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## Poetry.

### TRUST.

I can not see, with my small human sight,  
Why God should lead this way or that for me;  
I only know he saith, "Child, follow me."  
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times  
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred be-  
fore;  
I only know God could keep wide the door.  
But I can trust.

I find no answer, often, when beset  
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,  
And often have but strength to faintly pray.  
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand  
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,  
If ripened fruit for God will there be found;  
But I can trust.

I can not know why suddenly the storm  
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;  
But this I know, God watches all my path.  
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil  
That hides the unknown future from my sight;  
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;  
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,  
To know, while here, the land beyond the  
river;  
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;  
So I can trust.

## Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

### MISSION TO THE Teloogoos.

LETTER FROM REV. J. MCLAURIN.

My Dear Brother,—

Most of your readers are aware of the occasion of my writing you at this time. At a special meeting of your Convention at Amherst, among many other resolutions about the co-operative union so auspiciously inaugurated, was one asking the Missionaries from the respective Provinces, to write letters to the papers of the other Provinces. For your four families to keep our one paper posted will not be an onerous task, but to me it would be rather a serious undertaking had I to write letter for letter. But I believe that to all it will be a labor of love, and love never works by rule, nor gives by measure.

That I hail with unmixed satisfaction the union now formed, you can readily believe; when I tell you that I have not ceased to labor and pray for it, since the beginning of my missionary life in India I had a conviction all along that the Lord intended a union of His people in the Dominion in Foreign Mission work. I do not mean that it is not important that Siam should be evangelized, but I believe the Dominion Baptists ought to be united in Mission work. The capacity or non-capacity of a people for receiving instruction, or accepting the Gospel—or the difficulty, or otherwise of acquiring a language should only be taken into account when all other considerations are equal.

I suppose the Siameese are just as destitute as the Teloogoos, and their souls just as precious. But I believe a Society may be too large, or too small. It may be so large as to be unwieldy—so large that the life blood cannot reach the extremities—that most of its force is spent on its own machinery—and all its vitality is not properly utilized. On the other hand the Society may be so small as to want force—as to be contemptible—or small as to be unable to form a point of resistance, or to sustain any unexpected shock. In the societies now co-operating in this field, I believe we have vitality and force enough to ensure success, and that your missionaries have at their backs a constituency which will rise equal to any emergency either pecuniary or otherwise.

That, in the working of this federation we will, on both sides, need to

exercise a good deal of forbearance, there can be but little doubt. No body of men ever saw everything in the same light before, and we shall receive no special revelation for the present occasion. We will all need to exercise one of the cardinal principles of the Gospel—*self denial*. We must learn to yield, and the yielding should not always be on one side, else it will become slavery. Deny thyself brought Jesus to the earth, and its opposite sent Satan to hell. Independence is a noble thing, though there are nobler things both on earth and in heaven. Milton represents Satan as saying, "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." But even Satan, the father of lies himself, could not cheat himself into that idea, especially when that reign was one of *sufferance* after all. I know no nobler independence than dependence on the Divine mind—than perfect subjection in every thought, feeling, or purpose to the will of God.

We are likest God when in that state and when we are likest God, we are most Godlike. We shall find it necessary to sink ourselves and exalt Christ. We must cling to matters of principle, but modes of doing things may be compromised, as it is always better to agree about the *second* best way of doing a thing than to quarrel about the *first* best way.

But you will doubtless wish to know something about the country to which you have sent your missionaries and the people to whom they are sent. Now in writing about any country or people there is a great temptation to exaggerate—not wilfully to misrepresent. But there are some things here which it is impossible to exaggerate, because there is not fulness enough in decent language to portray the vice and immorality which abound. Theorists sitting in their chairs and never coming in personal contact with the common people, may grow eloquent over the aesthetic beauty of those systems, but we have to come in contact with the practical side of those systems of religion, and we say unhesitatingly that it is what we might expect coming from the defiled heart of man assisted by the devilish ingenuity of the arch-fiend.

The climate is very tolerable indeed and is considered very healthy by residents in India. This can be substantiated by medical testimony. The North-east monsoon begins sometime in October or November, and usually continues from two to three weeks of heavy almost continuous rain. The latter part of November, December and January, and a part of February is as beautiful and pleasant weather as any one could wish. It begins to get warm in March and continues to grow hotter till the latter part of April or beginning of May when the heat culminates and the mercury stands, in the middle of the day in the shade, from 95° to 106° or 110°, 106° was the highest I have seen in five years. In May, June or July; sometimes earlier we have the remnant of the South West Monsoon. The clouds are chained by their passage over the continent, but the days are cloudy with occasional showers; this is really agreeable weather, the thermometer ranging about 84° to 87° sometimes as low as 75°.

