Messenger and Visitor.

MARCH 17, 1886.

The Mission of the American Baptists to the Telugus.

BY REV. J. E. CLOUGH, D. D.

(CONTINUED.)

While the few unskilled natives were holding the rope as he did they could in Nellore, and Mr. Day and Mr. Van Husen with their wives were seeking the restoration of their health, in order to return with vigor and increased zeal to prosecute their chosen work in India, the question of abandoning the mission was being seriously considered by their American brethren. But an appeal from Mr. Day, along with many weighty reasons urged by Mr. Sutton of the Orissa mission, constrained the Board to reinforce the mission. Mr. Van Husen did not return to the field with Mr. Day,—nor did he ever return, for continued ill-health prevented him from resuming work, and he died at Brattleboro, Vermont, nine years after his arrival in this country. But though he could not be one of the company, God had been working in the heart of another of his children, and the Rev. Lyman Jewett was anxiously waiting for the decision of the Board, and anxiously desiring to accompany Mr. Day to Nellore, if the results of the considerations were favorable. The issue was that on the 10th of October, 1848, Day and Jewett took ship for India; the former glad to take up the work laid down two years before; the latter rejoicing because counted a worthy vessel to enter upon so glorious a work as bearing the message of salvation to the heathen. They landed in Madras in February, 1849, after having a good passage, and best of all, after having been instrumental in pointing some members of the ship's crew to "the Lamb of God, bearing away the sin of the world." Shortly after disembarking they pursued their journey to Nellore. There they found the mission much as Mr. Day had left it two years before; and with earnest zeal they went to work, preaching on every hand, distributing tracts and books to the people, and waiting upon God in prayer for His blessing to attend their efforts. The reports from both missionaries about this time are favorable as far as gaining the attention of the people is concerned; but though a few apparently anxious inquirers after "the way" of life came to see them, they were not led into the light.

Though conversions were so few up to this point in the history of the mission, we must remember that much progress had been made; and slowly, but surely, the doctrines of Christianity were finding places to germinate in the lives of the people. The foundation was being laid, so that when the windows of heaven were more widely opened, and the Telugus pressed into the kingdom, the building erected should not stand upon an insecure basis, but should be able to endure the storms of reaction and prosecution. Gathered in day and Sunday schools were between two and three hundred children receiving Christian instruction; and requests were coming in from every quarter asking that schools might be established in such and such a village. "Conversations with individuals at the mission-house and elsewhere, were frequent, many times they were exceedingly interesting, and not a little encouraging." Mr. Day writes at this time, 1850: "Truth is advancing here,—there remains in my mind not a doubt of it. God before many years will demonstrate his power to save, and to break down the strongholds of the wicked one. My fellow laborers are becoming deeply interested in the people,—in their own missionary work—and our prospects are cheering."

The spirit of inquiry among the Telugus respecting the principles of Christianity increased during the following year, and as a consequence there was a widespread suspicion as to the native systems of religion. The missionaries, as well as the Board at home, were confident that the long-looked-for time had arrived, when the saving power of the gospel of Jesus Christ would be strikingly manifest in Nellore and its vicinity. "The general aspect," says Mr. Day, in his report of the year 1851, "is more encouraging than at any time since the commencement of the mission. Idolatry is losing credit. Scarce a man of all the thousands addressed, has attempted in good earnest to defend it by direct discussion,—certainly not ten persons within two years have done so in our presence. A general impression prevails, and is openly acknowledged by many, that the religion of the country is already beginning to wane, and that the Christian religion is destined ere long to become the religion of the whole world."

But God's time was not yet. True, several were led to Christ, but there was no general ingathering of souls. Hundreds around were about persuaded to be Christians, but remained there, like the young man who came questioning Christ, "not far from the kingdom," while the one long-loud cry of the missionaries crossed the ocean, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

In 1853, the Board sent a deputation to Nellore to enquire into the working of the mission and to report to them. The deputation admit that their personal investigation induced them to considerations, that seemed to weaken the claims of the mission on an institution whose resources are scarcely equal to the demands of operations in other lands. These considerations are: 1. The want of success; 2. The want of suitable native helpers; 3. The care bestowed on the people by other Christian denominations; 4. The ability of the missionaries to enter other fields. The considerations which urge the reinforcement of the mission are: 1. The extent of the field; 2. The knowledge already gained by the missionaries; 3. The prevailing policy of the mission.

