

Sunday Reading.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Command of Jesus.

Go thou and do likewise.—LUKE x. 37.

BY R. S. MORTON.

Come Christians one and all, Attend the Saviour's call, Promptly obey. He saith to thee, "Arise, Go where the sufferer lies, Wipe tears from weeping eyes, Do it to-day."

Go to the worn and weak, And kindly to them speak A cheering word: Help them their load to bear Of toil, and pain, and care, Their trials do thou share, I am the Lord."

Go then, and with them pray, Whether by night, or day They for thee call: God will thy prayer receive, And will all those relieve, Who steadfastly believe Him, LORD OF ALL.

Where pain and sorrow reign Go, sing in soothing strain Of Jesus' love; Sing of the cross He bore, The crown of thorns He wore, That we might evermore Have peace above.

Where want of earthly good Is felt, and understood, Do thou repair; A cup of water take, And to the hungry break Thy loaf, for Jesus' sake, He'll meet thee there.

Thy loving deeds He'll own, And from His kingly throne To you will say, "Ye did it unto Me; Come now, my glory see, And dwell at home with me In endless day."

There, in that world of light, On Heaven's exalted height, We'll sweetly sing: The crown of Life we'll wear, And raiment white and fair, Eternal bliss we'll share With Christ our king. Millville, July 3rd, 1884.

For the Christian Messenger.

"He leadeth me."—"The Lord will provide."

BY REV. W. H. PORTER.

So many passages of Scripture teach the above sentiments, that one would suppose that Christians could have but one clear, definite opinion concerning them. Still with many, and good people too, there seems to be more or less of uncertainty and vagueness, in reference to the subject of a Divine, personal, and special Providence.

The circumstances about to be related are so strikingly illustrative of the subject that we give the simple details, in the hope that they may strengthen the faith of some, in the reality and truthfulness of our motto.

"HE LEADETH ME."

Some months ago, owing to hard times, and the failure of financial support in consequence, the Rev. Robert Fountain, of Leis, Eng., became obliged to leave his loved people, and find a field and living for himself and wife and five small children. But Mr. Fountain had certain definite convictions, viz.: that if he was the Lord's servant, it was not his to seek and choose where or how he might labor; but it was for the Lord to show him; and it was his duty and privilege to look up, and trust to Divine guidance. Such were his convictions, and he felt willing and resolved to test his Divine call to the ministry upon the strength of them.

With many a prayer did he and his wife remind God of their position, and of his promises. Such as Psa. 32. 8; Is. 30. 21; 42. 6; 58. 11.

Weeks passed, and the term of his engagement was rapidly expiring, still no opening. Friends urged him to correspond with vacant churches, or to seek some field by advertising. In short, to use methods commonly or frequently resorted to. "No," he said, "if I am the Lord's servant, he it is who shall direct me to the sphere of labor he intends me for." "Well, but we have common sense to use in such matters." "Yes, and the best way to use it is to trust in God." And so he was incorrigible.

The days flew, and relations grew uneasy or annoyed at his—what seemed to them—neglect of duty to his dependent family. Why not? No stores laid up, and nothing to trust to or rely upon, but Divine Providence.

Meantime his mind became impressed with a growing desire and feeling of duty to go to Canada. He had a sister living at the Suspension Bridge, and after much prayer, he resolved that if nothing opened in England, and Providence furnished him means sufficient he would come to Canada. No call in England came—till after he had made arrangements to come away—and funds necessary seemed providentially furnished. He came, bringing his family, like Abraham, a stranger to a strange country.

Arrived at his sister's, one morning after talking over the prospects, his sister said to him, "Well, Robert, I am impressed that you ought to go over to St. Catherine's and see Mr. Porter. A member of our church lives in the same house with them." "Well," said he, "I have been impressed with the same thing; I will go to-day." He came; told me who he was, and where he was from, showed me some letters of commendation, &c., and after satisfying myself, or being satisfied, that he was a good and worthy brother,—as it was not difficult to believe him to be—I said to him, "Bro. Fountain, see here," taking a post card out of my pocket; "this card has been in my pocket for several days, addressed, as you see, to a young minister (a student) at Woodstock, headed, and with my signature, but what to fill into it I have not known. The young man was down here a few Sabbaths ago, and wanted to come and spend his vacation with us, laboring in connection with this church, in the several needy districts around. We have been wanting a man. But whether we could support one, or whether he was the right one I could not tell. Now possibly the Lord has sent you. Stay over the Sabbath, and we may see." I sent the card, telling the bro. not to come.

Our church, after hearing Bro. Fountain, and my statements and proposition concerning him, with almost entire unanimity, decided to furnish him a house, and if the way opened, and the funds came, to continue him as a sort of missionary assistant; otherwise to help him till some other field opened for him.

