

The Religious Intelligence.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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The Intelligence.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. v. 14-16).

Reader, if you profess to be a disciple of Jesus, are you acting as your Master has directed you? Are you walking as one of the children of the light, and endeavouring to make your behaviour in all respects consistent with your profession? If you are striving thus to live, "you are as a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid," and the eyes of the world will be upon you—not indeed in love—but to detect your shortcomings, and lay the blame of them on him that loves you. The thought of being observed by others ought to stir up the Lord's people to increased watchfulness and prayerfulness, lest they give cause to the enemies of God to blaspheme, although it is to be lamented that it often has the effect of inducing them to hide their religion from public view, that others may not pass remarks on their failings.

But, believer, there is still a nobler duty set before you. You are not merely to stand on the defensive, and protect yourself against the assaults of Satan by overcoming them in the strength of the Lord, but you must go boldly forward, and attack the kingdom of the enemy, to rescue from his bondage souls ready to perish. This you cannot do, unless you impart to others a knowledge of that salvation which has proved such a blessing to your own soul; and by telling them of the benefits you have experienced, persuade them also to come to the Son of God, that he may set them free.

Let us look at two examples in real life, which illustrate these truths.

One was a gentleman of independent fortune, who resided occasionally in London during the gay season, and fond of the society he met there. Divine grace arrested him in his worldly career. He became a decided Christian, and amongst other duties observed the Lord's day as set apart for the service of God, declining to dine with any of his acquaintances on that day.

One afternoon he met at the club a naval friend, whom he had not seen for some time, who asked him to dine with him next day. He agreed to do so, and they were about to separate, when suddenly Sir—recalled that next day was Sunday, and immediately recalled his acceptance of the invitation, giving his reason, and offering to dine another day. His friend was indignant, and turned away without making any reply. Five years elapsed before meeting again, and then they found themselves travelling together in a mail coach. After conversing for a little on indifferent subjects, to the great surprise of Sir—his friend pulled a Bible out of his pocket, and commenced reading it. "I am glad to see you so well employed," was the remark of Sir—

"Yes," was the reply; "I thank God that I now know the value of this precious book; and I am partly indebted to you for teaching it to me." "Indeed! how can that be the case?" "Do you recollect declining my invitation to dinner some years ago, on account of the day named being Sunday?" "Yes, I do." "Well, I was very angry with you at that time, and thought you a hypocrite and a fool for refusing a good dinner and excellent wine on such a ground. Still I could not get the thought out of my head that you must be very different from myself, when you could willingly act so, and that God had given you something to cause this difference. So I commenced to search the Bible to see what was there commanded. About the same time family afflictions pressed hard upon me, and opened my eyes to the transitory nature of everything in this life. Then God, in his great love, led me to see myself as a sinner, and drew me to the foot of the cross, there to find reconciliation through the blood of Jesus; so that I now value this book as the greatest treasure upon earth."

This was the light shining as from a city set on a hill, that could not be hid, whereby a dead soul was led to seek salvation, and obtain it.

Another example. Mr. H. was a gentleman engaged in an extensive and profitable business in London, in which he employed many young men at liberal salaries. Having thus a good deal of patronage to bestow, and being otherwise a person of some influence, he was often interrupted by applications for favours, which sometimes tried his patience, although naturally of a kind and obliging disposition.

