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WHOLE SERIES.
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POETRY.

Cross Wearing.

By DR. BONAR.

COMMENDED TO THE SERIOUS ATTENTION
OF CHRISTIAN YOUNG LADIES.

I am crucified with Christ—
With Him nailed upon the tree;
Not the cross, then, do I bear,
But the cross, it beareth me.
Solemn cross on which I died,
One with Him the crucified.

Shall I take that blood-stained cross,
Cross of agony, and shame,
Cross of Him who fought my fight,
Cross of Him who overcame,
Shall I deck myself with thee,
Awful cross of Cavalry?

Shall I drag thee through the crowd,
Mid the laughter that is there—
Whirl thee through the giddy waltz,
Bound upon my neck or hair?
Awful cross of Cavalry,
Shall I deck myself with thee?

Shall I make that lowly cross,
Minister of woman's pride,
Drawing eyes to me that should
Fix upon the Crucified?
Awful cross of Cavalry,
Shall I deck myself with thee?

Shall I call this glittering gem,
Made for show and vanity—
Shall I call this gaudy cross,
Cross of Him, who died for me?
Shall I deck myself with thee,
Awful cross of Cavalry?

RELIGIOUS.

Great London Preachers.

SPURGEON—STANLEY—LIDDON.

It is strange that with the rare advantages possessed by the Established Church in its universities, the greatest and most popular preacher in London should be a Nonconformist who has had no collegiate training. Mr. Spurgeon has been over 20 years in London. There is nothing in his manner that ordinarily gives a preacher popularity. Says the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*:—"He is not sensational, and has few eccentricities. He is never coarse, vulgar, or profane. There is no trifling or levity in his discourses, though there is sometimes trenchant wit. There is, however, a careful and thorough exposition of the truths of the Scriptures as he understands them. His sermons are constructed simply, and clothed in the language of common, every-day life. They are lighted up with brilliant metaphors, and impressed on the mind with strong illustrations drawn from various sources, but mainly from the Bible. The 7,000 people who go to the Tabernacle every Sunday are held face to face with God. They are placed beneath His law, and are pointed to the eternal judgment which awaits them. All this is not calculated ordinarily to make the preacher popular. But after all these years Mr. Spurgeon has a firmer hold upon the public than ever. It may well be asked how he succeeded in maintaining and strengthening it. The answer is near at hand. He has been a most laborious student of everything connected with the Scriptures. He is thoroughly in earnest. No one questions his sincerity. His life has been above all reproach. Besides, he has been gifted with great common sense and a marvellous voice. His labours are almost incredible. More than sixty of his sermons are published every year, and they are of such merit that they are eagerly reprinted and read by the inhabitants of two continents. His lectures and preaching and the pastoral work among the students in his training college for preachers are unsurpassed. His exposition of the Psalms of David has grown already to four large volumes, and is acknowledged to be the best ever given to the world, being read by all, Ritualists, High and Low Churchmen, Dissenters. A very different preacher is Dean Stanley. His sermons are as polished in their style as his lectures on the Jewish or the Eastern Church. They are broad enough for the most liberal,

In the sermon which he preached in Westminster Abbey, in concluding a course delivered by various clergymen recently, from the text, "Gather up the fragments," the Dean said they should "gather up the fragments" of truth contained in hymns like one which he quoted from Doddridge, and then he followed the hymn with a glowing eulogy upon this "great Nonconformist of the last century." "Gather up the fragments," he said again, "of truth found in the Zende Vesta," and in the scientific teachings of the times. The dean, too, is very popular, as might be judged from hundreds being unable to get admission to the Abbey on this occasion.

Canon Liddon, of St. Paul's, is a preacher of a different order. His style of sermonizing might be deemed almost faultless. His style and form of expression is unexcelled. Although his voice is not overstrong, no one of the 5,000 people who sat under the great dome last Sunday afternoon need have lost a word of his discourse. Unlike Dean Stanley, Canon Liddon leans towards the Ritualists. This party is just now giving the Establishment a great deal of trouble. The Archdeacon is busy dealing with accusations of Ritualism. Whatever may be their faults, it must be admitted, however, that the Ritualists set in some respects a good example. St. Alban's Church, which has a confessional, and a system resembling that of the Roman Catholic monasteries, is in Baldwin's-court, a wretched place, inhabited by the very lowest classes. The rector of this church, who has been repeatedly under discipline for his ritualistic practices, is doing more for the poor people of this district than all the other churches therein. Perhaps after all he is not under discipline by "The Judge of all Earth," who may look more to his work than how he does it.—*Christian World.*

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Late Mrs. Vina Ruth Williams.

Mrs. Williams, wife of Rev. R. R. Williams, Principal of the Brownson Theological Seminary, Ramapatam, and sister of Rev. J. E. Clough, of Ongole, India, died suddenly in Madras, June 3rd.

A MOURNING MISSION.