The committee to whom was referred the report "were unable to see any good reason why we should turn our backs on that important and white harvest field."

One whole evening during the annual meeting of the Society in Albany, was spent in discussing the question of abandoning the mission. While the discussion was going on, one of the speakers, Mr. Sourwein, referred to the mission at Nellore, as "the Lone Star Mission," since it was the only station of the Society on the west side of the Bay of Bengal. Dr. S. F. Smith, who has given us so much missionary literature, was present at the meeting, and before retiring for the night, penned the following beautiful and prophetic stanzas on

"THE LONE STAR."

Shine on, "Lone Star!" thy radience bright
Shall spread o'er all the eastern sky;
Morn breaks space from gloom and night;
Shine on, and bless the pilgrim's eye.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" I would not dim
The light that gleams with dubious ray:
The lonely star of Bethlehem
Led on a bright and glorious day.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" in grief and tears
And sad reverses oft baptized;
Shine on amid thy sister spheres:
Lone stars in heaven are not despised.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" who lifts his hand
To dash to earth so bright a gem,
A new "lost pleiad" from the band
That sparkles in night's diadem?

Shine on, "Lone Star!" the day draws near
When none shall shine more fair, than thou;
Thou, born and nursed in doubt and fear,
Wilt glitter on Emmanuel's brow.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" till earth, redeemed,
In dust shall bid its idols fall;
And thousands, where thy radiance beamed,
Shall "crown the Saviour Lord of all."

The result of the discussion was that the Board were directed "suitably to re-enforce the Telugu mission, provided that it can be done consistently with the claims of Southern Burmah."

During this year failing health constrained Mr. Day to seek his native shores; and Mr. Jewett and wife were left alone to battle with the difficulties of an insufficiently equipped mission.

A brief review of the facts thus far given shews us, that seventeen years have elapsed since the mission to the Telugus was undertaken; that while only a very few of the Telugus have been brought to Christ, the outlook is most hopeful for a bountiful harvest, providing sufficient numbers of Christian teachers are sent to the field; that notwithstanding the darkness abounding in the minds of the natives, the religion of Jesus Christ is striking its roots in the soil, and is undermining the faith of the Telugus; and that the American Baptists are ready, according to their ability, to send to the Telugus "The Bread of Life."

I have dwelt thus at length on this period of the history of the mission, because it is necessary to know considerable about its days of struggle for existence in order to rightly appreciate these last days when a cloud scarcely ever seems to hover over it. It increases our wonder and thankfulness as we now look upon its flourishing condition, if we bear in mind that it has come out of tribulation and darkness, being led by that Protection that never errs, but often guides through storm into the serene peace—through scenes of apparent failure into regions of grand success.

1853—1865.

We will turn now to trace the history of the mission for twelve years, extending from 1853 to 1865. The story of this period will, to a great extent, resemble that of the past seventeen years; but the division is made chiefly to bring into prominence a certain prayer-meeting, and the answer God gave to the petitions of his servants.

Though alone,—for bear in mind Mr. Day's return to America, and new recruits had not yet gone to the work,—Mr. Jewett worked on amid trials and discouragements confidently expecting showers of blessing to fall upon the unyielding field. He begins to feel that the mission is destined to be limited, but he at least desires to see another station occupied. To the north seventy-eight miles, and six or eight miles from the sea, is Ongole, upon which he sets his heart as the place for another station. And so he writes home: "Let us have one more missionary in Nellore, and one in Ongole, that the sympathies, prayers, and efforts in itinerating may overshadow the intervening villages with those influences which bring salvation."

