

# Messenger and Visitor.

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NO. 15

**FREDERICK III AND THE JEWS.**—The new Emperor of Germany has long opposed the Jewish race. One of his first acts, on accession to the throne, has been to show friendliness to this wealthy but persecuting race. He has presented to two of them the highest order of nobility in the land. He has also the same as banished from Berlin their leading foe—Herr Stoecker.

**TALMUD MISSION.**—On the Canadian Baptist mission field among the Talmuds, the baptisms of the past year were: Akita one hundred and eight, Cocanada forty-two, Tuni fourteen, Bimlipatam four, Bobbili one, Chicolote ten; in all, one hundred and eighty-three. The secretary of the general Conference held at Cocanada, writes:

The Cocanada field shows the most change numerically, reporting last year four hundred and ninety, and this year, notwithstanding forty-six baptisms, four hundred and twenty-four only, apparently a move in a retrograde direction. But this is in appearance only, the names of many who had died, or gone back, or moved away in previous years were erased from the books during the past year, due to the sheer impossibility of one or two missionaries giving particular attention to all the details of the work. Tuni shows a net increase over last year of fifteen, and Akita of fifty-six, while everything intimates a steady advance on each field the coming year. Never were our prospects brighter, but the work is greater and the laborers are still few.

**HOW ACCURATE FOR THE GOSPELS?**—There is a depth of truth in Theodore Parker's statement that "it would take a Jesus to forge a Jesus." The character depicted in the gospels is no copy. In all the writings of antiquity there was nothing comparable with it. At the time the gospels were written, the world was at its worst. How then did this pure, exalted, unique character come to be described? It could only have happened in one of two ways. It was either evolved from the inner consciousness of some one, or it is a description of a real personage. But one who was less pure and exalted than Jesus of Nazareth could not have invented such a character as his; for no one can evolve a higher and holier conception, when it is a unique one, than the highest and holiest exercise of his own inner being. No one, therefore, whose nature never reached the altitude of that exhibited in the life of Christ, could have invented the gospels. But one who had any goodness, much less such a character as that of Jesus of Nazareth, would not have been guilty of palming off upon the world, as the determiner of human destiny, a mere fragment of the imagination. The only alternative, therefore, is that the gospels describe a real life. The life of Christ is utterly unaccountable except as a real life. The argument for the Bible from the life and teachings of Christ is impregnable.

**A SAD CASE.**—Word comes from Mount Holly, New York, of the death of two ladies by starvation. They were the daughters of a Baptist minister, who, forty years ago, had a fine reputation as a teacher and preacher. His four daughters inherited a neat and comfortable home; but the struggle for bread was too great, and, too proud spirited to give a sign, two of them succumbed to the gnawings of hunger. The real situation was discovered by a friendly visit to the long-locked house, in time to save the other two sisters from the same terrible fate. It is well said that the keenest suffering is not among the beggars who clamor at the doors of those who are living in plenty. Who can tell the agonies of these sensitive-souled women as they saw scanty food coming nearer and nearer, and, as, finally, they made up their minds to die by the lingering pangs of starvation? They must have known, all the time, that there were hands ready to help them, should they but let a hint fall of their desperate condition; but this only aggravated their misery. This sad incident suggests the inquiry whether we are careful enough to offer kindness. It is to be feared that these poor creatures, as they began to seclude themselves, because no longer able to keep up appearances, were allowed to drop from the circle of old acquaintances, and to bear alone their growing bitterness and woe. It may be the sense of neglect, in the past, had so stung them that they died in mute agony rather than give a sign to those who had shown them little kindness and sympathy when most in need of it. Let us allow none to become so friendless that they would refuse opening their hearts to us when in trouble.

