

Sunday Reading.

The Wind.

Have you listened to the wind, my dears, To the strong wind when it roars, When it whistles about the windows, And rattles and shakes the doors? Have you heard the soft wind whisper, Did you list to the gentle breeze? Have you heard the sad wind murmur And sigh among the trees? Have you listened to the glad wind, To the fresh wind when it sings, When it drives away the storm clouds And golden sunshine brings? Shall I tell you about the winds, my dears, And what they do and say, What they bring to us as the seasons change, Scarcely resting by night or day.

O fiercely comes the North wind From his haunts of ice and snow, With his breath so cold And his strength untold, Over the earth to blow.

He tosses the wintry clouds on high And sends the frost from the clear cold sky, The birds and the brooks will cease their song, The flowers will die if he tarry long; But the children's hearts must grow bold and strong, For to work, to work, is the north wind's song.

Then cheerily, steadily work away, The cold, bold north wind blows to-day.

O gently comes the South wind From the sunny land of flowers, With his touch so light And his fairy might, With sun and sparkling showers.

The snowbanks know him on his way, And shrink like winter ghosts away, He sets the brooks from their fetters free, There is joy and music o'er land and sea; 'Tis a welcome song the south wind sings, And joy to the children's hearts he brings. Be happy, oh, fling dull care away, The gentle south wind blows to-day.

O gloomily comes the East wind With darkness and clouds and rain, And his sullen will

He breathes o'er the hill and plain: He broods o'er the sea and the waters roar, And the waves rise high on the pebbly shore, And the tall trees know when he draws nigh, And they bend and whisper and sob and sigh, Oh, a wild, sad chant is the east wind's song, And the children sigh if he stays too long. Oh, for blue sky and the sun, we say, The gloomy east wind blows to-day.

O cheerily comes the West wind From his home in the sunset land, And the day will seem Like a golden dream

With earth by the fresh breeze fanned, The storm clouds knew him and fled apace, The trees stand erect in their grandeur and grace, Bending o'er all is the deep blue sky, And still waters reflect the peace shining on high.

A song of the sunshine the West wind sings, When he comes at morn on his golden wings; Fill all your heart with sunshine to-day, Oh, children rejoice and be glad on your way.

O, the winds blow every way, my dears, But our Father knows them all, He sends forth the winds at His own wise will,

And the winds return at His call, He sends the east wind and the rain, Then the fields grow green and fair; And the north wind and the south wind, And the west in His tender care. Then we'll trust to the all-wise Father, For He knows which is best, Be it strong or gentle, or glad or sad, From the north, south, east or west. —N. Y. Ez. M. R. P.

Probably few realise the wonderful progress which the Baptist cause is making in the eastern portion of Europe. In the Annual Report of the American Missionary Union for the present year, under the head of 'German Mission,' it is said: 'It is especially significant to note the rapid extension of the missions carried on through the German committee towards South-eastern Europe. Beside the interest in Hungary, which has been in progress for some years, our brethren are now engaged in successful labours in Austria, Bohemia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and are thus penetrating toward European Turkey. In South Russia the people seem to be especially favourable to Baptist views. There are already hundreds in that country who are Baptists in everything but name. And during the past year the German committee have made an appropriation from the funds sent them from this country, for the support of an evangelist in Southern Russia and the Caucasus, whose labours carry him even to the borders of Persia.'

There are now represented in the mission-field of Africa no less than thirty-four distinct missionary societies.

Of all ruins, the ruin of man is the saddest to contemplate.

From Salt Lake City.

We have seen more than we expected to, for we have been in the house of one of the wives of Brigham Young, and had a long talk with her. Being Yankees, we ask, naturally enough, questions; and as we were riding about in a street car, some woman entered, who volunteered an answer, here and there; just as she left us, there came another woman, who, seeing we were strangers, immediately began pointing out objects of interest, and finally asked where we were from. We said, 'Pennsylvania.' 'I came from that state, too,' said she; and little by little we found out that she was the niece of one of our old neighbors! She told us she came here in '47, although she had been baptized into the Mormon faith in '44.

