

Sunday Reading.

For the Christian Messenger. God Knows.

Whether my path be strewn with flowers, With fragrance like sweet Eden's bowers, Or filled with chilling frost and snows, Enough for me to feel, God knows.

If choicest treasures be removed, 'Tis that my faith and love be proved; If here affliction heavier grows, Oh! pleasing thought, of this God knows.

If here is found no peaceful rest, And earth can never make me blest, If earthly friends are turned to foes, My heart rejoices that God knows.

When passing through sorrows lone vale, And human strength begins to fail, So that my days on earth must close, Of this momentous change God knows.

As nearer comes the heavenly shore, Whence travellers return no more, And o'er the feet cold Jordan flows, Faith whispers graciously, God knows.

And when before the pearly gates My ransomed soul admission waits, Rejoicing over all life's foes, This is my joy, my name God knows.

April 24th, 1882.

HAWTHORN.

Reason and Faith.

You know, beloved, the Scripture hath laid a flat opposition between faith and sense. "We live by faith," says the apostle, "and not by sight or by sense." They are as two buckets—the life of faith and the life of sense; when one goes up the other goes down; the higher faith rises, the lower sense and reason; and the higher sense and reason, the lower faith. That is true of the schools. Reason going before, faith weakens and diminishes it; but reason following upon faith, increases and strengthens it. Besides, you know Paul says, "Not many wise," &c. Why not many wise called? Those that are wise consider the things of God in a more rational way, and therefore not many wise are called. It kinders them from the work of believing. Luther says well, "If you would believe, you must err; that is, you must believe that God would not have us so full of wherefores, and if you would believe you must go blindfold into God's command. Abraham subscribes to a blank when the Lord calls him out of his own country.

Besides, you know the great field that faith hath to work in—the large and vast orb and sphere that it hath to move in. Faith can go into the old Testament and come back again to the soul, and tell the soul, I have seen a man whom God hath pardoned, and why may he not pardon thee? Faith can run up to heaven and come home again to the soul and say, I have seen the glory there; be of good comfort, there is enough in heaven to pay for all. Faith can run unto God's all-sufficiency, to God's omnipotency, and having viewed that well, it returns home again to the soul and says, Be quiet; there is enough in God alone. Faith having seated herself upon the high tower and mountain—God's omnipotency and all-sufficiency—hath a great prospect. It can look over all the world, and look into another world too. But now reason—it gets upon some little mole-hill of creature ability, and if it can see over two or three ledges, it is well; and, therefore, oh what a pain it is to faith to be tied to reason! I suppose you will all say that if a man were able to go a journey of two or three hundred miles afoot, he were a very good footman; yet if you will tie him to carry a child of four or five years old with him, you will say it would be a great luggage to him; and the man would say, "Pray, let this child be left alone; for though he may run along in my hand half-a-mile, or go a mile with me, yet notwithstanding I must carry him the rest of the way; and when I come at any great water, or have to go over any hill, I must take him upon my back, and that will be a great burden to me." Thus it is between faith and reason. Reason at the best is but a child to faith. Faith can foot it over mountains and difficulties, and wade through afflictions, though they be very wide; but when reason comes to any affliction, to wade through that and to go over some great difficulties, then it cries out, and says, "Oh Faith, good Faith, go back again; good Faith, go

back again." "No," says Faith, "but I will take thee upon my back, Reason. And so Faith is fain to do indeed, to take Reason upon its back. But oh, what a luggage is Reason to Faith! Faith never works better than when it works most alone. The mere rational considering of the means, and the deadness thereof, is a great and special enemy to the work of believing.—William Bridge.

Judas's Convert.