This was no passing wish of his heart; it was a desire imbedded deep in his soul, and for its gratification he turned his eyes towards heaven, and implored the King of Kings, and the Creator of the Telugus. After a day of weary toil and travel, Dr. Jewett, his wife, and three natives, ascended what is now known as "Prayer-meeting Hill" laying at whose feet is Ongole. Like the Master weeping as He beheld unbelieving Jerusalem, their hearts bled for the darkened souls inhabiting the town before their eyes, and with tender fervency and inspired requests, each one invoked the blessing of God to rest upon the Telugus of Ongole in sending them a missionary who would preach to them "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Mr. Jewett tells that he had great assurance that his prayer would be answered,—that a man would be sent to Ongole. He "says he was not conscious at the time of any peculiar exercise of mind; but one of the native women affirms that he seemed to her to be overshadowed by the Holy Ghost."

Returning from Ongole, the Jewetts resumed their work as usual, and nothing of special interest occurred during the next two years. They scattered the seed of the kingdom, and were waiting for the harvest. Early in 1855 the Rev. F. A. Douglass was added to the mission.

About this time, and a little after, there was some additional interest in the work. Four were baptized into the fellowship of the church; a native pastor was sustained out of the church funds; and signs of progress were manifest in all departments of the mission. The progress was especially evident in the fact of an increased distribution of tracts and Scripture portions. Mr. Day published a "History of Christ" containing 232 pages, and one thousand copies were scattered among the people. Ten thousand copies, fifty-eight thousand pages of the Telugu tract "Come to Jesus," were printed. The Old and New Testaments in Telugu were also printed, and interesting inquirers came from a distance to examine the new religion. Of this time it is written, "more have heard the Gospel in this than in any former year.

From the annual report for 1857 we learn, "The number of hearers have varied but little from that in past years. Improvement is discernable, however, in the continued and regular attendance of individuals on the Sabbath."

In the following years a revival occurred, and eighteen were added to the church by baptism—eighteen heathen, yet eighteen souls who shall give glory "to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb."

Two years more pass by and Mr. Jewett is compelled to go from place to place, endeavouring to restore his impaired health; but all to no avail; neither Nellore, Madras, nor Ongole, can help him. Of necessity he seeks the shores of America.

While Mr. Jewett was crossing the ocean, in order to gain strength that he might return to his much loved work in Nellore, that old question that seems to have grown chronic, "Shall the Telugu mission be abandoned?" was again being discussed by the Board at home. Some even were so faithless as really to demand that it should be abandoned. But one man was anxious to hold on at least until Mr. Jewett should arrive and give his opinion in the matter; "Wait," exclaimed Dr. Warren, "Wait, brethren; ye know not what ye are doing; let us hear what brother Jewett, who is now on his journey home, has to say on this question." Mr. Jewett has landed; he has been told concerning the wish of some to discontinue the mission to the Telugus; his constitution is pretty well shattered; the difficulties of the field are many; the opposition at home respecting the continuance of the mission is depressing; but with all these burdens weighing down his spirits, like the Apostle Paul, he could say, "none of these things move me." For his part, he resolved "never to abandon the field," let the American Baptists do what they might. The secretary answered: "Well, brother, if you are resolved to return, we must send somebody with you to bury you. You certainly ought to have a christian burial in that heathen land." The Rev. John E. Clough was the man chosen of God, and appointed by the Board to accompany Mr. Jewett; and he was the man also given as missionary to Ongole, in answer to the prayers made on "Prayer-meeting Hill" twelve years before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Last Opportunity.

"For many years I have made it a rule never to spend a half-hour with any person without finding out if that person was a Christian, and if not, trying to preach Christ to him."

This, in substance, is what the minister said in the little church at the quiet summer resort by the river side, where Edith Manton was staying. "For," continued the speaker, "it may be my last opportunity to speak for Christ, or it may be some one's last chance of hearing the truth."

Edith was thinking of these words that morning when she went out into Jerry's boat after lilies. Jerry knew where the flowers were thickest and fairest, and, too, he was counted as the best oarsman on the river. Edith often went out with Jerry, and that morning she was thinking: "I have had more than *one* opportunity to present Christ to Jerry. But I do not even know whether or not he belongs to Christ. If I had only spoken to him before! I don't know how to begin now." Presently she began singing,

"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore."

Jerry listened, and when she ended said: "That's a good one, Miss."

"Yes; but, Jerry, are *you* pulling for the other shore?"