When the Mormons first emigrated from Illinois, they came in detachments of one hundred; she came with the second detachment, and the grass had grown sufficiently to cover the trail of the first company, so that they lost their way and did not find it again for days; they also fell in with Indians, who would only be friendly so long as they gave them their blankets and valuables. In the midst of her story, she stopped the car and after wishing us good-day, left us, and we did not expect to see her again, but her curiosity got the better of her, and as we made the return trip, she entered the car again, and after some further chat, said, 'Here is my house, and if you will come in for a while I shall be very glad.' Of course, that was the thing we were anxious to do, and we accepted, at once.

There was a high wall in front of the house, and a small yard between it and the front door through which we were ushered into a long hall. On the opposite side of this hall from the door she wished us to enter, were a lot of old boxes piled up, in which she had hidden her key, and she had quite a hunt for it. When found, she unlocked the door of a room sufficiently cheerless to make one heart-sick, and the first thought that crossed my mind was, 'Is this all you got in return for what you gave?' A large photograph of 'Brigham' hung on one side the wall, and a miserable daub, intended for herself hung opposite. In another place was a picture of the twelve apostles (Mormon), done up as you have often seen the faces of our Presidents in a country tavern; and over the mantle was the painted photograph of 'Sister Snow,' the sister who has made a catechism for the faithful, and questions and answers for the juvenile department. She also edits a paper, 'called 'The Woman's Exponent.' (When we first saw the sign, 'Woman's Exponent Office,' we thought it must be an intelligence office.) In the centre of this room stood a round table, covered with a dark flannel cloth stamped in gaudy colors, and on it were a Mormon bible and a photograph album. The latter I longed to open, but did not dare. The furniture, which was scanty in quantity, was covered, first with black hair-cloth, and then with dust, and both looked as if they had lain just so since Brigham first entered Emigrant Canon.

One of our party ventured to say to Mrs. Young No.—, that she had been here so many years, she must be a thorough Mormon by this time. Raising herself to her full height, she said proudly, 'I hope so. I try to be, and if you would only let the light shine on you and interpret the Scriptures rightly you would all be Mormons too; but the trouble is, you have no faith.' Then she told us the remarkable history of Joseph Smith and his interviews with the angels, and how, with divine aid, he had translated the Scriptures from a language he had never seen before, into our tongue; and then she told us of miraculous faith-cures, and mentioned one instance where a woman, after prolonged suffering from rheumatism, had decided to send for the 'elders' and have their hands laid on her, when she rose immediately, took her children and started for Salt Lake City (She lived in Switzerland.)

'What did her husband say?' we asked.

'Oh, he was not a believer, and she was enabled to slip off when he did not know of it.'

So the poor woman ran on until we took our leave. I wanted to go through

the house, as several wives had lived in it, and I wished to find out if their apartments were all alike; but she did not offer, and we hardly liked to ask such a favor. I did, however take, a peep into the yard, where were old tomato cans, and broken dishes, boxes, and all sorts of rubbish, but not a flower nor a blade of grass. The whole place was utterly cheerless and dismal; and she had lived there all these years without even washing the windows or so it seemed to us.

I asked, how long 'President Young had been dead; and, after thinking awhile, she said, it was either five or six years, she really could not tell which; and to the question, how many children did he leave? she said she had no idea whatever. (Most widows remember all about such things).

Yesterday we visited Fort Douglas, a lovely spot, kept in beautiful order at Uncle Sam's expense. It is about three miles from here, and is high enough to afford a beautiful view of the city and the mountains surrounding it. Col. McCook is in charge of the fort.

On our way home, one of the children asked for a drink, and the driver went into a house and borrowed a pitcher and tumbler, and then dipped up the water out of the gutter alongside the street. We drank and found it cool and very refreshing. The stream comes down from the mountain, and is used for irrigating purposes, each property-holder being allowed to turn it into his grounds for a specified time once a week. Without this, the city would wither and die.

I ought to have said before that Brigham's favorite wife has a fine house to live in, with beautiful grounds. We have been to the old man's grave, where he lies, at least securely, under an immense slab of granite, while the only wife who has followed him thus far, lies under the ordinary mound near by, with neither head nor foot-stone, and only a common weed growing on the side towards Brigham's.

The population of Salt Lake City is about twenty-five thousand, one-fifth of which is Gentile. There are churches of all denominations nearly, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Catholic, and two Episcopal. A large portion of the emigrants being English, when they leave the Mormon faith, as many do, they naturally turn to the established church of their native land. The Baptist Church, when finished, will be the finest Gentile Church in the city.

