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Poetry.

Beyond the Storm.

The sun goes down at evening tide
In blazoned skies of lurid light,
He glares red-eyed along the lands,
And then comes night.

The wind awakes with shuddering sighs,
And wails by roof and window-pane,
And suddenly, from spongy clouds,
Down pours the rain.

In forests dim the black-branch'd trees
Sway to and fro like witches' arms,
Working their spells, and weaving weird
Fantastic charms.

In meadow lands the long lush grass
Lies low upon the sudden crown,
And in hedge corners withered leaves
Whirl round and round.

The apples drop from orchard trees,
The wet leaves trembling know no rest,
And fluttering birds, with frightened eyes
Desert their nest.

The village streets are empty all,
The traveler's step is heard no more,
But swinging sign, and clattering slate,
And creaking door.

In chamber dull of lonely house
The sick man lists with deep-drawn
breath,
The wild confusion seems to be
The wings of Death.

About the hedges of the tombs
The hard-leaved ivy scrapes and creaks;
And on church spires the weather-cock
Veers round with shrieks.

The rivers fill with yellow foam,
Swift eddying through their rocky
course,
And add to the tumultuous time
Their chorus hoarse.

The samphires on the creviced cliff,
The sea-pinks on the hoary crag,
Bend down a-shudder as they meet
The spray's swift drag.

Along the cold, gray, broken shore
The surges thunder up amain,
Then backward from the ragged rocks
They fiercely drain.

Upon black seas the tumbling ships
Drive on before the driving gale,
With bows deep plunged in mounded
waves,
And rent, wet sail.

Blow, blowing winds! beyond the clouds
Glimpses of heaven's clear vaults are
seen;
And there the steadfast planets burn,
In calm serene.

And so above this stormy world,
Its gusty sighs, its showering tears,
Abides a land where life is calm,
And free from fears.

And one day—the promise speaks—
All cloudy storms shall surely cease,
And those who trust and wait shall win
Eternal Peace.

Leisure Hour.

Religious.

The Vaudois.

Surpassingly marvelous has been their history, and equally marvelous seems their destiny. In their valleys up among the snows and clouds of the Cottian Alps, looking down to the south-eastward upon Italy and to the north-westward upon France, they maintained their church, pure in doctrine, morals, and polity as that of Scotland itself, while all the rest of Europe fell away into paganism. According to their local traditions, their religious history dates from the time of Paul's preaching in Rome. Paul himself possibly passed through their valleys on his way to Spain; at least, some of his Roman converts, or their early successors, fled at the outbreak of the persecutions to these mountains, and founded the faith which remains there to our day. While, century after century, all the rest of the Christian world was sunk in moral death and covered with the night of the "Dark Ages," the pure apostolic light shone undimmed on these mountain heights. France on the one hand, Italy on the other, prompted by Rome, attempted age after age to break through the Alpine barriers, and extinguish the strange heresy, as it was called. The one terrible St. Bartholomew's of France went on here through successive generations, but in vain; every valley, almost every cliff, has its traditions of martyrdom. Deeds of prowess by the mountaineers, hurling back whole hosts

of papal invaders, now on France, now on Italy, in at least thirty-three distinct wars, have given them an heroic history never surpassed in the military annals of any other people, dotting their territory with scores of Thermopylas and Marathons. After centuries of praying, watching, and fighting for their faith, they stood, still in arms, amid the ruins of their homes and their churches, and laid down their weapons only when a solemn pledge from the enemy conceded their rights. This pledge was immediately violated, nearly all their heroic men imprisoned in thirteen Piedmontese dungeons, their children put in Catholic schools, their women in nunneries. The Vaudois were at last considered extinguished, their own historians who had fled to other countries, declaring "the ancient church of the mountains," the "Israel of the Alps," obliterated, "irrecoverably lost," as one of them said. Of the fourteen thousand heroic prisoners at Piedmont, all died of starvation or disease, save three thousand, who, liberated at last, but forbidden ever to re-enter their valleys, made their way to protestant Switzerland, and Germany.

Seven or eight hundred of them afterward combined under a vow to redeem their lost cause and country, armed themselves clandestinely, marched under the command of their pastor, Arnaud, through the most intricate ravines of Switzerland and Savoy, under the shadow of Mont Blanc, along the cliffs of Mont Cenis, through passages in which only mountaineers could make their way, with no commissariat, each man carrying his own ammunition and food, the Catholic towns and villages rising against them, but quailing before them as if a terror from God had fallen upon the land. France on the one hand, Italy on the other, sent armies to arrest their triumphant march, twenty-two thousand men in all. They rolled back the enemy in victorious fights, entered their ancient valleys "with singing and shouting," fought the Catholic foe from rock to rock through months, supplying themselves with ammunition only by the victories, destroying ten thousand of the enemy in eighteen victorious attacks, winning peace at last, restoring their old homes, schools, and churches, receiving their expatriated wives and children, sheltering even their persecuting sovereign, who had to flee from his enemies below to seek their protection. And re-established in their mountains and enfranchised by their government, they are now bearing the gospel over Italy, and are thus displaying before the eyes of this skeptical age, the providential meaning of their history.—*Meth. Quarterly.*

The Ready Hand.