I once knew an infidel. He was one of the charming and lovely ones of this world; was a great favorite with his friends, among whom were some true Christians, and many church members, who were not worthy of the Christian's name. These latter so misrepresented to the upright generous hearted infidel, the religion they professed, that he was more and more confirmed in his unbelief. To be sure, he was obliged to confess to himself that certain other friends of his were sincere in their efforts to live a good life, and to please a Being they imagined was interested in them.— "But," said he, "they are naturally honest and good, and their little notions about their Christ, as they call him, cannot do them any great harm." He was so keen and so presumptuous in his wit, whenever any of these good people, yearning over him and longing for his salvation, attempted to reason with him and to show him his danger, that they really dreaded to introduce the subject of religion in his presence. Thus he went gaily along in his unconscious spiritual danger and death. But he had a faithful, praying wife. Oh, how she loved him! As she looked upon his frank, handsome face, and listened to his musical voice, singing often the psalms and hymns she loved, tears of tenderness and sorrow for his blindness would start to her eyes. But she had learned that words were of little profit in his case. He never resented anything she said to him; but he did what even more troubled her,—turned all into sport.

But the wife believed that God's promises were firm—meant what they said and not some other good thing—she prayed on; and waited as patiently as she could for the answer.

One day her husband surprised her by saying: "I'm going to read the Bible all through, just as if I had never seen nor heard of it; and when I've finished I'll tell you how it strikes me." You may be sure her prayers were not forgotten while her husband read.

Long afterwards he told the story of that reading. He got along, somehow, through all the Old Testament, and until he came to the betrayal in the New, explaining things away as best he could. When he found that Judas had betrayed Jesus he felt pleased. "He knew that the claims of Jesus were unjust, and that he was an impostor. He did right to deliver him up to be punished—I would have done just so," he said. But he read on. When he found that Judas repented, and said he had betrayed an innocent man, and threw away his money, and went and hanged himself, our reader was confounded. "Judas knew," was his honest thought. "If, under such circumstances, Judas acted thus, his testimony is true. And if an innocent man, Christ was what he claimed to be and all he says is true—and I am a sinner and lost—unless I go to him." Thus the testimony of him who betrayed his Master was used by the Holy Spirit to convince this infidel, and to save a soul from death. Truly,

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

Nothing is too hard for him. In ways we little dream of he is working to answer prayer and to save souls. Let us be faithful, and wise in our faithfulness, and let us pray on, nothing doubting, for God's promises are sure.—Augusta Moore.

It is amusing to detect character in the vocabulary of each person. The adjectives habitually used, like the inscriptions on a thermometer, indicate the temperament.—H. T. Tuckerman.

Honour is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.

I didn't ask to be saved.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

John Hayne was a young man much given to the use of profane and reckless speeches, and when the village pastor was talking to him about his soul's welfare one day, and asked him if he was not grateful for the offer of salvation, he said,

"No, why should I be? I didn't ask to be saved."

"Well, you will have to ask, or you will not share in the unspeakable blessing," replied the minister, and noticing a look of surprise now stealing over the young man's bold face, he continued:

"A young relative of mine was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and for hours was in a state verging upon unconsciousness. After lying a long time on the damp ground he became aware that there were voices near him, and although he could not move as much as one of his fingers or his eyelids even, he thought he felt a hand softly placed upon his heart. Then he became aware that a nurse, he knew that it was a woman by her voice, was pleading with the regimental surgeon, who was on the field, to make one more effort to save some poor fellow's life. Presently he realized that he was the object of her solicitude.

"He is so fine looking and so strongly built," said the nurse. "His natural vitality must be great; besides, sir," she continued in a reverent tone, "he may have a wife, or a mother, or a sister praying for his safety now."

"It's no use to spend time over him," said the surgeon, gruffly, "but if you wish to stay by him you can. I can do nothing for him and must move on. Remember, if you remain, you will run the risk of being left here in the night on the field."

"Very well," replied the nurse bravely, "I will take the risk and shall do all in my power to resuscitate and save this poor fellow, and only immediate attention can avail now."

