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Poetry.

Dream and Reality.

Children have their dreams, and when they talk alone,
Tell each other what they mean to do when they are grown.
Where a little brooklet, rippling, ran away,
Through the meadow grass one sunny summer day,
Sat a boy and girl, piecing out the plan
Each would see fulfilled, as woman and as man.
"The thing I mean to do," he said, "is very clear.
I've had it in my mind for many and many a year.
I'll go to sea, you know; be captain of a ship;
And take you with me, maybe, upon her trial trip.
How would you like a voyage to China or Japan,
Where you could buy those ivory things, and a carved fan?"
"China and Japan are so far off, you know,
I don't believe," the girl said, "that I would like to go.
I choose to be a lady, and have a house in town,
And have a carriage at my door, and wear a velvet gown.
When you come back from your voyage and all this is mine,
I'll ask you into dinner—won't it be fine?"
Years and years afterward, in the same place,
Sat a woman poorly-clad, with a sad pale face.
By her side the boy sat, who was now a man;
But his ship has never sailed to China or Japan.
Each one to the other told how their lives had brought
Real things so different from their childish thought.
One had had to struggle hard for daily bread;
Many a sorrow she had borne, and bitter tears had shed,
And the one whose boyish mind upon the sea was set,
Had not taken, in any ship his trial trip as yet.
Only in his dreams, sometimes, he heard the waves beat;
But his busy days were spent in a city street.
"God knew best," the man said, "what our lives should be."
"Yes, his holy will be done," she answered patiently.
"If I had lived these long years in luxury and ease,
And you had satisfied your heart with sailing on the seas,
We might have missed the peace of God that we both have won,
Nor had the grace when grief came, to say His will be done."
Where the brooklet, laughing, ran on its merry way,
Man and woman sat content, that sunny summer day.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger
To the Mediterranean and Back.

LONDON.

Upon London Bridge we stand amid throngs of people and countless numbers of vehicles, ever coming and going. The tramp of horses, the rattle of wheels, and the din of voices, is here commingled. Farther up the Thames there is a succession of similar bridges, covered with foot-passengers and carriages, or passing trains. Along its left bank extends the Thames Embankment, a road 100 feet wide, with front of solid granite, built above its muddy edge. Lying around are gloomy but substantial buildings, and the interminable streets of London. A short distance from the Bridge, upon the north bank of the Thames, rise the ancient walls of the

TOWER OF LONDON.

In the centre of a square stands the White Tower built by William the Conqueror. The ordnance, chapel, new barracks, and other buildings of modern date are grouped near this. An inner

and an outer line of fortification surround the square. Each of these have a chain of towers, numerous bastions, and vaulted gateways. Around all these again there runs a deep moat. Companies of visitors, conducted by guides in curious uniform, are allowed to enter the square through the huge gates, beneath the threatening portcullis, and visit the various towers. Of these the following may be mentioned. The Bloody Tower, where tradition says the two sons of Edward IV. were smothered; Beauchamp Tower, the inscriptions upon whose cells tell of long weary years, dragged out by illustrious captives immured within its walls; the White Tower with its armories, — the Horse Armory in which are exhibited armors of leather, chain-mail, and plate, equestrian figures, maces and axes, spears and daggers, swords and scabbards, cross-bows and guns, shields and helmets, emblems and military trophies; and Queen Elizabeth's Armory with its instruments of torture, as the thumb-screw, heading block and axe, and the scavenger's daughter, an iron frame with places for the head, the wrists and the ankles; and lastly, the Jewel Tower, where the Crown Jewels are seen enclosed in an iron cage. These comprise the Queen's Crown and the Crown of the Prince of Wales; the Royal Sceptre, the Rod of Equity, the Swords of Justice and of Mercy, all of gold and used at the coronation of the Sovereigns; and such a display of gems, rubies, emeralds, pearls, diamonds, and golden vessels, as might excite the envy of the great princes of India. Leaving this tower we cross the Green over which have passed many brilliant pageants closely followed by gloomy processions to the scaffold and block, scenes alike of joyous festivities and gloomy deaths. Then we pass out over the drawbridge that connects tower and fort, palace and prison, with the outer world, and once again move among the hurrying throng that press along the crowded street. A few minutes walk brings us to

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

On the site of this noble edifice a Druidical temple once stood. In 610 the first Cathedral of St. Paul's was erected, and in 961 it was destroyed by fire. The year following it was rebuilt; but was again burned in the great conflagration of 1666. Thereupon arose, during the reign of Charles II. the steps of granite and walls of stone, Corinthian columns and entablatured pediment, finely constructed dome and lofty spire of the present grand Cathedral—the design and workmanship of Sir Christopher Wren. We enter its spacious interior and wander through the nave and transepts to behold the statues of such as Samuel Johnson, John Howard, and the historian Hallam. Descend into the crypt where are buried the great painters, Reynolds, West, Turner, and Landseer. Pass on to a lower vault which contains the remains of Nelson and of the Duke of Wellington, in their respective sarcophagi. Near is seen a funeral car, cast from guns taken by the Iron Duke in his various conflicts, which conveyed his body to its last resting place. Then ascend by many flights of steps to the whispering gallery, so constructed that the least whisper is distinctly heard from opposite sides, 140 feet apart, and to the geometrical staircase, with its 90 stone steps which has no visible support from the bottom to the top. Farther up to the bell tower, from that to the clock tower. In this a huge clock with two faces, twenty feet in diameter, and hands in proportion, telling the time of day to the passers by on the streets below. Then by long winding stairs to the stone gallery which surrounds the dome, and yet higher to the golden gallery, from either of which can be had magnificent views of the great metropolis. From here—if one has not had enough of climbing—still farther up to the ball, 530 feet above the pavement of the street, where you will be glad to rest preparatory to the long descent.

