy place among the saved ones, give thanks to God, worshiping and praising Him for the grace that hath saved thee, and sin no more."

Suppose, again, you should find him afterwards among the disciples, who were "continuing daily with one accord in the temple, . . . in gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favor with all the people," (Acts ii. 46, 47), still smiting himself on the breast, and saying "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" would you not say, that either he was singularly out of place, or else was making a very singular prayer for a justified child of God?

Well, we have this comedy of prayer, this satire on the grace of God, constantly repeated among us. I knew of a pastor once who said, in answer to the timid remonstrance of a young convert against "making a prayer" in public: "Well you can at least say with the publican, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'" What a blind leader that was, to remand that young convert to the far-off place of condemnation, and set him to praying again for justification, when he was not yet done rejoicing that his Publican prayer had been heard and answered.

A well-beloved brother said to me, recently, concerning that prayer, "I may come to Jesus with the publican's cry, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' and I never expect to be above it." Surely my brother did not consider what he was saying! If he did, what advantage then is "grace," is "forgiveness," is "justification," is "adoption," is "acceptance in the Beloved," if we never expect to be other than Publicans and sinners, standing afar off, not daring so much as to lift up our eyes to heaven, while we smite ourselves on the breast, and cry, "God be merciful to us sinners!" Even if sin and

failure come in the life after justification, it is not meet that a child of God, though he be found in offense, should rush out of his Father's house, fling himself out of his place of adoption, throw off his acceptance with Christ, and make haste to find a Publican and sinner's place. If you are overtaken in fault, go to your Father and tell Him about it; show Him your troubles, lay it all bare to Him; renounce it utterly, and He will put it away, and not only forgive, but if you are really in the place of a child, and have the spirit of a child, and hate the thing which has caused you to offend, He will utterly deliver you from it forevermore. But if we never "expect to be above" being publicans and sinners, either in relation to the Lord or in spiritual estate, the probability is that we never will be anything else, either in God's sight, or in fact.

The case of the prodigal son and his prayer is also another illustration of misapplied scripture. There are christians who are constantly saying, "Father I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." We do not read of the prodigal son, who was so graciously met with a kiss, ring, shoes, best robe, and merry-making, each day going off and rehabilitating himself in his old clothes, and coming to his father with his old prayer.

Can you conceive of that parable being so extended as to cover—what some are insisting as the inevitable life of God's people—a life that should be a constant daily repetition of the prodigal's repentance and return to his father?

Dear friend, no greater dishonor to the matchless grace of God, to the dear love of our Father and Lord, could be done than to take these positions; that is, if we are justified and reconciled to Him by the blood of the cross, and have been raised up together with Him.

And no surer method could be adopted for binding the life to sin than by putting yourself into the place of publicans, sinners, and prodigal sons.

A man cannot be a justified publican and sinner but once, he cannot but once be a returned and welcomed-home prodigal.

For the Christian Messenger.

ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY ORIENTAL.

No. 1.

The subject of foreign missions is rapidly becoming one of more and more absorbing interest. The Christian world is kindling fires in heathendom, which, as great centres, seem destined to consume the works of the Adversary, who has so long triumphed over much of this earth, and especially over some of the best and fairest portions of it.

Persecution is likely soon to be confined to Christian lands. The Greek church and Roman Catholic governments, wherever they exist, are about the last of so-called Christian countries to recognize the freedom that the gospel teaches, and eventually secure to its professors. The rulers in Africa, India, China, Japan, and most of the great islands of the Pacific, as well as those of the Indian Ocean, have at length thrown open their respective domains, and some of these countries recently so exclusive in their so-called religious policy, are bidding the Christian missionary welcome and offering to guarantee him protection and the privileges common to natives, and their own subjects. What a change is this!

The matter is too extensive, to be grasped in its entirety by any mental process, and I therefore propose to limit my remarks to a given locality and engage the reader's attention in relation to a single field, which to me, is peculiarly interesting. I refer to what is familiarly known as the

TELOOGOO LAND

In the October number of the Baptist Missionary Magazine for 1874, there is prefixed, an accurate and most interesting map of this great domain. I wish I could impart the design into the Messenger, and proceed thereby, to illustrate my meaning and my reasoning in reference to this wonderful expanse of territory and its present condition.

