

Sunday Reading.

For the Christian Messenger.
My Request.

Oh bury me deep in the boundless sea,
For my life has been lonely here;
And I ask not that any should grieve for me,
Nor drop on my grave a tear.

There is rest in the ocean, quiet rest,
Where the under currents flow;
Far, far beneath the billowy crest
Of the waves, where the great ships go.

The garland of fame may not press my brow,
But the sea-weed's fadeless green,
May twine me a wreath that is better I know,
Than the laurel's transient sheen.

I would lie on a couch of pearly shell,
My pillow a coral reef;
It shall need no marble shaft to tell,
That death brought sweet relief.

To one who was weary of earthly things,
And sighed for eternal rest;
And to sing as the ransomed spirit sings,
When safe on the Saviour's breast.

It is cold and dark in the ocean caves
Do you say? 'neath the moaning surge,
And the ceaseless song of the restless waves
Is forever a funeral dirge?

That a sea-girl grave is with terror fraught?
But when the spirit is fled,
And the heart is grown cold it matters not,
Where reposes the sainted dead.

For at last when the trumpet tones are heard,
And the rolling skies shall flee;
With the call to earth shall come the word,
Restore thy dead, O sea.

Oh bury me then in the fathomless deep;
While over my silent lips,
And closed eyes in my dreamless sleep,
Go sailing the freighted ships.

N.

Religion Teaching by Example.

BY REV. JOHN HUMSTONE.

Remember Lot's wife.—Luke xvii: 32.

The historical accuracy of the Old Testament Scriptures has been assailed by a class of modern critics. The vital point in the matter is: How did Christ regard them? It is undeniable, that when he lived and taught, those same Scriptures were accepted by the Jewish nation both as historically true and as divinely inspired. Had the nation been for long ages believing a lie? Had it been so, is it not reasonable to suppose that one of the first objects of Christ's teaching would have been to correct the error? Did He do so? On the contrary, He referred to these writings continually for illustration. In the text He cites the incident of the death of Lot's wife as an historic faith. So of David eating the shew bread. (Matt. xii: 3, 4.) Still more emphatically He speaks of a portion of the Old Testament as the veritable Word of God: 'Making the word of God of none effect through your tradition,' etc. (Mark vii: 13). But never a word to sweep away the rubbish of false belief which we are told has accumulated!

Trusting, then in the historical accuracy of the account, let us deduce a few lessons from the death of Lot's wife.

1. *Kinship with the saved does not insure salvation.* Deep as may have been the love between Lot and his wife, ready as he may have been to lay down his own life for her, his love was unavailing. I may belong to a Christian family and live in a Christian land, and enjoy all the advantages thereby accruing to me; and yet none of these things can insure salvation. Before God, I must stand alone. I must work out my own salvation. The father may transmit to his son his own traits, his very features; he cannot transmit salvation. The two lives may be united by bonds of love indissoluble by time or trial or distance. But in reference to the soul's salvation, these bonds are cut. Heredity is not a channel for divine grace. So with husband and wife. The poet has beautifully expressed this idea. A happy couple in life's morning elaps hands across a tiny stream, and rove along its banks. As the current enlarges the clasp is broken, but they hear each other's voices and are content. The brook becomes a river that drowns their voices, but they can still feast their eyes upon one another's features. But at last, too far for hand or voice or vision to reach, the two lives go forward eternally sundered.

2. *Divine provision for safety does not insure salvation.* To Lot's wife, as to Lot, came the angel's warning in the early morning. She also had the divine guidance. For her, as well for

her husband, was a place of refuge appointed. Yet, in spite of all she miserably perished. So it is that, despite the entreaties of friends and the tears of love; despite warnings divinely sent, and the promptings of the still small voice; despite the sufferings and death of a loving Savior, untold thousands are rushing blindly on in the path of destruction!