At Ludgate Hill we descend into the bowels of the earth, were long trains of cars laden with passengers are constantly passing as they fly through darkness beneath this great city. Emerging into daylight we are borne along, oftentimes over the roofs of houses, from the busy marts of town, past the fine residences of the suburbs, into the country, and within an hour arrive at Sydenham. In this town is the Crystal Palace, designed in 1852 by Sir William Paxton. This wonderful structure with its roof of glass and columns of iron, is a marvel of lightness, strength, and beauty. In its various courts we have represented the chief features which have marked the progress of successive ages. The art of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, is exhibited by casts of all the best statues to be found in Europe; their styles of architecture by models of Egyptian temples, the Parthenon of Athens, and Colosseum of Rome. From a Grecian public square, we pass beneath Roman arches into the courts and halls of Alhambra Palace; the original of which was erected by the Moors in their chief city, Granada, when they held possession of Spain. In this Moorish palace is the Hall of Abencerrages, perhaps unsurpassed in the realm of art, in the perfection of its design. From a four-sided room it rises by gradual transitions into a sixteen-sided dome; the golden pillars changing into graceful arches which overhead blend in a dome of transcendent beauty. Not only ancient but also mediæval art is here reproduced. The chief features in the architecture of this period are exhibited in Byzantine, English, Renaissance, and Italian courts. An exact representation of a Pompeian villa, with its inner court and surrounding public and private rooms, as excavated from the lava beds of Mount Vesuvius, excites the admiration of every visitor. The library, reading-room, orchestra, museums, picture galleries and industrial courts, are among the other attractions in the Crystal Palace. Intermingled with these are groups of statuary, marble-basins, playing fountains and trees from tropical forests in whose branches are seen the beautiful plumage of foreign birds. The Palace is surrounded by a park in which nature and art have combined to produce a scene of rare loveliness and perfect enchantment.

It is the Sabbath, and Rev. C. H. Spurgeon must be heard. At an early hour we are in the midst of a throng of people who stand upon the stone steps of the Tabernacle. The doors open and in a very short time this large church is filled to overflowing. Two galleries with iron railing, run completely round the building. Opposite the main entrances are two circular platforms. On the lowest are seated a number of boys from Spurgeon's Orphanage. On the inner and upper, a sofa, chair, and table, are arranged. A short, stout, middle-aged Englishman walks down the first gallery on to this platform, and the greatest living preacher stands before you. With one knee upon the chair his hands resting upon the railing, he implores Divine aid in prayer. His voice is wonderfully clear and full, and is distinctly heard in the most remote parts of this large edifice. The singing is led by one man who stands beside the preacher, and is joined by the whole congregation. Reading follows with numerous comments upon the various passages. Then the sermon from Romans x. 4, which is in every way characteristic of this great man. Spurgeon's success, apart from his wonderful voice, his earnestness, and his remarkable ability, depends largely in that, in complete reliance upon the Holy Spirit, with an evident determination like Paul to know nothing but Christ and him crucified, he has always clearly proclaimed to the people of London the soul-satisfying truths of the gospel, which are elsewhere too often obscured by forms and ceremonies.

The National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, upon the walls of which hang the paintings of Michael Angelo and Paul Veronese, Rubens and Tenier, Rembrandt and Claude Lorraine, Joshua

Reynolds and the much abused Turner, Landseer and Rosa Bonheur, with a host of others; the British Museum with its vast collections, Ophiological, Ornithological, Mineralogical, Botanical, Geological, &c., its rich treasures of antiquities—notably, the Elgin Marbles, and the Rosetta Stone, which gave Dr. Young the key to the interpretation of hieroglyphics, and its reading-room the finest in the world; Madame Tassaud's Wax Works, where you pass the figures of the great, living and dead, represented with most lifelike appearance, and enter the gloomy Chamber of Horrors, only to shudder at the sight of the wicked features and miserable dress of many fiends, actors in the most fearful tragedies; the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, the Bank of England, Albert Memorial, Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, and the Houses of Parliament;—are all enjoyable and instructive places visited upon other days.