A few short days ago, and perhaps in all the world there was no happier or more joyful company of mortals than the American Baptist Telugu Missionaries. The news came to us three weeks ago that the Women's Missionary Society of the East had appropriated money to build the College for Christian Hindus at Ongole, and that Dr. and Mrs. Jewett were soon to return to the Mission in invigorated health. Mr. Drake was loading his carts for Kurnool; and all of us were full of hope and thankfulness, congratulating each other and the Telugus upon what God had done, and was still doing for us. But—

"As moons are ever waning
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds complaining
Bring on the wintry day.

So fast the night comes o'er us,
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us,
God takes the life he gave."

Six days passed—the morning of June 3rd came and all was well;—noon and evening came and yet no cloud appeared; but four hours later and one of our number was no more, for God had taken her. A telegram from Mr. Doll, the pastor of the Regular Baptist Church, Madras, announced the tidings in Nellore from whence it was immediately forwarded to all our Mission Stations. I cannot write, tongue cannot tell the pang felt in the Mission House, Ongole. Where all was bustle a few minutes before, a deep gloom rested over all and silence reigned, save now and then, some native Christian or heathen, rapped gently on the door, and weeping, asked for some particulars, and if there was some hope that the telegraph had made a mistake. Mrs. W. was so well and

strong, and hopeful, that it seemed as though we could not have it thus; but the mail of the next day confirmed our worst fears.

Brother and sister Williams went down to Madras to spend their vacation, and were stopping at the American Mission Home. All was done for her that loving, willing hands and skillful physicians could do. But all was of no avail. Her work was done. The master called, and without a struggle or a sigh, as a weary child on its mother's breast, she fell asleep, but to awake in glory.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Williams was born in Winnebago, County Illinois, United States, America in 1845. In 1851 her parents moved to Strawberry Point, Iowa, then a very new country. Schools, of course, were few and far between, hence her early educational advantages were limited. But she made use of every means which she could command to acquire knowledge, and while yet a little girl, had read all the books in her father's small library, and all that she could borrow of their neighbours. In 1862 she was converted, and soon after was baptized by Rev. Jas. Sunderland, and united with the Baptist Church in Strawberry Point. After her father's death, in 1866, her mother clung to her with peculiar tenderness, finding in her not only the affection of a daughter, but also the sympathy of a companion.

In 1864 when her brother was about to come to India, her missionary spirit first appeared. All of his brothers opposed his coming very strongly, thought him foolish, insane almost, but not so his sister Ruth, many times she said, "If my education was finished and mother could spare me, I would go with you." And again, "Look out for me, for I am coming some day D. V." For a year or more she remained at the old homestead, then a fire levelled the dear old house to the ground. This event, though a seeming sad calamity, proved a very favorable one to our dear sister. God was preparing her way before her. The home being gone, her mother was now willing to listen to a proposition to go to Fazette and live, so that Ruth might attend the Methodist College.—"Upper Iowa University," located there. Of all her struggles to take care of her aged mother, and keep her in good cheer, keep up with her classes, and still be so economical that their scanty means would meet all bills, we know little except from her mother's letters. The President, Dr. Brush, and Professors McLean and others, were not only kind but she made them and their wives her personal friends, which fact no doubt helped her much in the success which she attained; for succeed, she did.

In 1872 she graduated with honors. A few days after she had left school, we met her again, the first time for nearly nine years. But her missionary spirit was in no wise abated, but rather enhanced, by the feeling that she was now ready for work. But would her brother who had just come home on furlough advise her to go out to India as a Missionary of the Women's Society of the West? Well knowing what such advice meant, he hesitated. Soon however, the Lord set before her an open door. July 3rd, 1873, she became the wife of Rev. R. R. Williams who was then under appointment to his present work, Principal of the Brownson Theological Seminary, Ramapatam. 'Twas hard for her to part with her mother, but she knew that part they must, soon at the farthest, and duty seemed clear. Contrary to the expectations of all, her mother seemed to have grace given her for the occasion and gave her up willingly.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams reached India in December, 1873, and Ramapatam a few days later. In a month or two they had a large number of students under their care, so that from their very arrival their Mission work began. Day by day she dug away at Telugu roots, looked after the welfare of the students in whom she took an

untiring interest and soon began to instruct a class in English. During the past year in addition to that she taught a daily Bible Class in the Telugu language, having become able to talk with much freedom to the students and all, in their own native tongue. All loved her as a sister or mother, and therefore placed implicit confidence in her. She in turn stimulated them, and taught them how to put forth their best efforts to develop and train their own powers, both moral and intellectual, so as to become men and women in all things up to their full capacities, and then to bring their all into the service of the Master. God will bless the work she has done here, and her name will be as a sweet perfume, a hallowed memory for a long time to come.

We all looked forward to a life of great usefulness for her. But God makes no mistakes. We know that it must be well; well for our sisters, well for us and the Telugus as it is. We now see that she was gradually being prepared for her change. One illustration will suffice. She loved I own dearly, and often expressed herself to her husband during their first year in India that after their work was done here, she wanted to go back to Iowa to pass their old age, and there be buried. But a few months ago she told Mr. Williams that her mind on this subject had changed, and added, "If I only had mother with me, I should never want to leave India, my present home and work. I would rather live here and when I die, die with the harness on, and be buried among these people."

THE FUNERAL.

On June 18th we assembled in the Seminary at Ramapatam. Although it was vacation a number of the Seminary students were present at the funeral. Also Miss Peabody's School, quite a company of native Christians and heathens, Mr. and Mrs. Clough and Mr. Loughbridge, of Ongole, and Miss Wood and Messrs. Drake and Newhall, of Ramapatam, were there to mingle their tears with the bereaved husband. Bro. Drake preached in English from these words, which were frequently repeated by Mrs. Williams, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." Isaiah xxvi. 3. Native Preacher M. Ezra addressed the native congregation on the same subject in Telugu. The hymns "My days are gliding swiftly by," and "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep" were sung in English and then the remains were borne to a grave, a few rods, in front of her own pleasant and once happy home. The native Christians sang, "There is a happy land" in their own language, and then we lowered the precious dust, slowly and sadly, to its final resting place.

The grave is in a beautiful spot, under a lone date tree. To the west is the loved home, to the northwest 150 yards are the Seminary and Dormitories, to the north one-fourth of a mile are Miss Peabody's School and Mr. Newhall's bungalow and Chapel, to the north-east three-fourths of a mile is Ramapatam village, and to the east one mile is the Bay of Bengal in full view.

AT THE GRAVE.

Standing there by the fresh made mound, with all these sights before us, the never ceasing roar of the surf as it beat upon the shore seemed on that evening to sing to us, in harmony with the feelings of our own sad hearts, a mournful dirge, "THE TELUGUS LAMENT FOR THEIR TEACHER, THEIR FRIEND." Many have laboured longer for the Hindus, others have made more noise, but I believe that a more zealous, earnest, hopeful and happy worker never came to India, than Mrs. Williams.

NATURE AND FAITH.

"We wept—twas Nature wept—but Faith
Can pierce beyond the Gloom of death,
And in yon world so fair and bright
Behold thee in refulgent light!
We miss thee here, yet Faith would
rather

Know thou art with thy Heavenly Father.

Nature sees the body dead—
Faith beholds the spirit fled;
Nature stops at Jordan's tide—
Faith beholds the other side—
That but hears farewell, and sighs—
This, thy welcome in the skies:
Nature mourns a cruel blow—
Faith assures it is not so:
Nature never sees thee more—
Faith but sees thee gone before:
Nature tells a dismal story—
Faith has visions full of glory;
Nature views the change with sadness
Faith contemplates it with gladness;
Nature murmurs—Faith gives meekness,
Strength is perfected in weakness;
Nature writhes, and hates the rod—
Faith looks up, and blesses God;
Sense looks downwards—Faith above;
That sees harshness—this sees love.
Oh! let Faith victorious be—
Let it reign triumphantly!
But thou art! not lost, but flown;
Shall I then ask thee back my own?
Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness?
Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness?
Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee?
Back—from founts to which He leads thee?
Back—and leave thy Heavenly Father?
Back to earth and sin?—nay, rather
Would I live in solitude!
I would not ask thee if I could;
But patient wait the high decree,
That calls my spirit home to Thee!"

H. S. C.
Ongole, India, June 19th, 1876.

EDUCATIONAL.

A Chinese Examination.

A letter from Peking, in the *London Academy*, gives the following account of the Chinese examinations for the degree of Doctor of Literature:

"Peking has lately been the scene of great agitation. The degree of Doctor of Literature has been awarded to about two hundred candidates out of nearly ten thousand. They are collected from all parts of the empire.

"The examination was conducted in the Kung yuen, where 9,999 cells are occupied by the candidates, should there be as many. There are eighteen subordinate and three chief examiners. The greater part of the essays are condemned to the waste-paper basket, when they pass under the eye of the subordinates, who inscribe the word "recommended" upon good essays. The essays must consist of 700 and less than 800 Chinese characters, written on regulation paper. The mottoes of the essays are selected from the Four Books and Five classics. The writers must not introduce anything from the adjoining text. The essay must be an expansion exclusively of the motto itself.

"When the essays are given in, the names of the writers; in the right-hand corner, are folded in and sealed. The essays are then copied, and kept for reference. The copies are compared with the originals by readers. They are upon red paper, and when ready are handed to the chief examiners.

"A fixed number are admitted to the degree for each province. When the candidates have all arrived and given in their names and residences, the emperor appoints that such and such a number shall be admitted to the degree of Tsin she for each province. The number he appoints is in proportion to the number of applicants.

"The essays being copied, the examiner cannot know whose they are except by some indication in the order and selection of the characters. Occasionally it happens that some one of the chief examiners is capable of being bribed. In that case he may be informed that certain characters will occur in the essay in a given position. In the year 1856 some man formerly a play-actor, and on this account legally disqualified from taking a degree, succeeded in passing. One of the chief examiners was accused of receiving a bribe of 500 ounces of silver, and condemned to death.