

Sunday Reading.

"Unto the End."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

Final perseverance may well be regarded as one of the crowning gifts of divine love. It is the Kohinor among the jewels of mercy. It is an attainment which will test to the utmost the noblest graces; and display the grandest attributes of God. Perseverance in itself is admirable, but carried on to the last hour it will be glorious. Happy and honoured will he be who endures till the end.

Men in middle life are best able to judge of the strain involved in being "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." To mount up with wings as eagles, and even to run without weariness, are by no means such attainments as to "walk without fainting" from year to year. It may be true that "it is the pace that kills," but for our part we find it no small test of life to continue in the race from youth to age. "Having done all, to stand" is such a thing as God alone can work in us, even the God who for ages has sustained the heavens and the earth.

The element of "stay" is a fine one, and if it be altogether lacking in a man's character its absence is fatal. Often have we seen the best intentions, the most earnest resolves, and the most sensible schemes dissolve into thin air because patient endurance was not called into action. The new minister, when he took the pastorate, projected a grand enterprise, started a journal, opened new rooms, delivered courses of lectures, gathered various classes, commenced a crusade, inaugurated several societies, and did,—well, everything possible and impossible—upon paper. Where are his projects now? Where the societies, the classes, the journal, the aggressive movements? They survive in the radiant memories of those who live on the past because the present affords them little or no provender. A boy's crackers on a bonfire night are the fit emblems of many "a great work," which in our time has been for a moment "seen of angels," and then buried, man knows not where. Yet, is not permanency in religion the test of sincerity and reality? and may we not judge that things which have a speedy and untimely end cannot be of God? In this light the flashes of the moment and the coruscations of the hour are not so much things to smile at as to mourn over. Have not many things which seemed to be of the Lord proved to be poor human notions, since they have consumed away like smoke, and passed from us as the morning cloud? Alas for the faded hopes and withered projects which strew the ground thick as leaves in autumn!

Surveying the wrecks of others, the cautious sailor thinks of his own vessel, and prudently considers whether his barque may not one day be added to the register of ruin. God grant that it be not so. Yet it would be no small wonder if such were to be the case, for who shall for ever swim where so many drown? Certainly, it will need all the strength that can be had to keep the head above water year after year. It is easy enough to stand fast for a while, but to remain as a pillar in the house of the Lord,—this is the work, this is the difficulty. A man might not find it easy to burn at the stake in a sharp fire, and yet that would be a small feat as contrasted with standing hour after hour amid the smoking faggots, and having limb by limb consumed by the gnawing fires of green wood. One might joyfully lay down his head on the block, to offer up his life by one stroke of the axe; but how different it would be to die a piecemeal death of long-drawn agony, a week of torment apparently never to end!

A great statesman, the other day, celebrated his seventieth birthday by a retrospect of his life; it is meet that old age should look back. To us, however, in the middle of the stream, it seems more natural to look around on present circumstances. Years ago, at a younger age, our tendency was to look ahead, and long for a great future; nor would we forego the habit, but still the pressure of long years, and growing burdens, and a sense of diminishing strength unite to keep the eyes occupied with the things of to-day, and the connection of the present with the infinite and eternal. It appeared to us when looking forward that the Christian life would require a power far beyond our own, but now we more intensely feel the certainty of that fact, and were it not for divine help we should give up in despair. If still sustained, after all these years of conflict, grace must indeed have the glory of it, and here upon the altar of the present we would

offer the calves of our lips, giving glory to the Lord, the God of our salvation. Doubtless divine love will be glorified in the closing hours of the mature Christian, but it is emphatically magnified in the stern period when the burden and heat of the day are on the labourer, when the novelty and romance of youth are over, and the nearness of the reward is not yet vividly certified by old age. Of all parts of the stream, the hardest to ford is the middle: there the water is deepest, the current swiftest and the footing least secure. Lord, hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. This is the prayer which oftenest leaps from our lips.

