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WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XLV., No. 5.

Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.
Lift up the Saviour.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN,
BY JESSE CLEMENT,

Let Christ, the Lamb, be lifted
O'er every land and isle,
Till clouds of doubt are rifted,
And his beseeching smile—
On every nation shining,
By every spirit felt—
All hearts o'er sin repining,
Shall come with love to melt.

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O'er every land and isle,
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For the Christian Messenger.
In Memoriam.

My tender dove
Whose little wings, earth weary, folded
soon
O'er thy pure gentle heart, and sinless
breast,
Whose little head drooped softly down
in death,
Too soon, alas; for those who loved thee
best.

My little lamb,
Safe art thou now amid the holy band,
Safe art thou gathered in the Saviour's
fold;
For thee no tempests rage o'er life's
dark sea,
Nor summer's burning heat; nor winter's
cold.

My lovely flower,
Nipped in the bud, as by untimely frosts,
Fall the sweet blossoms in fair nature's
bowers;
Transplanted thou, into celestial ground,
Thine is a brighter sun, a fairer morn
than ours.

My angel child,
Brief was thy sojourn here, oh did'st
thou gaze,
Far into the dark maze of days and
years to come;
And, shrinking from life's untold agony,
Plume thy bright wings for Heaven, thy
spirit's home.

My little one,
I dream of thee amid the angel throng,
Whose white wings thrill with music,
pure and sweet;
Around whose radiant forms a glory
shines,
As with a garment clothed from head to
feet.

To Thee oh God,
I can commit the child so fondly loved,
And feel that she is safe beneath thy
care;
And even in love's bleeding agony,
Acknowledge that my Father's hand
was there.

ALICE SHARLAND EMMS.
Sussex, N. B., Jan. 1881.

Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

"Breaking bread from house to
house." Acts ii. 46.

BY REV. JOHN BROWN.

Does the above passage refer to the Lord's supper? Both yes, and no, might be expected in reply. By a little research it might be discovered that it does not. So far as I can find that ordinance was only observed when and where the early Christians met together as a united body. For instance in Acts xx. 7. "And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, &c.;" and in 1 Cor. xi. 20. "When ye come together therefore unto one place, this is not to eat (margin "ye cannot eat") the Lord's supper," referring to their abuse of it, while at the same time it was the professed object for which they came together. Now if the breaking of bread in Acts ii. 46, refer to the Lord's supper, then we have the people meeting in the temple for worship, but

observing the ordinance in scattered groups, "from house to house." Alford says the Lord's supper "was an inseparable adjunct in the apostolic times, to their agapae or feasts of love." He also says, "It was necessary for the celebration of the Lord's supper that all should eat of the same bread and drink of the same cup," (See Alford on 1 Cor. xi. 20.) which could not be the case if the supper was observed in different houses, or as the margin says, "at home." Alford says "kat' oikon"—domi, privatim," (that is at home, privately) as contrasted with "en too ieroo," (in the temple).

Moreover, when we find that it was the practice to meet together for that purpose once a week, and if the words in question refer to the Lord's supper, as some contend, then it was observed in this case daily. I cannot conceive that they would go to the temple to worship as a body, and then leave and separate into small bodies to keep the supper.

It has been said that "house to house" means different places of worship, but we have no ground whatever for such a supposition, and to observe the ordinance in their dwellings would be impossible because of the numbers who assembled. I take the words to mean simply the taking of food, as in Luke xxiv. 35, where we are told how Christ was made known to the two disciples "in the breaking of bread," where it is plain the words refer to the partaking of ordinary food. This supposition is further justified from the words which immediately follow: "breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat, &c." in which it is evident that the "breaking bread" and "eating their meat" were identical. We are told they "had all things common," which will in part explain their breaking bread from house to house. May it not have been something like your Annual Convention? namely, in (1) the "continuing daily in the temple," and (2) in "breaking bread" or taking food, "from house to house," or in small companies in different houses, or now in one house, and now in another? Luther translates the words "to and fro," or "here and there in houses."

Melksham, Wilts.

THE DUST COVERED BIBLE.—Some years ago a clergyman in Ireland took for his text one Sunday morning, "Search the Scriptures." In the course of his sermon he quoted a passage from John Wesley, to the effect that the Bible "sometimes had dust enough on its covers to write 'damnation' on it." One of his hearers was struck by the remark, and on her return home repeated it. She was overheard by her brother, who had causelessly absented himself from church that day. The startling thought fixed itself in his heart like an arrow. He retired to his room and took down his Bible. Looking at its dusty cover, and scarcely knowing what he did, he traced on it the appalling words of the preacher.