In the sun, the heat is intense, while in the shade it is a little too cool for comfort, and the air so dry, that, no matter how hard a horse pulls, he does not seem to perspire.

The bathing in the lake, fourteen miles distant, is said to be delicious, and trains run out several times daily.

On Sunday afternoon, we went to the Mormon Temple and heard their service, which was remarkable in many respects. The crowd reminded me of Spurgeon's Chapel, while the want of intelligence in the faces of the 'Latter Day Saints,' as they call themselves, made me think of a house of correction or a penitentiary; and although it was communion day, there was no more solemnity about it than about a circus. The organ was fine and tolerably well played. There were several other instruments: cornet, violin, cello, and double bass viol, and a choir of about one hundred voices. They had a leader and the music was good, but it lacked spirit. How can a woman sing, or do anything else with spirit, in a land where she is kept in such degradation? If she had any spirit at all, one might think she would use it in running away. We heard a great many verses, but we had no book, and could not tell what they were like. The first prayer was uttered in a low, monotonous voice, and I only caught one sentence, 'Bless us on this momentous occasion.' After the second hymn, the sermon and the communion began together.

On the Communion-table were twelve silver-plated mugs, with a handle on each side for convenience in passing, and these mugs were flanked by six ordinary plated pitchers containing water (they do not use wine, I believe). Behind these was a row of cake-baskets, and several loaves of bread; and behind the table stood seven men, whose duties were to prepare the elements for distribution.

If these 'seven' were 'men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom,' then appearances were deceitful. They did not look it. While breaking the bread, they chatted and smiled and winked at each other; and when they had filled the baskets, they handed them over to several boys and men, who gave of them to the faithful. When a basket came back empty, one of the seven would knock the crumbs into one corner collect them in his fingers, and eat them, when he would refill and hand back to the boy. All this time the preaching was going on in a loud voice, heaping abuse upon so-called Christians, and exalting the Latter Day Saints far above the angels. 'No Mormon would condescend to be a mere angel,' he said; 'they are to be equal to the Son of God himself.' Twice the speaker halted for a moment, to allow one of the seven to mumble a few words over the bread and water before they were distributed. With that exception, he kept straight on for nearly two hours, in a tirade of two ideas,—glorifying themselves, and abusing all others. At the conclusion of this discourse, the choir sang, 'Now Elevate the Sign of Judah,' and we were dismissed.

Thus ended the most remarkable religious (?) service I ever attended. It was evidently intended for the public as their instructions to their people are all given in the different ward-houses, privately; further comment upon such a service is quite unnecessary.—Nat. Baptist.

Prayer Meeting Address to the Newly Converted.

BY REV. G. H. SPURGEON.

Your period and the beginning of your confidence is one of the most important kind. I do pray you do not be taken up altogether with the joy that usually comes of it so as to make that a main evidence of your conversion. Whenever young people say to me "I know I am converted, I am so happy," I am afraid, so far as it goes it is good, but do you not remember what is said of that seed which fell upon the rock, "Anon with joy they received it; yet as they had no root it withered away?" It is natural, it is right, it is proper that the first days of knowing the Lord should be very full of joy, but do not you set too much store by that, because in a few days that may go, and if you trust in that, where are you when that goes? If you have joy keep it. Pray God that you may always be joyous up to your very last day. There is no reason why you should not. At the same time it is not the main thing, and it is not always a sure sign that you have got the right thing.

One of your first duties now that you have come to Christ is to see that you come really and thoroughly. Get rid of the last remnant of trust in yourselves. Do come to Christ wholly, entirely. Do not go on paddling on the shores of grace, but go right in, get into the waters and swim. Your own frames and feelings, doings and prayers, do not trust them at all. For know, if you get a little bit of self in, it will be like a piece of diseased bone in your arm. It will work out. It will breed all manner of mischief. Cast yourself wholly on Christ. Do not let these beginnings of yours be the result of excitement, or of persuasive conversation by some good, loving person who talks to you. Come to Christ by yourselves. Not through somebody else. Pray that you may have a personal faith in a personal Christ, and may yourselves get a real grip of a real Saviour. Do begin so that you may not have to begin over again. I have heard of persons who cannot sew well. They get a garment and make it up, and then it has to be unpicked again. They say it is more trouble than if they had let it alone. It is so with many conversions—all has to be unpicked, and it is a lot of trouble. I heard of a gentleman who taught Greek. After a while the class went to another gentleman, and he said that it was more trouble to get the wrong teaching they had received out of their heads than to get the right teaching in. To unlearn is more trouble than to learn. Pray that you may get an inner experience of truth, that you may not have to go over the land again.