3. *Endeavor that is but partial will not insure salvation.* Lot's wife rose as early as did Lot himself. Her haste, until the last moment, was as great as his. But then, pausing to look back, she was caught in the very edge of the saline shower and, encrusted, stood like a pillar of salt—a monumental warning against disobedience! Sad fate! A few steps farther, and she would have been safe. How many there are who halt to-day before the last and indispensable step is taken! They lead moral, upright lives, attend the services of the church, and contribute to her benevolences—but there they stop. They do not lay hold of the love of God.

"Almost cannot avail,
Almost is but to fail."
Kinship with the saved; the abundant provisions of the Gospel; partial endeavors, do not insure one's salvation. Only one thing can, and that is a hearty renunciation of a life of sin, and an entire consecration of heart and life to Jesus Christ.

White Lies.

BY DAVID H. WHEELER, D. D.

Say, I pray thee, that thou art my sister; that it may be well with me.—Gen. xii: 13.

Here is an admixture of truth and falsehood, or what people call a "white lie"—a homeopathic and not an old bolus lie. Sarah was "the daughter of Abraham's father, but not of his mother." It has been well said that a lie that contains some truth is—

I. THE MOST DANGEROUS.
Abraham yielded to falsehood through fear. Just enough frailty to show his relationship to the human family.

II. A LIE WHITE AS IT MAY BE, IS NEVER FINALLY SUCCESSFUL.
Abraham was imitating Egyptian policy, and the Egyptians beat him. He disgraced himself, and suffered bitter humiliation, and when his sin was discovered he had to endure rebuke from Pharaoh! The result of a false policy is always sad—not always immediately so, but in the end it is wormwood and gall.

Unity in Discourse.

A patchwork of unrelated parts may be interesting, may accomplish good, but it cannot properly be called a sermon. In a sermon there must be unity—an idea running through all—to parts mutually interdependent. Yet this connection may not lie on the surface. Like an essay of Emerson, we seem to have a handful of crystals, each sentence perfect in itself, and independent of what went before and of what follows; but if you look deep enough you will find unity in the essay. On a dark night we see but star-points in the sky; yet the universe is a related whole, and had we eyes clear enough we could see the bond of unity. In a discourse it is not necessary that there should appear the details of our progress from one division to the next. The process by which we reach a truth we need not exhibit. The truth may come like the flash of lightning; the flash is sudden, but the gathering of the forces that produce the flash may be silent and long-continued, but none the less present because silent. In a discourse, whether apparent or hid, its unity must be real.—*Homiletic Monthly.*

The Bridle of the Tongue.

'My son, how have you prospered to-day?' said Mrs. Stone.
'First rate, mother; and I think it is because I remembered the verse you gave to Sadie and me this morning. You see we were playing at blindman's buff, and the boys would peep so as to see us. I was so provoked that I wanted to speak right out sharp, but every time I began I could see that verse real plain. 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that reuleth his spirit than he that taketh a city,' and I did not say a word. It was hard work, though to keep from speaking.'

'I do not doubt it, Willie; but I am very glad that my little boy was so brave. I think it often requires more true courage to hold the bridle of the tongue than that of a horse.'—*Early Dev.*

Judge Payne's Short Sermon.

The pithy sayings of the late Judge Payne will never be forgotten by the thousands who were privileged to hear him. His brief and interesting Gospel Sermon was regarded by his friends as one of the happiest of his many striking utterances.

It was with great pleasure that we heard him say one evening, as, with beaming face, he turned to his friend Lord Shaftesbury, who occupied the chair: 'Why, my lord, some people complain that they cannot understand the glorious gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Not understand it! Why, it is as plain as A B C:

A—"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

B—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

C—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

This is God's blessed gospel, so simple that none need make a mistake: so free that all are welcome to accept it. Why then do men not understand it?

A Coated Heart.

Let not this day pass without giving yourselves to Jesus Christ, because every time you have this message brought to you, and refuse to accept, or delay to accept it, you make yourself less capable of receiving it another time.