**PROSPEROUS BRITAIN.**—It is doubtful whether the significance of Goeben's measure for the conversion of the funded debt of Britain from three to two and a half per cent. interest is sufficiently recognized. When it is remembered that this debt is \$3,600,000,000 and that the bonds for this immense sum are held by members of the nation, it shows how vast is the accumulation of British wealth. But it must be remembered, also, that this is over and above what is necessary to carry on her gigantic trade and commerce, and in addition to what is invested in almost every enterprise the whole world over. That this reduction of interest can be effected proves also the serene confidence had in the future prosperity and greatness of the nation. Capitalists are shrewd, careful and far-sighted. Were these signs of Britain's decay, they would not accept her security for such immense sums at so small a rate!

It is because they feel this is the safest of all investments that they accept the smallest of all interests. The action of the government is also in the interest of the working classes and against the capitalists. It will reduce the income of those who have money to spare, while it will reduce the taxes to be paid by those who cannot accumulate property. While Britain has no gigantic arm, her immense pecuniary resources, were a decisive struggle to come, would enable her to weary out and bankrupt any antagonist she might have, so long as her own island home were not overrun.

**RELIGION OF NATURE.**—Miss Frances Power Cobbe is one of the ablest opponents of agnosticism and evolutionism. In the January *Contemporary Review*, she shows the consequences which would follow, were religion and morality derived from nature through evolution. In terms whose plainness it must have cost her a "struggle to use, she shows how a religion and morality thus derived would soon banish not only all mercy, justice and monogamy, but also all modesty from the earth. "A man would not be held to sin when he kept a harem, as do stags, bulls, coons, and scores of other animals." "A woman would not be esteemed degraded in following the behavior of female dogs and cats." Neither can it be denied that her argument is true

and that the "philosophy of evolution" could lead to this hideous state of things. When we let go the Bible as giving us our religion and code of morals, we drop down from pure heights into very sloughs of pollution. Men who deride the Bible and strive to shake men's confidence in its teachings, owe all the good in them to its truth, and their own beliefs cannot develop characters at all comparable with those nurtured by scripture truth. Character is the final test of belief; for that cannot have the most of the divine which does not most exalt nature and life. While the Bible can show the best results in the noblest characters, it need not fear competition, and those who believe the Bible the book of God need not fear.

**STARTLED!**—The other day lightning struck the Capitol at Washington. There was a snatching flash and then a crash which shook the whole building. The sound was intensified by the immense iron dome. Honorable legislators bounded from their seats as though it had been the crack of doom. Wonder whether any of the scheming politicians there who before the public are consumed with a desire to advance the public weal, but in their hearts are bending every energy to promote their own, wonder whether their consciences may not have led them to think it was the archangel's trump. Might it not help some of our politicians, anyway, to have a thunder bolt make a plunge among them now and then? It might serve as good a purpose as what we saw in the old Rathaus at Alenburg, we think it was. Behind the chair of the president of the council was a representative of his Satanic majesty, with cloven foot and taunting fork. It was full of the grim humor of the old German burghers, and replete also with stern suggestion. Well, we fear Satan is in legislative halls to-day, but not with taunting fork to deter from unrighteousness.

**OUR DAY.**—A record and review of Current Reform, is the title of the new monthly, issued in Boston, under the general editorial management of Joseph Cook. He is assisted by such specialists, in various departments, as Miss Frances E. Willard, Prof. E. J. James, Prof. L. T. Townsend, Anthony Comstock, Rev. C. S. Eby, and Rev. G. F. Pentecost. The editorial staff assure a periodical which will take an advanced position on all questions of reform, and will prevent it giving any uncertain sound. The first numbers sustain the conclusion to be reached from the ability and character of the editorial staff. It should be taken by all those who wish to keep themselves fully abreast of the age in current thought and reform. Its cost is \$2.00 per annum. It is published at 28 Beacon St., Boston.

**William Massey** has given \$100,000 to the Philadelphia House of Refuge, an institution for boys. It now has 600 or 700 boys under its fostering care, and this sum will enable the managers to remove the institution to the country, where the boys can be employed in farming.