One of the first things you have to do in starting for heaven is to confess your faith. Need I remind you of that word, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation?" The whole Gospel—God forbid that any minister should only preach half of it—the whole Gospel is this, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall

be saved." The two things are put together. People say to me, "Cannot we be saved without baptism?" I answer, "Form your own opinion about that, but as far as the text puts it the two are joined, and I dare not, at my peril, leave anything out." "But," says one, "I can be saved without it." Very likely, just so. Is that all you care for, to be saved? As long as you can get your skin to heaven, that is all you care for. Therefore, you will be saved on those lines. But where a man is saved, he is saved from selfishness. He says to the Lord Jesus Christ, "Lord, I am prepared to do anything Thou bidst me, whatever it is. If I am saved, I am Thy disciple; show me what Thou wouldst have me to do, and 'Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads, We follow where He goes.'" Without that I don't see how a man can be saved. I believe there are multitudes of God's people in heaven who never saw the truth upon this matter, who acted up to their light and to their conscience, but this makes no difference to the teaching of the Word itself. There it still stands. Blessed be they that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, not part of the way, but everywhere walking in His steps.

I want you young people, and old people too, that have lately been converted, to pray God that you may be very holy. This is the next thing we want—holiness of life. Get rid of every sin. Do not allow anything in yourselves or families, as far as you have power of it, that would grieve the Spirit of God. Put away everything that is not pure and honest and true and of good report. Do not let there be anything unclean in your life or conversation, or in business anything overreaching, anything of a bad tendency. I am always sorry when I hear of a person, "She is a very good woman, but she was suckled on vinegar." There are some people after that kind. It is a great pity. Such people never save any others. People say, "If that is a Christian, God! Lord, deliver us from such Christianity!" We want to have gentleness, joy, goodness, love, patience. If these things be in you and abound, and I pray they may, it is well to begin with them soon. The commencement of life often affects the whole of life. I fancy when a man begins to be a Christian, and he never tries to pray in public, or conduct family prayer, or go to a Sunday School, or do any work, he generally grows up a sort of dumb Christian. He does not begin young, and the old gentleman thinks he cannot do it now. He should have begun when he was young.

When you are brought to Christ consecrate your substance to the Lord. When men are scrupulous at the very first they generally remain scrupulous to the very end. There is no curing them of those early faults. Pray God that you may have the making in you of a first class Christian. There is no reason why we should not go to heaven in a first class carriage—not be like those who are always crawling along like the parliamentary train, crawling along very slowly, and having a very rough time of it.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following article from the Baptist Missionary Magazine, September, will be full of interest to the friends of missions to the Telugus:—

One Year in Madras.

BY REV. N. M. WATERBURY.

The tendency of an Indian climate is to produce an excessive irritability of nerves and of temper, such as renders it a difficult task to learn those cardinal virtues—gentleness, patience, meekness, long-suffering, and love. You who are in America think it is hard to be a missionary. It is comparatively easy to be a missionary: the hard thing however is to be a Christian. For unnumbered generations the Telugu people have been soaked in idolatry and buried in lust, and you must not wonder that a church gathered mostly from social outcasts some among these are still lacking in native backbone. I believe that the most wearisome work a missionary is called upon to do, is this one of furnishing the backbone of character and of will to hold up one or more bodies of native converts.

Sometimes the missionary grows fretful and impatient, forgetting how gentle and patient the Master has been with him. Sometimes he grows self-righteous, forgetting to follow back his own sins to the same principles that underlie the sins of Telugu men. Sometimes he grows arrogant, forgetting that the Lord has sent him here, not to rule, but to serve the people. Happily, too, he sometimes grows humble, and there is ample opportunity for an ordinary missionary to be humble. Some shrewd man has said that it is most fortunate if a missionary can get through his first year without doing any harm.