"Presently the soldier became conscious that his jaws were being gently forced open and that some powerful stimulant had been given him. It was not long before he revived sufficiently to be carried to the hospital, and in good time he entirely recovered. His life had been saved by the prompt and faithful efforts of that faithful nurse.

"Now what if I should tell you," continued the pastor, as he earnestly looked into the face of the young man who had just made the coarse and flippant speech, but who was all attention now—"what if I should tell you that that soldier was ashamed of the noble young woman who risked so much to save his life—that he subsequently went about bragging that he had never asked her to save him—that he had not the least acquaintance with her—that he refused to acknowledge even that she had been of any service to him, and never mentioned her name except in a slighting reviling way?"

"I should say he was a mean, contemptible ingrate," replied John Hayne impulsively. "He was not fit to live; his life was not worth saving."

"Very well," said the pastor, "but this nurse only by a little temporary sacrifice of comfort on her part, at the same time being in the pay of the government, was the means of prolonging the soldier's paltry life for a few brief years in this world of care and sorrow on the cross and died for you to redeem you from sin, and now offers to make you an heir of eternal life. And yet I have never heard you speak of him, or of those who love and try to follow him, with common respect even."

"My dear sir," replied John Hayne, "I have never looked at this thing in that light before." Of course an ungrateful person is the meanest person living. I promise as much as this now. I will never use the Lord's name lightly again."

The pastor did not press the subject any further at that time. He had set the young man to thinking. Not long afterwards John Hayne was converted, and he says that little lesson on ingratitude brought him to a saving knowledge of Christ.

We can't be too much on our guard against resolutions, lest we rush from one fault into another contrary fault.

New Israel.

A new Hebrew sect has just sprung up at Odessa, called New Israel. The following are the tenets of the sect:—

- 1. Every member of New Israel acknowledges the great wrong which has arisen from the explanations by Rabbis of Babyle and Jerusalem of the Laws of Mose. He altogether despises these explanations, and only admits as Holy the Pentateuch of Moses in its literal sense. 2. New Israel recognizes as the first working day of the week, Monday, and, not wishing to oppose Christian opinion, celebrates the Sabbath on Sunday, which agrees perfectly with the sense of the second chapter in the book of Genesis and the Fourth Commandment. 3. Resting upon a verse of the Bible, in which Mose acknowledges the right of future generations to alter religious ceremonies according to the spirit of the times, the New Israel suppresses the ceremony of Circumcision of children, which they consider dangerous for feeble or weak infants; instead of this, on the eighth day after the birth of the child a short prayer is read, by which the little child is received in the bosom of the New Israel. The suppression of this ceremony is in conformity with the spirit of the Prophet Ezekiel who understood it in a moral sense, as is clearly expressed by the words of the prophet when they are fairly constituted. 4. Many Hebrew prayers are suppressed and new ones are made in accordance with the feelings of the New Israel, in the ancient Hebrew language, but without any intermission or mingling of the middle ages and Hebrew poetry. 5. They name their meeting-house the Church of the New Israel, with the distinctive representation on the dome of the shield of David. 6. They suppress the obligation for the Hebrew Talmudists to write the Pentateuch on parchment rolls, and they recognise as good the printing in vellum books with the old Hebrew letters "Jehovah, elohi Israel" (Jehovah, God of Israel). 7. Every member of the sect has a right to kill birds and animals, and to feed on the flesh of animals killed by Christians. 8. All the historical and religious Hebrew feasts are celebrated, excepting those added by the Talmudists. The half feasts are also celebrated. 9. Every member of the New Israel acknowledges the country in which he lives, and uses it in family life. 10. All the members acknowledge all the civil and criminal laws of Russia, and they shall endeavor to cause all their friends to submit to the military service. 11. It is forbidden to the members of the sect to exercise profession of money-lenders, usurers, or keepers of houses of tolerance. 12. All the efforts shall be made to induce the Russian Government to acknowledge the legality of the sect and to get some immunities for it. 13. From the day of the legalisation of the sect, for a whole year, the members will bind themselves to give to their newborn infants the name of Alexander or Alexandra, in honour of the Emperor. 14. The Government will be asked to grant all the rights of citizenship to the members of the new sect, and to allow marriages between the New Israelites and Christians. 15. The New Israelites, to show their independence from the Talmudists, will ask the permission of the Government to wear a special sign to distinguish them from the other Hebrews.—Jevjne Kraij Kharkov.

