

Christian Messenger.

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"Not slothful in business : fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

*I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer.
The mighty one of Jacob.—Isaiah.*

A lion's whelp is Judah,
Was dying Jacob's word,
But mark the prophets vision,
Pierce through to Judah's Lord.

Away beyond the shadows;
Through all the change and gloom;
He looked to Zion's morning,
And saw the Shiloh come.

He came, with grace and vengeance;
And night her black wings furled.
He stooped down in the valley;
His thunder shook the world.

He fell upon the mighty,
And took from him the prey;
Delivered lawful captives,
And bore them safe away.

Now with the prey in Zion,
Upon the mountains top,
Hath couched the sceptred Lion;
And who shall rouse Him up!

The universe shall tremble
Once more; but nothing harm
The spoil which He has taken,
And shelters with His arm.

He crushed the serpent's power
Forever, in the strife;
And perfected forever
The chosen heirs of life.

J. F. T.

Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

Chinese Scriptures.

The following letter, from the missionary translator of the American Bible Union in China, will richly repay a careful perusal.—It will be found fraught with interest to all those who look for the blessing of God upon that populous region of the earth.

WM. H. WYCKOFF, Cor. Sec.,

NINGPO, April 17, 1868.

W. H. WYCKOFF, LL.D., Cor. Sec. A. B. U.,
New York.

My Dear Brother:—Since writing to you in February my health has been very good, and I have been very busy in my work of revision. My interest in it increases as I advance, and the further I proceed the more deeply I am convinced of its importance. I only regret that I have taken up the work in earnest at so late an hour, not because I was ever better qualified for it, but because I have the less prospect of bringing it to a close.—However, I am not yet very old. I am, at least, young enough to hope, and strong enough to work. And with God's blessing I shall not hope or work in vain.

My progress thus far has been more rapid and satisfactory than I had reason to expect. I have nearly finished, in the character, the revision of Matthew and Mark; and have commenced on Luke. In the colloquial I have not yet done much. I find it desirable to settle first the difficulties in the character, this being the more important work, and to which colloquial versions should conform in names, readings, and renderings. When these are settled in the character, they are, in names, and readings, and, to a considerable extent, in renderings also, settled for the colloquial; and this being done, the work becomes comparatively easy. Moreover, just now I am so fortunate as to have secured the assistance of a native scholar, in addition to my ordinary help, whose services in the character are very valuable. He is one of the scholars (the other is now dead) who assisted Bro. Goddard in his work, and to whose scholarship his work is much indebted. This person is now, and has been for a long time, in the employ of my friend Dr. McCartee, of the Presbyterian Mission, who, though unwilling to part with him permanently, has kindly consented to loan him to me for six months.—While I can avail myself of his services, therefore, I feel inclined to press the work in

the character as fast as possible. I have also reasons for this of another kind, to which I may refer when I have more leisure. Just now I have only time to add, that I fear I am likely to experience difficulty and delay in getting my printing done. I have applied to the Presbyterian Mission press at Shanghai; but that cannot do any work for me at present. It has more work for its own missionaries than it can do. Printing in the character I can get done with Chinese blocks with tolerable satisfaction; but the Romanized colloquial can be printed only by a foreign press. Brethren Jenkins and Kreyer, with whom I have had much conversation in this subject, think that *we ought to have a press here*, and they urge me to try and get one. It is needed much by the Baptist interest in China.—Of this I feel satisfied. But how is it to be got—that is the question. If our rich and generous friends at home would take up the subject it would be a small matter. One or two thousand dollars would probably be sufficient to purchase and get into operation here a press that would do all our work. Could you not get some wealthy brethren to take up this matter, and supply our wants in this respect? The property might belong to the Bible Union; and it is better, perhaps, that it should, as it would be chiefly employed in Bible work. Perhaps, when I have a little more leisure, I will write you further on this subject, and present the matter in a more business like form.

I have heard nothing from you since leaving New York. The American mail via San Francisco, due here two weeks ago, has not yet arrived.