Here too, is Westminster Abbey, grand, venerable and impressive. Through its cloisters and chapels, its aisles and transepts, into that splendid relic of Gothic Architecture the chapel of Henry the Seventh, to the shrine of Edward the Confessor, into the Poet's Corner and down the long nave, slowly we wander, looking upon the tablets and monuments which an appreciative nation has raised to the memory of her illustrious statesmen, gifted poets, brave warriors, and in fact to nearly all who in her past history have been truly deserving of this great honor, and reading with intense interest the inscriptions setting forth their virtues and achievements, which inspire to emulation of their noble deeds, and at the same time teach in language more effective than that of speech, that we all alike must mould in the dust and that ever, "The path of glory leads but to the grave."

But we must now leave this city, with its wealth of past associations, its rich stores treasured in museum, tower, and palace, its vast commerce, great extent, and its people of every class, demanding a lifetime of study.

For the Christian Messenger.

A Pedobaptist cornered.

In a pleasant interview between a Baptist and a Presbyterian clergyman on the action of baptism, the Baptist proposed to close the interview by translating the word in question. And to meet it more clearly, gave this English sentence, which the Presbyterian was asked to translate into Greek: "I indeed immerse you in water." After a few moments reflection, he replied, "That would be the same as it is in the Greek Testament," whereupon the Baptist remarked, "Would you not, in translating that Greek back into English, give the English you translated into Greek." "Of course," was the reply. "Well, sir, have you not settled the meaning of baptizo to be 'immerse'?" A shrug of the shoulders, a scratch of the head, and a few inarticulate mutterings, followed by a Good afternoon, Sir, was the only response, and the Pede-clergyman took his departure, let us hope, to seek after and obey the truth.

For the Christian Messenger.

Christianity among the Indians.

According to the last report (1876) of the Indian Commissioners, there are now 266,151 Indians in the United States, exclusive of Alaska. Of these, the number so far civilized as to wear citizen's dress is 104,818, and 25,622 can read. Nearly one thousand learned to read in 1876. The Indians have now 55,717 houses, having built 1,702 during the year. They are giving more attention to agriculture, having now 318,194 acres under cultivation. They broke 28,253 acres during the year, and raised 2,692,517 bushels of corn and wheat, besides quantities of vegetables, etc. Among other pursuits they engage in are the

raising of cotton, the making of sugar and molasses, and mining of coal. Their religions are as follows: Baptists, 12,700; Congregational, 860; Christian Union, 7; Freewill Baptist, 12; Friends, 408; Methodists, 1,599; Orthodox Friends, 280; Presbyterian, 726; Protestant Episcopal, 713; Reformed Dutch, 4; Roman Catholic, 7,316; United Presbyterian, 15; Unitarian, 4.

The famous German Baptist, Oncken, is now seventy-eight years old. Out of his baptism by Dr. Sears, in 1834, have sprung 103 churches with 270 ministers and nearly 20,000 members.

Rev. A. S. Burroughs, a Methodist minister was recently baptized and united with the Baptists in New York City.

The Baptist denomination seems to have great attraction for the Indians of North America. The chiefs of the Cherokees, Delawares and Seminoles are members of Baptist churches. In two cases the chiefs are pastors. The excellent translation of the Scriptures by Baptist Missionaries has much to do with this.

For the Christian Messenger.

From Lower California.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION—SPRING STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—CONTRAST BETWEEN PAST AND PRESENT OUTLOOK AS IT REGARDS THIS GREAT VALLEY AND CITY.

The S. S. Convention was held in the Baptist Church and occupied two days and evenings, and gave some promise of healthy Sabbath School growth in this city, and country towns, and villages; and evinced much well-digested thought. Rev. Mr. Toombs, D. D., of Anjilim, who is pastor of the Baptist Church, at Los Nietos read an elaborate address on "the Sabbath School, a necessary element in our progressive civilization." Rev. D. T. Packard, Congregationalist, delivered thrilling addresses—also many others both ministers and laymen took an active part. "The paternal relation of the Church to the Sunday School," was strongly urged by Rev. W. Fisk, formerly of Nova Scotia. "The history and influence of music," by Shepherd Smith, our ex-Superintendent—and "the office of Bible truth in the formation of character," was ably handled by Rev. D. J. Pearce of Oregon, and your humble servant read a paper on "the mistakes of S. S. Teachers and Superintendents."

A committee was appointed for a broader representation next year. The exercises were enlivened by good music by the choir, the new organ being presided over by the organist Mary H. Encouraging reports were received from many county workers who are just beginning to feel the great utility of Sabbath School instruction for the young and rising generation. Three years ago there could not be found a Sabbath School in this county in connection with our denomination, now all our churches are engaged in this enterprise.

In the early settlement of this valley little or no attention was paid to farming. The seasons were so different from most other countries that it took years of experiment before a step in advance could be taken in the right direction. The valley yielded enormous growths of pasture; herds of cattle, sheep and horses were the staples of the early settlers. They had nothing in the shape of agricultural tools worth calling such. Neither plows, threshers, or fans. Along the river bottom they raised their crops of corn, beans and water-melons. No fences or houses, but adobe, rude and imperfect, covered with thatch—no barns or out-houses. Stock roamed over foot-hills and plains by the thousand, rendering it dangerous for pedestrians to be out unprotected. Fruit trees were few and no vineyards—for the Mexicans believed that