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WHOLE SERIES.
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POETRY.

Friendly Words.

BY REV. J. CLARK.

Let it be thy chief endeavour
Day by day to watch and wait;
Good and gracious souls are ever
Truly great.

Whether high or low thy station,
Serve the Lord with all thy might;
In this evil generation
Do the right.

Walk with God, the Great and Holy,
As did some in days of yore;
Learn of Jesus, "meek and lowly,"
Evermore.

When the snares of Satan vex thee,
When thy friends unfaithful prove,
When the cares of life perplex thee,
Look above.

Should thy dearest friends be taken,
Be submissive—kiss the rod;
Thou shalt never be forsaken,
Trust in God.

God is love, and changeth never,
Cleave to Him, and Him alone;
All His saints shall rest for ever
Near His throne.

Thine shall be a joyous story,
Every doubt and fear shall cease,
When the Lord of life and glory
Whispers, "Peace."

Nothing evil can befall thee,
Leaning on Thy Saviour's breast;
Death is but His voice to call thee
Home to rest.

Soon shall all earth's ties be riven,
Soon shall all its toils be past;
Thou shalt find thyself in heaven,
CROWN'D AT LAST.

RELIGIOUS.

There go the Ships.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"There go the ships."—PSALM CIV. 26.
(Concluded.)

The voyage of a ship on the main ocean seems to me to be an admirable picture of the life of faith. The sailor does not see a road before him, or any land mark or sea mark, yet is sure of his course. He relies upon fixed lights in heaven, for far out he can see no beacon or light on the sea. His calculations, based on the laws of the heavenly bodies, are sure guides on a wild wilderness where no keel ever leaves a furrow to mark the way. The late Captain Basil Hall, one of the most scientific officers in the navy, tells the following interesting incident. He once sailed from San Blas, on the west coast of Mexico; and after a voyage of eight thousand miles, occupying eighty-nine days, he arrived off Rio Janeiro, having in this interval passed through the Pacific Ocean, rounded Cape Horn, and crossed the South Atlantic, without making land or seeing a single sail except an American whaler. When within a week's sail of Rio, he set seriously about determining by lunar observations the position of his ship, and then steered his course by those common principles of navigation which may be safely employed for short distances between one known station and another. Having arrived within what he considered from his computations fifteen or twenty miles of the coast, he hove to, at four o'clock in the morning, to await the break of day, and then bore up, proceeding cautiously, on account of a thick fog. As this cleared away, the crew had the satisfaction of seeing the great Sugar Loaf Rock, which stands on one side of the harbor's mouth, so nearly right ahead, that they had not to alter their course above a point, in order to hit the entrance of the port. This was the first land they had seen for nearly three months, after crossing so many seas, and being set backwards and forwards by innumerable currents and foul winds. The effect upon all on board was electric, and giving way to their admiration, the sailors greeted the commander with a hearty cheer. And what a cheer will we give when after many a year's sailing by faith we at last see the pearly gates right straight

ahead, and enter into the fair haven without needing to shift a point! Glory be to the Captain of our salvation, it will be all well with us when the fog of this life's care shall lift, and we shall see in the light of heaven.

Once more, How go the ships? They not only go according to the wind, guided by the helm and chart, but some ships will go better than others, according to their build. With the same amount of wind one vessel makes more way than another. Now it is a blessed thing when the grace of God gives a Christian a good build. There are some church members who are so queerly shaped that somehow they never seem to cut the water, and even the Holy Spirit does not make much of them. They will get into harbour at last, but they will need a world of tugging.

The snail got into the ark: I often wonder how he did it, he must have got up very early that morning. However, the snail got in as well as the greyhound, and so there are Christian people who will get to heaven, but heaven alone knows how, for they are such a queer sort of people that they seem to make no progress in the divine life. I would sooner live in heaven with them forever than be fifteen minutes with them here below. God seems to shape some christian minds in a more perfect mould than others, so that, having simplicity of character, warmth of heart, zealous temperaments, and generous spirits, when the wind of the Spirit comes they cut through the foam.

Now, I suspect that some good people have by degrees become like the "Great Eastern" a short time since, namely, foul under water. They cannot go, because they are covered with barnacles. A ship is greatly impeded in its voyage if it carries a quantity of barnacles on its bottom. I know lots of Christian people—I could point them out to-night, but I will not—who are covered with barnacles. They cannot go, because of some secret inconsistency, or love of the things of this world rather than the love of God. They want laying up and clearing a bit, so as to get some of the barnacles off. It is a rough process, but it is one to which some of God's vessels have to be exposed. What headway they would make towards heaven if that which hindereth were removed. Sometimes when a man is on a bed of sickness, he is losing his barnacles; and sometimes, when a man has been rich and wealthy, and he has lost all he had, it takes off the barnacles. When we have lost friends we love, and whom we have made idols of, we have been sorry to lose them, but it has cleared off our barnacles; and when we have got out to sea there has been an ease about the going, and we have scarcely known how it was, but God knew that he had made us more fit for his service by the trial of life to which he exposed us.