I heard a few nights ago that if you take a bit of phosphorus, and put it on a slip of wood, and ignite the phosphorus, bright as the blaze is there drops from it a white ash that coats the wood and makes it almost impossible to kindle the wood. And so when the flaming conviction laid upon your hearts, has burnt itself out, it has coated the heart, and it will be very difficult to kindle the light there again. Felix said 'Go thy way, when I have a more convenient season I will send for thee.' Yes! and he did send for him, and he talked with him often; he repeated the conversation, but we do not know that he repeated the trembling; he often communed with Paul, but it was only once that he was alarmed. You are less likely to be touched by the gospel message for each time that you have heard it and put it away. This is what makes my place here so terribly responsible, and makes me feel that my words are so feeble in comparison with what they ought to be, that I know that I may be doing harm to men just because that listen and are not persuaded, and go away less likely to be touched. Why should you postpone possessing the highest joy, the purest blessing, the divinest strength? Why should you put off welcoming your best Friend into your hearts; why should you?—*Alexander Maclaren, D. D.*

Daily Mercies.

Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value or not praise Him, because they are too common. I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain his sight for but only one hour during his life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in full glory, either at the rising or the setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, that he would not willingly turn his eyes to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this and many other blessings we enjoy daily. And for most of them, most men forget to pay their praise; but let not us.—*Izaak Walton.*

'SHE ALWAYS COUNTED.'—I heard Mrs. Harrison make that remark, and puzzled over it a little. Did she mean that Mrs. Buckingham was a perpetual calculating-machine, like the poor demented cashier whose burden was 'one and one make one.' Presently Mrs. Harrison spoke again:

'She was always on the right side. In her family, in the church, in society as a neighbor, her influence for good has been right up to the mark. There is nothing negative in her character. All that she says and does is for good.' Lads and maidens, do you always count?

Why we Fear.

BY J. K.

I was at a funeral the other day—not the fashionable funeral of a great man, but the quiet, humble burial of a babe, born to poverty, but mercifully taken home before its iron had entered her soul.

She was a drunkard's daughter, and her father now sat at her head, for once decently clothed and in his right mind. He looked sad and desolate, and as I watched him I wondered what remorseful thoughts were passing through his brain. The minister was late in coming, and we had been awaiting him perhaps a half hour when I noticed the father growing restless and nervous.

He rose, went to the window, then to the door, and finally, without a word, stepped out and down the street.

As I sat, I could see him enter a low doorway, about half a block away, and wondered what he could want there—but soon the minister arrived, the man returned, and the services began.

The bereaved father seated himself close to the door, and twice again during the service of perhaps an hour he stole out and disappeared within the low doorway.

My curiosity was so excited that when I came away I passed the place and looked in.

There was one dirty window filled with bottles, and the word 'Saloon' on the door.

So masterful had the passion for drink become, that even with his child's dead body before his eyes—even with the solemn words of consolation and prayer in his ears—he could not withstand its temptation!

And yet our young men say, lightly, 'Why do you fear for me? Don't you think I can stop when I like?'—*Royal Road.*

Closet Prayer.

BY REV. WM. TAYLOR, D. D.

The tear and wear of the day needs to be repaired by the sleep of the night; and the exhaustion consequent upon labor be removed by the taking of food at regular and stated intervals. So, also, the spiritual waste of the day must be repaired by the exercises of the closet; and every one who has tried this specific can say for himself, with David, 'He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.'

It is no answer to all this to allege that the habits of society, and the demands of business upon us, are such that we cannot find opportunity for retirement. That is only a confession that the necessity for it is most urgent; for we need it the most just then when it is hardest to take it. Hence, in these days, we ought to value the closet even more than our fathers did. They had abundance of leisure. No clicking telegraph followed them everywhere with its messages; no whistling steam-engine hurried all their movements; the postman was not forever ringing at their doors; and the clamorous deputation was not continually in their parlors seeking a contribution or an address. Yet they delighted in meditation and prayer, and felt themselves strengthened by their influence. Oh, how much more we need them than they did! But how little we plan for them, and how slightly we relish them! Brethren, this is all wrong. I repeat the warning. We cannot go on at this rate without spiritual deterioration! Do not tell me that this is a practical age. It is only because a thoughtful and devotional age preceded it, and if we eliminate the devotion and the meditation out of it, we shall soon destroy its practicalness. The inspiration which gives us wisdom to discern, and ability to do, and happiness to enjoy our work, comes from the closet, and if we more fully realized that fact, we should more seldom be inclined to say, 'I have no time for private prayer.' As well might the manufacturer say that he has no time to kindle the fire which is to raise the steam that is to drive his machinery! No time for the closet! Say rather, 'I have no time to eat,' or 'I have no time to sleep.' Yes, let the hours consecrated to secret fellowship with God be the very last which you will allow either fashion or business to crowd in upon or infringe.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
The Act of Baptism!

To the enquiry, "Brethren, what shall we do?" Peter replied, "Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins;" and in these words uttered the sole command in regard to baptism addressed to those outside the church of Christ. The servants of Christ, His ministers, are commanded to baptize disciples, but to the disciples themselves no other command is given but that just quoted. It still stands, demanding the same unquestioning obedience as when first uttered.

How is it to be obeyed?

In regard to the first member of the sentence, "Repent ye," Protestant Christians are at one. Rome has defined the meaning to be, "Do penance," but so far as I am aware, the authority of the Pope is, in this particular, repudiated by all Protestants. When we come to the second member, the unanimity disappears. Rome has defined these words to mean "be immersed," but claims the right to substitute therefor "sprinkle, or pour water upon your infants," and in this particular the authority of the Pope has been accepted by the immense majority of Protestants. In fact, for their repudiation of his dictum, Baptists have in the past suffered persecution in every form, from the drowning of Hubmeyer to the burning of Edward Wightman, the last English martyr, and even now are too often referred to with a covert, if not an open, sneer. To use the chaste and elegant language of the New York *Evangelist*, they are "laughed to scorn."

WHEREIN DOES THE TRUTH RESIDE?

Lately I have heard two highly educated Presbyterian ministers assert, in their own pulpits, with the utmost complacency, that the word "baptize" means "to immerse, to sprinkle or to pour." No authority was offered for the statement, and no instances were adduced from Greek literature in which the word in question is used to express either to sprinkle or to pour. If a single instance could be offered, their statement would be proven.

Can it be true?
All are agreed as to the meaning "to immerse." Now to immerse an object say in water, is to submerge that object beneath the surface; but to sprinkle or pour water upon an object is an action of a radically different character.

In the former case the object is applied to the water; in the latter the water is applied to the object. In the former, the persons baptized or immersed are themselves the objects of the verbs; in the latter, the water used is the object of the verbs. It is simply impossible that one word can describe actions so directly opposed to each other; but if it were, then either "sprinkle" or "pour" can properly be substituted for "baptize" whenever that word occurs. How will it bear that test?

"But I have a sprinkling to be sprinkled with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." "Or are ye ignorant that all we who were sprinkled into Jesus Christ were sprinkled into His death? We were buried therefore with Him through sprinkling into death." "And they were poured of him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins." "Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was poured of John in (Gr. into) the Jordan." "Repent ye, and be poured every one of you. . . . They then that received his word were poured." How is it possible for any one to be "poured" unless he is first liquified? The transparent fallacy of their contention is self-evident.

DID JOHN SPRINKLE?

The baptism of John was that referred to on one of the occasions above mentioned, and it was stated that John probably sprinkled or poured water upon his disciples; but did anybody ever see any other than a Baptist minister take his disciples out into a river to baptize them? Imagine a Pedobaptist minister taking his infant disciples out into a river to administer the rite! Surely the climax of absurdity would be reached by a proceeding like that!