By voluntary and cheerful contributions of furniture, provisions, and cash our Brother is settled with his family, as comfortably, at least, as he has been for years, with over \$100 ahead, given and promised, and not a cent in debt.

To-day the words of David and Solomon, or rather of Him who said to Moses, "I am hath sent thee," speaking through them, in Psa. 37: 3-5, and Prov. 3. 5-6, seem more real and truthful, and precious to him and his wife than ever. May they be so to all of us. I must now run with a picture or two, as the final touches for the home of my associate, "For ye know the heart of a stranger."

Cheap Religion.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Cheap pews, and even free pews, in God's house, are very desirable for all who have a scanty purse. No owner of an immortal soul should ever be excluded from the Gospel for want of money. But cheap religion is entirely a different thing, and is an arrant delusion. Some preachers, in their desire to recommend the freeness of Gospel grace, often hold out the idea that "it is the easiest thing in the world to be a Christian." Very little allowance is made by these rosewater and sunshine teachers, for the stubborn depravity of the human heart, for the prodigious power of the adversary, and for the hostile atmosphere of a wicked world. Noble old Rutherford used to say in his incisive fashion, "Many people only play with Christianity, and take Christ for almost nothing. I pray you to make your soul sure of salvation, and the seeking of heaven your daily work. If you never have had a sick night and a pained soul for sin, ye have not yet lighted upon Christ. Look to the right marks; if ye love Jesus better than the world, and would quit all the

world for him, then that proveth that the work is sound."

That amiable youth who came to the Master with the inquiry upon his lips, "What good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" evidently supposed that he had a smooth and easy track before him. There is something exceedingly touching in the *naivete* with which he says to our Lord "All these commandments have I kept from my youth up. What lack I yet?" The Omniscient Saviour read that self-righteous youth through and through, and he thrust the probe into him until it touched the quick. Selfishness was the ruler's besetting sin; that sin must come out, or there was no hope of an eternal life. Magnificent was the prize which Jesus set before him, but the sacrifice must have some proportion to the prize. "Give up your possessions, and take up a cross for me." Those were Christ's terms; he would not cheapen them. If the young man had been willing to part with his self, and to cast in his lot with the persecuted Son of God, he might have been immortal in the same bed-roll with the fishermen of Galilee, and the tent-maker of Tarsus. But he clings to his lucre, and goes away *frowning*. He will not pay the price. That frown of disappointment and disgust which lowered on the brow of that selfish youth, was probably a precursor of the heavier frown which should yet meet him when he stands before his rejected Saviour as a rejecting Judge. Millions have made the same fatal mistake with that self-indulgent ruler. They want heaven, but want it too cheaply.

Christ never promises smooth water and fair winds to his followers. This world's breezes do not blow heavenward. Christ never intended His Church to be a vast flotilla of tow-boats and barges, pulled along by his almighty power over a sea of glass. Every Christian is in his own boat. He has his own oar to pull, often against a savage head-sea; he has his own rudder of conscience to steer with; sometimes he must bail out the dangerous leakage of secret sin; he has got to "work his passage" until he reaches the desired haven. Christ will keep his eye on him in the hardest hurricane, as he did on the "little boats" on Galilee through that night of tempest. Not a single vessel, no, not the tiniest fishing-boat that is launched for Christ, and keeps near to Christ, will ever founder. But heaven is only reached by a hard pull, and a strong pull, and a steady pull to the last moment, which brings us in through the breakers of death into the harbor of glory. It will not be a cheap heaven when we get there, but worth a million-fold more than all the conflict and sacrifice it cost us to win the "prize of the high calling."—New York Evangelist.

Fourteen Hours in a Syrian Diligence.

BY MRS. C. L. GOODELL.

It is seventy miles from Beirut to Damascus over a finely macadamized road, smooth as a floor, evenly graded, nowhere very steep, and of uniform width all the way. This road was built by a French company, and is the only road in Syria.

We were waked at 3 o'clock in the morning. After a breakfast of hot coffee and eggs we took a carriage and rode to the square from which the diligence departs. It is too large and ponderous a vehicle to thread the streets in search of its passengers. It is divided into two compartments entirely separate from each other. The front is a coupe, holding three persons, and commanding a fine outlook; the back is arranged with seats like an omnibus, accommodating six persons. There are three seats outside in front, just above and back of the driver. The rest of the top is devoted to baggage.

A lady friend was my companion in the coupe, our husbands taking the longer route on horseback. Two young physicians from America, connected with the Medical College in Beirut, sat outside. Two French soldiers and an Arab with his two wives and three children filled the rear compartment. By means of a large shawl which the Arab suspended across the inside of his carriage, his wives, who occupied the two inner seats, were completely screened

from the gaze of the other passengers, a miniature harem. So our company for the day was made up. The conductor sat by the driver, ready to render necessary service. Six strong horses, three abreast, were attached to our diligence, and at half-past four o'clock, by the light of the moon and stars, in the gloam of the morning, we started out from Beirut on the sea, at the foot of Lebanon. During the day there were twelve changes of horses, thus requiring seventy-two horses to take one to Damascus.