Beginning on the South, at Pulicat, thirty miles North of Madras, Telooogo-land extends along the coast five hundred and thirty miles as far as Chicacole, (sometimes given as far as Ganjam about seven hundred miles).

Thence it takes a Northwesterly direction four hundred and sixty miles, to the River Wurdah, or the head of the River Tapee, then South six hundred miles—to

near Bangalore—thence East two hundred miles to Pulicat. We have here says, the writer (Rev. W. W. Campbell) within these bounds a country larger than the Eastern and Middle States together, and nearly twice as densely populated. The last Census gives it at eighteen millions, and of whom, but five or six thousand as yet, are christianized. Eighteen millions of souls! Burmah, adds the same authority,—that is both British Burmah and Burmah Proper,—Heathen Burmah— together have only five millions of inhabitants.

Within this vast extent of territory, extending for many leagues along the shores of the Bay of Bengal, the American Baptist Missionary Society have but four stations, viz., Nellore, Alloor, Rumapatam, and Ongole—covering one hundred and seventy five miles in length, in breadth varying from fifty to one hundred miles. Take, says Mr. Campbell, this comparatively small tract lying on the South East, away from the Telooogo country, and you see the Telooogo people existing without the light of the knowledge of Christ.

In February, 1874, Mr. McLaurin formerly of the American Mission, now of the Canadian Society, went to Cocanada, on the coast about two hundred miles North East of Ongole, and has started his mission there, with what prospects your readers have been made acquainted to some extent, by a previous article published in the Messenger.

At Guntoor, seventy miles North East of Ongole, the American Lutherans, it seems have a mission. The Church of England and the London Missionary Society have also stations along the coasts, but to a limited extent. The great portion of the Telooogo, West, North and North West of Ongole—eight millions or more lie in utter darkness, without says Mr. Campbell, one ray of gospel light!

Into this Telooogo country in its South Western border, the Great Indian Peninsula Railroad runs about three hundred and twenty miles. By this road the country South West of the Ghauts or hills is open, and in direct communication with Bombay on the West, and Madras on the East. There is a branch to Hyderabad completed, and was to be opened in November. Hyderabad is in the centre of the Telooogo country, and one of the important cities of Southern India. It is ruled by a king and is the capital of the Nizanis' domains subject however to certain treaties with the English. Then there is the great Godavery River towards the North East, one of the grand thoroughfares of the interior.

Having thus briefly described this wonderful region, but which requires that the reader have a large map or chart before him and I may say with it, the October number of the B. M. Magazine from which my facts are largely drawn. In another letter I shall by way of contrast to the other heathen countries enlarge on the facilities offered for occupying, and the prospects presented for cultivating this field, and the encouragement presented for so doing to be based on facts of the most recent date, and strictly reliable in every particular.

One further extract however from Mr. C's latest letter—23 Dec., 1874, dated Secunderabad, Hyderabad, when he says: "I am here for the purpose of looking over the field to ascertain as nearly as possible just the work that is being done here and to learn more definitely the proportion of Telooogos."

He concludes that Secunderabad is the place to locate a mission station, (American of course,) a large city with a large number of Telooogos and surrounded by villages of all Telooogos, except as to Mohammedans. The latter as yet, have too much of the blood of the Ishmaelites he thinks to be susceptible to the gospel of Christ. "But it is among the Talinganes, or original Telooogos, he adds that we work. I find here he continues the Church of England, Scotch Presbyterian, Catholics, Wesleyan Methodists, and a few Unitarians. The Methodists are making a great effort. But as yet the Telooogos as a people are left. All these other denominations labor among English, East Indians, and Tamils. The Telooogo field is still open (he says), but shall we leave it open any longer? It is a glorious field for the Lord's work?"

From Ramapatam, the location of the Theological School, under date Oct. 22, 1874, Mr. Williams writes: Our students as a whole are men of considerable promise, and are anxious to study, but what are we to say to them?

The little churches are calling for men all the time—so much so, that I have