

THE EXCAVATIONS AND DISCOVERIES IN GREECE.

We have already had some brief notice of the marvellous discoveries recently made in Greece by Dr. Schliemann, and the recovery of vast treasures from the tombs of its ancient heroes and heroines, whose very existence has been called in question by many.

"I first excavated the site of three tomb-stones with bas reliefs representing warriors, and found there a 21 1/2 feet long and 10 1/2 feet broad quadrangular tomb, cut out in the slope of the rock. In a depth of 15 feet below the level of the rock, or of 25 feet below the surface of the ground, I reached a layer of small stones, below which I found, at a distance of 3 feet from each other, the calcined remains of three bodies, which were only separated from the ground by another layer of small stones, and had evidently been burned simultaneously in the very same place where they lay.

In another tomb he found a number of decayed skeletons of men, with stone knives and bronze dippers and vases. In another one, the remains of three ladies:

"The bodies were literally overwhelmed with jewels, all of which bore evident signs of the fire and smoke to which they had been exposed on the funeral pile. As the different jewels were distributed nearly in equal proportions among the three ladies, I will give only a register of what I collected on the three bodies conjointly. Twelve golden crowns; ten golden diadems, in two of which is still preserved part of the skull; one gigantic golden crown, two feet one inch long and eleven inches broad, with thirty large leaves; two hundred and fifty round gold leaves; two large, splendidly ornamented golden vases; one large golden goblet, three small golden vessels, two large golden breast ornaments, in form of wreaths or garlands; two flat pieces of gold, representing houses with towers, on each of which a pigeon is sitting; six golden butterflies, for suspension; seven flat pieces of gold, representing two lions standing on their hind legs opposite to each other; eleven flat pieces of gold, representing two stags standing on their hind legs opposite each other; two flat pieces of gold, representing two swans standing opposite each other; one woman of gold, holding three pigeons; one woman of gold, holding one pigeon; two women of gold, with long gowns; four lions of gold; one cross of gold; ten golden earrings, with pendants; six golden earrings without pendants; one ear-pendant of a precious red stone, on which are incised two warriors fighting together; twelve plain ear pendants; three perforated, quadrangular pieces of gold, which evidently belonged to a necklace—the one shows Hercules killing the Nemean lion, the second represents merely a lion, and the third shows two warriors fighting together with lances (though in a very archaic style, all these engravings are of masterly execution), with numerous other ornaments of gold and stone, as elaborate in ornamentation.

In another tomb, twenty-six and a half feet below the surface, he found the burnt bodies of five men, which were "literally over-loaded with jewels, all of which—as in the other tombs, show unequivocal marks of the funeral pile." There were one hundred buttons of bone and gold expaired with spiral ornaments, a cow-head of bronze plated with silver, bronze lances, etc. "Unfortunately, the skulls of the five bodies were in such a state of decomposition that none of them could be saved; three of them had the head covered with large massive golden masks; in one of these has remained a large part of the skull it covered.

All the three masks are made with marvellous art, and one fancies one can see there all the hairs of the eyebrows and whiskers. Each mask shows so widely different a physiognomy from the others, and so altogether different from the ideal types of the statues of gods and heroes, that there can be no doubt that every one of them faithfully represents the likeness of the deceased hero whose face it covered. Were it not so, all the masks would show the

very same ideal type. One of the masks shows a small mouth, a long nose, large eyes, and a large head; another a very large mouth, nose, and head; the third a small head, mouth, and nose. In the former the greater part of the skull of the deceased is preserved."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Boston.

BROOKLINE, BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 8, 1877.

Mr. Editor,—

As many of your christian readers have sons and daughters in the New England States, many of them making Boston and the surrounding towns their homes, I thought a few lines, giving some information as to the great meetings being held by Moody and Sankey would be read with pleasure.

The Tabernacle is a wonder in itself, when we remember that it sprang into existence at the bidding of a number of warm hearted Christians, who were anxious to prepare a "Highway for the Lord." It is no child's play to construct such a building; a building into which six or seven thousand people can gather to hear God's word, and if faith cometh by hearing, then they have succeeded in doing what but few of our church builders have done, for I tried every part of the building—just in front of the platform, and in the most remote corners—both singing and preaching can be heard with equal pleasure and distinctiveness. So whether it is the result of CHANCE, SKILL, or Gods Providence the laws by which sounds are transmitted have not been violated, and all hearing, MANY believe, and are saved.