He looked at them, read them again, and bursting into tears flung himself on his knees, and confessing his past sins, sought grace that he might prize it more in the future. The Bible became his companion, and to his dying hour he bore witness to its sustaining power, and to his joy in the God it reveals.

See how much came from a seemingly random word spoken eight years before.—Heavenly Tidings.

Instead of becoming obsolete by the flight of centuries the demand for the Bible is increasing every day. Never in the world's history has the demand for it been so great as now. It is estimated that two copies of this marvelous book are published every minute, night and day, the year round, and yet the demand is greater than the supply.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—Froude.



TELGU WOMEN.

For the Christian Messenger.

To the Members of the W. M. A. Societies in N. S.

Dear Sisters,—

The following very interesting paper was sent to me by Mrs. McLaurin, of the Canadian Mission to India, now in Canada, stating that it was written for the use of Mission Circles. I knew that the best way of introducing it generally would be through the pages of the *Christian Messenger*. It will be read with pleasure by every one who takes even the smallest interest in the cause of Missions.

You will be pleased to know that at the last meeting of the Central Board, held in Halifax, it was resolved, "That in consideration of Mrs. Armstrong's valuable services in the past, and her continued efforts now that she is among us, to encourage and stimulate us in our Mission work, and since Mr. Armstrong is receiving no salary from the Foreign Mission Board, that \$200.00 be given to Mrs. A. from the funds of the N. S. Central Board as an expression of sympathy and good will."

M. R. SELDEN, Secretary.

A Day in the Cocanada Mission House.

It has appeared to me since coming home from India, that friends here do not so much wish from the returned missionary, general information regarding the work, as they do that which they cannot get for themselves from the printed page. Not theological or philosophic disputations on that grand theme, but a bit of the missionary's own personal experience. Not to be taken over the beaten highway of thought, broad or elevated though it be, but to be led into some of the bye paths, the nooks and corners of our ordinary daily life. I am led to this conclusion from the nature of most of the questions asked or remarks made. Permit me, my friends, to number you among those who would have a near view of the usual round of duties during one day in our Indian Home. Should my subject seem rather egotistical or unworthy of such an occasion as this, please divide the blame. I will try then to picture for you the way in which I was commonly engaged on each Monday during our last year in India, and having the story of one Monday, you have it but for slight variations for the other 50, for life in the East is monotonous to a degree, it is truly a land in which "all things ever seem the same." You will see from this little sketch that where the missionary's wife is a mother and housekeeper, as well as a helper to him, she has much on her hands besides purely missionary work. The children, prisoners in the house from 7 in the morning till nearly sunset, cling to her for the care and companionship, they cannot get from dull and indolent native servant, while housekeeping arrangements are cumbersome and tedious in the extreme. But to begin my story;—it is yet early morning twilight, when we begin to stir, for we want to get a few moments out of doors before the fiercely glowing

sun which seems to leap from its brazen bed has drunk up whatever of faint freshness the morning air may hold. This is one of the most trying hours of the day in the hot season. The night has past in light or wakeful slumber, the sultry morning finds us too languid to speak an unnecessary word. By 6 o'clock, the servants none of whom eat or sleep on the compound, have gathered to their work. The horsekeeper may be seen washing the pony in a tank near by. The cowboy churning the cup of cream in a bottle on the back verandah. The gardener watering the plants. The waterman bringing pots of water suspended from a pole across his shoulder from the distant well. The sweeper (the only female servant we have) with her wisp of

