

Sunday Reading.

Christian Giving.

A BIBLE READING.

I.—Duty of Giving.

1. Commanded, (2 Cor. viii. 7; Luke x. 41). 2. Pleasing to God (Heb. xiii. 16). 3. Christ set the example (2 Cor. viii. 9). 4. Mark of piety (1 John iii. 17).

II.—Why God requires us to give.

1. In general as an act of worship (Ps. xvi. 8; Acts x. 4). 2. As a recognition of God's ownership (1 Chron. xxix. 14; Mal. iii. 8, 9). 3. As an expression of gratitude (2 Cor. ix. xii). 4. As a token of love to the Lord (Matt. xxv. 40).

III.—Rewards of Giving.

1. In general, a blessing (Acts xx. 35; Prov. xxii. 9). 2. Temporal prosperity (Prov. iii. 9, 10; xi. 24, 25; xix. 17; xxviii. 27; Luke vi. 38). 3. Spiritual prosperity (Prov. xiii. 7; Isa. lviii. 9, 10). 4. Religious joy (Prov. xiv. 21; 1 Chron. xxix. 9). 5. God's care (Heb. vi. 10). 6. Revival blessings (Mal. iii. 10).

IV.—To what objects we should give.

1. To help the poor (Gal. ii. 10). 2. Especially fellow-Christians (Gal. vi. 10). 3. To build and maintain houses of worship (Ex. xxxv. 21; 2 Chron. xxiv. 4, 9, 10). 4. To support the Gospel at home (Neh. x. 32). 5. To sustain missions abroad (Matt. xxvii. 19, 20; Phil. iv. 14, 16).

V.—How much we should give.

1. Something, even though it must be little (Matt. x. 42). 2. According to ability (Deut. xvi. 17; 2 Cor. viii. 12). 3. Liberally (Matt. x. 8, 1. c.; 2 Cor. ix. 6). 4. Ordinarily a tenth of income (Deut. xxvi. 12, 13; Luke xi. 42; Heb. vi. 8).

VI.—How we should give.

1. Systematically (1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2). 2. Cheerfully (2 Cor. ix. 7 1. c. 3. Lovingly (1 Cor. xiii. 3). 4. Willingly (Ex. xxv. 2). 5. Unostentatiously (Matt. vi. 1). 6. Constantly (Eccl. xi. 6).

VII.—How to be able to give.

1. By earning money to give (Eph. iv. 28). 2. By self-denials (Matt. xix. 21; Mark xii. 42, 44). 3. By giving ourselves to God first (2 Cor. viii. 5).

Hom. Mon.

Dr. Doddridge's Dream.

It is not strange that such a man as Dr. Doddridge, who lived as every Christian ought to live, in intimate communion with God daily, quite in the precincts of heaven, and whose heart and soul were continually anticipating the joys of that glorious world, should have been the subject of the following remarkable dream.

Dr. Doddridge was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and in religious conversation they spent many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favorite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution it was introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts, and the splendors around the throne of God. One evening, after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject discussed, and in the "visions of the night" his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form: He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was suddenly taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he exchanged the prison-house and sufferings of mortality for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a splendid aerial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth; but not a glittering city or village, the forest or the sea, was visible. There was nought to be seen below save the melancholy group of friends weeping around his lifeless remains.

Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his change; but by some mysterious power, utterance was denied; and as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them, and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms

grew more and more distant, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies, with a venerable figure at his side guiding his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he remarked the lineaments of youth and age were blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness. They travelled through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far off shadows that flitted across their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld was for the present to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendor, he replied that while on earth he had heard that eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him; but notwithstanding the building to which they were then rapidly approaching, was superior to anything he had ever before seen, yet its grandeur had not exceeded the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply—they were already at the door, and entered.

The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table covered with a snow-white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes; and there he said he must remain, for he would receive in a short time a visit from the Lord of the mansion, and that during the interval before His arrival, the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found to his astonishment, that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvas angels, though unseen; over him, his familiar attendants; and sent by God, they had sometimes preserved him from immediate peril. He beheld himself first as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a rap at the door. The Lord of the mansion had arrived. The door opened and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty, was His appearance, that he sank down at His feet, completely overcome by His majestic presence. His Lord gently raised him from the ground, and taking his hand, led him forward to the table. He pressed with His fingers the juice of the grapes into the cup, and after having drunk Himself, presented it to him, saying "This is the new wine in My Father's kingdom." No sooner had he partaken than all uneasy sensations vanished. Perfect love had cast out fear, and he conversed with his Saviour as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of the Summer sea, he heard fall from His lips the grateful approbation "Thy labors are over, thy work is approved; rich and glorious is thy reward." Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss that glided into the very depth of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view.

The Doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impressions of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness.

The only really bitter tears are those which are shed in solitude.

Which of these Three?

BY A. J. GORDON, D. D.

"The secret of power" is much inquired after, and when one demonstrates that he has real ability in preaching or in teaching, there is forthwith great speculation as to how it was acquired. But it ought to be suggested at the outset, that the secret of power is not some algebraic x —the unknown quantity in the problem of success, which can be figured out, and set by itself, and its exact value determined. Real power comes from an even proportion and nice adjustment of all the faculties of the man; and for one to imagine that there is some special secret which constitutes the philosopher's stone, that can transmute leaden failure into golden success, is to fall into a disastrous mistake. And so it has struck us again how utterly they come short who aim at power along some single line of culture or accomplishment.

There were three preachers whom we heard during a European journey who furnished a complete lesson on this point.

There was the intellectual preacher. He was such indeed; polished to the last degree, and dealing out real and carefully wrought thought. It was no ingenious serving up of scraps of borrowed opinion—no mere originality of literary pattern—working upon common place material. Here was a thinker—earnest, genuine and thorough; and if one should want to hear such, we would commend him by all means to this divine. But though the congregation was exceptionally intelligent it was evident that the number who could follow his discourse was very small. To them it was stimulating, no doubt. Yet how about the great numbers who could not follow it? Good food, and something for all, must be the rule in feeding the flock of God. But there, just in front of me, was the respectable, sedate hearer. He might have been a grocer, or a butcher, or a coal-dealer. At all events, his business was such as gave him little training or aptitude for the refinement of thought and the delicate shadings of style to which he was now listening. And so I set to watching his face. Determination to be faithful in attending to the services was written on every feature. He was holding the muscles of his face to their Sunday tension. I saw drowsiness and inattention pulling at them, but they never once fairly let go the grip. And when, under the loud and somewhat monotonous tones of the preacher, he half drowsed, he would start from the perilous edge of sleep, and open such a wakeful and applauding glance on the minister as fairly humbled us. For we said, "what a pity that hungry souls should have to stretch their necks and strain their appetites to get their spiritual food, and that they should have to look such loyal amens at the preacher, when really they do not understand what he is saying!" And so our good, patient, faithful hearer went out of church when the services were over. And if he had known the quotation, probably the truest confession he could have made, would have been found in the lines of Tennyson's Northern Farmer, Old Style:

"An' 'eerd un a bumm' away loik a buzzard clock over my 'ead,
An' I never knewed wot a mean'd, but
I thowt 't wad a summ't to say,
An' I thowt a said wot a owt to 'a said,
An' I loom'd a way."

Next we came upon the unctuous preacher. He made as much use of his heart and his handkerchief as the other did with his head and his learning. But who does not know how cheap the unction that is merely poured upon the heart, and not pressed into the heart by deep and genuine feeling? Ready-made emotion is not likely to fit a congregation very closely. If a preacher has no oil in his lamp, it matters little how profusely he pours oil on his head, or how lavishly it runs down his beard. In other words, fervor without light, feeling without truth, do not generally move one. When Robertson was discoursing on the love of God to sinners, and in the glow of his kindling thought a tear was seen to course down his cheek and fall upon his Bible, no wonder that they said that that was the most eloquent passage in his sermon. There must be a certain amount of thought to give body to feeling; it is the beaten oil of the

sanctuary which alone can feed true unction. Oil produced from the olive press of Gethsemane,—emotion born of true fellowship with the sufferings of Christ,—this alone can beget genuine sympathy. But the preacher whom I am describing sought to work up feeling by pathetic exclamations and fond phrases, and the like. And so we were not surprised at the comment of a Norwegian musician, who chanced to be travelling in our company. In broken entertaining English, he said: "He did not seem to feel what he says, and he did not say much."

The third preacher whom we heard impressed us neither by his remarkable culture nor by his remarkable pathos. He had enough of each, however; and the two elements were so evenly blended that neither was especially conspicuous. But he affected us very deeply. No admiration for the preacher's genius was awakened; no sense of his trying to make us weep was experienced. On the contrary, as he went on we found ourselves thinking of our sins, and then adoring the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. In fact, we confess that we were disappointed. We went to hear a great preacher, and from beginning to end never thought of him as such, so much were we occupied with self, the great sinner.

"Which, now, of these three?" The first made his sermon a work of art. That was evidently his business. To that end he was pressing on with all his might. "And by chance there came down a certain priest that way." To find a poor, wounded, half-dead sinner, and pour the oil of grace into his heart, was not what he was bent on. He was about other matters,—attending to his clerical duties, minding his theology, etc.; and if he should discover a lost sinner on his way, it would be entirely by chance. That was not what he was after.

The second preacher beamed unctuously upon his congregation, "oozing all over with the fat affectionate smile," and anon dissolving his smiles in a solution of tears. But there was no grip of truth in what he said, no strong grappling with the conscience, no tear of penitence in the hearer's eyes reflecting tears of pity in the preacher's. "And likewise a Levite came and looked" (with gold-bowed spectacles, no doubt, which had constantly to be wiped because of his emotion), "and passed by on the other side."

The third uttered a message which came straight home "to men's business and bosoms," he was evidently bent on seeking out the sinner. "This preaching finds me," must have been the feeling of many a hearer. "But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was." This is the preaching the world needs. Not the discoursing in which the hearer gets glimpses, now and then, of the minister looking through the lattice of some flowery period, or emerging from some rhetorical circumlocution only to disappear again into incomprehensibility. The preaching which comes close to the heart, and finds it, and blesses it, is what is wanted.

In all this there is a great lesson for teachers. They are but preachers to their juvenile congregations; and the same homiletical rules apply to them as to other ministers of the word. Be careful that you are not aiming too much at faultless teaching, and too little at saving instruction. Do not seek to make your lesson a perfect work of art, so much as a searching exercise of the work of the Spirit for laying bare the heart. A sermon or a lesson may be made an idol, holding the admiration of preacher and hearer upon itself; or it may be made an eye-glass, through which a searching gaze of God shall be brought to bear upon the lives and consciences of the hearers.—S. S. Times.

He that gives all, though but little, gives much; because God looks not on the quantity, but to the quality of the givers; he that desires to give more than he can, hath equalled the gift to his desire, and hath given more than he hath.—Quarles.

Believers may grieve the Spirit; unbelievers resist him. The grieving may be unconscious; the resisting is always conscious.—Andrew Bonar.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Prospects of the Telugu Mission.

BY REV. W. R. MANLEY.

In forecasting the future, one man's guess is about as good as another's; but sometimes even a surmise is better than nothing. In what I shall say upon this subject I shall take care to mention what I know to be facts; and my deductions therefrom, whether wise or not, you are welcome to at first cost. If we may safely judge the future by the past, the prospect is certainly encouraging. That real progress in Christian civilization and enlightenment has been made, does not admit of a doubt. The work so far has been among the lowest class, as has almost always been the case in the early history of Christianity among any people.

This circumstance was not the result of chance, nor of choice on the part of the missionaries. Here at Ongole, at least, where the work has been most extensive, it seemed to have been clearly and unmistakably the plan of Providence. Mr. and Mrs. Clough were teaching some Brahmins, who came often to their house to talk about the Bible, and seemed to be honestly and earnestly inquiring after the truth. Meanwhile, some Madagas and Malas were received; and as soon as the Brahmins heard of it they gave notice, that if any more of those outcasts were taken in, they would be obliged to stop, as they could not associate with that class, nor even enter the compound or house where they were free to come and go. In a short time some more came, and requested baptism. Mr. Clough confesses that he felt very much disheartened over this circumstance; for he saw in it the end of all his hopes in regard to the Brahmins. Still there was but one way to do, and the converts were baptized.

The ordinance was administered in a tank, near a village two miles and a half from Ongole; and during its administration the villagers, to the number of two hundred or more, stood on the bank, and derided the missionaries for associating with such people as they were baptizing, and even abused and threatened to sue them for defiling their water. Returning in the evening, and feeling very despondent, Mr. Clough went to a pile of new Bibles lying in one corner of the room, and taking up one allowed it to open of its own accord. As he did so he was almost startled to find before his eyes those wonderful words of Paul, in the first chapter of First Corinthians, beginning from the eighteenth verse, and closing with the words, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are." As he read these words he says the impression made upon his mind was as vivid as though a voice from heaven had spoken to him; and, like Peter in a somewhat similar case, he felt that he must not regard as unclean or common what God hath cleansed.