Up to this time Mr. Moody's preaching has been to Christians, and cold indeed must be the soul of that minister who can hear such preaching unmoved, or hear it without feeling ready to cast themselves at the Master's feet, crying, "What wilt thou have me to do?"

Many ask "Where Mr. Moody's power is?" First, I think, in the simplicity of his language; then in his desire to please God, rather than man, he stands with God's book in his hands, and His word on his lips. "Thus saith the Lord," backs it all. Above all he lives in the Spirit, sitting at the Master's feet.

When Mr. Sankey prays, it is the pleading of a loving heart; when he speaks it is with the sympathy of a sister's love; 'tis like the earnest longing of a mother's soul; anxious to save—full of tenderness. When he sings, every song is a sermon.

Oh! how terrible the condition of the host appears, and how boundless the loving kindness of the Shepherd becomes as he sings the "Ninety and Nine," while the words of "Watching and waiting for me" seem like angels wings upon which you are borne to the gates of the celestial city, and your cry is "Let me, let me see my loved ones" and you long to be there; but when he sings "Hold the fort" and such like songs of praise, backed in the Young Men's Meeting by hundreds of manly voices, in all the warmth and earnestness of their first love, you are reminded of David and his host coming up shouting before the Ark of the Lord: 'Tis the thunder of praise.

Last night there was not a seat or a spot that the city laws allowed to be occupied, but was filled. When the doors were opened it was like the rushing of many waters, but in a few moments a sea of upturned faces hung breathless upon the speaker's words, or the mighty mighty host made you think as they sang together, of these words: We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,

High as the heaven our voices raise; And earth with her ten thousand tongues Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise."

At the Young Men's Prayer Meeting after Mr. Moody's sermon held in the Berkeley Street meeting-house, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, Halifax, and other parts of Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were represented among those who were rejoicing in the salvation of Jesus.

Infidelity, too, is making itself heard. One of the so-called Christian Ministers made a most "savage" attack upon "Mr. Moody's God," which will be no credit to his name, and no good to his cause.

Believe me, Yours, faithfully, NOVA SCOTIA.

A Good Story

is told in a late number of a religious paper, about a lady who held Baptist views, and a Rev. Dr. whose opinions were opposed to hers. They were discussing the question in a very genial and pleasant manner, as happens to be the case sometimes when the Dr. asked her whether at the Lord's Supper he ought to give a crumb, or a large piece, or an entire loaf; and a similar question as regards the wine; whether he ought to give the whole cup, or a large part of it, or would a mere taste be sufficient. The lady replied that "it is the eating and the drinking, not the amount, that meets the spirit of the sacrament, and the command of the Saviour. I don't see how any one can think otherwise."

"Well," said the Dr. again, "just so have I thought myself. And now, my dear madam, why don't the same principle apply to the othersacrament—the sacrament of baptism? Why isn't it just as true here, that it is the application of water, not the amount of water, that meets the full spirit of baptism, as that it is not the amount of bread or wine, but the taking of bread and wine, that meets the true spirit of the Lord's Supper?"

To all this the lady gave no reply, but at once changed the subject. It is added, "And we do not see what reply could well be given by any one, except a reply that would be fatal to the views of the Immersionists."

For our own part we think a reply might be given that may not prove quite fatal.

In the ordinance of the Lord's Supper we are commanded to eat and drink, and as the Dr. and the lady agreed, it does not depend on the amount; and the command is obeyed whether it be little or much, provided it is not too much; it is the spirit in which it is taken, and not the quantity. But the parallel fails when applied to the ordinance of baptism. If the command had been to have water applied to the person, then it might, but when a word so distinct in its meaning as "baptize" is used, then it will not apply. We admit that little or much will do, provided the water is not less than sufficient to immerse the person in.

AND ANOTHER,

Which comes through that vigorous paper, the English Baptist, concerning a convert in the church of a Rev. I. H. Clark, of Nicholson, U. S., who happened to have been brought up to believe that baptism, which is immersion was the proper mode, and who asked to be baptized. The minister according to his Master's instructions, and the convert's wish complied. Now one would have thought that no one would have found fault with a man for obeying so closely his Master's orders. But that act was the signal for a storm. He was very soon summoned before the Presbytery, to answer for having acted "contrary to the usages and principles of the Presbyterian Church, and having done what would lead to the neglect of an ordinance dear to the church." Mr. Clark then took his turn and hailed the Presbytery before the Synod of Philadelphia. He claimed that immersion was valid baptism, and not contrary to Presbyterian principles. Then followed a lively debate. The more venerable brethren tried to keep matters in order and quietness, for the younger men it appeared, were warming up a little, and needed experienced hands to keep them in check. History was referred to, and theology, and propriety, and custom, and probability, and occasionally the Bible. We are told that the discussion continued over two dreary days and one night. The learned and discreet brethren declared the matter "talked to death." The Rev. Mr. White cleared the air, or tried to, saying "The command was to sprinkle or pour the water." He did not happen to say who commanded it, tho' we fear he meant the Master Himself. "By immersing the candidate," continued Mr. White "Mr. Clark has confirmed him in his error." The Rev. Mr. Logan referred to Mr. Talmage's tank. (By the way Bro. Selden, do you know why Mr. Talmage has escaped being called to order in this matter?) At length the time of voting came, when, wonderful to relate, sixty-five voted to condemn the Presbytery, and sixty-six to condemn Mr. Clark. This brings a very interesting fact to

light; namely: that the belief in immersion is much wider than is sometimes supposed. Well, to go on with the story; after a time something like peace was restored, and the following resolutions passed unanimously: "Under the teachings of our standards, the usage of our denomination has been to sprinkle, or pour water upon the face of the child. In view of these teachings and principles, we judge that the administration of baptism by Rev. I. H. Clark, in the case excepted to, came within the possible limits of a permissible administration of the rite, and although without any sanction of command or fact in sacred Scriptures, yet did not involve a moral wrong. We approve of the Spirit of the action of the Presbytery, as betokening a just, watchful care in the exercise of its responsible duties, and adjudge that it should be interpreted as giving fraternal counsel, and not as ecclesiastical censure," &c. It will thus be seen, 1, that immersion was admitted to be baptism; 2, that it "did not involve a moral wrong;" (if it was not wrong then it was right); and 3rd, that the baptism administered by Mr. Clark which was immersion has not the sanction of Sacred Scripture!!! This resolution is certainly a remarkable one, as was the whole business, for we have sixty-six, (including Mr. Clark) declaring immersion to be valid baptism; by which it may be fairly inferred, they meant it was according to Presbyterian principles, and consequently to the Bible, and sixty-six opposing that view; and yet that remarkable resolution was adopted unanimously. Well we can only say that the matter seems about as clear as a remark once made by Stephen Paul Andrews, who stated that—"The Absolutoid and Abstractoid Elementism of being, echoes, or reappears by Analogy, within the Kelatoid and Concreoid Elaborismus."

Millon, Queens.

In Memoriam.

MRS. MICHAML AKER.

"Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarm; 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends To call them to his arms."

At Hillsdale, and at her own residence, on Sabbath morning, Jan. 14th, 1877, sister Alice Aker, aged 61 years, departed this life to be with Jesus, to see Him face to face. She had often been thrilled with His presence, and proved his great love in all its fulness. She died with a calm and steadfast hope in Jesus' blood, that blood which saves from sin and guilt. She was the youngest sister of the late Rev. Richard McLearn, by whom she was baptized in 1831. For many years our sister was a sufferer, but was remarkably submissive to the Divine Will. While speaking to her concerning her great afflictions, she would often answer, "It is the Lord's will; He has not made a sufficient trial of my faith yet; It will soon be over. A few more days, a few more hours; it won't be long." She seemed to live day by day in view of death. Her treasure was stored in heaven; and she much enjoyed the advantage of it in her illness. While the storms of affliction raged that hope fell not, for it was founded on the Rock of Ages. For many years she was not often permitted to assemble with the people of her choice, yet she wished Zion well, and prayed earnestly for its prosperity. She leaves a husband and a large circle of friends to mourn, but not without hope, for her life was a life of trust. The chorus of the last hymn written by Mr. Bliss expresses what were her sentiments:

"Where He may lead, I'll follow, My trust in Him repose; And every hour in perfect peace I'll sing, 'He knows! He knows!'"

—Com. by M. W. B.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

BARRINGTON, Feb. 15th, 1877.—Dear Brother,—Nothing but the grace of God has such a tendency to encourage and stimulate a minister of the Gospel, as the consciousness that his labors are appreciated by his people, and that they sympathize with him in his work. And when such feelings are exhibited by actions, which speak more loudly than words, there can be no doubt with regard to their existence. What else could have prompted our kindhearted neighbors to invade our home last eve-

ning, and after feasting themselves and us, upon the choicest viands, and enjoying a few hours of very pleasant intercourse, leave us the richer in money and money's worth, by upwards of \$100?

My poor services are now engaged for the fifteenth year in my present field of labour. How wonderful is the long suffering of God, and the forbearance of His people.

Last Sabbath it was my privilege to administer the ordinance of baptism to five candidates in Shelburne. A good work is in progress there under the leadership of Bro. Trotter, (lic.) of Woodstock, Ontario.—Bro. Gates of Liverpool assisted him during a part of the week before last, and last week I was permitted to spend a few days in witnessing the progress of the work. The Sabbath was a day of refreshing. Large congregations listened with deep interest to the preaching of the word, and witnessed with the utmost decorum the administration of the ordinance. "I have since learned that cases of conversion have occurred during the present week.

Yours fraternally, W. H. RICHAN.

NICTAUX.—Dear Editor,—It will delight you and others to hear that God is manifesting his saving grace in our midst. Last Sabbath I had the pleasure of leading down into the baptismal waters, twenty-six willing converts. The work is still going on. My Brothers, James from Port Williams, and Joseph from Hantsport have been with me part of the time, and rendered timely aid. W. J. BLAKENEY.

Feb. 19th, 1877.

"UNCLE TOM" AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.—A few days ago Mr. Spurgeon's Chapel was opened for a "farewell meeting," between "Uncle Tom," the popular hero of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's celebrated story, and the metropolitan public. Admission was limited to ticket-holders; but this produced little effect on the magnitude of the gathering, the vast area and the lower gallery, to both of which the charge was a shilling, and the upper gallery being filled. The proceeds of the tickets were, it was announced, to be divided between the Stockwell Orphanage and the "Fund" which the Rev. Josiah Henson—such is the ministerial name of the famous negro character—has for some time been engaged in raising on behalf of the religious and charitable institutions in Canada of which he was the head. The doors were opened at half-past six, and from that time up to a few minutes before the hour of commencing, namely, half-past seven, there was a continuous rush, until the building was thronged with an eager and curious audience, the majority being adults, and the sexes pretty equally represented. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided; and when his lordship appeared on the upper platform, closely followed by Uncle Tom, there were hearty and genial bursts of cheering. Though in his 88th year he looks hale and vigorous. His hair, including beard and moustache, is decidedly grey, and his features bear the marks of toil and time. He is tall and stoutly built. The countenance in its first aspect is rather heavy than vivacious; but as he spoke, it soon became apparent that he has the mercurial temperament and the latent elasticity and fun of the negro race.

Mr. Lobb made a brief statement with regard to what led to the visit of Mr. Henson to England, and stated that Uncle Tom has forty-four grandchildren, eight great-grandchildren, and ten children now living.

Before he began to speak a gentleman on the platform bespoke indulgence for Mr. Henson, observing that his arms were both broken nearly seventy years ago through the cruelties of "Legree," whose real name was Bryce Litton, and that in consequence he had been unable since to raise his hands to his head.

After Uncle Tom's speech, Mr. Church said he wished to state that the object of Mr. Henson's mission to this country had been fully accomplished. (Cheers). Having come here hoping to obtain from £500 to £600 to release him from the difficulties caused by litigation, he had received twice that amount, so that he would return with £600 clear to assist him in his old age.

MOODY AND SANKEY.—They appear on the platform in marked contrast. Mr. Moody seizes a crowd at any moment, whether it be noisy or quiet, and asserts his authority. He never stands on ceremony, but grapples with the giant at once, and with a supreme consciousness that he will not lose his grip, proceeds to the business in hand. Mr. Sankey, on the other hand, approaches a great crowd with almost womanly gentleness. He touches the keys of the organ with soft reverence. He waits till the Tabernacle is so quiet that you can hear a pin drop; he leans forward to say a few words in an appealing, musical tone, as though he wanted to be sure that the people were all in a responsive mood, and then he takes possession and carries the crowd with him.—Inter. Ocean.