"Well, I don't know much about them things," replied Jerry. "Reckon as how when one has no oars to pull with he must just drift. And maybe he will drift to the shore, and maybe he wont."

"But why shouldn't you have the oars?" asked Edith.

"Well, I s'pose it's like this: sometimes a boat gets loose and starts off without oars, and then at other times the oars get broken or lost in the middle of the river. I never lost nor broke an oar in my life, so I s'pose I must have started without any."

"And so you mean to keep on drifting?" asked Edith, growing interested.

"What can a fellow do? Out in the middle of the river without any oars? He hasn't much chance of getting back to the wharf after them."

"But if the oars have been lying in the bottom of his boat all the time? Wouldn't a man be foolish if he didn't pick them up and use them when he found he was drifting down stream and making no progress toward the other shore?"

"Humph! it ain't much likely that a fellow would let them oars lie right afore his eyes and never touch them, is it, now?"

"That is what puzzles me," replied Edith. "You have only just to put out the hand of faith and take hold of the oars of prayer and the word of God and pull for the shore."

"My! miss, I never thought of that! I've got a Bible that my old mother gave me when I started out; and she taught me a prayer, too. And I've been letting them oars lie idle in the bottom of the old boat all these years. D'ye 'spose they are as good and stout as ever? And would they pull an old fellow like me into port?"

"I am sure they would. Oh, Jerry, I wish you would take hold of them and pull."

"I believe I will! I'll get out the old Bible to-night, and I'll say that little prayer; or, if I can't remember that, I'll whittle out a new one. I promise you, miss, I'll do it."

The next morning Edith was just starting out to walk down to the river when a messenger came in haste. "O, Miss Manton! There's been an accident, and old Jerry is 'most killed. He wants you. He is out of his head, and keeps saying something about pulling for the shore. The doctor says he can't live."

When they reached the place where Jerry was slowly breathing his life away, some one said: Jerry, Jerry, here is Miss Manton!"

Jerry opened his eyes and said faintly, "Sing that!"

And there, surrounded by a group of rough, though kindly men, Edith sang:

"Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand,
See or the foaming billows, fair haven's land,
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, *pull for the shore.*

As she paused, Jerry's lips moved, and bending low to hear Edith caught the whisper:

"I did it! I took the oars; I pulled for the shore. I guess I'll make the harbor?"

A few more labored breaths, and Jerry had, as we trust, "made the harbor."

"What if I had not used that last opportunity?" said Edith to herself as she walked back to her cottage.—*The Pansy.*

—That was a grand declaration which Lord Shaftesbury said he heard Macaulay make in the House of Commons. "The man who speaks or writes a syllable against Christianity is guilty of high treason against the civilization of mankind." Froude, in his essay on Calvinism, expresses the same thought when he says, "All that we call modern civilization is a sense which deserves the name is the visible expression of the transforming power of the Gospel." But then Col. Robert Ingersoll, on Sunday evening, discoursed to an audience in Brooklyn on "Myths and Miracles" and spoke glibly of the falsehoods on which Christianity rests and declared that "to teach orthodox religion is coarse and vulgar and brutal." When he so oracularly condemns Christianity what good is it that such men as Macaulay, Froude, and a host of the wisest and best men the world has known, extol it?—*Bap. Weekly.*

Sympathy.

BY MARIA BRUGS LYMAN.

Canon Farrar says: "We often do more good by our sympathy, than by our labors." There are many sad hearts all about us, hearts bowed by many an anguish. How can we reach such? Frances Ridley Havergal, in her sweet little poem on "Sympathy," gives us some hints in regard to the expression of sympathy, which help to bear sheaves of comfort to tried ones:

"The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means, "I cannot speak,
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word;
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But, when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well!"

Indeed, they are not "tiny things," but great things in their influence and power, for they serve a great and noble purpose. There are those whom tried ones daily meet, whom they have been wont to call friends, who pass on without a word of sympathy, leaving the sore heart with a deeper ache, for there is pain to the sensitive heart to find indifference in those we enroll in our circle of friendship. One of earth's sorely tried ones met a friend months after a great affliction, not having seen or heard from her in the meantime. "You, of course, knew that I felt for you," was the greeting from the friend. "I hoped so," replied the afflicted one, "but oh, how I wanted to have you tell me so!"

A sweet Christian woman, of a timid, shrinking nature, greatly inclined to underestimate her own virtues, surrounded by friends (so called), yet separated from her own kindred, was sadly needing sympathy and advice, as she was passing through bitter trials. As the writer sat by her bedside one day, the sufferer told of all she had borne of affliction, disappointment, and bitter trials of the heart-breaking kind: "These are no secrets," she said, "my pastor knows of them, and all my friends know, but only a few expressions of sympathy have come to me. I know it is because I am so faulty, and bear my sorrows so ungracefully. I wish I might have done better, but God knows all about it, and He forgives me." She was in the presence of the divine, sympathizing Lord a few days after, and at her funeral the pastor spoke of her as one of God's sweetest saints, who bore her sorrows with patient meekness. Long, flowery notices appeared in newspapers of her sweet deeds of mercy, and how sadly she would be missed. If one-eighth part could have been said to her, how it would have cheered and brightened those last lonely days! There are few of us in this life who do not know some very sorrowful experiences; and knowing them, do we not realize the preciousness of earthly sympathy? Not simply an existing sympathy, which we must take for granted, but warm, loving expressions of sympathy, in the written word or the warm clasp and the tearful eye.

Dr. DeWitt Talmage says, in one of his published sermons: "Westminster Abbey and monumental Greenwood are the world's attempt to atone, by honors for the dead, for wrongs to the living. There is the tomb of John Dryden, a beautiful monument, but I cannot help but think at seventy years of age he wrote of his being oppressed in fortune, and of the contract that he had just made for a thousand verses at sixpence a line. And there, too, you find the monument of Samuel Butler, the author of 'Hudibras,' but while I look at his monument in Poet's Corner, I cannot but ask myself where he died. In a garret. Oh, do justice to the living! All the justice you do them, you must do this side of the gates of the necropolis. They cannot wake up to count the number of carriages at the obsequies, or to notice the polish of the Aberdeen granite, or to read epitaphal commemoration."

Kind words of sympathy and encouragement cost but little, but oh, how they help to lift the black cloud and let in the streaks of sunlight which warm and brighten the darkened life! Jesus, our divine Lord, "looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but He found none," which shows how even He valued sympathy.

"Exercise your souls," says Butler, "in a loving sympathy with sorrow in every form, soothe it, minister to it, succor it, revere it. It is the relic of Christ in the world, an image of the Great Sufferer, a shadow of the cross." Yes, sympathy will work miracles in a shadowed home. Try it, and see if your own heart does not come into closer union with the blessed Christ, for the work is Christ-like.—*Exchange.*

The Continued Sermon.

I found the expression as I read "Leighton on Peter" this morning. "The Sunday's sermons last but an hour or two, but holiness of life is a continued sermon all the week long." The remark is trite that the sermon is not done when ended, but has yet to be reduced to practice. Only then is its course run; only then it is "finished." It is astonishing, when one thinks of it, how little is effected by the sermons preached. "A. K. H. B." tells of a Scotch preacher who was going on with great animation, when a painful impression crossed his mind, and after speaking for ten minutes, he stopped and said in changed tones, "Toots! what's the use of preaching to you? You'll never be a bitter the better. Amen." Perhaps we may hardly expect the average sermon to leave a permanent mark on us, but holy living! that is the continued and effective discourse. May we not say that this—and not more or better preaching—is the crying need? Easier it is to critise sermons than to live well.

Holiness of life! The want of the churches and the age! Your want and mine, reader, and within reach of the unworthiest of us. But we must, with energetic purpose, resolve upon it, use the means, and have a cheerful faith in God's provision for making us holy.—*Methodist Times.*

A Sceptic's Opinion of Christ.

It is of no use to say that Christ, as exhibited in the gospel, is not historical, and that we know not how much of what is admirable is superadded by the tradition of the followers. Who among the disciples or among their proselytes was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? Certainly not the fishermen of Galilee; as certainly not St. Paul, whose character and idiosyncrasies were of a totally different sort; still less the early Christian writers, in whom nothing is more evident than that the good which was in them was all derived from the higher source.