That is how the ships go. There are many mysteries about them, and there are many in us. God makes us go by the gales of the Spirit. Oh, that we may be trim for going, buoyant, and swift to be moved, and so may we make a grand voyage to heaven with Christ Jesus at the helm.

III. Thirdly and briefly. When I saw these ships go, I happened to be near a station of Lloyd's, and I noticed that they ran up flags as the vessel went by, to which the vessels replied. I suppose they were asking questions—to know their names and what their cargo was, and where they were going, and so on. Now I am going to act as Lloyd's to-night, and put up the flags and ask you something about yourselves. The third point will then be—the ships go, let us signal them.

And, first, Who is your owner? "There go the ships," but who is your owner? You do not reply, but I think I can make a guess. There are some hypocrites about, who make fine pretensions, but they are not holy living people, they even dare to come to the Lord's table, and yet they drink of the cup of devils. They will sing pious

hymns with us, and then sing lascivious ditties with their familiars. I would say to such a man, you are a rotten vessel; you do not belong to King Jesus. Every timber is staunch in his vessels. They are not all what we should like them to be, and as I have said already they too often are covered with barnacles, but still they are all sincere. The Lord builds his vessels with sound timber, and unless we are sincere, true, and right, Christ is not our owner, but Satan is. The painted hypocrite is known through the disguise he wears.

I hope there are vessels here which are owned by the Lord Jesus Christ. Let them never be ashamed to confess their owner. A vessel on proper business, is never ashamed to answer signals. If there should be a smuggler or pirate in the offing the crews would not be likely to answer signals, but those who are on honest business are ready to reply. And so, brethren, be ye ready to give a reason for the hope that is in you with meekness and fear; never show in your actions that you are ashamed of Jesus, but ever let the broad flag be flying in whatever waters you are—Christ is mine, and I am his. For him I live, his reproach would I bear, and his honor would I maintain.

Our next inquiry is, What is your cargo? "There go the ships," but what do they carry? You cannot tell from looking at them far out at sea, except that you can be pretty sure that some of them do not carry much. Look at that showy brig! You can tell by the look of her that she has not much on board; from the fact of her floating so high it is clear that her cargo is light. Big men, very important individuals, very high-flying people are common, but there is nothing in them. If they had more on board they would sink deeper in the water. As we said this morning, the more grace a man has the lower he lies before God. Well, brethren, what cargo have you got? I am afraid some of you who lie down in the water are not kept down by any precious cargo, but I fear you are in ballast. I have gone aboard some Christians; I thought there was a good deal in them, but I have not been able to find it. They have a deal of trouble, and they always tell you about it. There is a good old soul I call in to see sometimes: I begin to converse with her, and her conversation is always about rheumatism: that good sister is in ballast. There is another friend of mine, a farmer, if you talk with him, it is always about the badness of the times: that brother is in ballast, too. There are many tradesmen who, though they are Christians, cannot be made to talk of anything, but the present dullness. I wish they could get that ballast out, and fill up with something better, for it is not worth carrying. You must have it sometimes, I suppose; but it is infinitely better to carry a load of praises, prayers, good wishes, holy doctrines, charitable actions and generous encouragements.

Our last signal asks the question—where go the ships? Where go the ships? Oh, yes, they went merrily down the Channel the other day, but where are they now? In a year's time who will report all the good vessels which will just now passed by our coast? I am looking out upon all of you, anxious to know what port you are making for. Some of you are bound for the port of peace. Swiftly may the winds convey you over the waters, and safely may you voyage under the convoy of the Lord Jesus. I will try and keep pace with you. I hope that you will sail in company with others of my Master's vessels, but if you have to sail over a sea in which you cannot see another sail, may God, the blessed One, protect and guard you. Bound for the port of peace, with Christ on board, insure for glory, bound for life eternal, let us bless the name of the Lord.

Ink is the black sea on which thought rides at anchor.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

For the Christian Messenger.

From India.

Dear Editor,—

Last Tuesday morning we received a note from a young man, a Scotchman, who has been engaged in the Civil Service, in this country, eight years. He stated that he had made arrangements to come to Bimlipatam on Wednesday, and that he wished to be baptized, and to unite with the Baptist church. We were much pleased to receive this, as you may suppose, for we already knew him, and believed him to be honestly seeking to follow Jesus, but not ready to follow Him in baptism. He came and after an interesting interview, during which we learned more of his christian experience, it was decided that the ordinance should be observed at the seaside on Thursday evening. The sun was sinking behind the western hills, as we stood upon the sea shore, just in front of the town, and sung that good old hymn—

"In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue—"

After reading a few passages of Scripture, including the Great Commission, and prayer by Bro. Churchill, the candidate was buried with Christ in baptism. It was a glad hour. About fifty persons were present to witness, for the first time probably in the history of this portion of India, the ordinance of believer's baptism.