Our missionary work here is progressing hopefully. I have baptized nineteen persons since my return from America. With kind regards to all the members of your Board, and hoping to hear from you soon and often, I am
Yours sincerely,
E. C. LORD.

The Body and Soul.

"Brother," said the Soul to the Body, "we must shortly part; and now let us reckon together."

"Let us reckon, sister," said the Body. "You have been active in labor, toiling early and gathered much gold; will you keep it with you, or shall I take it with me?" said the Soul.

"Alas!" said the Body, "how can I take it among the darkness, and dust, and corruption of the grave? What will it profit me there?"

"Nay," said the Soul, "but how can I carry it where earth and earthly things are not suffered to enter? It is, after all, but yellow earth."

"True, then shortly it will be neither thine nor mine," said the Body, sorrowfully. "Our reckoning is not yet over," said the Soul.

"How are we to meet again—for we must meet again—will it be in sorrow or in joy? You have never allowed me to look heavenward, but have taken away my freedom, and used all my powers to minister to your selfish pleasure."

"Alas!" cried the Body, "you tempted me and now you cry out against me!"

"What if we meet as fellow tormentors," said the Soul, "united together in eternal misery? I am defiled as you are. You have cared neither for my cleansing, nor for your own. I am without a right to heaven, as you are. So, then, this love of self will be our mocking accuser in eternity, and I shall forever reproach you with having destroyed me."

The Body answered; "I had a right to look to you for a governing purpose, which should have resulted in our mutual salvation. I now realize, with deep grief, that we each have been unfaithful to the other; we mutually are to blame for our common destruction. Alas! and is there no hope?"

"Brother," the Soul replied, "holy words long since forgotten, come to my remembrance; words spoken to the truly penitent by Him who created us—Him whom we have forgotten, Him whom we have disobeyed—'I, even I, am he that blot out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.'"

"Sister," said the Body, "I have sinned and done evil in his sight. We do well to consider our ways; to-day to hearken to his voice. Let us kneel, in sorrow, in penitence, and in love, before Him who gave himself for us, who for our sins hung on the accursed tree; and though our sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"Brother," said the Soul, "let us now heartily give ourselves, with all we have and are, with our powers and affections, with the gold and silver, to Him that loved us and gave himself for us."

"Yea," said the Body, "forgiven, cleansed and purified, I shall become a temple of the Holy Ghost, and live or die for his praise."

"Brother," said the Soul, "you will die to rise again; but be comforted; he passeth with us through the dark valley. My soul does magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Let us together praise him for our salvation."—*Leaflets for Letters.*

Cultivating the Voice.

If we except the lower kinds of handicraft, nine-tenths of all that is done in the world is done by means of the voice,—by talking. It is by talking we buy and sell; by talking, the lawyer, the doctor, the minister, the teacher, perform the chief of their functions; by talking, the intercourse and machinery of life are chiefly kept in motion. As it was by a word that creation was accomplished, as the worlds came into being and were moulded into shape, not by the hand, but by the omnific voice of God, saying—"Let there be light and there was light," so in this sphere of human action the tongue is mightier than the hand. The moulding, propelling forces of society come from the use of words. By words, more than by all other means, we persuade, convince, alarm, arouse, or soothe, or whatever else leads men to action and achievement; and while written words are full of power, yet even these are feeble as compared with spoken words, the living utterances of the human voice. Not only so, but the manner of speaking, the tone and quality of the voice, influence us quite as much as the words spoken.

Yet how strangely we neglect this wonderful instrument. The mechanic sees to it that his tools are as keen and strong as it is in the power of art and labor to make them.—The sportsman spares no expense or care to have the articles that minister to his pleasure in the highest possible state of finish and perfection. How lavish we are in the purchase of instruments of music, and in keeping them properly tuned and cared for. Yet this most wonderful organ, the voice, which God has given to every one of us, and which is worth more to us than all the instruments of music, all the inventions of pleasure all the tools of trade, that human skill has devised, is left for the most part in utter neglect, without intelligent guidance, its wonderful powers almost totally uncultivated and undeveloped. We all feel the sway that a well-cultivated and modulated voice has upon us, its power to give us pleasure and win our assent, and yet the great majority of us neglect to cultivate in ourselves that which may give us such a power over others. We are not oblivious of other advantages. We strive to make ourselves acceptable and to increase our influence, by attention to dress, by the adornment of our persons, and by the cultivation of our minds, by stores of knowledge and by accomplishments of various kinds, while the voice, which more than anything else, is the direct instrument of the soul, is treated with neglect.

