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WHOLE SERIES.
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POETRY.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Day of Rest.

Six days of toil are at an end,
The day of rest, the welcome friend
Of weary man, benignly springs,
With healing in its balmy wings.
The Sun goes forth with wonted power,
The breeze still sways the tree and flower,
The river rolls to ocean's breast,
But tired man must pause to rest.
Sweet day of rest! O let it be
A sacred day to you and me,
A welcome day to you and me.

O hearts oppressed with toil and care,
O souls that tire of earthly fare,
Bright scenes to-day before you lie,
With bread of life in rich supply;
Now through the corn-fields we may go
And pluck the golden ears that grow
So richly on Immanuel's lands,
And rub them with unblemished hands.
Sweet day of rest! O let it be
A sacred day to you and me,
A precious day to you and me.

Blest he to whom this day are given,
Sweet Patmos gleams of God and heaven,
That touch the soul with golden ray,
And cheer the pilgrim on his way.
Hail, happy morn that pierced the gloom,
And showed the world an empty tomb,
Whose risen Lord, with pitying breast,
Still lives to give his people rest.
Sweet day of rest! O let it be
A sacred day to you and me,
A joyful day to you and me.

S. S.

RELIGIOUS.

There go the Ships.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"There go the ships."—PSALM CIV. 26.

I was walking the other day by the side of the sea, looking out upon the English Channel. It so happened that there was a bad wind for the vessels going down the Channel, and they were lying in great numbers, I should think I counted more than a hundred, all waiting for a change of wind. On a sudden the wind shifted to a more favorable quarter, and it was interesting to see with what rapidity all sails were spread, and the vessels began to disappear like birds on the wing. It was a sight such as one might not often see, but worth travelling a hundred miles to gaze upon, to see them all sail like a gallant squadron, and disappear southward on their voyages. "There go the ships," was the exclamation that naturally rose to one's lips. The psalmist thought it worth his while to pen the fact which he too had noticed, though it is very questionable whether David had ever seen anything like the number of vessels which pass our coasts, certainly he had seen none to be compared with them for tonnage.

The first lesson which may be learned from the ships and the sea is this—every part of the earth is made with some design. This land, of course, yields "grass for the cattle and herb for the service of man;" but what about the broad acres of the sea? We cannot sow them nor turn them into pasturage. The reaper fills not his arm from the briny furrows, they give neither seed for the sower nor bread for the eater, neither do herbs or cattle cover them as they do the thousand hills of earth. Remorselessly swallowing up all that is cast upon it, the thankless ocean makes no return of fruit or flower. Is not the larger part of the world given up to waste? "No," says David, and so say we—"There go the ships." The sea benefits man by occasional navigation, and yielding besides an enormous harvest of fishes of many kinds.

Our subject, however, shall not be the uses of the sea, but this one simple matter—"There go the ships."

I. And, first, WE SEE THAT THE SHIPS GO. "There go the ships." The ships are made to go. The ship is not made to lie forever upon the stocks, or to be shut up in the docks. It is generally looked upon as an old hulk of little service when it has to lie up in ordinary, and rot in the river. But a

ship is made to go, and, as you see that it goes, remember that you were also made to go. Activity in Christian work is the result and design of grace in the soul. How I wish we could launch some of you. You are, we trust, converted, but you as yet serve but slender uses, very quiet, sluggish, and motionless you lie on the stocks by the month together, and we have nearly as much trouble to launch you as Brunel had with the "Great Eastern." I have tried hard to knock away your blocks, and remove your dogshores, and grease your ways, but you need hydraulic rams to stir you. When will you feel that you must go, and learn to "walk the water as a thing of life"? Oh for a grand launch! Hundreds are lying high and dry, and to them I would give the motto, "launch out into the deep." The ships go, when will you go too?

The ships as they go are going upon business. Some few ships go hither and thither upon pleasure, but for the most part the ships have something serious to do. They have a charter, and they are bound for a certain port, and this teaches us how we should go on the voyage of life with a fixed, earnest, weighty purpose. May I ask each one of you, Have you something to do, and is it worth doing? You are sailing, but are you sailing like a mere pleasure yacht, whose port is everywhere, which scuds and flies before every fitful wind, and is a mere butterfly with no serious work before it? You may be as heavily laden and dingy as a collier, there may be nothing of beauty or swiftness about you, but after all, the main thing is the practical result of your voyage. Dear friend, what are you doing? What have you been doing? And what do you contemplate doing? I should like every young man here just to look at himself. Here you are, young man; you certainly were not sent into this world merely to wear a coat, and to stand so many feet in your stockings; you must have been sent here with some intention. A noble creature like man—and man is a noble creature as compared with the animal creation—is surely made for something. What were you made for? Not merely to enjoy yourself. That cannot be. You certainly are not "a butterfly born in a bower," neither were you made to be creation's blot and blank. Neither can you have been created to do mischief. It were an evil thing for you to be a mere serpent in the world, to creep in the grass and wound the traveller. No, you must be made for something. What is that something? Are you answering your end? For God's glory we were made. Nothing short of this is worthy of immortal beings. Have we sought that glory? Are we seeking it now?