But the most singular part of all was, that a short time afterward Mrs. Clough, who had been putting their child to sleep, came in; and, without knowing that her husband was thinking upon the same subject,—for, not wishing to trouble her, he had said nothing about his feelings,—she began by saying, "Well, it seems that it's God's plan to save these outcasts first." On Mr. Clough's surprised inquiry how she came to be thinking of that, she replied that she had been feeling very much disappointed over the fact that now some more Madagas and Malas had been received, and that would drive all the Brahmins away; that in order to find something to encourage and comfort her she had gone to the pile of Bibles there in the corner of the room, and picking up one, it had opened to the first chapter of First Corinthians, where she had read that God had chosen the poor, weak, and despised things of this world, to confound the rich, the mighty, and the great.

This circumstance, which was never

in print before, I give exactly as I have it from Mr. Clough. Was it only a coincidence that two new Bibles in the hands of different persons, each of whom was ignorant of what the other was doing or even thinking, should open to the same identical passage; and, too, one so significantly applicable to the very state of mind in which each was at the time? Perhaps it was. But, if so, it was certainly a most remarkable one, and the sequel has served to show that Mr. and Mrs. Clough were not mistaken in their conclusion that God was showing them by this circumstance "what was the mind of the Spirit" in regard to the Telugus. Mr. Clough says that from that moment he felt that these poor degraded people "were given to us;" and from that time he firmly expected them to come to Christ. In this he has not been disappointed, and out of these God is raising up a great nation unto himself.

I have referred to what has been accomplished in the past as an argument for the future. A single instance will illustrate this.

Adjoining Ongole, on the east, is a *palem*, or hamlet, occupied by the leather-dressers. This class are at the very bottom of the social scale. Their very dwelling-places are made loathsome by their habit of eating putrid flesh; and in this respect Toorpa *Palem* was no exception. Mr. Clough says that for years he went regularly there to preach, and that often the stench was almost overpowering. But, after years of seemingly fruitless labor, the seed began to germinate and take root. The people left off their loathsome practice, pulled down their idol-house, and built a school-house out of its ruins, and the whole *palem*, numbering some hundreds of people, became Christians. A short time since, Mrs. Manley and I went there to attend the regular Sunday evening services, and found there a congregation of as decent, quiet, and interested people as one could wish to see. Among them were several who have sons in the theological seminary.

This is one fact. My deduction is: first, that, inasmuch as Christian civilization has always gone forward, it will do so in this case, and that what we see now is but the promise of what shall be hereafter; and, second, that, as this is but one among many hundreds of such villages scattered about through this region, the outlook for the whole country cannot but be favorable.

Another significant fact is, that the heathen are beginning to recognize the advancement which has been made. I received a call a few days since, from a native gentleman, the deputy inspector of schools for this part of the country. By the way, it is no misnomer to call this Mr. C. Kotaiya a gentleman. He announced himself by sending in his card, neatly printed in English; and during a spirited conversation of more than an hour, all of which was in English, I did not notice a single mispronounced word, and scarcely a single faulty construction in his sentences. And this, too, without any appearance of pedantry or ostentation, and maintaining the manner and bearing of a refined gentleman throughout. There are, I presume, a dozen in Ongole like the one I have described, some of them better educated than he, who would not appear to discredit anywhere in America. They are scrupulously neat and clean in their dress, which is always purely native, and intelligent in their conversation.

In the course of the conversation the inspector spoke of our schools in his district, and of his interest in them from the fact that they were reaching and benefiting a class for whom nothing had ever before been done. He thought it the misfortune of Brahmanism that it had ceased to be aggressive. The lines of caste had become fixed so that no one could by any means advance from a lower to a higher rank, and the lower classes had been left entirely to themselves. Now Christians had come, and begun work among these very outcasts, who were the more susceptible to a change of views because they had been thus neglected, and their minds were, in consequence, more unbiassed. The importance of the work, as seen in the advancement which these people had made, he thought, could not be denied, and that it was a matter