**Mr. Spurgeon** says that the wine used at the communion in the Tabernacle is entirely free from alcohol.

**By Wheel and By Keel.**  
NO. IV.  
BY WHEEL.

The elements which thus conspired to "speed the parting guest" laid heavy hands on all the northern states between the lakes and the mountains, and when we reached San Francisco, a day or two later, the dwellers by the Golden Gate, looking from open windows upon gardens of lilies and roses in full bloom, were reading with a sympathetic shiver of frozen rivers, blockaded traffic and polar rigors just beyond the sheltering hills.

What a night that was; the storm all blowing wild, howling up the steep ascent of the Black Hills of Wyoming like wolves hard upon their quarry, roaring through the ravines, sweeping over Laramie Plateau, swirling around the spire of Medicine Bow Range, and dashing up against the massive bastions of the Rockies, beyond which it might not follow; the care rocking and pitching like Jobah's vessel, as they sped on the now uneven and sinuous track; the thunder of the train reverberating from precipitous cliffs and echoing through desolate gorges; the wild mountain billows swelling far aloft in threatening crests or sinking far beneath in yawning chasms, while over crest and chasm the storm drove its blinding spray—what a night it was!

The tempest without served only to enhance the cheer and coziness within. The frost thickened on the windows and the blizzard gnashed its teeth at the doors, but the steam pipes diffused a genial summer, and the swinging lamps show brightly—as car lamps go—upon the cardinal plush and polished bronze of the seats. The rattle of the newspaper, the chatter of passengers improving those transitory acquaintanceships, which a long journey even by rail facilitates; the musical clatter of dishes at tiny tables, spread from plethoric lunch baskets, filled up the evening. Then the jolly porter, beaming in ebony and ivory, swung his Aladdin's lamp and transformed the parlor into a dormitory, and the little world within the car was presently in silence and sleep. At the throttle and at the brakes others would wake and watch for us through storm and darkness, by cliff and chasm; while above the night and the tempest, above precipice and crags, watches He who slumbereth not nor sleepest, and in whose hands are all worlds, the vastest and the most diminutive.

The course along which this tiny world of sleepers is flying is sufficiently erratic. It bears a striking resemblance to the actual orbit which the moon describes around the sun while dancing attendance upon her big sister, the earth. The track, losing all its Nebraskan uniformity, is up and down like the business edge of a saw, and aways hither and yon around sprays and gullies in as tortuous a path as that which delivers the notorious P. E. Island railway from perilous proximity to cradle-bills and post-holes.

Wyoming, within whose borders we are to spend a night and a day, is simply a rectangle of mountains—one division of that vast assembly of hills which extends from the Plains to the Pacific, occupying the whole west of North America, and continues in narrower but loftier heights through the southern continent to the cape. The various ranges thus congregated, and known under many names, as the Rockies, the Wasatch, the Cascades, the Sierras, Coast Range, do not stand separate and independent; but are merely the higher elevations of one immense mountain, or mountain mass, which plants one foot in the prairie and one in the sea. The general altitude of Wyoming is, perhaps, seven thousand feet, with some ranges and peaks climbing three, five, or seven thousand feet higher. Ascend one of these higher crests, Elk Mountain, at the northern extremity of the Medicine Bow Hills; or Sheep Mountain, one of the summits of the Rockies; or Pampano Butte, in the north; or Fremont Peak, between the Gros Ventres and the Shoshones, standing forth in the north-west, nearly 14,000 feet in his socks, and look forth toward the four winds. On every side stretch the mountains, chain behind chain, and crest beyond crest, to the limit of vision, till they seem to prop up the arch of heaven on their Atlantic shoulders. The summits are white with snow, the slopes black with pine forests or bare, precipitous rocks, at the bases are still, shadowy valleys, or rushing, foaming torrents. At the north-west angle of the Territory has been laid off the National Yellowstone Park, which ranks with the famous Yosemite Valley, of California; but the entire Territory is one vast park, so wild, so broken, in many portions so impenetrable that there will be needed no edict of government to preserve its savage and awful beauty intact.

