MISSIONS IN INDIA, AS SEEN BY DR. PENTECOST.

In an address of great power delivered by Dr. Pentecost at Northfield last autumn, in speaking of the results of the work of missions for the last one hundred years, he says: "The missionaries of India, during the last one hundred years, have accomplished more for Christ than the first Christians, under the leadership of the apostles, accomplished in all Western Asia and Europe during the first century of Christianity. This demonstrates that the cry for apostolic days and apostolic power is based upon a misconception of facts. If you should go to India for a year, you would see that it is a time of apostolic men and apostolic power now. The power of the Holy Ghost is being felt in that land to-day as mightily as in the days of the apostles in Western Asia and Europe."

It is said by some that the great mass of converts in India are among the lowest classes of society, and this is spoken of as an illustration of the lack of power of the gospel to subdue India. To this Dr. Pentecost replies: "Can you call to mind any country where the great bulk of its converts have not been among the low caste people? Read the story of the Corinthian and the Roman churches, and you will see that the great mass of these churches were made up of low caste men—the driftwood of the nations in Corinth, and slaves and freedmen in Rome. And in America, how many of the noble, how many of the rich, are included in the living body of Christ? The great bulk of Christians are from the common people everywhere. Why, friends, if I wanted to take a city by pulling down its walls, do you suppose that I would rig a derrick to take hold of the cope stones and pull them off? No; I would set my sappers and miners to dig out the stones at the bottom of the wall, and then the whole would fall. Practically, that is what is going on in India. Indian society and Hinduism rest on its castes. If we pull out the lower castes, the top caste must come down in fragments. The bitter cry of the Brahmins to-day is that Christianity is alienating the low castes. The time was when, if a low caste man met a Brahmin in the street, he would prostrate himself and allow the proud Brahmin to walk over him; now he merely makes a salaam to him, and contends with him for the best places in the gift of the government; and, withdrawing his offering, he compels the Brahmin to labor for his bread as though he were a man and not a god."

The question is often asked, "Is it possible to elevate the low caste man?" This question was answered by several illustrations, one of which was that of the daughter of a sweeper who has graduated from the University of Calcutta and taken the degree of B. A.; another was that of a now lady, the daughter of a low caste man, who is teaching the children of the elite in a private school in Poona. After giving several other illustrations of the same character, he said: "What may we not expect in a few generations from this low caste, if in one generation such great upward strides are made? God is giving to the American Methodist missionaries alone from a thousand to fifteen hundred converts a month in India." And we know what has been wrought among the Telugus during the last twenty-five years. It has been a succession of spiritual harvests, continued Pentecostal seasons. "The rapidity with which the conversions are going on among the low caste people in India is wonderful. In the Punjab forty years ago there was not a known Christian; then Messrs. Newton and Forman, of the American Presbyterian church, went into the country and built their missionary bungalow there. To-day the baptized communicants are numbered by tens of thousands. We sometimes pray that God would open doors for us, that He would pour out His Spirit upon the land. It is not a question of that; it is only a question of our going through the doors that are opened and gathering up the ripe fruit that is lying there. Dr. Forman said to me some time ago that he could not baptize a tenth of the converts who are waiting to be baptized, because they had not the teachers to take care of them. Only recently, returning from a missionary tour of the villages, out of two hundred converts he had selected twenty for baptism. The rest he had to leave until his working force was enlarged. That practically is the problem of India to-day, not to get converts, but to take care of those they have and the thousands who are knocking for entrance into the Christian church. The rate of progress among the Christians during the last ten years has been 23 per cent., while that of the population is only about 17 per cent. So great and rapid is the increase that some of the English secular papers have been compelled to confess that in the last ten years they have been utterly blind to the great strides of the Gospel."

To the question, "Why is it that so few of the high caste men are converted?" Dr. Pentecost says: "I have been in about a hundred cities and villages, and in none where there are Christian missionaries do you find less than five or ten high caste Christian men. There are enough of these high caste Christians to stand as monuments of the power of God. In every government office in the land, among the men who are holding high and honorable positions, are high caste Christians. In the colleges the men who are taking high stand as scholars, are the native Christians. There is something in the power of the Gospel that sets the minds of these men at liberty, and sends them over the dead point of intellectual power. These are some of the encouraging features. But is this all? Why, my friends, we count our Christians at three millions. There is not a city or a town or a village where a Christian missionary lives and has preached the Gospel but there are, beside the open converts, great numbers of secret Christians. I speak from experience that among the high caste men there are more secret Christians than among the low caste men. In Calcutta I found a great many Christians among the high caste men. They did not come out from their caste, but they openly confessed Jesus Christ. The Brahmin gurus or pastors have finally consented that they may confess Jesus Christ and retain their caste, if they will not be baptized. Thus they acknowledge that the Gospel of Jesus Christ has taken a great hold upon the people and they are afraid of losing their hold upon them. We do not need to hurry. The fabric of their religion is being undermined and will eventually fall of itself. All over India great cleavages are taking place—mighty cleavages from the Hindu rock, under the impact of Christianity. . . . Here are thousands of men who have been brought out of Hinduism under the influence of Christianity. True, they are not Christians, but they are on the way to Christ. There must be destruction before we can have reconstruction. These things are not given in the translated reports of the missionaries. A man said to me, 'You will not make many new converts from among the Brahmins, but you are Christianizing all Hinduism.'"