About the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality, combined with profundity of insight, which, if we abandon the idle expectation of finding scientific precision where something very different was aimed at, must place the Prophet of Nazareth, even in the estimation of those who have no belief in his inspiration, in the very first rank of the men of sublime genius of whom our species can boast. When this pre-eminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer and martyr to that mission who ever existed upon earth, religion can not be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor even now would it be easy even for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life.—("Three Essays on Religion." John Stuart Mill, Am. Ed., pp. 253-255).

"Is God Here?"

A young man had been extremely profane, and thought little of the matter. After his marriage to a high-minded, lovely wife, the habit appeared to him in a different light, and he made spasmodic efforts to conquer it. But not until a few months ago did he become victor, when the glowing evil was set before him, by a little incident, in its real and shocking sinfulness.

One Sunday morning, standing before the mirror shaving, the razor slipped, inflicting a slight wound. True to his fixed habit, he ejaculated the single word "God!" and he was not a little amazed and chagrined to see reflected in the mirror the pretty picture of his little three-year old daughter, as laying her dolly hastily down she sprang from her seat on the floor, exclaiming as she looked eagerly and expectantly about the room, "Is Dod here?"

Pale and ashamed, and at a loss for a better answer, he simply said "Why?"

"Cause I thought he was when I heard you speak to him."

Then noticing the sober look on his face and the tears of shame in his eyes as he gazed down into the innocent, radiant face, she patted him lovingly on the hand, exclaiming assuringly, "Call him again, papa, and I dess he'll surely come."

Oh, how every syllable of the child's trusting words cut to his heart! The still, small voice was heard at last. Catching the wondering child up in his arms he knelt down, and for the first time in his life implored of God's forgiveness for past offences and guidance for all his future life, thanking him in fervent spirit that he had not "surely come" before in answer to some of his awful blasphemies. Surely "a little child shall lead them."—*Pacific.*

The Praying Superintendent.

We know of superintendents who feel the burden of their office resting upon them so heavily that they daily pray for divine aid to help them in their work. You may be sure that these are not the men who seek the office, but rather who are sought by the office. They are not the men who so delight in place and notoriety that they yearn after the position because it gives them authority and prominence before their fellows; such men, it is to be feared, do not pray much, unless it be in public. The praying superintendent is the man who sakes God for the help which no human aid can give. There is a limit to the help afforded by assemblies and institutes and commentaries. There are wants which these can not supply. The praying superintendent knows where these needs can be met. Yet not for himself alone does he pray. He remembers his fellow-laborers and prays for them. As a faithful superintendent, he knows somewhat of the peculiarities of every teacher, as well as of the scholars; and he asks God for the special grace needed by each one. His prayers make him sympathetic in his school; they help him to form charitable judgments of persons and events; they prompt him to greater faithfulness; and they give to all the services of the school that wondrous charm of spirituality which distinguishes the mere intellectual process of teaching from the warm, yearning, heartfelt interest in religious life which ought to be manifested in every Sunday-school.—*The Study.*

—EFFECT OF A WORD.—I one day visited a dying man in the General Hospital, Montreal. As I was leaving the ward, the whole hospital was startled by terrible cries. I was told that a man had just awakened from chloroform, after amputation. How could I comfort him and relieve the patients from such disturbance? I went into the sufferer's ward; every one there seemed awe-struck. What could I say? Praying for a word, I walked to his bed, and whispered in his ear, "God is love."

He instantly ceased his groaning, and, looking at me, said: "I know it, sir; but I have neglected, rejected and denied him; I have blasphemed his name, and forgotten him."

"I have no doubt you have, my friend, and so did I, for many years, but 'God is love.'"

I told him of the love which laid his sins, as well as mine, on Christ; of the love which suffered for them. His cries ceased. I left him in peace. There is no cure for the ills of this mortal life but the love of God. Rest in that, oh, reader! Rest in the full atonement made for your sins by Jesus, the Son of God. Rest in Christ, the living Saviour.—*Major Malan.*

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