The plains are man's. He crowds them with his cities and factories and farms. He weaves across them his network of roads and hedges. He robes them of their ancient charm of wildness and vastness,

and leaves only the humbler poetry, good enough in its way, of "hills clothed with flocks, and valleys covered over with corn," of the whirl of wheels and the rumble of traffic. But the mountains God keeps for Himself, and they stand, His vast and majestic temples, unchanged from age to age. Soon there will be no trail of antelope or buffalo in all the western plains; the heaver, the prairie dog and the coyote will be so more; even the wild grasses and prairie blooms will perish before the maize and barley; but among those heights from age to age the wild flowers shall blow, the winds sigh through the hoary forests, and the mountain sheep, the elk, and the grizzly possess their haunts.

Great thoughts, which seize upon the mind; arrest and search And shake it; bow the tall soul as by wind; Rush over it like rivers over reeds Which quiver in the current; turn us cold And pale and lifeless, leaving in the brain A rocking and a ringing—

Wyoming is not only a land of generous altitudes, but of generous latitudes as well, having an area equal to twice that of the three Maritime Provinces, and as the population is less than that of St. John, each inhabitant may enjoy about five square miles of elbow room. Wyoming is the bashful man's paradise, especially as the representatives of the gentler sex, the fear of whom and the dread of whom are chiefly upon him, are so in the minority that doubtless in some portions they are thought of only as an extinct species, or as possessing but a legendary existence. Unlike his neighbor in Utah who considers himself aggrieved if he fails to acquire several wives, the Wyoming man must be content with ever so slim a chance of winning one. Perhaps this dearth of the "weaker vessels" has gained them greater honor. At least it is recorded that the first female jury the world has known was impelled at Laramie city. It is added, to the credit of the sex, that the divine guidance was implored before the verdict was rendered. If the jury which sat on the now-noted Haddock case in Iowa had been chosen from among the wives and mothers of the land, the men who wrought the foul deed to prolong the reign of the saloon would have been prayed to their righteous doom on the gallows.

A considerable ranching business in the wider valleys, some lumbering, and an increasing mining interest, support the few and scattered settlements, and enable Wyoming to be something more than an ornamental appendage to the republic. The snow had robbed us of the eastern slopes of the Great Divide; but when we descended the western declivities on Tuesday morning we lifted our eyes upon scenes of beauty and grandeur, and for two days, as we navigated that ocean of mountains, whose mighty and desolate billows sink and swell till they meet the softer waves of the great sea, at the sunset coast they remained lifted, and were not aweary even with the twilight.

Three hundred miles of our Wyoming journey had fallen a prey to the night, and we were already beyond the middle of the territory. Passing first through Cheyenne, the capital, a pretty and substantial town of about 6000, we had tolled up the Black Hills to Sherman, the highest station on the road. The Union Pacific was built at the time of the civil war, and the station was named after Gen. Sherman, the tallest general in the army. So saith the guide book, from whose familiar chatter I have here and there inserted some fact or figure which seemed of interest. From Sherman if the stormy night had been a clear day we would have gained a marvellous look off. Eastward lay the limitless gray wilderness of the plains, and westward the limitless black wilderness of the mountains. South and southwest stood the ambitious apex of Colorado, more than 14,000 feet into the blue; Pike's peak, a trifle of 75 miles off; and Long's Peak, 165 miles as the bee flies; while west and northwest beyond Laramie plains loomed the ranges and peaks of Wyoming, already referred to. From Sherman we had dipped down a good thousand feet to the broad levels of Laramie, and passing a few moments at the city—a flourishing place of several thousand—had swung around the head of Medicine Bow hills, and having crossed the Rocky Mountains proper—otherwise distinguished as the "Snowy Range"—the "Backbone of America," and the "Great Continental Divide"—at about three o'clock, had thence come sawing and zigzagging down over their granite ribs.

We are now threading the valley or ravine of Bitter Creek, which unswerving and unappellable steam insists on keeping us company to its junction with Green River, sixty miles west. The beauty of the scenery is of the sombre order. There is nothing light or frivolous about it. The stream fretting and complaining among its rocks, is not sweet and fresh as mountain waters

are expected to be, but is so charged with the alkali, which it has been engaged since the creation in draining down to the sea, that neither man nor beast will stoop to quench their thirst at its margin. The soil of the valley is as inhospitable as the stream, producing either nothing at all or green-wood and sage-brush, which is as near as you can approach to nothing without slipping off. Sage-brush, green-wood, and alkali we shall hereafter see to the full extent of our desire. On either side of the valley is a jagged line of bluffs, gradually rising and drawing toward the creek, as we descend it, and bare and desolate they are, though presenting interesting studies in contour and color withal. If the Garden of Eden is ever discovered, it will not be found situate on the shores of Bitter Creek.

Green River, which we presently cross, is a large, rapid stream, draining the south-west part of the Territory, and carrying its waters through deep and dismal canyons to the Colorado River, and so to the Pacific. As we cross the river, we are in full view of the Castellated Rocks, for which it is celebrated. They rise layer upon layer in various tints, an almost smooth and perpendicular wall, with here and there a curious tower-like projection or elevation, and give one the impression of a work of art, rather than of nature.

We are already among the outposts of Mormondom, though Utah is yet well in the west. Here, at Green River, in the good old ante-railroad time, the Saints of the latter days established a ferry and levied a toll of from five to twenty dollars upon each emigrant, graduating the fare, not by the weight of his kit, but of his pocket-book. The Mormon has no piety worth mentioning, but he has brains. Farther along the line, one meets another instance of his astuteness. At the edge of the cliff overhanging Echo Canyon, a thousand feet above the road, may still be seen some huge rocks, laboriously brought thither by the Mormons thirty years ago. These were to serve as ammunition; the Saints intending to hurl them down upon the U. S. troops, if they should attempt that pass into Utah. One is reminded of the pass in Switzerland, where a handful of peasants turned back in this manner the Austrian invasion.

From Green River we begin to ascend again, and hold our way up one of its tributaries, the Big Muddy, to the Wasatch Range, a division of the Uintal mountains which may be seen occasionally rearing their white foreheads in the south. The little valley up which we are running is twin sister to that which we descended in the forenoon, being walled by the same red sandstone bluffs, and garnished with the same green-wood and sage-brush. Here, amid the general sombreness and desolation, we rejoiced to see the vivacious and volatile jack-rabbit, or "narrow gauge mule," as he is sometimes called. The Japanese, in like manner, call a donkey, "a rabbit-horse." Here, too, or in this neighborhood, we gained a distant and transient glimpse of an antelope, and that as near as we came to killing a grizzly, or bearing off the horns of a bison, during the whole journey.

Passing some very quaint designs wrought out of the bluffs by nature's architects, columns and spires and domes, temples not made with hands, we begin, late in the afternoon, to mount the steep but narrow chain of the Wasatch, and working slowly up (144 feet to the mile) find ourselves on the top dividing wall between Wyoming and Utah.

From the crest of the Wasatch to Ogden, in the Salt Lake Valley, was the most romantic and awakening hundred miles between the two oceans. The decline is rapid—often a hundred feet in a mile,—and the train rushes down with an ease and abandon that are almost thrilling. Down we go; rocks, woods and hills, snow sheds, tussels and bridges, crags, cliffs and chasms flying wildly behind us. Down we go, through the deep, narrow gorge of Echo canyon, the dark, threatening walls are in the contrast with the sunset sky and clouds into which they rise. The mighty buttresses of Castle Rocks tower above us; battlements which might have been reared by the Zimzumium in ages of hoary old. Down we go, through the black, yawning chasm of Weber canyon; below us the Weber river leaps and tumbles over its boulders, all ink and snow in the gloom of the ravine; above, the cliffs are ready to topple upon us; the Witcher Rocks stand high up on the shoulders of the bluffs, looking weird in their red and yellow garb through the gathering twilight. Down we go, past the great granite ridges of the "Devil's Slide," cutting through the mountain side from summit to base, and dipping down into the foam of the river. Down we go, while the gold fades from the strip of sky above and the shadows deepen in the gorge, and the cliffs draw towards each other, as they were huge, hungry jaws down which we shall vanish forever. Down we go, and here in the deepest, blackest, dimmest, most bewitching and