These ships, however, whatever their errand be, sail upon a changeable sea. To-day the sea is smooth like glass; the ship, however, makes very small headway. To-morrow there is a breeze, which fills out the sail, and the ship goes merrily before it. Perhaps, before night comes on the breeze increases to a gale, and then rushes from a gale into a hurricane. Let the mariner see to it when the storm winds are out, for the ship need be staunch to meet the tempest. Mark how in the tempestuous hour the sea mingles with the clouds, and the clouds with the sea. See how the ship mounts up to heaven on the crest of the wave, and then dives into the abyss in the furrow between the enormous billows, until the mariners reel to and fro and stagger like drunken men. Anon they have weathered the storm, and perhaps to-morrow it will be calm again. "There go the ships" on an element which is a proverb for fickleness, for we say, "false as the smooth deceitful sea." "They go," say you, "upon the sea, but I dwell upon the solid earth." Ah, good sir, there is much to choose. There is nothing stable beneath you waxing and waning moon. We say "terra firma," but where is terra firma? What man is he who has found out the rock immovable? Certainly not he

who looks to this world for it. He has it not who thinks he has, for many plunge from riches into poverty, from honor to disgrace, from power to servitude. Who says, "My mountain standeth firm, I shall never be moved?" He speaks as the foolish speak. It is a voyage, sir, and even with Christ on board it is a voyage in which storms will occur, a voyage in which you may have to say, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Expect changes, then. Do not hold anything on earth too firmly. Trust in God and be on the watch, for who knoweth what may be on the morrow? "There go the ships."

II. But now having spoken upon that, our second point is, HOW DO THE SHIPS? What makes them go? For there are lessons here for Christian men. We leave our steam ships out of the question, as they were not known in David's day, and therefore not intended. But how go the ships? Well, they must go according to the wind. They cannot make headway without favoring gales. And if our port be heaven, there is no getting there except by the blessed Spirit's blowing upon us. He bloweth where he listeth, and we need that he should breathe upon us. We never steer out of the port of destruction upon our venturesome voyage till the heavenly wind drives us out to sea; and when we are out upon the ocean of spiritual life we make no progress unless we have his favoring breath. We are dependent upon the Spirit of God, even more than the mariners upon the breeze. Let us all know this, and therefore cry,

"Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But fill my sails and speed my way."

It is not possible to insist too much on the humbling truth, "Without me ye can do nothing;" it helps to check self-confidence, and it exalts the Holy Ghost. Unless we honor him he will not honor us, and therefore let us cheerfully acknowledge our absolute dependence upon him.

But the mariner does not go by the wind without exertion on his own part, for the sails must be spread and managed so that the wind may be utilized. One man may go many knots, while another with the same breeze goes but few, for there is a good deal of tacking about wanted sometimes, to use the little wind, or the cross wind which may prevail. Sometimes all the sails must be spread, and at other times only a part. Management is required. If some were spread they might take the wind out of others, and so the ship might lose instead of gaining. There is a deal of work on board a ship. I believe that some people have a notion that the ship goes of itself, and that the sailors have nothing to do but sit down, and enjoy themselves; but if you have ever been to sea as an able-bodied seaman, you have discovered that for an easy life you must not be one of a ship's crew. And so, mark you, we are dependent upon the Spirit of God, but he puts us into motion and action; and if Christian men sit down and say, "Oh, the Spirit of God will do the work," you will find the Spirit of God will do nothing of the sort. The only operation which he will be likely to perform will be to convince you that you are a sluggard, and that you will come to poverty. The Spirit of God makes men earnest, fervent, living and intense. He "works in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure." We have sails to manage to catch the favoring breeze, and we shall want all the strength we can obtain if we are to make good headway in the voyage of life. Some professors say, "God will save his own people." I am afraid he will never save them. They expect there will come good times when a great number of the elect will be gathered in, but they fold their arms and do nothing at all to promote the spread of the Gospel. When they see others a little busy, they say, "Ah, mere excitement!" and so on, and they tell us God will have his own, to which I generally reply that I believe he will, but I do not be-

lieve he will have them, because if they were his own they would not talk in that fashion, for those who are God's people have a zeal for God and a love for souls. Do you not remember what God said to David? "When thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees then shalt thou bestir thyself." Not "Then shalt thou sit still, and say God will do it." When David heard the angels coming over the tops of the trees to fight the Philistines, and when he heard their soft tread amongst the leaves, like the rustling of the wind, then he was to bestir himself; and so, when God's Spirit comes to work in the church, the Christian must bestir himself and not sit still. "There go the ships." They go with the wind, but they are the scene of great industry, or else the wind would whistle through the yards, and the ship would make no voyages. Thus, brethren, we see dependence and energy united; faith sweetly showing itself in good works.

(Conclusion next Week.)

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Letter from Rev. Rufus Sanford.

Dear Editor,—

The best news we can send you is that the Lord is giving us encouragement in our work. It was my privilege, during my second visit to Vizianagram, to baptize five interesting and happy disciples of Jesus. Their accession to the little company of baptized believers in that town makes their number eighteen.

Of the five baptized two are Eurasians, two are Telugus, and one is of a tribe of people called Oriyas, who are found on the north-western borders of the Telugu country. You will be interested in knowing more of these persons.

LIGHT SHINING AMIDST DARKNESS.

The last mentioned is the wife of the Oriya man of whom you have heard already, and whose religious history is noteworthy. This man became converted about eighteen months since, through reading the New Testament in his own language, and in his own country. He came to Vizianagram desirous to be baptized, and according to his own account, not certain whether he might baptize himself, or must have some one to baptize him. When our brethren were at Vizianagram he applied to them, and after giving good reason for the hope within him, was baptized. He was walking in fellowship with the church until a report, by some means, began to spread that he had not been married to the woman with whom he was living. It then became necessary to inquire particularly concerning this matter. It was found that he had been living with his second wife four years, properly married according to the custom of his people. He, as well as his wife, was in heathenism at the time. We found also that they wished to be married according to Christian custom, and the wife moreover sought to be baptized. She had been anxious about her own salvation since the time of her husband's baptism, three months before, and having found her Saviour, was ready to follow in the way of His commands. She was able to read the Bible in her own language, but did not understand much Telugu, — not so much as her husband.

We were quite taken by surprise one Wednesday morning to find them at the door, having come fifteen miles by bandy, i. e., bullock cart, in order to be married after the Christian manner. The marriage ceremony over, according to which formula Prulite Basso Mahannthy and Chandhra Corla were pronounced "man and wife," they returned to Vizianagram. At the church meeting on the next Saturday evening, her testimony as well as that of the church members who know her, was clear and satisfactory.

PROMISE OF FUTURE USEFULNESS.

On Monday, just before they started in the direction of their own country,

he came and shewed some work that he had been doing with the view to benefit his countrymen. He had some forty or fifty pages of note paper written, in which he was endeavoring to set forth the superiority of scripture teachings to those of Hindooism and the various religious superstitions held by the Oriya people. When completed, he hopes to get it printed. His employment is that of writer in the office of the Sup't of Police, yet he seems to be improving his spare time in study. The religious history of these persons seems very interesting indeed. The New Testament together with the Books of Genesis and Exodus were the only portions of the Bible possessed by them, and through the reading of these, the Lord had brought them out from heathen darkness into the marvellous light. We are reminded of God's mysterious ways in gathering his elect out of every tribe and people and tongue. The Oriya man promised to write me occasionally. We must not lose track of him though he has returned to his native land. It may please the Lord to make him the means of much good to his people.

THE TWO TELUGUS

are brothers, aged twenty seven and nineteen years respectively. They have received instruction since their childhood from Rev. Mr. Dawson and his missionary daughter, of the London Mission at Vizianagram, until failing health obliged them to leave the station. For three months previous to our coming, these young men had been exercised in reference to the subject of believers' baptism. They had been believers and members of the London Mission church several years; but they now came to see that believers of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Accordingly they applied for baptism and church membership, the elder brother having previously resigned his employment as teacher in the Mission school at that station, and which was the only means of subsistence open for him at the time. After a little delay they were received, and are now with us as assistants. It will be proper at another time to give further particulars respecting them.

THE TWO EURASIANS

are young men, friends, of nearly the same age, the one living in this town, and the other at Vizagapatam. They both came in on Saturday afternoon, as the sun was setting, to consult respecting their duty to be baptized. Henry Jones had come from Vizagapatam, twenty one miles distant. The relation of his Christian experience was very clear and interesting. Since his conversion, which took place a year ago last November, he had felt it his duty to be baptized; and though the minister and nearly all the Christians of that town and region are pedo-baptists, yet he could not be satisfied that anything short of the believers' immersion in water is Christian baptism. Accordingly he made several efforts to become baptized. On two occasions the time was set, and in each case a lay brother was expected to administer the rite. The missionary in charge at that station prevented the baptism, and the young man was kept waiting until he could hear of a Baptist minister to whom he might apply. After a long conference with him and John Awdrey, we advised them to go with us to Vizianagram in order that they might become acquainted with the little Baptist church there, and duly received into their fellowship, according to the usage of our churches.

Since coming to Bimlipatam we have met with

MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT.

Our time is well occupied, and yet the work is opening up in various directions. We have three young men as assistants, who give promise of distinguished usefulness. I cannot tell you how much I prize them. May the Lord grant them His Spirit in large measure and sanctify them for His work among the heathen. They are very well instructed; can read and