A zealous missionary who laboured amongst the poor in the district in which Mr. H. carried on his business, often heard his wealth and influence spoken of; but always with a sad feeling in his own breast as to what would become of the rich man's soul. At last it seemed to him one night, as if he heard a voice saying to him, "Go and read the Bible to Mr. H." Sensible, however, of the difficulties which would stand in the way of obtaining access for such a purpose, to a man so immersed in the world, he tried to banish the thought. Again he seemed to hear a similar voice speaking to him, and conscience told him that he was neglecting to attend to it, for fear of the cross he might have to bear; so, after much prayer, but with trembling faith, he one day entered Mr. H.'s office, and requested to see him. He had to wait several hours and then retire unsuccessful, on account of his being much engaged; but the next day he returned, when one of the clerks asked what was the nature of his business? He replied, unhesitatingly, that he wished to read the Bible to him. The clerk fancied he must be out of his mind, to come there on such an errand, and laughingly told the others of the foolish object the man had come about. All that day and the next, did the zealous missionary wait, expecting his object. On the morning of the fourth day, a young clerk felt pity for him, and having occasion to carry some papers into Mr. H.'s inner room, mentioned that a man had been waiting for four days to see him. Mr. H. at that moment was sorely tried by something that had gone wrong, but did the clerk send the man in. "Well, what do you want of me?" he asked in rather an impatient tone. "I wish to read the Bible to you, that your soul may be saved." "Go away—you must be mad to think of such a thing at a time like this," was the reply. Still the missionary stood still, and did not seem inclined to move, upon which Mr. H. indignantly rose up, and pushed him out at the door. There was a slight declivity, which the poor man did not observe, and he missed

his footing and fell into the outer office. Mr. H. immediately shut his door; whilst the missionary, sadly cast down with the reception, departed amidst the smiles of the young men, who had witnessed what he had passed. But now it was the Lord's time to take the part of his servant, and cause his heart to rejoice at the very moment that all his hopes seemed to be laid prostrate. Conscience began to work very powerfully with Mr. H., and the following thought pressed itself upon him. "Here am I continually beset with people asking me for favours, and trying to get all they can from me, and I treat them civilly; whilst towards this poor missionary, who came to bestow on me what he considers the greatest treasure on earth, I have acted with rude and uncalled for violence." Quickly he opened the door of his room, and called out, "Bring that man back." One of the clerks ran after the missionary into the street, and bade him return. On again entering the office Mr. H. said to him, that he was sorry he had so treated him, and asked what he was wanted of him. "I wish you to let me read the Bible to you, that your soul may be saved." "And how much time will satisfy you?"—"I want an hour every morning do?" "Oh yes," exclaimed the delighted servant of God. And an hour he did appropriate for this purpose, until at length the Holy Spirit applied the blessed Word to his heart, and led him to find salvation through faith in the blood of Jesus. Here was the light shining as that of a candle, forcing itself on one unwilling to receive it, but blessed to the saving of an immortal soul.

* From *Abounding in the Work of the Lord*, by H. M. Grant, Esq., of Arundell. Montreal: George Walker.

WORK, WORK, WORK.

The great question, O reader! remains to be settled, as to whether you are or are not resolved to take a part in this matter. You are aware that our Lord tells us, that the servant who knows his Master's will and does not perform it, is more guilty than he who is ignorant of it; and thus, as your responsibility is greatly increased in knowing what is so plainly commanded in the word of God, so will also be your guilt, if you shrink from fulfilling it. We have already touched upon the excuses usually made to quiet conscience under the neglect of this work; but it may be useful to consider them again, that we may more clearly see what weight ought to be given to each of them; and they may be classed under four heads.

1st. We are told by some, that the command to work in the vineyard, and to labour for the spiritual welfare of others, does not apply to believers in general, but only to those set apart by human authority for that purpose. But this assertion has already been considered in preceding portions of this work, and others, and shown to be in opposition to the word of God.

2d. It is alleged that every believer has not the ability to work, and that some are more likely to do harm than good by speaking to others about the welfare of their souls; and, therefore, that it is sufficient to have the desire to do good, though it may not be carried into effect. But it has already been stated, in several of the preceding chapters, and others, that the work belongs to the Holy Spirit, and man is but His instrument; so that, with His blessing, the feeblest human ability can be made of avail, whereas the most powerful is useless without it, for it is *faith* that is wanting and not *ability*. And as to the will being accepted by God without the deed, the old saying has much truth in it, however quaintly expressed, "that hell, and not heaven, is paved with good intentions."