We hope, through Divine Grace, to have a church of baptized believers in this town before many months.

The young man, just mentioned, unites with the church in Vizianagram, where he resides. It is a pleasant thought that his mother and grandmother worshipped with the 1st Baptist church in Edinburgh, over which Dr. Watson was pastor. It was the same church with Rev. S. Newnam, as pastor, that received our missionary company so kindly, and held a grand missionary meeting on our account. The aged Dr. Watson was present and spoke excellently.

You will be interested also in the following letter received yesterday by Mrs. Sanford from a young woman, an entire stranger.

Respected Madam,—

I write to you on a subject which I feel sure will be most welcome to you. I would be most thankful for a visit from you, as I am in distress. A short time since I sought the Saviour on a sick bed. I think I found Him, but I did not enjoy the true peace, and rest, as all who know Jesus, do receive. But now I feel that I am quite far away from the Lord, and I don't know how to seek Him.

I feel that Jesus will not receive me,—that I have made Him angry. I long to have some one to tell me about the Saviour,—to help me to seek Him again.

If you will be so good to come over to our place, as there are many others at home, my aunt, uncle and their children, your visits may prove a blessing. I would feel very happy to go to your place also.

I remain yours obediently—

We trust the Lord has begun a good work in her heart.

Our regular Telugu service on Sabbath mornings is well attended. Last Sabbath week there were thirty-five present. After worship they are formed into classes and receive instruction in Bible truths. Our trust is in the Lord. Will our dear brethren remember this work continually in their prayers?

RUFUS SANFORD.
Bimlipatam, Feb. 16th, 1876.

The Nagasaki Rising Sun says the Buddhist religion is fast declining. In Yamashima Ken alone it is said that 71 Buddhist temples have been turned into dwelling-houses and made use of in other ways since 1873, and during the last six years between six and seven hundred temples have been converted to other purposes than those for which they were originally intended.

For the Christian Messenger.

Our Foreign Mission.

No. 2.

In anything I have advanced, or may suggest in reference to this benevolence, and its advocacy I hope no one will make the mistake to suppose that I seek to secure for it a first and a higher position than heretofore, at the expense of any other of the several subjects resting on the voluntary support of the denomination. By no means. But I want as far as I can to impress upon the minds of all the necessity that exists for securing not merely the salaries of the missionaries with a percentage for contingent exigencies, but a fund to enable them to buy or build premises adapted to the work they have been sent out to perform.

It is cheering, cheering in a high degree, to know that even while they are qualifying themselves to write and speak the Telugoo language, they are doing good service among the Eurasians, (or half-breeds) by means of interpreters, as well as among the natives of caste.

We may reasonably suppose, I apprehend, that within two years next, our missionaries will expect to separate, and each occupy some central point, more or less distant from the other, where ready access can be had to the heathen, and the prospects of success seem to justify the step. We should avoid as much as possible the mistakes and errors of other missionary organizations, when discovered and admitted, and so avail ourselves of their experience.

I perhaps may, by some, be thought, while writing this, to be assuming responsibilities upon others. But this I am doing, I am inviting the members of the denomination, and especially of the Foreign Missionary Board to the necessity of being prepared when the next Convention meets at Sackville, N. B., with a policy in reference not to Finance merely, but to the future conduct and management of our mission in India.

It will probably be in the recollection of many of the leading friends of Missions, who attended the Convention at Windsor in 1863, that I had the misfortune, not only to differ with the majority of our friends present as to the location selected for future labour, but in this, that I thought the Board, or the Convention should draw up some few simple rules and regulations for the guidance of the missionaries when they should arrive at their place of destination. That they should be organized so as one of them might periodically act as Chairman, and a Book of Records be kept by another as Secretary. I was unfortunate enough again to find the Convention of another way of thinking, and was told that there should be equality without superiority, among missionaries—that as Baptists such was the rule. I thought otherwise, and remarked that in all business meetings, and indeed in prayer and social meetings as in the Convention itself, such a course of procedure was indispensable and adopted. Finding myself unsupported, I retired from the Convention and left its management in the hands of others.

I refer to this just now, because I do not see how the mission out there is to be managed unless with some such organization. How are we here to know when or where a Compound is required? And how many of these are requisite? and where to be located? It may be that the missionaries may be unanimous in every thing. It may not be so. On this subject let me now furnish the public with the most recent utterance of a missionary, well fitted to give sound advice. I refer to a letter of the Rev. A. V. Timpany, published in the Canadian Baptist of the 23rd March. He writes to his Canadian friends from Calcutta, whither he had gone to be present at a Baptist Convention there. Among other things he says while discoursing on missionary topics: