

Sunday Reading.

He Leadeth Me.

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes He Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me In weary ways, where heavy shadows be. Out of the sunshine, warm, and soft, and bright, Out of the sunshine into darkest night, I oft would faint with sorrow and afflict— Only for this—I know He holds my hand, So whether in green or desert land I trust, although I may not understand. And by still waters? No, not always so; Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow, And o'er my soul the waves and billows go. But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry Aloud for help, the Master standeth by, And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I." Above the tempest wild I hear Him say, "Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day, In every path of thine I lead the way." So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where The shadows lie—what matter? He is there. And more than this; where'er the pathway lead He gives to me no helpless, broken need, But His own hand, sufficient for my need. So where He leads me I can safely go; And in the best hereafter I shall know Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

History of an open-air Pulpit.

A LONDON CITY MISSIONARY.

BY GEORGE W. H. CREE.

I began to preach the glorious Gospel of the grace of God in St. Giles', in the year 1848. My first text there was "The Common Salvation." Under my sermon a notorious sinner was converted, and became a shining light in a dark place. When spring dawned and the summer was nigh, my instincts as an open-air preacher began to burst forth as the buds on the trees. I could not refrain. Danger or no danger, I must go forth into the streets to reach the poorest and the worst, and let it be noted that they were reached, and also saved, long before the "Salvation Army," with drums and dancing came "marching along."

But where should I stand as an ambassador for Christ? On the Seven Dials, of course. There was no better spot for open-air work in London. Seven streets full of public-houses, bird shops, costermongers' stalls, thieves' dens, and crowds of people buying and selling, shouting and yelling—where could I find a more suitable place?

Accordingly, one Sunday evening, I told my congregation of poor folk in the Temperance Hall, King street, that if they would meet on Seven Dials on the next Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock they would find me on a chair prepared to preach the Gospel to any who might there assemble. "No, sir," said a voice, "you shall not stand upon a chair; I will make you a pulpit." The speaker was a most remarkable man. He was the most intellectual artisan I ever knew, and that is saying a good deal. He knew Greek, Latin, French, History, Physiology, even Literature. His library contained 500 volumes of the best class, and he had read them well. He could write a hymn, compose an essay, deliver a lecture, sing a melody, conduct a debate, and preface a magazine article, and do all these in a masterly manner. His conversion from scepticism to Christianity almost touched the miraculous. While he was yet a sceptic his Christian mother died, and after he had buried her he went into his lonely room, and with her Bible in his hand, he knelt down, and prayed, saying:—"O God, if there be a God, show Thyself to me." In his agitation his mother's Bible fell from his hand, and opened as it lay beside him on the floor. He looked at the page as he picked it up, and, lo! he read these words:—"Fear thou not for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." From that hour he was

loyal to his mother's God and Saviour. He could sing:—

"Once a sinner near despair, Sought Thy mercy seat by prayer, Mercy heard and set him free, Lord, that mercy came to me."

Such, then, was the man who made my open-air pulpit. But all was not over. A tall, nervous, red-nosed man said, "And I will paint it." He, too, was a notable person. He was an ornamental painter and writer, and had been fond of drink, song, and company. He had, however, signed the pledge, was seeking the Saviour, and anxious to bring forth the fruits of a better life. So said he, "I will paint it." My open-air pulpit was, therefore, made by a converted sceptic, and painted by a reformed drunkard.

What that pulpit could tell if it had a tongue! For more than twenty years I used it on Sunday mornings, in summer, to preach the gospel to one of the largest, strongest, most orderly, and I do not hesitate to say, one of the most attached congregations in London. For any man to have insulted or annoyed me would have been to expose himself to a thrashing, there and then, from the women! Dear souls, how they protected me!

On any Sunday morning the pulpit may be seen on Seven Dials. It is still planted there, at ten o'clock, by those good folk who continue the work I began, and long may it be "a witness unto the people."

Our Father's Forgiveness.

BY GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN, D. D.

It is our duty to forgive those who have trespassed against us; and no man can do more than it is his duty to do, and so stand before God on a footing of merit. No, our Father does not forgive us our debts because we have forgiven our debtors; but our having forgiven our debtors is a condition of our Father's forgiving us our debts. If ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses. Forgive us our sins; for we also forgive everyone that is indebted to us: When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any one; that your Father also who is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. For he shall have judgment without mercy that hath showed no mercy. If a man say, "I love God," and he hate his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? Therefore, let it be repeated, our forgiving our brother is an indispensable condition, an absolute sine qua non of our Father's forgiving us. Nothing can possibly take the place of this condition. You may be the Prince of biblical scholars, able to explain every verse and clause of Holy Scripture; you may be the noblest of philanthropists, bestowing all your goods to feed the poor, and giving up your body to be burned; you may be devoted to the church, departing not from the temple, and serving God with fastings and prayers night and day, giving every sign of reverence, devotion, and rapture; and yet if you do not really, from the depths of your heart forgive men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive you your trespasses, and you will die as you have lived, an unforgiven, condemned, lost sinner.

Again; our forgiving our brother is not only a condition of our Father's forgiving us; our forgiving our brother is, also, so to speak, the standard or measure of our Father's forgiving us; Forgive us our debts as, in the same spirit that we have forgiven our debtors. It would be difficult to find in history, or philosophy, or in Holy Writ, a more pregnant or more affecting sign of man's greatness than this little phrase:—"As we forgive our debtors." Elsewhere in the Word we are taught to regard God as the standard of man's action; but here we are taught to regard man as the standard of God's action. We are not bidden to pray, "May we forgive our debtors as, thou, Father, forgivest our debts." But we are bidden to pray, "Father, forgive us our debts, as we have forgiven our debtors." Thus interpreted, this petition becomes an awfully solemn prayer. Happy the man, who in offering it, does not con-

vict and doom himself! Let me illustrate; here is a man, who, through the misfortune of one of his debtors, has suffered loss. Taking advantage of the statute, he vigorously presses it, determined to extract at all hazards the last penny. He goes into his closet and prays: "Father, forgive me my debt, as I have forgiven this my debtor! I told him I was sorry for him and for his family. But the law is on my side, and I will have my rights. Forgive me, Father, as I have forgiven him. Cast me into prison, keep me there till I have paid the uttermost farthing!" Again; here is a man who has been defrauded by another. He, too, resorts to the law, not only to recover his right, but also to obtain, as the phrase goes, satisfaction. Having determined on this course, he goes into his closet and prays: "Father, forgive me my debts, as I have forgiven this my debtor! I have said to him, 'I forgive thee.' Nevertheless I intend to have satisfaction out of him. Forgive me, Father, as I have forgiven him; but take satisfaction out of me!" Again; here is a man who is piqued against another; he treats him politely enough, but he carries a secret grudge against him, and this for weeks and months and perhaps years. He enters his closet and prays: "Father, forgive me, as I have forgiven him! Treat me courteously in the sight of thy saints and angels; but secretly, really dislike and avoid me!" Again; here is a man who has been bitterly wronged by another; he says to him, "I forgive you this, but I cannot forget it." He enters his closet and prays: "Father, forgive me as I have forgiven him! Say to me in words that thou forgivest me; but do not forget my offences! Blot them not out of thy remembrance! Do to me as I do to him!" Oh, how often does this prayer, if offered sincerely mean a curse!—Studies in the Model Prayer.

The Uses of an Enemy.

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

Always keep an enemy on hand, a briak, hearty, active enemy. Remark the uses of an enemy.

1. The having one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy-washy, empty, worthless people, never have enemies. Men who never move, never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried, nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is proof of existence and position; to run against something is proof of motion.

2. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is twofold. It permits you to know that you have faults, and are, therefore, not a monster; and it makes them of such size as to be visible and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault, you desire to know it; when you become aware that have a fault, you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you this valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

3. In addition, your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes light, adjusts surroundings that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing, he will have put you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next, and his mental *qui vive* must be worth something.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not, and who are your enemies. The last of these three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say, or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work. There is not a truthful

man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of all his assertions. Your friend will call your enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through carelessness, repeats the assertions of your enemy, he is soon made to feel the inconvenience thereof by the zeal your friend manifests. Follow your enemy around and you will find your friends, for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to having a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy.—Zion's Herald.

The Women of India.

READ AT THE ANNUAL MISSIONARY MEETING OF THE AMHERST BAPTIST CHURCH, BY MRS. WILLIAM GEORGE.

The superior position which women occupy in Christian lands is solely the outgrowth of the religion of Christ—with himself has he freely given us all things, until so broad is the stream of this great love that every society in Christendom is permeated with the thought which Christ expressed when he said: "Whoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, my sister, my mother, and as a result our social advantages are equal in all respects to those who are called the lords of creation. But how strong the contrast when we look upon the women of those lands who know not Jesus. The Mahometan women is a slave, it may be a petted one, but still a slave. The followers of Brahma confine their women in Zenanas. The Chinese are still more cruel often leaving the infant girl to die in the fields or by the wayside. Burmah is called the heathen woman's paradise, and justly too, but how her lot suffers in comparison with ours.

The Burman parents are proud of their children and humor every expressed wish. The girl in her childhood is as free as the air, playing in gleeful innocence with the neighbors' children, and life is a brief holiday. No clothes hinder her if she wishes to engage in the fascinating game of *wood pies*, no watchful mamma to worry over Lily spoiling her complexion or as she grows older, no grieving over that stupid grammar, or that tiresome history; perchance she will have a baby or two to take charge of, but she makes light of that for a few cries do not disturb her nerves. So childhood passes, and the young lady belle comes out in her bright colored satin, her black glossy hair decked with flowers, her ears hung in heavy knobs, necklaces of gold or cheaper material adorn her neck.

Art too, is called in to whiten the skin, darken the eyebrows, and give a charming red to the lips, and with all this she is so artless, giving these finishing touches to her toilet at any time most convenient to herself in the busy market or quietly seated by the roadside with her little handglass turned to catch the best light of the sun. But these few brief years of happiness have been silently preparing her for the doleful fact that she is a woman. I remember once an elephant passed our house ridden by a woman. A number of carpenters were working there, and what shouts of derisive laughter burst out, to think that noble beast should be thus disgraced. She is only a woman is the sneer that follows her from youth to the grave, taught to believe she is vile, her dress, her shoes.

When she passes before a man she draws her narrow garments still more closely about her and in a stooping posture passes before her noble lord. And further, she is taught she has no mind, but if she is very careful to do exactly everything that man requires in this state of existence that possibly in some future state she may arrive to the great dignity of being a man. With this delightful incentive before she may be called religious.

The women may be seen every worship day, dressed in their best, beads in their hands, wending their way to their *vayat* or chapel which is quite separate from the men's *vayat*. Here in devout attitude, will they spend the entire day fasting, praying and counting their beads. A priest, at the far end of the building, is seated so as to be above them, than with a large fan

before his face lest his gaze fall upon those vile creatures, he reads prayers for them and they respond bowing their heads to the floor. That ends their religion until the next Sabbath day. They go home or rather to their houses, for there is no word in the language that bears any relation to our word home. And here, theory and practice come in direct opposition. She is taught by Gaudama's law by the priest, by custom, that she is mentally, morally, physically man's inferior but yet masculine work is kindly allowed her, tho she must not walk before her husband she has the privilege of carrying the burden. If there is heavy duty work, he will kindly take care of the body. She may plant and reap the rice, care for the cattle, cook the food, scold the children, and carry the purse, and woe unto the man that dares to make much of a bargain without the wife's approval. A Burman woman in a rage is a sight once seen never to be forgotten; her shrill, angry cries, her wild gestures; her vile language utterly ungoverned; her passions have entire control of her. Thus she swings from one extreme to another; In grief giving away to loud shrieks, tearing her hair, and beating the ground in fearful agony. Many a mother has come to me with a heart of sorrow grieving for the death of a loved child. Not a ray of light breaks through the darkness. To her it is separation now and forever.

She gives way to inconsolable grief. When I have told her of my little ones gone before, how Jesus, our God, loved children, how they dwell with Him, and in that Heavenly place they were free from all harm and pain and sin and before many years we should meet never to separate, the sad face would lighten up and she would say; "Can this be true? Wonderful religion that gives woman such comfort." And in many cases the Spirit has taken the broken heart and through the hope of meeting loved ones, she has been led to look to Him, who is the healer of the broken in heart. It is a most serious undertaking to converse with a heathen woman on religious subjects, she is ever so bright or attractive; they would often come long distances to see me and the children. In one of our northern trips, hundreds flocked to see me, saying they had never seen a white face before. These visitors are easily entertained. Your hair, your eyes, your hands are all subject to close scrutiny, and will furnish conversation for some time. Many a truthful tho disagreeable criticism have they passed upon European style of dress. They follow me with interesting questions as I show them the curious things from America. An organ and a sewing machine they class with witchcraft; but leaving these subjects and introducing religion, I receive as much response as if I were talking to stones. Pressing the question in a more personal manner they will say, Oh this is not for us, we have no mind or soul, you must go to the men and talk, the law is for them. We cannot read, cannot think and cannot understand, and finally, as a most conclusive argument, we are women; we are nothing. Occasionally you will find a heathen woman who can read, one who has had force of character sufficient to learn in face of much opposition. Such an one will generally be a keen reasoner, a bigoted Bhudist, and a sincere hater of our religion, hard to reach, and a leader among the others.

Occasionally, too, I have found women who could not read but would reite chapter after chapter from their sacred writings. Such a one was Ah Ye Hlah Win. She came again and again to see me, and I could not see the least desire to be a christian, but the Spirit was drawing her, and before many months she came out a bright christian. For a time she ran well, then covetousness, her besetting sin, led her astray, but she is now waging a better warfare, and will I have no doubt come off more than conqueror. The power of grace is more strongly illustrated in a converted heathen woman than in one converted here. If a woman who for years has indulged in lying, deceit, impure language, gross passions, be brought under the influence of Jesus, we can easily fancy how difficult the life she now attempts. Can anything but the grace of God be

sufficient to save her from disgracing her Saviour? Ah Je Wine, one of my Bible women, had been such a woman. Over 50 years old when converted, she then learned to read by picking out the letters, and so from step to step she went on in knowledge and grace until she became a tower of strength. She never forgot what she read, and understood the Scriptures better than any Burman woman I ever saw. In the same church was dear Mah Own. Christianity was grafted on such a beautiful disposition that seemed to excel in every virtue. Patient in tribulation, gentle, forgiving, strong in faith and hope, and above all filled with love, she always helped me bear the burdens of the work, and was a dear friend; but time would fail to tell of all the trophies I have seen from among even these ignorant Burmese women; their condition and the condition of not thousands but millions of our sisters can only be brightened through the knowledge of Christ. What Christianity has done for us it will do for them. He whose word cannot fail has spoken it. From the rising of the sun until the going down of the same will his name be praised in all the earth. The glory of the Lord shall cover the whole earth. But, wondrous honor in the accomplishment of this eternal purpose, we poor sinful humanity are to be fellow workers with Him! Let me ask you dear Christian sister how comes this great command to your heart—Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature? Does that mean you who are all tied down with family cares, and who only think of heaven as a resting place? Yes, even upon us is laid personal responsibility of the conversion of the heathen. Whether we go to the foreign field or remain at home the claims of the heathen are alike binding upon every christian; your prayers, your gifts are needed, Freely ye have received, freely give. This responsibility is our duty now, then may we sing with the psalmist, "God be merciful unto us and bless us and cause His face to shine upon us. Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee. God shall bless us and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. From India.

LETTER FROM REV. J. R. HUTCHINSON.

Dear Editor,—Some years ago there lived in Bimlipatam two men, both Brahmins, one of them a school teacher whose name I cannot now recall, the other a clerk, by name M. Sithamariah. The two men were like brothers. They were always together, and frequently, in their evening walks, went to the sea shore, there to talk and read—to talk about God and His Son Jesus Christ, and to read the New Testament. For the school teacher had so long listened to Christian teachers that he believed. His knowledge of the way of salvation he imparted to his friend, Sithamariah; and as it ever must be, for "ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," he believed also. The teacher now desired to profess Christ openly; but as soon as his friends learned of his intention, (I think he had applied to Mr. Sanford for baptism), they began to dissuade him. What the nature of the persuasion, in its earlier stage, was, I do not know, but at all events he could not break away from caste and its ties. Shortly after this time the man fell sick,—a slow, wasting sickness, that seemed to kill him by inches,—until at last he died, of consumption, it was said; or, according to some, and among them his friend Sithamariah, of consumption of poison. He died without becoming a Christian, as his friends intended he should die.

His death was a sore blow to his companion. It set him to thinking. He saw his own dangerous condition, and determined to get out of it. He resigned his clerkship, and telling his brothers that he was going to Vizagapatam, went to Bobbili and asked Mr. Churchill for baptism. In the conversation that ensued, Mr. C. inadvertently asked him if his friends knew he had come to Bobbili, and how he had got away from them. He had told them, he replied, that he was going to Vizagapatam. On account of this falsehood, and for some other good reasons, Mr. C. declined to baptize him at that time. In the meantime, Sitha-