"Thus saith the preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity." We have lived long enough to experience the hollowness of earth, and the rottenness of all carnal promises. Our work, though it be holy, presses heavily upon the shoulder, and we see not all the fruit of it which we expected in earlier days. Many strong helpers have been taken away by death, and the enthusiasm which made our earlier friends leap forward with their aid is not repeated to the full at a second sound of the clarion. The decline is only apparent to fear; but apprehension has the eyes of a hawk, and spies out the smallest discouragement. The world grows better very slowly: we sometimes fear that it grows worse. The church relapses to her former sloth; the good are weary, and the wicked wax impudent; the times are out of joint, and evil days are threatening. What can happen better to a man than to go home? Happy is he who is taken from the evil to come, or hears the sound of his descending Master's coming ere yet the shadows of the day are lengthened to the utmost.

Thus does middle age prose when it is under the influence of its most sombre hour. The ink grows thick, and the pen is clogged, and makes black strokes and heavy. The subject should be treated in a more believing manner, and written of, not according to the flesh, but after the spirit. Doubtless length of days tries our graces, but what length of days have we to speak of? We who are sighting fifty, or passing beyond it? Half a century is a trifle in the life of God. True, there is a flagging of human energy, and the warm blood of youth cools down; but our Christian life never stood in the strength of the creature, and hence it cannot flag, since the Creator grows not old, nor is his arm waxed short. The same power which begat will preserve. Omnipotence first made the believer rise into newness of life, and until it fails his life will continue ever fresh and young. Well said the Psalmist, "All my fresh springs are in thee." What if others suffer shipwreck, yet none that sail with Jesus have ever been stranded yet. Purposes, plans, and achievements of men may all disappear like yon cloud upon the mountain's summit, but, like the mountain itself, the things which are of God shall stand fast for ever and ever. Now is the time, in the lull of natural energy, to prove the power of the Holy Ghost. The trees of earth as they pass their prime decrease the quantity and quality of their fruit: it is a mark of the trees of grace that they still bring forth fruit in old age to show that the Lord is upright. The faithfulness of God may be relied upon to work a growing faithfulness in his people. Never so conscious of dependence as in this middle passage, never so certain of the all-sufficiency of God as in this noontide of the day, we joy in the Lord and look for even richer mercies than ever.

Young men trust God, and make the future bright with blessing. Old men trust God, and magnify him for all the mercies of the past. As for us, we mingle gratitude and expectation in equal portions, and pray to stand in this present hour, faithful to the Master in whose grace we trust.

INFANT EXORCISM IN ENGLAND.—In the Liturgies of King Edward VI., of England, the following exorcism was required of the officiating minister at every baptism of infants.

"I command thee, unclean spirit, in the name, &c. that thou comest out and depart from these infants, whom our Lord hath vouchsafed to call to his holy baptism, to be made members of His body and of his holy congregation. Thou cursed spirit, remember thy sentence, remember thy judgment, remember the day to be at hand wherein thou shalt burn in fire everlasting, prepared for thee and thy angels. And presume not hereafter to exercise any tyranny towards these infants, whom Christ has bought with his precious blood, and by his holy baptism, calleth to be of this flock."—King Edward's Liturgies, pp. 108, 109.

The Christian at work puts a practical truth when it says that the Week of Prayer will be a blessing if it is followed by a year of work.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. Missionary Correspondence.

FROM REV. GEORGE CHURCHILL.

Dear Bro. Seiden,—

Possibly you, or some of your readers, may be asking, why it is that the missionaries do not write more frequently for the papers.

Well, if it were worth whilst to make excuses, perhaps I might offer some that would seem at least plausible. For my own part, I shall only mention two reasons for my having written so little. For the last two or three years my hands have been too busy with other tools, to allow me much time for handling the pen. The other reason is that I have had so little that seemed worth writing about, that I have not felt like taking up the space in our papers.

Now that I am more at leisure, so far as regards building, I must try to redeem lost time, if material for correspondence can be found.

VISIT TO CHICACOLE.