3d. It is asserted that no man has a right to press upon another spiritual truths, unless he is invited to do so; and that all who otherwise act, outrage the rules of good society, and deserve contempt and reproach in return. Thus the 'fear of man bringeth a snare,' and often proves more effectual to deter the believer from working than the command of God to impel him. But, in this arguing, the world does not take into account the great and imminent danger hanging over each individual who is not reconciled to God, nor the blindness of such a one as to his real condition; so that it would be cruel in those whose eyes have been already opened to allow any commonplace rules of social intercourse to stand in the way, when an opportunity for speaking the truth occurs. And, indeed, such earnestness on the part of believers is similar to that with which the world itself acts in cases which are recognised to be of emergency.

Two gentlemen were standing together one day on a railway platform, and one of them was incautiously leaning his body partly over the edge at the instant when an engine was approaching, which he did not observe. The other immediately seized him by the coat, and forcibly pulled him back out of danger. It was a rude act, but the circumstances justified it, and thanks were returned. A Christian standing by, asked the pertinent question, "Would you have done as much for his soul?" It may be stated that, if this latter duty had been attempted, offence would have been taken; but why is it that one is thankful for the rescue of his body from danger, and unthankful for the endeavour to save his soul from ruin? The reason is evident: he knows the value of his body, and admits the risk that has been incurred; but he has not yet learned the value of his soul, or, at any rate, is not sensible of its being in danger.

As to the ridicule or reproach which is dreaded in speaking to another about the welfare of his soul, it is indeed lamentable that it should have any influence in deterring a child of God from the fulfilment of his duty, when his Master tells him that endurance of such, on his account, is an *honour*, at which his heart should leap for joy. There is, however, one just limit to such speaking set forth by our Lord, when He tells us "that we must not cast our pearls before swine." Weak believers are very fond of taking shelter in this excuse, to quiet the pangs of conscience as to the neglect of duty; but they ought to bear in mind that love calls no man a swine until he has proved himself to be so, and that it is only after the truth has already been offered and *repelled* that he is justified in withholding it.

4th. When, at length, the preceding hindrances are surmounted, and the believer sees it to be his duty to work for the glory of His Master and the salvation of souls, there is still another excuse that often keeps him back. He will allege "that he is waiting for a good opportunity," and perhaps will add, "that he is praying to God to give him a right one"; but, some-

how, the prayer seems to him never answered, and what he thinks the right time never comes. The fault lies, not in his desiring a good opportunity, nor in his praying for it, but in his limiting the answer to some particular idea of his own; and thus he is not prepared to work when his petition is really granted. God requires action, in the fulfilment of His will, as well as prayer. When Moses cried unto the Lord, at the time that Pharaoh's host seemed ready to overtake the children of Israel, God said unto him, "Wherefore criest thou to me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

But, before concluding, let us take notice of two temptations by which the believer is apt to be hindered after he has been led, by the grace of God, to commence working. First: "He sometimes acts as if the conversion of the sinner greatly depended on his setting the truth before him in a clear and forcible manner." This temptation often assails him almost unconsciously; but he may observe its influence at work, when he discovers that, after speaking to any one about his soul, his thoughts are busily employed in the examination of all that he himself has been uttering, wishing that he had left some things unsaid, and lamenting that he had forgotten other points which might have had a powerful effect; and, perhaps, at last becoming very much cast down as to any good results accruing, because he has spoken so *feebly*.

In acting thus the believer is apt to forget the power by which the work of conversion is really accomplished, and partially to substitute for the Holy Spirit his own excellency of speech and enticing words of man's wisdom. The true way of speaking to another about the eternal interests of his soul, is to do so in a prayerful dependence on the Holy Spirit, to give the words that are to be used, and to make them of avail in reaching the conscience.

It is not intended by these remarks, to blame prayerful meditation *beforehand*, as to the best way of setting forth the truth, and of answering the cavils of objectors, for this is the real way of obtaining enlightenment as to how to speak; and to neglect this, and yet expect assistance, would be to tempt the Lord our God. But, whilst the work of speaking to another is going on, the believer should trust entirely to the Holy Spirit, both to give words and to make the needed impression on the hearer;—and, as much as possible, he should lift up his heart to Him for help during the conversation, and thus he will keep ever in mind that he is but an instrument, and become more impressed with a sense of his own helplessness. Then, when the interview is over, instead of complaining of the feebleness of his speech, and doubting success on that account, he will be enabled to leave the result in the hands of God, asking that His name may be more magnified, through blessing with success the weakness of the means employed. It is not denied, however, that the Holy Spirit will sometimes impress upon a believer a sense of having spoken unadvisedly with his lips, or of having kept back some portion of the truth through fear of man;—and this is a just ground for self-humiliation, and for seeking forgiveness of the fault, as it commonly results from leaning on his own powers, instead of on the power of the Holy Spirit; but even then faith will expect a blessing, and be the more ready to ascribe all the glory of success to him from whom alone all power comes.

A second hindrance encountered by the believer in working is, when he doubts his usefulness in the hands of the Spirit, unless he sees *speedily* manifested, in those to whom he speaks about his soul, some outward marks to evidence that his words have power in leading them to accept Christ, and trust him as their Saviour. When these are wanting, he will find himself working in a dead, doubting way, and almost in an unwilling spirit, instead of in the exercise of a lively faith. The power exercised by this temptation is owing to want of due consideration of the way in which the work of conversion is often carried on by the Holy Spirit. This has been compared to the setting fire to a barrel of gunpowder by a long train, of which grain after grain catches fire, and at last, but little notice, until the last one is ignited, which causes the mass to explode, and then the attention of observers is concentrated on this result, as on something remarkable, although the chief difficulty, perhaps, consisted in setting fire to the first grains. In like manner, the Holy Spirit has many connecting links to the operation of removing obstacles from the heart of the sinner, before the last act of quickening takes place, when the man is born again, and enters, through faith in Jesus, into the liberty of a child of God; at which time attention is attracted by the striking effects attendant on the conversion. And yet, the instrument made use of to remove the beginning of these obstacles has often a far more difficult work to perform, and much more reproach to endure, and much stronger faith to exercise, than those subsequently enjoyed,—and must also entirely rest on the honour that cometh from God; whilst the latter are encouraged by the joy of visible success, and are also supported (more than they are themselves aware) by a certain amount of honour that comes to them from other servants of God, who rejoice in their success.

The faithful worker in the vineyard ought, then, to thank God for every opportunity afforded him of striking the first blow at a sinner's heart, and ought earnestly to pray that he may not be discouraged by any opposition he may meet with, or by the fear of man, from speaking boldly yet lovingly, in firm faith that a blessing will follow. It must, however, be kept in mind, that neither length of time, nor change of instruments, are essential to the work of the Holy Spirit in converting a soul; for it may be as speedily wrought as on the day of Pentecost, or as slowly as in the case of Apollas.

Also, the great end for which each worker, in evangelizing, ought to pray, is to witness in all to whom he may speak, that final act of quickening, when the sinner renounces every plea of his own, and casts himself upon Christ, as atoning fully for his sins, believing that God does really forgive him for the sake of His dear Son.

Faith in Christ, to receive an incorruptible crown of glory, will moderate desires of earthly things, so that we shall neither admire nor aspire after great things below, nor be easily distrust the Lord for supply of what He knows is meet and convenient for us.

BETHLEHEM.

They speak to me of princely Tyre,
That old Phœnician gem,
Great Sidon's daughter of the North
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Nineveh and Babylon,—
What can compare with them?
So let them praise their pride and pomp;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They praise the hundred-gated Thebes,
Old Miriam's diadem,
The city of the sand-girt Nile,
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Athens, star of Greece,
Her hill of Mars, her Academe;
Hunts of old Wisdom and fair Art,
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

Dear city, where heaven met with earth,
Whence sprang the rod from Jesse's stem
Where Jacob's star first shone;—of thee
I'll speak, O happy Bethlehem!

THE OLD STORY.

Come and hear the grand old story,
Story of the ages past;
All earth's annals far surpassing,
Story that shall ever last.
Noblest, truest,
Oldest, newest,
Fairest, rarest,
Saddest, gladdest,
That this earth has ever known.

