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Poetry.

The Heart's Door.

AFTER "THE RAVEN."
By Rev. G. P. Mackay, Lincoln.
Sunk in sin, all good neglecting,
Ne'er on thing Divine reflecting;
I was guilty of rejecting
Him whom now I most adore.
While I thus to sleep was rocking,
Demon-drugs my senses locking,
Suddenly there came a knocking—
Knocking at my heart's dark door;
But with slothful thought I muttered—
"Some one at a neighbour's door;
Only this, and nothing more.

Therefore I again betook me
To my sleep, but sleep forsook me,
For a louder knocking shook me,
And I trembled to the core.
Filled with anger, up I started,
Shamed at being so faint-hearted,
Wondering why my strength departed
With that knocking at the door,
And I shouted, "Why disturb me?
Who is standing at my door,
Knocking at it o'er and o'er?"

Then a voice came, sweet and tender,—
"Son, thy heart to Me surrender.
I am not a reprehender,
But thy folly I deplore.
Slave to Satan now I see thee;
Much I long from sin to free thee,
And for holy service fee thee;
Open to me, I implore!
Let the door swing on its hinges,
Open it as I implore,
And I'll bless thee evermore.

"Thou art told thou'rt wise and wealthy,
That thy frame is strong and healthy;
But these tales are only stealthy
Lies from hell, for thou art poor.
I, 'The Truth,' will not deceive thee;
Lo, I'm waiting to relieve thee.
Take My counsel, I will give thee
Of pure gold a bounteous store,
Raiment white, and healing eye-salve
From My everlasting store;
These will bless thee evermore.
"I have waited long, believe Me;
Draw aside the bars, receive Me;
Let me enter in; relieve Me
From thus waiting at the door.
I will comfort and defend thee;
From all evil will defend thee,
And a peace Divine will send thee;
Canst thou ever wish for more?
I will spread a feast before thee,
And will leave thee nevermore;
Open, then to Me the door."

Here my heart was well-nigh yielded,
But I desperately steel'd it,
And my heavy eyelids shielded
From the Light outside the door.
"Sir," I answered, in my madness,
Little caring for his sadness,—
"I am now in youthful gladness,
And all serious thoughts ignore;
At a more convenient season
I will open to Thee my door;
Meantime, danger I ignore."

Yet when in wild folly sporting,
Sinful pleasures madly courting,
Not a thought or wish affording
To eternal doom in store;
Often have I heard Him calling,
In a tone and voice appalling,
Clearly heard through fire-crest bawling,
Or the loudest wassail roar;
"After death there is the judgment!
Son, remember, I implore!"
But I scorned Him more and more.

Finally fierce trouble caught me,
And a godly lesson taught me,
For then only I bethought me
Of the Stranger at the door.
But as I had not enlisted
In His service, and resisted
All His pleadings, interested
He in me might be no more.
Possibly, with my harsh conduct
He had left my chamber door,
And would call me nevermore.

And so long had I refused Him;
With such cruelty ill-used Him;
And so shamefully abused Him
That a heavy weight I bore.
Conscience raised within me horrid
Memories of deeds long buried,
And, to end suspense, I hurried,
To my casement near the door.
Eagerly I looked out through it,
But saw no one at my door!
Darkness there and nothing more!

Oh, the guilty fears that seized me!
Nothing I could think of eased me.
Not one ray of hope released me
From the dread of death in store.
Was my day of mercy ended?
Was the Holy Ghost offended?
Would there never be extended
Gracious offers any more?
These and other fearful queries,
Came upon me o'er and o'er,
And my heart was sad and sore

But at last I heard the falling
Of a footstep, and the calling
Of a voice which, though appalling
To my ears in days of yore,
Now like sweetest music sounded,

And with joy my bosom bounded;
For my fears were all unfounded,
Jesus called me as before!
And He whispered, "Son, I offer
Still to enter at thy door,
Only trust Me evermore."