If a missionary could learn Telugu perfectly before he comes here, so as to be able immediately to engage in active work among the people, he would make far more mistakes than we do now. Even at the best, an Anglo-Saxon cannot understand a Telugu. Their dispositions are as opposite as the poles. A frank, bold, open Anglo-Saxon misunderstands and despises a secretive, timid, deceitful Hindu; and a calm, gentle, timid Hindu too often fears, despises, and hates his Western brother. Every missionary must endeavor to learn the character of the

people, and the study would not be satisfactorily completed in twenty lifetimes. Without this knowledge, or some degree of it, very much of our preaching must be ineffective, for lack of adaptation to the knowledge and to the needs of the people.

The Telugu language belongs to a family of South Indian languages called the Dravidian languages. The Tamil, also, which is used in Madras and south of here, belongs to the same family, and is closely allied to Telugu. As the educated class for ages have been the Brahmans, and as their original language, perhaps, and their literary language always was Sanscrit, the Telugu language and the Tamil as well are full of Sanscrit words, and even now both languages are being enriched constantly from that source. Many of the Sanscrit words have become better known than their Telugu equivalents, and many others have no Telugu equivalent. This is especially true of abstract and theological terms. The vocabulary of pure Telugu words is not so rich as could be desired; but, with Sanscrit to draw from, I know of no reason why the capabilities of Telugu should not be fully equal to English.

The language is strictly phonetic, and a bright boy ought to be able to spell every ordinary word the moment he has mastered the alphabet. A spelling-book is a thing quite unknown in Telugu schools. The Telugu alphabet is the most beautiful one in all the world,—beautiful alike in form and in sound. Every letter is a circle, or circular, and the common rule is for every syllable to end with a vowel. The language is thus beautiful to the eye and melodious to the ear, and it well deserves the name of "The Italian of India." There are in its alphabet more than fifty sounds and a corresponding number of characters.

Many of these sounds are entirely new to an English mouth, and it is a work of prime importance to learn to articulate correctly at the outset. For example, there are three sounds of S, four of D, and four of N; and an English ear must be trained to help the tongue. The vowels, except when initial are combined with the consonants, and a consonant is rarely incomplete without its vowel.

ABOUT MY FIELD.—It is a hard place. If a Christian city is full of temptation and of vice, what must be a heathen city? My heart has often fainted in the past few months. Then I am without a good knowledge of Telugu, and with just one native preacher.

I was almost ready to leave Madras and its tens of thousands of Telugus, until God taught me a lesson from the words we were studying in the Sunday school. The wind here in Madras has seemed most decidedly contrary, most persistently so; but, even though we wait until the fourth watch of the night I am confident that we shall see the Lord coming to us upon the water; and that we shall then arrive quickly at our desired haven. I was just ready to come to the Master, and to say of these Madras multitudes, "Send them away;" but he has spoken to me and to the weak little flock with the five barley loaves here, saying, "Give ye them to eat." We are going to do it, my brethren; and you must pray for us and strengthen us while we endeavor in this desert place to feed the Telugu multitudes that are near us.

PROSPECTS OF MISSIONS.

By Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D.

And, after all these journeys, what are my impressions of the work of missions, and its probable success? Grand, unutterably grand. The prophecies of the Old and New Testaments never loomed up before me with such magnificence and such significance,—like mountain-tops catching the early radiance of the morning, and gradually bathing their whole forms in splendor; like the budding beauty of spring-time, already bursting into the blushing exuberance of summer; like the streams from the hillsides, even now swelling into mighty rivers, and transforming themselves into seas and oceans. I seem to see the work of reducing the whole world to the sway of Christ, no more a thing of anticipation, but of actual fulfilment. I seem to myself to stand on some commanding height, and to discover the triumphal procession of the sacramental host marching with music and banners into the fortress of the conquered earth; and the flag that waves on the battlements is the flag of the King of kings and Lords of Lords. I am sure this world is to be given to Christ for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; and I already hear, from a hundred directions, not merely the tramp of the advancing armies hastening to the victory, but of the soldiers of the mighty Prince returning from the conflict, and mustering for the ceremonies of the day of coronation.

Mrs. Currie writes to the Link of eleven being baptized recently, one of whom walked twenty miles to receive that ordinance. A postal card from Mr. Timpany also reports baptisms.