We mumble and mutter what should come clearly and distinctly; we speak with a nasal drawl, or in a sharp key that sets all the finer chords of sympathy ajar; we use just so much of the vocal power that is given us as is needed to express in the faintest way our most imperative wants, and indolently leave all the rest of its untold and exquisite resources to go to waste.

Mrs Siddons once made a shopkeeper turn pale with affright and unconsciously drop his goods upon the counter, simply by the tone in which, by way of experiment, she asked him the price of a pair of gloves. Undoubtedly Mrs. Siddons had natural gifts of voice which

do not belong to every one. But a great part of the wonderful fascination which she and the members of that remarkable family exerted, was due to cultivation.

If ministers of the gospel, and others who undertake to influence the minds of a congregation on the side of religion, would give this matter more attention, they would find it greatly to their own advantage and that of others. The manner in which the words of eternal life are read and uttered from the pulpit is often such as to kill all vitality out of them. It is not enough that a preacher should be a good theologian, and that his sermons should contain sound and valuable thoughts. The influence which they are to exert upon the people, is largely dependent upon the voice which gives them utterance.—A competent teacher of elocution is quite as important a part of the machinery of a Theological seminary, as a teacher of Hebrew.—Yet, in organizing our seminaries, this matter is usually entirely ignored.—*Prof. John S. Hart.*

Taking offence in the Church.

A great mistake is made by many church members. When they receive any injury from a fellow member or imagine that they are unjustly treated by them, they rashly conclude that the best remedy is to absent themselves from the public and social meetings of the church. An article in a late number of the *National Baptist* treats this subject in the following very sensible style:—

This proceeding is wrong, the most wrong you could take. Come now, and let us reason together. Let me put together, in the fewest words possible, some of the *pros* and *cons*. By staying away—

1. You violate your duty to God, who commands you to "walk orderly" and not to forsake "assembling together" with His people. If you are sure you cannot be comfortable in that church, ask for a letter and join another at once. But if you act as you do you cannot have a letter granted to you.

2. You break your covenant with the church. Turn to it now, read it prayerfully, and see if you are not in danger of committing a great wrong.

3. You are showing resentment against the whole church for what a few members, or perhaps only one, has done.

3. You set at naught the great rule, Matt. 18. Unless you freely and fully forgive those who have offended you, go and do as Christ commands, and begin a holy discipline with them, or you bring on yourself His condemnation.

5. If you refuse to do this, and still absent yourself, the church must put you under discipline. A committee will wait on you, and you must then act according to Gospel order, or you will be excluded; and most justly.—Now read, on your knees, Matt. 16: 19, and 18: 18.

6. The persons who have offended you may be pillars in the church. You are getting up a party to destroy their usefulness; yea, so far as your influence goes, to destroy the church; and you will be responsible before God for all the good you prevent.

7. You are keeping yourself in a miserable state of mind, and running an awful risk of apostasy.

"To Hell."

Harper's Weekly for June 27th has a very painful picture, because of its fearful truthfulness to real life. It is one of those symbolic representations which suggests, at first sight, the most impressive and solemn truth. It can be described in a few words. A carriage is returning from the races. On the back seat Youth reclines, with Craft at his side picking his pocket. Opposite, on the front seat, sits Youth again, with the Wanton at his side. Mephistopheles mounts the box, while Death, filling the cup is behind. A sign-board in the background points to home. It reads, *To HELL.*

This picture is strongly drawn. It is harrowing as a study, but still it expresses a great fact. How many who have read this have a cloud pass over as they call to mind dear ones who are returning from the races.