It had been a matter of interesting conjecture with us ladies who should be our companion in the coupe, for we learned the seats were all engaged the day before. A friend told us we should be fortunate if some stalwart Arab did not sit between us and smoke, so when a dark-looking native threw in his shawl and took a seat by our side we were prepared for the worst. He wore a red fez on his head, and a large silk scarf around his neck, and was dressed in the costume of the country, in black flowing drawers and short jacket. In the dim light of early morning we could not discern his features, but with increasing light I noticed a kindly look on his face. He soon pulled out of a deep pocket a fresh, new Arabic Bible, bound in black morocco, and showed me, pointing to the inscription on the fly leaf, "Yusef Hamoud, from Louise Proctor. John 5: 39." For a moment I felt reproved. I had packed my Bible in my valise; he carried his in his pocket to read on the way, which he afterwards did. He did not speak English, nor I Arabic, but in the language common to all Christians we exchanged many thoughts of kindred sympathy. From the use of the names of the missionaries in Beirut, which he repeated over and over again with evident feeling, and the One Name that is above all names, it soon appeared that this young man was a Christian convert. It was pleasant to trace, in a way so unexpected, the fruit of missionary work in this country, especially so, as we had only the day before visited them and the noble college in Beirut and heard them say, "You have no idea how much labor and prayer and faith it takes, under the blessing of God, to bring this people up to the point where you find them to-day." Some of these missionaries have labored here faithfully for thirty years.

At the break of day, as we stopped to change horses, the Arab in the rear compartment dismounted, and by the side of a running brook laid aside his three outside coverings, and his slippers and stockings, and proceeded to wash his face and hands and feet. Then he retired to a little nook, and, turning his face toward Mecca, said his morning prayers, prostrating himself to the ground several times, after which he dressed and resumed his seat in the diligence. This repetition of prayers five times daily is practised by all faithful Muslims. They are required to wash before prayer, and tanks are provided for the purpose in the court of every mosque.

The sun rose upon us after an hour, revealing the grandeur of the mountains of Lebanon, over which our route lay, and which rise in their magnificence only a little distance from the sea. This range extends from southwest to north-east, its highest summit being 10,950 feet.

Hour after hour we wound our way up its graceful slopes. At every turn the view widened below, the city of Beirut and the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean always in sight at our feet; past the mountain villages inhabited by natives, and resorted to by our missionaries during the heats of summer. In several of these villages a little church was visible. Past vineyards and fig trees we went, olive groves and pines, springs of water and trickling cascades. Mulberry plantations appeared everywhere on the mountain side, beautiful in their dress of young, tender leaves of light, yellowish green. These are cultivated for the silk manufactures for which Damascus is celebrated. A little farther on a silk spinning-mill was seen nestled in a quiet and sheltered village.

But the cedars interested us most of all, the descendants of those referred to in ancient times as the pride and ornament of Lebanon, mentioned also by the psalmist and prophets as the "trees

of the Lord," "high and lifted up," with "many" and "long" and "spreading" and "overshadowing" branches.

As we continued to climb, we met long strings of camels, the patient burden-bearers of the East. These were led by rough-looking Bedouins with dark, savage features and matted hair. The arabs ride beautiful horses, guiding them with a halter only, and are often armed with a lance or gun.

Ascending still higher, bold precipices appeared, rugged ravines, and projecting crags, wild and picturesque, until vegetation ceased altogether, and barren rocks lay all about us and towered above our heads.

At ten o'clock we reached the summit of the Pass, several thousand feet above the level of the sea. The panoramic view from these heights, overlooking a wide area, and including so large a portion of the Holy Land, was truly grand. It was full of thoughtful and tender interest as one recalled the wonderful scenes that occurred here in ages past, of the glorious revelations of divine power. One could realize, as never before, what this Land of Promise must have been when God gave it as the inheritance of his chosen people, "the land flowing with milk and honey." The air was fresh and bracing, and snow lay in patches by the road-side and covered the higher mountains.

Here we turned toward the south and began rapidly to descend. Within a quarter of an hour Mount Hermon suddenly burst into near and full view. This is the most beautiful and elevated as well as most conspicuous mountain in Palestine, visible from all points. It is mentioned in the Old Testament as one of the land-marks of Palestine and Syria, and one of the boundaries of the possessions of the Israelites. It is supposed, also, to be the high mountain of the New Testament on some point of which the Transfiguration took place. It stretches away for twenty miles, gradually rising in the middle 10,000 feet, and is white with snow all the year round. It seemed a privilege too great to gaze with one's own eyes on the sacred spot where, in all probability, the brightest manifestation of the glory of our Lord occurred on the earth, and I almost felt for the time that I was a sharer in the holy joy of the chosen three who witnessed that blessed scene.