be-landed defile of all, where the river creases between the rocks, seethes and swirls like a cauldron, we plunge into "Devil's Gate," from which ill-omened cleft we presently emerge safe and sound on the fair valley of the salina, hard over against the city of Zion.

CHAR. HARRINGTON.  
Yokohama, Japan, Feb. 21,  
Carrying Our Troubles to God.

Everybody believes that he may carry his religious troubles to God. People think that their religious troubles are special matters of prayer. All believe that when under great and pressing afflictions, which almost destroy the power of life, men may resort to God with them. But in the case of the Apostle Paul we have an instance of a trouble that carried him to God, which was neither one nor the other of these kinds. It is very significant that the figure he uses to represent his trouble is a thorn, not a sword, nor spear, nor instrument that indicates great breadth of power, but a thorn. He was nettled; he was scratched; he was pierced. It was the annoyance of a pungent thorn, which brought pain, but no peril, which worried him and fretted him; which drew his thoughts away from higher things, and made his life a burden to him. It was a little thing, continued so that the sum total of affliction was a great deal; so that it brought much pain and trouble. That was the thing that the apostle went to God with, praying for release from it.

We may, therefore, in prayer bring to God minor vexations, all the things that burden and annoy and hinder us in life, whatever takes away our peace, or restrains our joy, anything that amounts to an affliction. It is right for us to make mention in prayer of all such troubles as these. Thus the range of this Christian duty is vastly enlarged. Our life is filled up chiefly with little things. Great occasions come seldom. And, indeed, those things that strike the imagination or affect the education most are not always the greatest. That is, their moral results are not always the most important. The things that turn the most educating power, that take the most away from us, or add the most to us, are, after all, the sum of minutiae. For, although it is true that the ontical which the graver holds in his hand produces the most visible results in cutting out the picture, yet the emery that smoothed the plate and prepared its surface to receive the outline was as important as the chisel; and the emery consisted of little infinitesimal particles. And, although now and then great dispensations of God come upon the imagination, and affection, and moral feelings, and work out great effects thereon, yet it is the emery of daily life, after all, that is preparing the surface for the plate on which our experience is to be cut.

And if we exclude from prayer before God little things, we may almost as well exclude life itself; for all the ways through which we live by minutes and seconds, every one of which has its own peculiar relation to our pleasure or pain, our joy or sorrow, our happiness or misery. The carriage of a man through this life, is the carriage of endless variety of minute incidents, which, united, go to make up our totals. Our real life is made up of little things, and the doctrine that these are unworthy of attention before God, would exclude every prayer, and all notice on the part of God of those things that are most efficacious in producing our happiness or misery, of those things which have the most to do with our education in this world. And this liberty in prayer of bringing before God our petty cares, our minute troubles, our little griefs and vexations, enlarges our sense of the divine watchfulness, and tenderness.

The Indian Witness says that the Madras Presidency contains by far the largest Christian population of all India, the actual number of native Christians, including Roman Catholics, amounting to 700,000. This shows that out of every 1,000 of the population 23 are native Christians. But it is in educational matters that the native Christians have a most satisfactory progress. According to the latest census return, in the municipal towns, while the percentage of educated Hindu males is 26.39 and of Mohammedans 30, that among the male native Christians is 53.67. The proportion of educated females is equally striking, and largely in favor of the native Christians. Taking the total population, male and female, of the three creeds throughout the Presidency, we find the average to be Hindu, 2.30 per cent., Mohammedans 8.57, and Christians 16.53.

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