In speaking of results, he said there is one thing more to be said: "There is a Christian atmosphere. There is a passage in the Bible which says that the devil is the prince of the power of the air, and I never knew what that meant until I went to India. There is a strangely hell-impregnated atmosphere in that land. It is almost impossible to resist it. I have seen Americans and Englishmen, not Christians themselves, living there, who have become Brahmanized by the very atmosphere; but wherever there is a Christian bungalow, wherever there is a Christian song sung or a Gospel testimony given, the air becomes purer; the devil is exorcised. The Spirit of God is pervading the very atmosphere where before the devil reigned without a rival; and this is doing more to destroy Hinduism than the direct preaching of the Gospel. Hinduism cannot live in this new, heavenly air. You cannot tabulate this. The results of the Christian missions that cannot be tabulated are ten times as great as those which can be. I have not told you anything of what God has done among the women. I can only give you the most meager outline of the most visible results. The Christian women of the missionary force in India are beginning to work a revolution in the Indian homes, where Hinduism is anchored more firmly than in its temples."

Some very striking incidents illustrative of this phase of missionary work were here given. Of his own work the Doctor was brief, all too brief, for what he did say was extremely interesting. He was seventeen months in India, and had the joy of seeing nearly 2,000 Englishmen and Eurasians converted to Christ. In Calcutta for eight weeks, every night, he addressed audiences of native men. They listened with attention and courtesy and oftentimes with tears in their eyes. In this city alone a hundred native gentlemen have declared their acceptance of Christ as Saviour and Lord. Meetings of a similar nature were held in Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Lahore, Poona and other places, with the like gratifying results.

Here is a description of one of the meetings held in Lahore: "The hall seated 900 people. I announced meetings for educated English-speaking Indian gentlemen. I announced that the entire body of the hall would be reserved for these gentlemen; and the two side aisles reserved for the English and Eurasians. At the first meeting there were about 100 natives. Before the meetings closed, at the end of three weeks, the entire body of the house reserved for them, accommodating about 600, was packed to the doors. On either side we had 300 Christians, English or Eurasians. At the end of the meetings I ventured to pronounce the benediction. When I did this the English rose, but the natives always remained seated, as it would have been acknowledging Christianity for them to have risen. At the last meeting I preached on the love of Christ, and there were many wet eyes. At the end I sung the Doxology and pronounced the benediction. I turned to go, but before I got away some impulse made me turn around, and I came again to the front of the platform, and lifted my hands and said: 'You have been listening to me for three weeks, with a patience and courtesy that I have never met with before. I have pronounced the benediction and I was grieved that you were not on your feet to receive God's benediction. God has sent me back to pronounce that benediction again, and if there is one here who desires to receive the blessing of God, and who will indicate it by rising, I will lift my hands and ask the Father, Son and Holy Ghost to abide with you.' I lifted my hands and waited. It seemed as if there was a movement like the rushing of a mighty wind over that audience, and those 600 native gentlemen sprang to their feet as one man and waited in reverent attitude while I pronounced the benediction. They would not have done this if the Holy Spirit had not moved them.

"I have given you only a bird's-eye view of what God is doing in India; what He is doing through these men and women who have taken their lives in their hands and gone there to work for Him. I come back from India with a profound respect, almost veneration, for the noble men and women who have gone out to that land to spend their lives in missionary work. We should give them every support of sympathy, of love and of money to carry on their work."