A Secret Meeting.

Years ago the Rev. Dr. Hill, of Virginia, related the following story: In his youth he entered Hampden-Sidney College, where, at the time, Christianity was little respected among the classes, and the institution did not contain a single Christian student. Young Hill did not live a religious life, but he retained religious impressions from the teachings of his mother, who had recently died. The memory of her life and words thrust itself upon him in all his associations, and the scoffing and profane fun of his classmates at serious things disturbed his conscience. He endured this for a long time, till it became a question whether he would quite give himself up to the influences which surrounded him, or make a serious effort to resist them. He had no Bible. He did not like to

procure one for fear he should be ridiculed. At last from a friendly family in the neighborhood, he borrowed a religious book. It was the work of a Scottish minister, and full of plain and holy truths.

Young Hill took his first opportunity to read it, first locking his door, and hoping he should not be disturbed. Before long a student clamored so boisterously for admission that he was obliged to let him in. The book lay on the bed, and the visitor took it up and looked at it with surprise.

"Hill, do you read such books?" Momentary cowardice made the young man hesitate, but he mastered himself and replied:

"Yes, I do." "Well, said the fellow student, with unexpected emotion, 'you may be a Christian, but I can't. I came here a professor of religion, but I struck my colors and went over to the enemy.'

They had some further conversation, and Hill learned that there were two other well disposed fellows in the college who might welcome his confidence, and finally it was decided to invite them to his room. The four young men met and tried to hold a religious meeting. It was a new thing to them all. Their efforts were crude and incoherent enough but they were sincere. Their attempt to sing attracted listeners, and then the storm burst. A mob of students crowded the hall, and the uproar was such that the college officers had to come and disperse them. That evening at chapel prayers the President inquired the cause of the disturbance and learned the truth. He assured young Hill and his three friends that they should be protected.

"You shall hold your next meeting in my parlor," said he, "and I will be one of your number."

Saturday came again, and the meeting at the President's house was attended not only by the four students, but by half the college. That was the beginning of a work that swept through the institution. Ridicule and reckless impiety were silenced, and scorners became worshippers. The influence of the new religious life in the college spread through all the town and into the surrounding country; but its most interesting results were in the young men who first felt its power, and who had their long future before them. Some of these, like Dr. Hill himself, became clergymen, and the student who interrupted Hill in his reading became President of a college in the West.

So did one good old book, cherished by a single hungry heart—a little good seed—grow itself into a forest of trees—make itself felt, and prove a seed of large blessing.—Presbyterian.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Tipping.

Mr. Editor,—

The heart of a young and unsophisticated writer is always in a flutter on seeing his productions in print. The omission of a comma, or transposition of a letter fills him with a most indescribable horror and despair. But when he catches up the paper and finds a critical thunderbolt hurled at his head by some literary Titan, he feels that there is still some hope for him. It is true that he is very much hurt—if the bolt hits; but should the critic be a man of name and good family, he is assured that there is yet "balm in Gilead." Imagine my feelings, then, on reading in the MESSENGER of Feb. 15th the criticism on one of my letters by a brother of the illustrious name of BROWN. Why, oh why, have I not drawn the attention of Smith and Jones?

Although the communication referred to savors strongly of that English impudence which prompts the asking for a tip, yet, had it not been for the third sentence, I would have said, "Let it pass for English humor." But I want to remind the writer that he has violated one important rule of criticism, i. e., "Should the critic begin by throwing doubt upon the writer's veracity, the criticism must close by calling him a liar."