Hearing this, with spirit chastened,
Towards my door I quickly hastened;
But, alas! I found it fastened
Much more firmly than of yore.
For, in Him not having trusted,
On its hinges it had rusted,
And with mire its sides were crusted;
Also many bars it bore,
Bars which sin had placed across it,
Stubborn bars and bolts it bore.
And I failed to ope the door.

Desperation utterance gave me;
And I cried, "Lord Jesus, save me,
From the sins which now enslave me;
Open Thou my heart's strong door!"
Almost ere I had done speaking
I perceived the bars were breaking,
And I felt the door was shaking
From the ceiling to the floor,
While the "Morning Star" from heaven
Shed a light across the floor,
Light remembered evermore.

As the sun where'er it ranges
Buds to open blossoms changes,—
So, Divine oil on the hinges
Did the Holy Spirit pour,
And the long shut door soon yielded
To that power the Spirit wielded;
For I now no longer steel'd it,
As I did in days of yore.
Glory to my God, it opened!
Jesus entered at the door!
And He'll leave it Nevermore!

Religious.

The Telugu People.

BY REV. A. V. TIMPANY.

In ancient Roman atlases the Telugu people are located in the Ganges Valley, south of where Calcutta now is, and what is now North Orissa. They appear to have gradually worked south and west, pressed upon by other tribes from the north and north-west, and also urged on by much the same instinct as our people have for going west until they are stopped by the western sea. Six hundred years ago this people were in the height of empire and glory, and had a wide culture. Their rule then embraced nearly all of what is now the Madras Presidency, except some southern and western states and tribes. There is a very great similarity between Telugu and the three other leading languages of Southern India. There are Tamil, Canarese, and Malayalam. There is not much more difference between Canarese and Telugu than there is between some of the old dialects of England. There is no doubt about these four languages having one common origin. The Mahometan invasion gradually broke the Telugu power. The struggle was long and fierce, and the final crash only came after centuries of warfare. None of the Indian nations gave the Mahometans more and harder work on the wellfought bloody field.

The recent terrible famine that carried off between four and five millions of people, was in the Telugu and Canarese country mostly, and has left its mark. For one thing it has given idolatry a shaking that it will never recover. Some will ridicule this last remark, but they belong to the class who ridicule the Christian religion, and are no more impartial witnesses on one side than I am on the other.

There is the very highest encouragement to work for the salvation and regeneration of the Telugu race. They are not going to give place to a superior race, for there is none superior to them in India or the East. The Aryan invasion that dispossessed and almost annihilated the races north was received and assimilated by them—as the English Saxon received the Norman, and with very much the same results.

They are aggressive and active, going to a thing rather than waiting for it to come to them. They are as a people very domestic, and fond of kindred. I often think of the time when they shall be purged of heathenism and its heavy mortgage on all the finer affections and their expression. They will be as Christians a lovely and a loveable people. All the repressive and inhuman teaching of their religion during the time past, has failed to dry up the deep

well of parental affection, even for the daughters of the house.

To those who can read the signs of the times, and have faith in the Gospel, there can be no question that the time of salvation for the people has come.

It is a little over twelve years since I came to India. As to the change that has come over the attitude of the people in large sections of the country during the intervening time I can personally bear witness.

The Baptist Missions have grown from two stations to seven times that number. Where there were only seventy communicants there are now as many Telugu church members as there were in Ontario and Quebec at the time I left for India. Our church members in Ontario and Quebec have about doubled, but here they are more than two hundred times as many. I was reminded the other day in conversation with one of my old Ramapatam preacher of what Dr. Warren, the beloved Ex-Secretary of the "Missionary Union," uttered years ago, "The time is coming when converts will be so numerous that the question will be what to do with them." Said the preacher—"opposition is dead—the tide has turned, and now the question is whom shall we take for many are saying 'I will come, take me, I will come, take me.' The whole country is being shaken."

May we not hope that by the time we have preached the Gospel as widely and persistently, and repeatedly, as has been the case in the regions south, we shall witness like scenes on the Cocanada field. Nothing can stand against the pure Gospel of the Son of God. To preach it is in the estimation of men foolishness, but it is the power of God nevertheless.

A. V. TIMPANY.

CHINA.

A Chinese Festival.

BY REV. J. R. GODDARD.

About seven miles from my chapel at Do-Kyi-deo are the remains of the celebrated temple of Ling-fong. The temple itself was burned down some twenty years since by order of the mandarins, in consequence of certain robberies which had been perpetrated there, and in order to prevent the large concourse of worshippers which at certain seasons afforded evil-minded men a good opportunity for such deeds of violence. But, in spite of the danger and the magistrate's prohibition, multitudes still visit the place on festival occasions. The most noted of these, the birthday of the tutelary divinity, Keh-sin-ong, came this year on the 18th of May; and I determined to visit the place on order to preach and sell tracts.

AN EAGER CROWD.—Leaving Ningpo the preceding evening, I found some difficulty in securing a passage even by paying three times the ordinary fare; the whole canal was full of boats, and every one of them was crowded. As I could not lie down, I spent a good part of the night talking with the passengers, trying to show them "the better way." I reached my chapel in the early morning, and after a hasty breakfast, started with two native preachers, and a good supply of Gospels and tracts, for Ling-fong. The roads converging from different parts of the place towards this point were thronged; and, as we approached the hill where the temple stood, we could see a long, dark, unbroken line winding up its sides. Two-thirds of these pilgrims were women,—a very large portion of them of middle age; the young women and the very aged being comparatively few; all provided with staves, and trudging painfully up the stone steps cut in the steep hill-side.

AN EASY WAY OF GETTING RICH.—It was very hot, weary work climbing the hills; whenever it was possible we got out of the road to one side, selling tracts as long as there was any demand for them, and then moving on to new positions. In some places the road was shut in by walls, and here the crowd was fearful. At one point the

throng became so packed that motion in any direction was impossible for some time, and it was reported that two or three persons were severely hurt in the press. At last we reached the site of the ruined temple, covered with booths for the sale of refreshments as well as candles, incense, rosaries, and "Kwaendiah." These latter might perhaps be called bills of exchange on the other world. They are sheets of red, white, or yellow paper, bearing various marks and characters, and promising to pay to bearer one thousand ounces of silver in the other world. Fires were blazing on the ground in various directions, surrounded by dense crowds through which the worshippers would press, fling on a handful of incense, make the prescribed number of bows,—prostrations of course were impossible in such circumstances,—wave their "Kwaendiah" in the smoke of the incense, and then withdraw, assured that they had made good provision for the future. These papers are burned at the funeral of their possessor, and thus supposed to pass with him into the spirit-land. Surely there ought to be no poverty there, since certificates to the value of three or four thousand ounces of silver may be purchased here for a single cent.

POWER OF SUPERSTITION.—We found many people who had come over one hundred miles at great expense and hardship, to worship at this place and to purchase this worthless paper. If any one thinks that the masses of China are convinced of their errors, and are ready to abandon their superstitions, a day at Ling-fong, or, indeed, at hundreds of less noted heathen resorts, will show that he is entirely mistaken. Twenty years ago the great rebellion swept over this region, utterly destroying temples and idols in a way that would seem to render faith in their power an impossibility for all time; and yet now temples are as numerous as ever; thousand of dollars are spent every year in building and repairing them, and the people believe in their idols as implicitly as ever. Unless the Spirit of God implants the truth in their hearts, error and superstition will continue to flourish with unchecked luxuriance.

Ningpo, July 1, 1880.

A Chinese Funeral.

At the burial of Lee Wau, in Evergreen cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., the other day, some of the mourners cast into the open grave a few handfuls of earth, just as Christians do. Then began the curious part of the ceremony. Fagots of slow matches were bound together and planted in a basin of ashes and loose earth at the foot of the grave. On being ignited they sent up a fragrant smoke. Red candles richly decorated with figures in gold, blue and green, were placed in a row near the fagots, and quickly burned down to the little sticks on the end of which they were fastened. The dead man's clothes, including a white shirt somewhat the worse for wear, a freshly laundered collar and handkerchief, a blue silk blouse, and a straw hat were then rolled into a bundle and cremated near the grave, and the bright-coloured and gilded wrappings of the candles and slow match were added to the burning heap. A cocoanut mat was then unrolled beside the grave, and the chinamen, coming up one after another, took a formal leave of the departed. This was done by clasping the hands, lifting them to the chin, and letting them drop, repeating the operation three times. After this the mourners dropped upon their hands and knees upon the mat, and made a salaam, bowing their foreheads close to the earth. Tea was poured from a quaint little pot of blue and white porcelain into minute cups of egg-shell china, and each man, as he bade farewell to the dead, sprinkled a spoonful of the tea upon the ground. Three pans of rice, a broiled chicken, and a plate of mutton were allowed to stand before the grave for some time, that the dead

man might refresh himself and prepare for his long journey. It is customary to leave these dishes beside the grave, but just before the cortege returned, a chinaman, whom opium had bleached, bearded, and swallowed into the resemblance of a corpse, gave a suspicious glance at certain of the small boys who had gathered about the place, and shuffled them back into a tea box whence he had taken them. Cigars were passed around, and then the yellow faces were once more shut up in the carriage, the drivers mounted to their seats, cracked their whips, and the procession disappeared rapidly in the dust.—*Scientific American.*

Anecdote of England's Premier.

After Mr. Gladstone's recovery from his late severe illness he went for a cruise in the *Grantully Castle*, in the course of which he visited the coast both of Ireland and Scotland. After a long journey by rail, on Monday, Mr. Gladstone did a characteristic thing. To reach Hawarden, it was necessary that he should pass through Chester, where passengers change trains. Having some time to wait, he and Mrs. Gladstone improved the leisure hour by a call on Bishop Jacobson, who had been somewhat of an invalid. Mr. Gladstone was soon recognized, and to escape the crowd, he essayed to take a short cut to the Episcopal palace, through the park. But the gate-keeper refused to let him pass, as it was after eight o'clock, at which hour the park is closed to the public. On hearing he had refused admission to Mr. Gladstone, the gate-keeper was disturbed; and, overtaking the Premier, he entreated him to return. Mr. Gladstone, however, acknowledged the justice of his exclusion, and pursued his way, taking the next nearest road to the palace, which led him and his wife through one of the darkest and dirtiest of the slums of the ancient city. Having called on the bishop, Mr. Gladstone set out on an eight-mile walk to his home, leaving Mrs. Gladstone to follow by train, doing the eight miles in a little less than two hours. This little incident may serve to indicate the fact that the right honorable gentleman—is now in perfect health, and may be expected to address himself, with his usual vigor and keenness, to preparations for the next session of Parliament. He enjoys work, and it is well he does, for there is much to do.

Dean Stanley on Church Comprehension.

The Dean of Westminster is the broadest of Broad Churchmen, and unquestionably is the champion of latitudinarianism. In a letter written in Paris and addressed to the *Northern Echo*, the dean has been explaining that it is lawful to hold other than prescribed services in churches, and that other than ordained preachers can take part in them. We are not sure of his meaning. Does he mean that he could ask Mr. Spurgeon, or Dr. Punshon, or his friend, Dr. Allon, to conduct a service on the Monday or Thursday evening precisely as he would conduct it in his own place of worship? If we remember correctly the services to which the dean refers, they were more of the nature of a meeting convened to hear a lecture than of a service for the worship of God and the preaching of the Gospel. It may not be illegal to permit lectures in churches, and yet be unlawful for unordained ministers to conduct public worship and to preach. Be this as it may, Dean Stanley thinks such services would not be contrary to law, provided the bishop gave his consent to the holding of them, and he would be glad to see them frequently held. Should the services be legal, we do not suppose that many clergymen will invite Nonconformist ministers to conduct them, or that many Nonconformist ministers are ambitious of an invitation. Baptists have far more in common with Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Methodists than with Anglicans, and would rather interchange services with brother