Having lately made a visit to Chicacole, and a short tour in that neighborhood, in company with Brother Sanford, it may interest some of our people at home to hear what was seen and done. The immediate cause of our going there, was to have the deed registered which conveys to Bro. Sanford, as Sub-Treasurer of the Board, the Chicacole mission property.

We left Bobbili on Thursday, Nov.

3rd, and reached Chicacole early in the morning of the 6th, spending Friday under a Mango tree, and Saturday with an English family residing at Palkondah. The only thing of note on the way, was the sight of four bears the evening we left Bobbili. The first one was sitting near the road as we drove past. The other three were sitting in the middle of the road and waited till the bandy in front was within ten paces of them. One of our men called out, and I jumped out of the bandy, and there they were sitting as quietly as possible. I called to Mrs. C. to look at them, and the sound of my English, I presume startled them. They moved to the edge of the road, where they stood, till I shouted at them and then they ran a little way from the road. One was full-grown and the others a little smaller. I was sorry my gun had been left at home, as there would have been no difficulty in knocking one over.

At Chicacole we found Miss Hammond well, and happy in her work. She is thoroughly busy, and things are moving on prosperously. She has had a difficult trying position to occupy and deserves more credit and sympathy, than, I fear, she has received. But she has worked her way through and her path, I trust, will be smoother now. There seems to be harmony and a spirit of sympathy existing between her and all under her charge, which must be very pleasant to her.

On Sabbath evening an English service was held at the mission house, at which quite a number were present. Bro. Sanford arrived on Friday morning. In the afternoon we tried to get the deed registered, but the registrar, a Brahmin, not understanding, or pretending not to understand the law relating to such documents, refused to register it till he could communicate with his superior, which would require a week or more, and for which we must wait. This was a little annoying and would have been much more so, had we been in a hurry to return home. But a letter from Bhagavan Behara, our ordained preacher, saying there were three men waiting for baptism, had decided us to go out and see them. We started on Thursday evening and early next morning reached a small engineer's bungalow, where we spent part of the day. Starting again in the afternoon, we drove on over a road that was very rough and bad part of the way.

At 9 P. M., we reached a bungalow occupied by a European gentleman on whom we called. After an hour or two of pleasant talk, we adjourned to our bandies to get something to eat. He came out and sat down with us and what with eating and talking we sat till twelve o'clock.

Then, as the road was too rough to

travel by night, we lay down in our bandies and slept till near morning. Starting again we drove on and reached Akulatampara, our stopping place about 7 A. M. The two Christian houses are on the outskirts of the village. In the one belonging to the widow, a room was set apart for our use. It was not a very grand apartment, nor would the furniture compare very well with that of many of our people at home, but it answered the purpose of "a prophet's chamber," nevertheless.

The Christians were waiting for us and gave us a hearty welcome. Soon after our arrival, the three candidates for baptism presented themselves, along with the naidoo of another village who was baptized by Bro. Armstrong. He has been trying to live as a Christian and heathen at the same time, but came at length to see it was a hopeless effort, and decided for Christianity. Some time before our visit, he had made a feast and with the three new converts, sat down and ate with the other Christians, thus publicly breaking caste and renouncing heathenism. From what was told us we gathered that there was a great crowd and a great row, but no violence was offered. With the three new converts and the naidoo, i.e., the head of the village, we were on the whole much pleased. The latter especially, is a very superior man, of much influence, and capable of doing much good. Of the other three, one was a carpenter, bright and intelligent in appearance, and anxious to become a preacher. Another was a brother-in-law of the naidoo, a man of decision and character from his appearance.

The third was the Komatee, or merchant caste. He was not quite so prepossessing as the other two, but still a superior man.

The latter and the carpenter are allowed by their caste to wear the sacred thread, but had thrown it away when they broke caste.

RECEPTION OF CONVERTS.

A church meeting was appointed for the afternoon, at which the three related their experience, not so fluently of course as they might have done, if they had been born and brought up in a Christian community. But it was considered by the other Christians as quite satisfactory and the vote to receive them was hearty and unanimous.