The people are of the Caucasian type—European in everything except their dark skins. Their countenances are as varied in expression and type as Europeans are, and any persons would see scores of countenances which would remind them very forcibly of friends and faces at home. They are as a race, sharp and shrewd, fond of argument and debate. Their capacity for receiving instruction is prodigious. In the receptive faculty they fully equal the European, but are far behind in executive application and are sadly wanting in originality. But this is more a defect of their system of education and not one of the inherent characteristics of the race itself. They are fond of education even though it is forbidden to some classes of the people by their shastras. Madras though a

Tamil City, is largely made up of Teloogoos, and the same can be said of many other places of note. They are to be found in Bengal and the North West Provinces. Thousands of them go annually to Barmah, Mauritius, Bourbon and other places as coolies, remain several years and then return with a considerable sum of money. They travel over the country as peddlars or hawkers of different kinds of goods, and thousands of them are either owners of vessels or captains of other people's ships.

### SUSCEPTIBILITY TO THE GOSPEL.

Doubtless it would be beside the mark to say that all the people were eager to listen to the word of God, that they were hungering and thirsting for the Bread and Water of life. But it is true that you would get as respectful a hearing in the streets of any large town or city as you would in the streets of Halifax or St. John, that as many would, in all probability, be affected by the word here as there. I have preached over four years in Teloogoo villages to thousands of people and in many different localities, but have never had a disrespectful word spoken to me, and have always been heard with attention.

Caste is a difficulty, but it is only one of those deterring influences in common with many others found in every land. It is no obstacle to the working of the Holy Spirit. Before the Divine Spirit, great and small lose their relative positions, and almost cease to be.

There is no caste among the Burmans, and still the American Union has labored sixty years for a few more or less than a thousand. There is caste among the Teloogoos, and the same Society having labored about 30 years, and spent less than one fourth the amount of brain and money, has about 3,000 Christians. Perhaps this proves nothing, but it at least indicates, that in any work in which the Divine Spirit is the active agent, no merely human or Satanic influence can be of much account.

### SUCCESS.

If I say that our hopes of success are as bright as the promises of God, I would be saying only what was said before by a better man. But I presume you wish to know the prospects of immediate success. As far as my experience is concerned the success is in proportion to the labor bestowed upon the field. Am I uttering another truism? Not by any means, sometimes many years of ardent toil brings but a scanty harvest, while at other times the soil is merely scratched and the golden grain appears at once. But the Teloogoos are a people prepared of the Lord. A persevering, persistent, close and loving application of the Gospel of Jesus—the double edged sword of the Spirit—driven home into the souls of the hearers has always had its proper effect. Superficial work will not do. Education will not do in this respect—disputing, debating, and overthrowing their systems is often a snare, and time wasted, but the story of the Cross, *Christ crucified*, told repeatedly, told simply, told lovingly and with faith in God will produce fruit. It is still the power of God unto salvation, not after years, long years, of weary waiting, but now.

Now Brethren here is a field in which there are millions of immortals waiting for you to send them the gospel. Every day sees scores of them dying and going to eternal death ignorant of the way of life. Oh what an awful sight to see eight or ten millions of souls rushing on with the velocity of time, to the world of woe, never having heard that precious name which thrills every fibre of your souls. Yes, there are hundreds of thousands within 100 miles of where I sit who have never heard the blessed name, the mention of which makes Heaven's highest arches ring with fresh shouts of praise from myriads of redeemed ones. Many have heard the name of Christ or Christian, but have not been able to take it in. They say to us:—

"Oh tell me the story often  
For I forget so soon,  
The early dew of morning  
Has passed away at noon.

"Oh tell me the story simply  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary  
And sinful and defiled.

There are myriads of creatures here who have no intelligent idea of the great scheme for redeeming men, whose first knowledge of the glad tidings will be waking up in hell to find that those tidings had been proclaimed 1800 years in the world without reaching them. Does it not look like a blot on our Christianity. Certainly it is a blot on our garments that for eighteen centuries the Saviour has been looking upon a blood-bought world in which the vast majority has never heard His name? Does it not almost seem as if Divine Wisdom had made a mistake in conferring this trust upon His church? Is it not at least certain that the church has proved recreant to that trust? It appears to me as if it could not enhance our joy in the presence of the Lamb to know that through our culpable carelessness, through our selfishness—our indifference millions of our fallen race should die, while salvation's cup is brimming over with mercy and all that is needed is earthen vessels to bear it to the famishing multitudes.