Christ the Father's Son eternal,
Once was born a Son of man;
He who never knew beginning,
Here on earth a life began.

Here in David's lowly city,
Tomb of the manger-bed
Child of everlasting ages,
Mary's infant, lays his head.

There he lies in mighty weakness,
David's Lord and David's Son;
Creature and Creator meeting,
Heaven and earth co-jointed in one.

Here at Nazareth he dwelleth,
Mid the sin of sinful men;
Sorrowful, forlorn, and hated,
And yet hating none again.

Here in Galilee he wanders,
Through its teeming cities moves,
Climbs its mountains, walks its waters,
Blesses, comforts, saves, and loves.

Words of truth and deeds of kindness,
Miracles of grace and might,
Scatter fragrance all around Him,
Shine with heaven's most glorious light.

In Gethsemane behold Him
In the agony of prayer;
Kneeling, pleading, groaning, bleeding,
Soul and body prostrate there.

All alone He wrestles yonder,
Close behind Him stand the cup,
Bittercup that man ere tasted,
Yet for us he drinks it up.

In the Roman hall behold Him
Stand at Pilate's judgment seat,
Mocked and beaten, crowned and wounded;
Jew and Gentile join in hate.

On to Golgotha He hastens;
Yonder stands His cross of woe;
From His hands, and feet, and forehead,
See the precious life blood flow.

Sinless, He our sin is bearing,
All our sorrows on Him lie,
And His stripes our wounds are healing,
God, for man, consents to die.

It is finished! see His body,
Laid in Joseph's tomb;
'Tis for us he lieth yonder,
Prince of Life—enwrapped in gloom.

But in vain the grave has bound Him,
Death has barr'd his gates in vain;
See, for us the Saviour rises,
See for us he bursts the chain.

Hear we then the grand old story,
True as God's all faithful word,
Best of tidings to the guilty,
Of a dead and risen Lord.

'Tis eternal life to know it,
Light and love are shining there,
While we look, and gaze, and listen,
All its joy and peace we share.

Hear we then the grand old story,
And in listening learn to love,
Flowing through it to the guilty,
From our pardoning God above.

SINGULAR RACES AND CUSTOMS IN INDIA.

From an interesting account in the April number of "The work of the Christian Church," of a visit of a German Missionary to the Netherland, of India, we take the following description of some of the singular races which inhabit them:—

THE TODAWAS.

The oldest occupants of the Blue Mountains are the Todawas. They fix their dwellings on the highest level, while the other aborigines prefer the lower slopes. The Todawas are the most singular people we meet with here. Although scarcely numbering a thousand souls, they have their own language, their own religion, have peculiar occupations, manners and customs, and are quite peculiar outward appearance. They are tall and powerful, with comparatively light complexion and slightly curling jet black hair. They go about in all weathers, without any covering on head or feet, their limbs as well as their shoulders wrapped in an unsewn piece of coarse cotton cloth. If they are going on a long expedition, they take with them a long club-headed stick, by the aid of which they leap the mountain torrents, and knock down a buffalo at a blow, and this stick, when they die, is buried with their body, so that they may have it all ready to hand in the next world. The Todawa women are also tall and strongly made, with open countenances and luxuriant black hair; on their arms they wear massive brass bangles; their manner to strangers is always free; sometimes they are a little bold and importunate, with their constant cry of "Yenau! yenau!" (i. e.

gifts! alms!) but I never found them indecorous or insolent.

This singular race occupies itself exclusively with the care of their numerous buffalo herds. But yet they are not complete nomads; they generally have settled homes of their own, clustered together in little villages, called *mands*, which contain about five or six huts of peculiar construction, and always have a sort of temple at a little distance.