On this point Ewald says: "The submersion in the depth of the flowing water by the hand of the Baptist became the most effectual visible and sensible symbol of the moral purification of this generation—and this deep submersion by the hand of a confessor, with this strict confession of sin, this vow, and this absolution of which it was meant to be the symbol, and this whole preparation for the Messiah, was something which had never before existed."

Ewald's statement is quoted approvingly by Dr. Lindsay, Professor of Divinity and Church History in the Free

Church College, Glasgow, in his recently published Commentary on the Gospel of Mark; and when the defenders of sprinkling for baptism can produce the testimony of a single exegete of the highest standing in support of their position, we will accord it our most respectful attention.

PETER.

For the Christian Messenger.

From India.

FROM REV. I. C. ARCHIBALD AT BOBBILI.

DEAR BROTHER,—

I feel that the time has fully come when I should write you at least a short letter; but of all that might be written, what would be of greatest interest or profit to your readers I do not know, and must not wait longer to find out.

We returned from Bimili from our annual Conference, held this year at Cocanada, Jan. 29th. As it was important that we should be in Bobbili a few days before Mr. and Mrs. Churchill's departure for America, we lost no time in packing up and saying "good-bye" to Bro. Sanford and the other friends there. Left on the afternoon of Feb. 7th, and arrived in Bobbili on the following evening. Spent the night at Vizianagram at the home of the good brother and sister Gill. Perhaps you will think that we made the journey by bullock-cart, the common mode of travelling in India. Well, no; that would have taken two nights, and the expense would have been two dollars or more. Then perhaps you think we travelled in a more rapid and genteel way,—i. e., by palanquin. Hardly; the cost would have been at least twenty dollars. Nor were we drawn in a carriage by horses, as we hadn't any, and they are not very much used here. I am almost tempted to ask you to guess again, but will tell you right out—we came in the push-push, which the good sisters of Nova Scotia several years ago gave to Miss Hammond.

Started from Bimili with four fresh Coolies—two pushing behind and two drawing in front. Changed four times on the way, and made the journey at the rate of more than three and a half miles per hour.

On arriving at the Mission house received such a welcome from our good brother and sister Churchill, as well as from Bessie, as affected our hearts very much. When I came alone thirteen months before, the welcome was all that I could wish, but this time I think it was more hearty. You can guess why.

As my old manush was left behind in Bimili, one of the first duties that claimed attention was the securing of another, and, if possible, one who could speak no English. Had only to study alone a week before the right man presented himself. The drill of being compelled to talk to him in Telugu only is just what I need. I am far yet from speaking the language fluently, but am pressing on toward this as fast as time and strength permit. At morning worship to-day read the parable of "The Sower," and spoke briefly of its teachings. Was encouraged by the good attention of all present, and the readiness with which they answered the questions asked.

About four weeks ago brother Churchill, the native preacher and I visited Peddab Penki, a rather hopefull town ten miles east of Bobbili. There was ample opportunity for preaching in the villages through which we passed both going and coming, and while there, but the special object of our trip was to secure land for a school and dwelling house for one of our helpers. We felt that the time had come for making arrangements to plant out a man, and brother Churchill, from his knowledge of the Bobbili field was satisfied that Peddab Penki should be the first out station. The prospects are good for procuring a good building site at no very distant day, but just what obstacles may have to be overcome we, of course, do not know.

Arrived home on Monday, Feb. 25th, and on the following Thursday accompanied Mr. and Mrs. C. and family five miles on the way to America. There, by the river, we bade them a loving farewell, praying that God would grant them a safe and prosperous voyage home, every blessing while there, and a speedy return to this land where un questionably they have done a work, the good accomplished by which eternity alone will reveal.

More than three weeks have since passed. These have been spent by us in hopeful and earnest work. We have visited with the helpers different parts of Bobbili, and have made two or three visits to the adjacent villages. We are praying for the Spirit's presence and power in our midst, and are assured that the work on this, the darkest of your mission fields in India, is not forgotten by many of your readers.

Yours very truly,

I. C. ARCHIBALD.