—The higher critics are not troubled with modesty. They do not hesitate to make the most positive assertions. They think that they know all about how the Pentateuch was composed, and who did and who did not write the books of the Bible, and when they were written. They cannot bear to have their positions "questioned." Men who hold on to what they call traditionalism are treated as fools, and behind the age, and no scholars. They, as the learned of the age, have said "the last word," and their infallibility must not be gainsayed. They denounce the dogmaticians, yet are the most dogmatic of modern teachers. They have their own misgivings about the infallibility of the Scriptures, but none about their own processes. A little more humility upon their part would not be out of place. Pride bringeth a snare, and the great Babylon which they have built is liable to fall at any moment and cover them with confusion and shame. Resting largely upon conjecture, it lacks an enduring foundation.—*Presbyterian.*

Baby's croup is cured by Hacknomore.

NOTES ON EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

NO. I.

On the 10th of July, 1892, I first saw the Old World. Our steamer kept near the shore, along the northern part of Ireland, and called at Moville. The beautiful scenery for miles about the Giant's Causeway; the fertile fields, producing barley and potatoes, and marked by straight stone walls away to the top of the distant hills; the neat and substantial buildings of the farmers—these all gave me very favorable impressions of that fertile isle of the sea.

As our steamer passed up the Frith of Clyde we were in full view of some of the grandest scenery of Great Britain. The estates of the Duke of Hamilton and of the Marquis of Bute we passed on our left. The princely mansion and deer parks of the latter are near the shore.

We landed at Greenock, and went by rail—twenty-one miles—to Glasgow. The herds of large fat cattle grazing in the fertile fields were as much of a surprise to me as the rocky solidity of the buildings, which seemed made to endure forever. Even the almost countless miles of stone walls, with oval projecting caps, so neatly cut, showed a high class of masonry. The shipyards of the Clyde and the spool works of Paisley were not wholly void of interest. Less than four centuries ago Glasgow had a population of 4,000. It now has 750,000. She has a commercial fleet of over 1,000 ships and 500 steamers, and more than 13,000 ships enter or leave the port yearly.

At the time of the Reformation Scotland had about a dozen cathedrals, but they were all destroyed except three—those of Glasgow, Stirling and Dunblane, and the two latter were greatly shattered. The Glasgow cathedral dates from 1192, in which year it was consecrated. The Presbyterian ministers urged the magistrates in 1579 to tear it down, but through the efforts of influential merchants the corporation spared the building. Of its eighty windows, forty four are 30 feet high, and illustrate some event of Biblical history. The University, founded in 1443, has a library of 105,000 volumes.

Forty miles from Glasgow is Ayr, the birthplace of Burns. I lunched in the stone cottage where he was born, in 1799; read a few pages of his manuscript poems, and walked across the arched stone bridge spanning the river Doon, over which Tam o' Shanter rode. The walls of the old church—Alloway Kirk—erected 1516, are still standing. The bell, put into the tower in 1518, still hangs there. The father of Burns lies buried in the church-yard about twenty feet in front of the building. The old sexton, now 93 years of age, pointed out several graves of the Burns family, and of some of them he said, "I laid them in."

On our way to Edinburgh we went by way of the Trossachs. The scenery of these Highlands is charming, and rendered doubly so by the association of Sir Walter Scott. For many miles our coaches made circuitous routes around the hills, bringing to our view a continuous change of the wildest scenery. Some of the mountains were covered with small trees of stinted growth, some covered with ferns, some were entirely barren, and upon some of them flocks of sheep were grazing away to the distant tops. We went by steamer on Lake Lomond, which is 24 miles long. Over the lake are scattered 32 islands, bearing ruins of ancient monasteries and castles. The largest island, Inch Murrin, meaning First Isle, is now a deer park, owned by the Duke of Montrose. The numerous peaks and mountains in every direction along the shores of the lake are extremely picturesque. A physician—a graduate of the University of Edinburgh—was on the steamer, and took great pleasure in answering many of my questions and in pointing out scores of places of historical interest—places associated with Bruce and Wallace. A good many of the Scotch mountains begin with "Ben." Ben Nevis is called the sovereign of mountains. Ben Lomond, or Beacon Mountain, is over 3 000 feet high, at the base of which is Rob Roy's prison—a cave into which he took refuge after the Scottish parliament declared the outlawry of the Macgregor clan in 1693. Robert the Bruce also once took refuge here. Many spots upon the rugged shores and islands of this lake were of great interest to me, marking, as they do, historic events in the lives of Robert the Bruce and William Wallace when pressed by their foes. General Wolfe, who fell at Quebec in 1759, once commanded a fort near by. The Scotch people, with whom I conversed, in speaking of the hero of Bannockburn, always said: "Robert the Bruce," and never, Robert Bruce. Our steamer passed within a few feet of "Ellen's Isle"—a little rocky island covered with a small growth of white birch and evergreens. Between Lake Lomond and Lake Katrine is a carriage road of five miles amid enchanting mountain scenery. We went by steamer over Lake Katrine, which is eight miles long. Its rocky shores were the strongholds of the Macgregors two centuries ago. After leaving Lake Katrine for Callander, our coach skirted the shore of Dead Lake, which derives its name from the drowning of a funeral party of 200 persons. In passing Dunblane I noticed the old Gothic cathedral, partially destroyed and rebuilt in 1240. It was greatly shattered by the Reformers in 1559. Part of it is now used as a chapel. It made me sad while travelling in Scotland to see her old cathedrals in ruins. During the Reformation the English contented themselves by destroying the images, and saved the cathedrals; but the sturdy Scots, in their hatred of Rome, aimed to demolish everything that savored of popery. Close by Dunblane is the battlefield of Sheriffmuir, 1715.