As representing the Chicacole church, there were present the eight members living in the two villages and five from Chicacole, who went with us—four of them boys in the schools and one a colporteur. These with ourselves and two native preachers from Bimlipitam, made quite a respectable gathering in point of numbers.

The arrangements were of a very primitive order. Our two travelling chairs served us, while the others sat on the bare earthen floor, some in the house and some on the verandah. In the yard in front, most of the time, there was a larger audience of heathen looking on. The naidoo and the other three men live in a large village named Komanapalli, just across the river from Akulatampara, and they desired that the baptism should be on their side. So the naidoo invited us all over to take breakfast at his house. We and the other three were coming across the river every morning to eat with the other Christians, as their own people would not cook or do anything for them.

Sunday morning was somewhat rainy but between the showers we crossed the river in a dugout, i.e., a large log scooped out. Along one side was a large crack caulked with rags, and my first step into the boat, brought out a lot of the caulking, and the water came pouring in in a stream, so we had to wait awhile for repairs.

After a short visit to the naidoo's house we went down to the river side. A large crowd had gathered, but as it rained, only a part of the people followed us. No opposition whatever was offered and during the whole service the order and attention were very good. Returning to the house, preaching to the people, who had gathered round, at once commenced and went on for two or three hours till breakfast time. After this was over as the rain continued, at it we went again. The people listened attentively and showed no hostility. The naidoo spoke and made, what I considered, a very effective speech. To close the ceremonies, just as we were leaving, the naidoo

brought his child along to be named. He was a boy fourteen months old and had been waiting for his name for some time, till the missionaries should be present at the ceremony. There had been some doubt as to the proper name so it was decided by lot. Three names, Samuel, Timothy and Benjamin were written on pieces of paper and the one drawn by the father was to be the proper one. After prayer by Brother Sanford the father draws out a piece of the paper on which was written "Timothy." Thus the name was settled upon. This finished our work on that side, so we came back to Akulatampara

TO OBSERVE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

While waiting for preparations, the Rajah of the town came to see us and we had a long talk. He seems well disposed towards Christianity, of which he has quite a knowledge; and friendly to the Christians. In the evening twenty-one sat down to the Lord's Supper. Quite a company this, in an out of the way heathen village, in the midst of a heathen country. May the Lord speedily and greatly increase the number in those two villages.

A school is needed at once and the Christians were urged to do all they can towards establishing one. Judging from what we saw, we hope ere long for an accession to the number of Christians in those two villages. In Bhagavan Behara we have a good man, not so energetic, I feel, as he might be in going out among the heathen, but exerting a good influence wherever he goes. We need many more such men. May the Master call and prepare them and send them out into this vineyard.

VISIT TO KIMEDY.

On Monday afternoon we crossed the river to the East side, and started for Kimedy. The road running nearly East, lay between a valley on our right and the hills on our left, with occasional offshoots from the main valley, running up nearly to the hills. One of these was especially noticeable. Near the road it divided into a number of narrow valleys running up toward a notch in the hills. Through this must flow quite a large stream, from the quantity of water seen. This water has been so distributed as to afford a stream to each of the narrow valleys, and the sound of the water gurgling and singing along sounded like home. The sound of running water, except in the rainy season, is a rarity in this country. The narrow strips of higher land are covered with tamarind trees which in general appearance resemble our elm trees. The valleys were covered with a very fine rice crop.

We reached Kimedy in the evening and camped in the middle of the road. Next morning having found shelter under a mango tree we started for the town. After going through the bazaar, as we were on our way to see the new palace, we were called into a shop and turning aside to see what they had to sell, we were offered our choice of wine—brandy, gin, whiskey, &c. This afforded Bro. Sanford a text for a temperance sermon and the shop keeper soon found out his mistake. While the lecture was going on inside, I had a talk outside with a native Christian and a Brahmo Somaj man. The latter was very unsatisfactory. We afterwards visited the new palace which is being built by government for the young rajah. This is a very fine affair, but it would be useless to try to describe it. The cost is estimated to amount to six or seven lakhs of rupees, or \$300,000. Kimedy is certainly a prettily located town and there ought to be at least a good native preacher there, or better still a missionary, if one can be found to endure the climate. Starting in the afternoon, we drove on through the night to a town called Juganakapooram.