A Sunday-school teacher was out looking up an absent scholar. With neatly clad feet she was picking her way over the muddy crossing. Just before her was a young girl carrying a pail of water. A blast of wind swept around the corner, and snatching her shawl from her shoulders, held it fluttering behind her. She set down her pail at the curbstone, to wrap it again about her. The lady behind her reached out her hand, and laid it over her shoulders, saying kindly, "Wait a moment and I will find you a pin." As the search went on, in a free, pleasant way she said, "As I came on behind you, just now, something made me think of a woman who went to draw water from a well nearly two thousand years ago, and found something very precious there." The pin was found, and the kid-covered hands were put out to gather together the edges of the faded shawl. The pale face of the girl was lifted in amazement to the lovely countenance so near her own, but the kind voice went on: "I have a beautiful card at home with the picture and a story upon it. Will you tell me where you live, and let me bring it to you when I come this way next week." "Yes, miss," said the girl in a timid voice, giving her name and number.

"Very well; I shall not forget you, but will certainly bring it to you the next time I come." The girl carried the water into the house, with a flush upon her cheek and a flutter of joy in her heart.

There was but little in her hard life to make it bright or pleasant, but this thoughtful act and kind word and promise of the lady seemed to create a little rill of joy, which followed through her heart and made the week, until the promise was fulfilled, quite unlike the ordinary weeks of her life. Nor did she ever think of a harvest; her heart was so full of loving-kindness that it could not express itself thus. If the heart be full of love, the lips will be ready with loving words, the hand with kind deeds and generous gifts, which are fitting exponents of the Christian at work.—*Christian at Work.*

How rich was the harvest of her "little deed of kindness," her "little words of love!" Did she think when she scattered these tiny seeds that she should reap pearls so soon? We do not think she ever thought of a harvest; her heart was so full of loving-kindness that it could not express itself thus. If the heart be full of love, the lips will be ready with loving words, the hand with kind deeds and generous gifts, which are fitting exponents of the Christian at work.—*Christian at Work.*

Talk Over What you Read.

Nearly forty years' experience as a teacher, says a writer in the *Christian Union*, has shown me how little I truly know of a subject until I begin to explain or teach it. Let any young person try the experiment of giving in conversation, briefly and connectedly, and in the simplest language, the chief points of any book or article he has read, and he will at once see what I mean. The gaps that are likely to appear in the knowledge that he felt was his own, will no doubt be very surprising. I know of no training superior to this in utilizing one's reading in strengthening the memory, and in forming habits of clear, connected statement. It will doubtless teach other things than those I have mentioned, which the persons who honestly make the experiment will find out for themselves. Children who read can be encouraged to give in a familiar way, the interesting parts of the books they have read, with great advantage to all concerned. More than one youth I know, has laid the foundation of intellectual tastes in a New England family, where hearty encouragement was given to children and adults in their attempts to sketch the lectures they had heard the evening previous. The same thing was done with books.

For the Christian Messenger.

Extracts of a letter from Rev. G. Churchill to Rev. Dr. Cramp.

BOBBILI, AUG. 23RD, 1880.

SICKNESS AND ITS CAUSES—OTHER HEATHEN TRIBES HEAT—CASTE PREJUDICES AND ITS EFFECTS.

We have had some illness lately. First, Mrs. C. was taken ill, with fever for two or three days. Just as she began to get over that, I was taken down with a severe bilious attack and fever, followed by a slight attack of dysentery, and Mrs. C. was also at the same time taken ill with a bilious attack and dysentery. Willie was taken ill and had a convulsion. For a few days we felt in rather a trying place, but the Lord has been good to us, and has brought us through. We are now, I trust, in a fair way to recover health and strength again, at least to a certain extent. We cannot hope to be very strong in this country, after having been here a number of years, especially after having been down with illness. I am feeling the effects of the climate very much. I feel at least twenty years older than I am. The exposure to the sun consequent upon building is very trying to the constitution. My last illness, I consider, was

almost wholly caused by exposure to the sun for the preceding two or three weeks. The weather at present is very trying—the sun vertical and the air full of moisture. With the least exertion one's clothes are wet with perspiration. It is almost like a steam bath. We are having abundance of rain this season, so far, and the crop prospects are very good. The people are just in the midst of their rice planting. I seem to have very little with which to fill up a letter. Our life is for the most part very monotonous here—one day very much like another, especially while employed as I am at present, in work that keeps me at home. I go out on Sunday evenings to the town and villages around to some extent. I went out to one or two Sundays since, inhabited by a people called Gadaldas. They are probably remnants of the aborigines who were driven from the plains by the Telooogs. They speak Telooogo, but have a language of their own; and in dress and features are quite different from the Telooogo people. There are two or three villages near Bobbili, and the people are in town nearly every day. At the base of the mountains, and upon them, there are said to be a good many of them. I asked the people of this village what religion they had. They replied, none—said they had no god. I asked what they worshipped; one man said when they got up in the morning they took a cock and made 'poojah' (worship) to it, and that was their religion. I tried to give them some idea of God and of our religion, but they could understand but little of what I said. They seemed to have no idea of the meaning of many common words relating to religious things. They declared they did not worship idols. Whether this is true I have not as yet the means of knowing. They seem to stand towards the Telooogs in much the same relation as the Karens towards the Burmese. If they were numerous enough to warrant it, a mission to them would be interesting and hopeful. In the little dealing I have had with them I like them better than the Telooogs—they seem less crafty and deceitful. There are other tribes on the hills several miles away, but they do not come into town, and I have seen only one of them, who has a hut near the hills, a mile or more away. They claim to be "Hill gentlemen," and resent any other address. There are several tribes on the mountains just to the west of us, extending towards Jeypore and the interior. They differ more or less in language. I hope sometime in the future, our mission will be the means of reaching them, but how it can be, is at present a problem, for the whole of their country is feverish—almost deadly to Europeans, and even to the people of the plains. Occasionally a company of men from Jeypore pass here. They are quite different in appearance from the Telooogs. Though Telooogo is not their language, they seem able to speak it, at least those I have spoken to.

How dense the darkness must be among those people to the west of us! While Kruthi Basso Mahanti lived, we felt there was one point of light there, but the Lord removed even that faint light. His ways are dark and mysterious to us often, but we cannot doubt they are best and wisest. When will He call these people from their darkness into light.

Of the work here in Bobbili I cannot say much. So far as I have been among the people they listen for the most part respectfully to what I can say, though they have objections to urge to Christian doctrines, and cavil more or less.

You have asked repeatedly for information with regard to the character of the people as moulded and developed by heathenism. But I have little I can write except in general terms. Owing to their caste and other prejudices, we can see but little of their private life and habits. I could not go into one of their houses—scarcely near to some without defiling them. Mrs.

C. has rather more freedom than I, and can see a little more of the private life of the people. But the little we see astonishes us that they can be so foolish. To give an example: some weeks since I was at a village three miles away, saw some very large trees for timber for my house. My sawyers took their food with them and hung it up to the bough of a tree. Passing under it, I happened to touch with my hat one of their pots containing their rice, and they considered it so defiled that they would not eat a mouthful, but threw pot and rice away, and went without eating all day. And these were young men, too. This is only a specimen. In many respects they put to shame Christians, in their regard for their religious observances.

For the Christian Messenger.

Luthardt's Apologetical Discourses.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE "CHRISTIAN MESSENGER," BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

Fifth Discourse.

MAN.

Scripture teaches us that the world was created by God, that creation was a free act of God's power, wisdom and love, and that God in creating the world had man in view. For not on account of plants and animals did God create the world, but on account of man. He is the real thought of God, the divine idea which controls the whole creation of the world, the realization of the essential will of God. In the scripture expression of this thought, God is represented as holding counsel with himself, the result being the formation of man.

With man, then, something new begins; he is specifically different from the outward world around him; this outward world is only a stair leading to him; he is the limit and crown of the creation, and consequently also its end. So man appears in scripture. But modern Natural Philosophy has variously opposed this view. Three questions then, first of all demand our attention, namely, the question concerning the age, the question concerning the origin, and the question concerning the unity of the human race.

1. The question concerning the age of the human race is now exciting the deepest interest. According to the Bible, the age of the race may be estimated at about 6000 years; modern Natural Philosophy, however, reckons it—has at least till the present time reckoned it—by hundreds of thousands of years. And naturally enough, if Lyell is right in saying that the present form of the earth was produced in an infinitely slow manner, and only by the operation of existing forces, but that man was upon it at an earlier period of its formation; or Darwin, that man reached his present state only by an extremely gradual perfecting of lower formations; for in either case we must travel back to an almost inconceivably early time to find the origin of our race. It is contended that this conclusion may be corroborated by a series of recent discoveries. It is held as good as established that man lived on the earth contemporaneously with such animals as burrowing hyenas, burrowing bears, mammoth animals, &c., which have been hitherto referred to the so-called Tertiary Period,—the period preceding the last formative age of the earth. Especially has the discovery at Aurignac, on the northern slope of the Pyrenees, been regarded as full of significance in its bearing on this question. A burying-place was here dug up in which were found 17 human skeletons, rough weapons and ornaments, and the vestiges of a very ancient funeral feast which had been held here. In connection, however, with these things were found also certain bones of animals