I was much interested in Stirling, a very pretty town of 16,000 inhabitants, 36 miles northwest of Edinburgh. Sometime during Rome's possession of Britain, from 55 B. C. to 410 A. D., a fort or military post was established upon the nearly inaccessible height—a great huge rock—where the castle and church now stand. On this historic spot I spent a part of one pleasant afternoon. I went all through the old castle and grounds, and through the old cemetery around the cathedral, which bears marks of the shattering of the Reformers. While standing on top of the castle walls I could see twelve battlefields. I could not help gazing, for some little time, at the broad (now beautiful and fertile) field of Bannockburn, where, on the 14th of June, 1314, Edward II. of England, with 100,000 men, met Robert the Bruce with only 30,000. I looked at the spot where the Scottish troops knelt to pray before the battle began. Just how much efficacy there is in prayer for victory in war, I will not attempt to say; but before the sun went down Bruce was master of the place, and 30,000 of his foes lay dead upon the plain. While wandering through the old castle, I stepped into the room where James II. treacherously assassinated the Earl of Douglas, whom he kindly invited there, and then threw his lifeless body out of the small window upon the pavement far below. In this castle James II. and James V. were born, and James V. and Mary Queen of Scots were crowned. How much history, which I had by heart in the days of my boyhood, was made real to me as I walked through these dusty jail-like rooms that more than five centuries ago had been occupied by so many kings, such as Wm. Wallace, Robert the Bruce, John Baliol, David II., James I., James II., James III., James IV., James V., and James VI. The castle was captured by Edward I. of England, 1304, after a three months' siege. It is now occupied as barracks, and soldiers in fine uniform walk regularly around the walls. The scenery is enchanting. One gets a beautiful view of many distant hills, such as Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, and Ben Venue. Turning squarely around to the north-east, I descended the castle steps, walked down the hill, crossed the street, went over the old arched stone bridge spanning the Frith of Forth, which winds this way, and that way, and the other way, and all ways, throught the fertile meadows; and then went to the hill where the monument to William Wallace, 220 feet high, stands, and where the battle of Stirling was fought, 1297. On my way I stopped to look at the beheading block where the Earl of Lennox, his two sons, and his son-in-law, the Duke of Albany, were beheaded, 1424. It is in an open field in plain sight of the castle walls.

G. E. T.

FAITH, HOPE, LOVE.

BY ADDISON F. BROWNE.

1 Cor. 13 : 13.

This is the faith that works by love,
And flows in splendor from above;
The faith that saves from unbelief,
And joy beholds through wildest grief.

This is the hope that cannot fail
Though every fear and doubt assail:
It breaks the winter night of sin
And gives us summer day within.

This is the love—our love to God,
Returning love of Christ our Lord,
Upon the soul redeemed and free
Bestowing blest eternity.

The love of Jesus, once despised!
And when all faith is realized,
Fulfilling every word of truth,
'Twill live in sweet immortal youth.

The love Divine, whose flame will burn
When bloom of hope to faith shall turn,
And gild the New Jerusalem,
With light that shone in Bethlehem.

—There will come a last year to each one of us; therefore let each one say to himself—Is this my last? Dear friend, is "this year also" to be *your* last? Are you ready to see the curtain rise from eternity? Are you now prepared to hear the midnight cry, and to enter in to the marriage supper? The judgment and all that will follow upon it are most surely the heritage of every living man; blessed are they who by faith in Jesus are able to face the bar of God without a thought of terror! If we lived to be counted among the oldest inhabitants we must depart at last; there must be an end, and the voice must be heard, "Thus saith the Lord, this year thou shalt die." So many have gone before us, and are going every hour, that no man should need any other *memento mori*, and yet man is so eager to forget his own mortality, and thereby to forfeit his hopes of bliss, that we cannot too often bring it before the mind's eye. O mortal man, bethink thee! Prepare to meet thy God; for thou must meet Him. Seek the Saviour, yes, seek Him ere another sun sinks to rest.—*Spurgeon.*