It can make little matter to us whether they are conscious of the burning fever which is sapping their life. We know it, and we know that if the cooling draughts of the water of life are not drunk they must perish. We profess to have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, and if we have will not that love incite us to do what it incited Him to do? Will it not create in us a pity akin to that which made Him a man of sorrows, weeping over doomed Jerusalem, will it not beget in our soul's an eager longing for their salvation, similar to what fired His breast when He called out in His anguish, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do"? If not it must be a mistake to call it the love of God. But perhaps some one will say, Oh that is all sentiment, let us have facts. Well there are sentimental facts, are there not? Man's fall is one, and his depravity is another. But it seems to me as if this is the sentiment which pervades the whole word of God, the one indeed which originated and carried out the redeeming plan, which is the adoring wonder of angels. God made us to feel as well as reason, and a man without sentiment is a one sided, undeveloped, unsafe man. Is there a more cheering, comforting, hope-giving passage in the whole Bible than the blessed words "JESUS WEPT." How perfectly His love for, and sympathy with sorrowing humanity are crystallized into that verse!! How much in harmony it is with the spirit of that divine, far reaching, all enlarging, love which formulated the commission, which gathers in its embrace a lost world, and prepares a new world of glory for their reception. Sin is an awful fact. Redemption is a glorious one. Let us take all those facts and sentiments in their proper proportion, and bringing to bear upon them all the powers which God has given us; as fully developed men accomplish the end of our being.

Let us provoke one another to love and good works and so fulfil the law of Christ. And rejoicing in our new found Brotherhood,

I am your brother in Jesus,  
JOHN MCLAURIN.

For the Christian Messenger.

TO THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY AID SOCIETIES OF NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK AND P. E. ISLAND.

SUSSEX, N. B., Nov. 8th, 1875.

DEAR SISTERS,—You have read with great interest, no doubt, the appeal from our Missionaries in the East and are glad that the Central Board of Nova Scotia so readily responded.

We have a great and glorious work now placed in our hands. Jesus has given it to us no doubt, and may be say of each, "She hath done what she could."

If we go earnestly at work in every county and every church, instead of eighty Societies in the 323 churches of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, we can surely have two hundred.

I have just been reading a paper from Mrs. J. D. Herr, that I think will answer the questions, How shall we sustain our Auxiliary Societies? and how shall we respond to this call from our sisters in the East? "Will we hearken to this call," &c.

P. M. B. KEMPTON.

### HOW SHALL WE SUSTAIN OUR AUXILIARY SOCIETIES?

Will we hearken to this call? And how shall we respond? Surely not independently, as individuals. The most fruitful possibilities are within reach when special organizations for this object are formed. Doubtless there are other means by which the financial element may be furnished; but those who contribute in any such manner lose greatly in many ways. They lose the sociability these organized meetings afford; they lose the intelligence that is promoted; they lose their precious sympathy with the missionary and her work, which conversation and prayer are sure to awaken; and also what they can least afford to lose,—the reflex influence of all this enlarged faith and thought.

This Macedonian cry is a demand for us to extend the home part of this evangelizing work, not only by organizing new circles; but also by sustaining those already in existence. How this may be most successfully done, is the question before us.

Probably there is no church whose members are all equally interested in any one department of Christian labor. In the Sunday school a few are faithful teachers. In the prayer-meeting only a few are ever heard. In the covenant-meeting, in the sewing-society only a few seem really in earnest. We need not, therefore be disappointed if but a few show interest in this work. Some must act as leaders. By leaders, I do not mean necessarily those women who are most prominent in other work. And I hope that you will not always expect your pastor's wife to bear this responsibility. The obligation really rests upon that one who is waiting,—waiting for some one else to take the initiative step. It rests upon her who realizes that every immunity—social, intellectual, and spiritual—is the result of a knowledge of Christ's atonement. She who feels the personality of "Go ye into all the world," and upon whom the benighted condition of the heathen lies as a heavy burden, must agitate the subject, must interest others. If some one will do this inaugurative work, the accession of members will be an easy matter, a mere question of time, dependent upon the zeal of the workers.

In my model society, a carefully written notice of every meeting of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society of—Church is read on the preceding Sabbath by the pastor, who, to express his interest, adds words of indorsement and engagement.

The meeting is held regularly every month, at such a time as best suits the majority, of course. It is also opened promptly at that hour, regardless of absentees. In the election of officers the very best only are chosen without regard to social position or circumstantial prominence. Unless your membership is very small, do not ask one person to occupy more than one office, or serve on more than one committee. Personal interest will be multiplied as you distribute official work.

With the circles properly organized, you will, indeed, find your work only begun. To insure success, there is constantly needed some talent, more tact, and a fervent love for Him who hath redeemed us. Expect discouragements, but remember the promise, "Lo, I am with you always."