Here lives one of our Christians, who has literally suffered the loss of all things for the sake of the gospel. I do not know how much has been written of him heretofore. By birth he belongs, I believe, to the Rajah caste, his wife being the daughter of the present Ranees. When he became a Christian she left him. Then he was driven from the house he occupied but allowed to occupy another belonging to the Ranees. Five or six months ago a suit was brought in court to turn him out of that. This was decided against him, and I presume legally, but instead of being properly dispossessed by law, the

Ranees' people tore down and burned his house and drove him out. We hoped to see the magistrate to enquire into this, but he was away from the town. I think we ought to look into the matter further. At present, the man is living in a poor shed, under a tamarind tree, engaged in teaching a school of poor boys. What his influence is in the town, we could hardly tell from the short time we were there. I fear, however, it is not very great, for it is one of the hardest towns I have ever been in—full of idols temples and Brahmins. The people however, listened respectfully to our preaching.

RETURN TO CHICACOLE.

Leaving the town in the afternoon, we drove to Nursanpet, a distance of eighteen miles. Going into the town after breakfast, we spent the forenoon talking to those who would listen. Just as we were leaving in the afternoon one of our native helpers told us of a young man who professed to believe in Christ and wanted to know more of the gospel.

We reached Chicacole Thursday evening, just a week from starting. On Saturday afternoon a church meeting was held, when two of the school girls were received for baptism, and Nathan the school teacher, his wife and mother, were accepted upon a letter of dismission from the Berhampore church. After the baptism Sunday morning, Bro. Sanford had Telooogoo service in the school room; in the afternoon the Lord's Supper was observed, and in the evening a preaching service in English was held.

GOING HOME AGAIN.

Monday evening saw us separating, Bro. Sanford for Bimli, we for Bobbili, where we arrived safe and well Thursday morning, Nov. 24th. Our visit did us all good. I came back much stronger than when I went away. The school seems to have been going on in our absence much as usual, and the native preacher from his report, had been working faithfully. It is not given me to report much success yet, in any part of our mission. And it may be that on account of this lack of success therefore on the field, together with the late "unpleasantness" at home, the faith and zeal of some may be flagging, while some may even be thinking of giving up altogether. Be it so, only let such be assured that the work will go on with or without them, and that success is sure in the Lord's own good time. He can afford to do without us better than we can afford to do without a share in His work. Now is a testing time in the history of our mission and the faith that will not stand the test is not such as the Lord can accept and bless. But let all who have real faith in God's purposes of grace and in His ability to work out those purposes, unite in prayer and liberality in giving, and success will come as fast as we can make use of it to advantage. May each of us do well our work, assured that if faithful in the part assigned us, whether it be in preparing the ground, in sowing or reaping, we shall each have a share by and bye in the glad "Harvest Home."

G. CHURCHILL.

Bobbili, Dec. 5th, 1881.

For the Christian Messenger.

Ordination at East Point, P. E. I.

A most interesting meeting was held with the East Point Baptist Church, on the 27th ult., to consider the propriety of ordaining to the Gospel ministry brother R. B. Kinlay, who was for some time a preacher in the denomination known as "Bible Christians"; but having discovered that infant baptism—is to say nothing of infant sprinkling—is not taught in the Bible, and that, therefore, the practice of it is inconsistent in a 'Bible Christian,' he identified himself with the Baptist denomination, and in October last was called to the pastorate of the above mentioned church. The meeting was called to order by Deacon Scott. Pastor J. B. Woodland was appointed moderator and the undersigned secretary. After prayer by Pastor M. Ross and singing by the congregation, the following list of delegates was prepared:—

- Cavendish—Pastor J. B. Woodland and Geo. McNeil.
Charlottetown—Pastor D. G. Macdonald.
North River—Pastor C. C. Burgess and Peter Warren.
West River—Pastor M. Ross.