—A heart that constantly turns heavenward for guidance and utters its silent thanksgiving for every good, will not be seriously burdened by doubts or oppressed by a sense of condemnation. Outside of the limits of positive wrong there a region including those things of which Paul says while they are lawful they are not expedient; they edify not; things of which we must ask not, What is the harm? but, What is the good? things whose tendency is simply doubtful, yet that doubt ought to settle the question for you. You do not wait to see it proved that food is tainted with poison—the possibility is enough to secure your avoidance. Again, a perfectly innocent thing may, from personal peculiarity or special circumstance, become for you injurious and therefore wrong. The spectacle of a rational human being who has entered upon an endless existence questioning and hesitating over abandoning anything so trivial as a mere form of amusement is one over which men and angels might well weep. May no young Christian ever consent to stand in so humiliating a position! My heart fills with gladness as I think of the army of youth, with its eager impulses, its glowing enthusiasm, its strength, its vigor, its courage, its hopefulness, enlisted under a Leader whose divine power and wisdom are pledged to bring it to victory.—*Emily H. Miller, in Helps and Hindrances.*

—The Bible has done wonders for mankind, but it has still greater triumphs to achieve. It has been, according to recent calculations, translated into enough languages to be accessible to 1,000,000,000 souls. Grand accomplishment. The Lord be praised! But, while thankful for all this we must not forget the vast work yet to be done. There are no less than 700 languages into which it is yet to be rendered, and nearly 500,000,000 souls still to be reached directly by it. But missionary zeal will, sooner or later, compass the result. When every man can read the Word of God in his own tongue, under the baptism of the Holy Ghost, both the word read and preached will be potential agents for human redemption, and the world will be all the more quickly converted to the glory of His grace.—*Presbyterian.*

RIVAL VOICES.

S. T. P.

Listen to the voice of the world! Through the tumult and strife of life it sounds, beating, beating, like a great pulse. What is its burden?

Sorrow and pain! Sorrow and pain! Joyful meetings lead to but sad partings; love of friends ends but in anguish when they are called away. To-day you bless God for the love of the little one in your arms, for the clinging of baby fingers; to-morrow, God takes the little one, and with empty arms and breaking heart you see a future of darkness, loneliness and weeping. Sorrow and pain! Sorrow and pain!

To-day you have friends, comforts, hopes, and bright lookings forward to the future: more bitter the morrow, when, at one blast of misfortune, all is swept away, and the tearful eyes see naught in the future but grief and loss.

All things change. Hope and joy to-day, sorrow and pain to-morrow.

"'Tis the old woe of the world,
Tune to whose rise and fall we live or die."

Is there no redress? Is there no escape from the world's inheritance of sorrow, loss, grief and pain?

Listen again! 'Tis another voice; one we hear not always, alas! because we close our ears to its gentle tones. What is the burden of this "still, small voice,"—so small that it finds a place in the weakest heart; so great that it shakes the universe? "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Is there a morning, then, to the night of sorrow? Listen again: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

Is not this the voice to which our hearts should listen?

Has God taken your little one? "Joy cometh in the morning"; "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."

Is all dark before your eyes? Has misfortune turned your future into darkness and bewilderment? Listen again to the voice: "There shall be no night there"—no night of sorrow; no night of pain and loss. "The Lamb is the light thereof"; "the light of the world."

Look up, sad heart! Look up, tearful eyes! "The light of the world" will drive away the night of sorrow and sin. Oh, mother, stretch up your empty arms to Him; "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." He who said, "Suffer the children to come unto me," can care for the little one He has taken; "He will gather the lambs in His arms, and carry them in His bosom."

Look up, thou tempted and tried one; look up, tired eyes, aching heart; look up, weary one, wasted with pain and sickness; "neither shall there be any more pain"; "sorrow shall be turned into joy." Let your cry be, Onward! Upward! Fix your eyes on the home above. Press forward "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." In the glad meetings in the city of God, there will be no sad partings to look forward to. Your hands will clasp again the hands of friends long departed; those you have loved and lost will greet you once again, and no shadow of parting will dim the joy of the meeting; sorrow and anguish all left behind. "Forever with the Lord."

Listen, then, to the voice of the Saviour; lay your sorrow and cares on Him, "for He careth for you"; and remember that, although "weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning."

"Come, ye disconsolate,
Where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy seat,
Fervently kneel.
Here bring your wounded heart
Here tell your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow
That heaven cannot heal."

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