"Tipping" is the noun form of the verb to tip, which means in Provincial English "to bestow a gift," and is so used by Thackeray, Dickens, and other standard writers, to say nothing of its everyday use in England in the same sense. The Englishman who asserts that the practice has not or does not prevail in England, possesses, to say the least, a very large share of that dogmatism which is peculiar to his race. It is true that the practice is discountenanced by employers; but the fact remains that "tipping" is as common among the middle and upper

classes as beer-drinking among the lower; and

"Facts are chiefs that winna ding, And dawna be disputed."

In many railway stations you will, indeed, find notices warning the public; but when a traveller's time is all spent in searching for a porter who is not "engaged" he has but little opportunity for reading posters. In how many restaurants, however, will you find a similar notice? Here is an experience related to me which I believe to be true. A young man, who was a fellow-passenger with us to India, in coming to the South Doeks took the train at the Fenchurch St. station. On leaving his cab there he looked about for a porter to move his luggage. Finding one he stated what he wanted. The porter, who was standing idle, replied, "I'm engaged, sir." The young man, (who, by the way, was a London boy and not a green Nova Scotian), repeated his request to several porters, and from each received the same reply. Finally, he found one who consented to move the boxes for sixpence. This the traveller refused; and on reporting the case to the Superintendent, a friend of his, the porter was dismissed. And this conduct on the part of the porter is common—so I am assured by friends long resident in England—in a hundred-and-one instances where we are accustomed to look for assistance as a right.

The same thing is true of all eating-houses. Unlike those of Japan where (it is said) you are allowed to carry off what you ought to leave behind, you are here compelled to leave behind what you ought to carry off. Although I have eaten in no other English city than London, and am wholly ignorant of the ways of such a country town as Melkham, yet I have satisfied my appetite as purse and opportunity afforded in eating-houses ranging all the way from the shilling dinner of Billingsgate fish, to the excellent table d'hote on High Holborn, and in all have found the "tip" an important part of the meal. I am not, however, prepared to say that this did not depend upon my phiz; a prepossessing appearance, like my critic, I believe will often save one's purse if not his brains.

As to tips on the streets and in churches they are still far more common on the one than Spurgeons, and in the other than good sermons.

And who, even though he be a poor missionary or straightened Baptist minister, has not had, in crossing the Atlantic or going to the East, an experience of this kind, which he ranks next to seasickness among the unpleasant things of the voyage—as something which you don't want and yet can't easily get rid of. As a fair example I beg to refer you to page 60 of last year's Convention Report.

The practice of "tipping" does, then, exist in England, and I hope no one will overlook the truth in order to maintain his national honor. "A tip" is the established watchword which will admit anyone willing to use it to the ordinary Englishman's heart. On a large scale it frequently admits men to a seat in Parliament, while many a fat holding in the church is nothing more than a "tip."

But "tipping" is not unpleasant to the nature of Englishmen. It is only foreigners who whine. A man in bestowing a tip gratifies his own pride, and satisfies the greed of the receiver. It is a cloud with a silver lining. It helps one to see the bright side—of the sixpences. It teaches us that many instead of being "earnest in the search for good" are earnest in the search for food—or, if you please, drink. While observing the shrewdness of others in gauging your probable gullibility, it affords a fine opportunity for the study of that prominent feature of English character, acquisitiveness. The English do not like the Americans to recognize the system, because after American bestowed shillings the public servants do not take kindly to English-bestowed coppers. This is not the first time that English mosquitoes have shown their predilection for American blood. But having, in a measure, been cured of that, they now sing "Gime your money."

My own case, I believe, was an "exceptional" one; I "tipped" while in England to the extent of about two shillings. Compare my gullibility to Spurgeons' after that I have never seen J. R. HUTCHINSON. Chitacool, India, April 10, 1882.