The descent into the valley was varied by scenery most magnificent. The broad plain between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges lay like a carpet on our feet, across which our horses galloped for an hour without a break, about seven miles. Then over the Anti-Lebanon which, unlike the Lebanon proper, is broken by broad, undulating plateaus of rich, cultivated land. We were charmed with the profusion of wild flowers everywhere, remarkable alike for their beauty and variety, and with the song of many birds that filled the air.

Continuing our journey we noticed a stream making its channel by the road-side, which soon increased to a large and rapidly flowing river as its clear, sparkling waters dashed into the plain from its mountain bed. This was the famous Abana, concerning which Naaman the leper said, when told by the prophet Elisha to wash seven times in the Jordan, "Are not the Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" For five miles before reaching Damascus this river enriches the land, turning the sands of the desert into a veritable garden, filled with fruit trees and tall poplars and luxuriant vines and shrubs. It becomes so large that it is divided and carried in separate courses throughout the city, affording abundant and refreshing supplies for fountains and tanks in every quarter.

We were reminded that our delightful day's journey was nearly ended as we drew near the city and beheld for the first time the picturesque domes and minarets of Damascus, the oldest city in the world. A little after six we were comfortably settled in Hotel Dimiri.—The Advance.

The only way of conquering sin is to fall wounded and bleeding at the Redeemer's feet.—Fletcher.

Mourning after an absent God is an evidence of love as strong as in rejoicing in a present one.

Anent Some Other Worlds.

METHODS OF OBSERVATION.

In recent years two highly important discoveries have greatly assisted astronomers in their researches—photography, and the spectroscope. By each of these an immense amount of information about the stars has been gained that could not have been previously acquired.

By means of photography pictures can be taken of portions of the sky with marvellous correctness, giving stars much smaller than can be seen by the keenest eye. These can be examined at leisure by the microscope. As all the heavenly bodies are in rapid motion, the unassisted eye cannot see their forms clearly, as it cannot the shape of the wheels of a carriage when moving. But astronomers can take photographs in less than the two thousandth part of a second. The photograph of a railway train going at express speed taken in so short a time would show the spokes of the wheels. So these pictures of the sky, taken in so short a time, show objects much more defined than ever could be obtained before, or could be seen by the telescope alone.

Of all the wonderful instruments the spectroscope is the most astonishing. All know how, by means of a three-sided glass prism, a ray of light is stretched out and separated into what are called the colours of the rainbow. These colours are frequently called seven, but in reality they are many thousands. A spectroscope is an instrument that spreads these colours out clearly. The colours indicate with certainty whatever material is burning in the flame that gives out the light. For example, there are certain bands of colour which indicate iron; wherever these bands are recognized it is known that there is fiercely heated iron. Other bands of a yellow tinge show sodium, wherever these are seen it is certain sodium is in the flame that sends the light. The spectroscope is now brought to such perfection that it will give the colours dispersed of very small stars. These are photographed. The photographs may not show the colours, but they show enough to enable the astronomers to tell by studying them what the colours are. By very clever machinery the camera is made to move at the same rate as the star, so that sometimes the exposure lasts more than two hours. So by wondrously delicate instruments sometimes the picture is taken one million times as fast as at other times. By patient and prolonged study and comparison of these pictures, conclusions are arrived at, of the most astonishing character, but the truth of which few will doubt who understand the patient research and care by which they have been pursued.

If astronomers are willing to employ so much ingenuity, and such great patience to learn about the stars of the skies, how much more intent Christians ought to be to learn about Him who is the Bright and Morning Star. The knowledge of the stars of the midnight sky may teach much of the heavens, but the knowledge of Him teaches of the Heaven of heavens. Acquaintance with these lesser lights may guide the mariner over a stormy ocean to a port of safety and a home; but acquaintance with Him who is the Light of the World will direct amidst all the storms of earth on the sea of time, safe to the port of heaven, the home of everlasting peace and bliss.

An Universal Debtor.

We mean Paul. We do him no injustice, for such he writes himself. He was a debtor to the Greeks and to the barbarians, to the wise and to the unwise! that is to say, he was everybody's debtor. He felt as though he was a sort of defaulter to the Roman church, and it was in connection with an apology for it, that he signs the great due-bill we refer to.

Yet Paul was an honest, hard-working plain-living man. Doubtless he acted upon his own maxim, "Owe no man anything." He was indeed a restless sort of a man, not a great while at a time in any one place, but he was not a fugitive from his creditors; the truth is, he was if anything pursuing them, not they him. This strikes us of the modern commercial world as something quite out of the general way, a debtor