grass for a broom is toiling over her sweeping. "Maly," is fanning a tiny fire in our Telugu stove (?) (which is only the broken half of a chattie) outside the door, while cook who has just arrived, is waiting for directions from "dorasanna." He must be attended to the first thing, so "salaams," being exchanged we proceed to business. I take his account of the previous day's expenditure for our table, tell him exactly what is needed to-day, give him money for the same, and a rupee (50c.) for rice for the beggars, and he is off to Bazaar. Cook "Chiniah" is a fair specimen of the average Telugu servant. He is quiet, orderly and obliging. I never but once was obliged to refuse to speak to him on account of his being indecently dirty, and I never found him trying to cheat me out of more than one third of my rice! He is not a Christian, though he says he would be, only then he could not beat his wife, and he has to do that now and then! He gathers with the rest however, to hear the Bible read, and bows respectfully in prayer. Whatever it may be, it certainly is not faith in any household or temple deity that is keeping him away from truth and God. But what a number of servants I speak of, and there are yet others: the tailor (who does no more sewing in a day than an ordinary seamstress would in a couple of hours): the washerman, and day and night punka pullers, not to speak of grass-cutters for horse and cow. Are all these really necessary? They are, and no one is half so loath to believe it as the missionary. They are necessary, first because we have not strength sufficient to do the work ourselves. Remember that we are actually weakened by the enervating climate of the tropics, while at the same time the utter absence of almost every single thing, that we consider necessary to work with, makes the cooking of a meal or the sweeping of a room, a toilsome and tedious task. But aside from these considerations, we have not time to give to work of this kind. We feel that loyalty to the purpose for which you sent us to India, demands that we reserve our time and strength for nobler labour, and that it is a duty to leave as far as possible work of this kind to hired hands. But you may wonder that two or three could not accomplish the work of one small family. Remember the disadvantage at which they are for want of proper furnishings, and remember too, that the natives of a tropical climate cannot be expected to exhibit the strength and activity of western people. But above all, *Caste* forbids the caste servants doing more than one single kind of work and "Custom" holds the rest to the same rule. *Custom* is the highest law the outcaste Hindu recognizes. Should one insist on his cook washing dishes, or try to compel his cow-boy to groom his horse, each would reply that such was not the "custom," and would not hesitate to throw up their situation rather than submit to the order. The expense and annoyance caused by 8 or 10 of these lazy pilfering servants is a serious burden to the missionary, yet under the present conditions of life in the East, each one is a troublesome necessity. At ½ past 6, we have "early

tea," a light repast of rice flour cakes, and then we gather round our Father's footstool for the Bread that He alone can give. We want His blessing on us. His grace in us. His presence with us, so that through all the common round, the trivial tasks of the day, loving and acceptable service to Him may be woven into the humble fabric of our lives. Prayer over, the keys are taken, the storerooms visited and supplies of such things as are kept in quantities are measured out. Grain for horse and cow, oil for lamps, sugar, rice, &c., all are kept under lock and key of course. A half hour may suffice for this duty, and by that time "Dobey," the washerman is ready for attention. A list of all the articles in the wash has to be made out, and then they are handed over to him to carry away on his back. Shall I tell you how he washes? He repairs to a pond or stream on the edge of which lie large stones half submerged—on one of these he stands, dips the garment in the water at his feet, and then whips it on the stone with all his might. His slapping, pounding, stamping, worrying, goes on till he pronounces the garment clean. It is hard treatment for buttons and strings, and the light fabrics we wear in India, become under it old all at once, when they cease to be new. On Saturday the clothes will be returned, ironed to correspond with the washing. Some things, about the cleanliness of which we differ, will have to be returned for rewashing, notwithstanding indignant protestations from the washerman. Frequently an article or two will be missing altogether, and over these our patience will be heavily taxed on one side, and the truth sacrificed many times over on the other, before he pretends to remember, or promises to return the same. This is to shew what the washing costs, besides what we pay the "Dobey!" By 9 o'clock, the mercury has risen to 95 or so in the coolest spot in the house. The children are longing for their cooling bath, but cook has returned from Bazaar, and they must wait till his purchases have been inspected. We have this duty to go through in every case where a servant has any of our money, or material in his care. We weigh, count and measure everything, to see that his account is correct. To do this is the "custom," so the cook has no idea of resenting it, and we have learned from experience, that it is our only safeguard against being outrageously cheated. There are eggs, curry stuff, sweet potatoes, coarse black salt, bananas, and what he call *mutton*, but which we know is a piece of some tough old goat. There is no use expostulating however, for he will insist that it is "first class mutton," in any case it is probably the best he could get. Do not suppose that cook has carried home these things from Bazaar himself. Ah, no! he has hired a cooly to carry the basket while he in all his dignity marches on before? After cook has been dismissed to the cook-house, we will see what becomes of the beggar's rice. During the past few hours a crowd of native beggars has been gathering under that great Banyan tree near the house. The very old, deformed, blind, maimed, leprous ones, a most degraded and repulsive looking throng. These poor souls to the number of 100 or 125 have come for their weekly dole of rice. Beggars swarm in India. People give to them because in so doing they believe they gain some merit for themselves and because they dread the curse of these poor mendicants. But before the rice is dealt out our good native brother Josiah takes his stand in their midst and in kind simple language, tells them of Jesus who when on earth pitied and touched and healed just such as they—each then receives his portion of the food, and the miserable group disperses to glean here and there a few twigs and straws to cook their morsel. What a wonderful hold caste has on the Hindu mind when even such as these would not receive cooked food from our hands. No, outcaste dogs tho' they be called by the proud Bramin and Sudra they cling so tenaciously to what caste they