The huts are semicircular, their length about ten feet, and their height in the middle sufficient to allow of a man standing upright. One half of the interior is raised, and forms a sleeping place, the other half is a kind of kitchen. The entrance is so low that you have to creep in; a loose board serves as a door, and when it is pushed across the entrance the windowless hut is perfectly dark. But it is only used as a shelter in bad weather or by night. These Todawa huts, though often beautifully situated, have a melancholy heathenish aspect. The land around is quite neglected, they know nothing of the hope of seed-time or the joy of harvest. The buffaloes, the only wealth and pride of this singular race, are ferocious creatures compared to their brethren of the plain, who are so inert and stupid that they will hardly move out of the way of a solitary pedestrian, leading even the pokes of his stick very little, and never under any circumstances promising to attack him.

As I have already said, the whole life of the Todawas is occupied with their buffalo herds, and even such religion as they have centres in them. The milking them, and especially the churning of their milk, is a sacred office, only to be performed by consecrated hands. In earlier times this consecration had, no doubt, a religious significance; now, it is a mere empty form. The candidate begins by throwing off all his vestments—thus typifying the renunciation of his former secular life—and spends eight days in the thickest part of the woods, anointing himself with a vegetable juice; then bathing and, when evening comes, eating a little roasted corn. After these preliminary observances, he is pronounced fit for his post, and henceforward named *Palai*, i. e. milkman. No one now dares to speak to him; he lives a life of silence and seclusion, apart from wife and children and relative. Nothing earthly is to disturb his mind; it is to be entirely absorbed by divine matters. One wonders what the thoughts can be that pass through his empty head. These poor Palais often become stupid and apathetic in the extreme, but there are cunning impostors among them, who give themselves out to be possessed by the Divinity, and, consequently, behave like wild beasts, thus spreading great alarm amongst the rest of the Todawas. This Divinity is supposed to have its special abode in a cattle-bell, or at all events to be manifested thereby; this bell being then held sacred, and preserved in one of their temples. They call the deity himself the *Beligod*. Should the priest rise of his solitary and monotonous life, he is at liberty to throw it up, and return to his family. The worship of the Todawas is simple in the extreme; they lay the thumb of the right hand on their nose, touch their forehead with their spread-out fingers, and say, "May all go well!" This is their only prayer, breathed vaguely forth to the winds. They have no conception of a personal God; no self-knowledge; no defined consciousness of their own wants.

But it is not only this life that with them depends on buffalo herds, but the next also. Necessarily, the heathen must needs look upon a future existence as a more or less exact counterpart of the present, and, therefore, as the Red Indian hopes to use his weapons in the hunting grounds of the next world, so the Todawas must have his cattle there to provide him with milk. "Accompany the spirit of the departed to the great land," such is the injunction given to each buffalo felled by the clubs of the Todawas when its owner dies. The corpse is laid upon a funeral pile and burnt, the flesh of the animal being eaten by the Kohatas, another caste of these mountain tribes. But the dead are not yet forgotten; a year later, another and greater funeral solemnity is observed, and more buffaloes are sent on the track. During these singular rites, feasting and lamentations are alternately carried on. The mourners sit two and two, and with brow leaning against brow, bewail the departed. "What is thy condition now, O brother? 'Dost thou suffer from fever?' 'Are thy buffaloes flourishing?' 'O, wherefore didst thou leave us so soon?' so runs the funeral chant, to which the women join their howls. Every gesture shows the deepest emotion, and their whole frame quivers with anguish. And yet, a few minutes afterwards, they converse as though nothing had happened. Hence, some have imagined that this semblance of sorrow was merely put on, but this is by no means the case. These Todawas, like the rest of the Asiatics, have temperaments widely different from our own. Their feelings necessitate an outward expression, which even transcends the feeling whether in joy or sorrow; but this expression is not artificial or unreal. We bury our deepest sorrows in our hearts. The Asiatic, on the contrary, thinks aloud, and calls the whole world to witness his anguish.

The Todawas are fast dying out, although female infanticide no longer openly prevails amongst them. Polyandry, however, is still lawful. If one of many brothers marries, his wife becomes the common property of all, even if the rest of the brothers be married men. No doubt this unnatural law is often practically departed from, but still there is hardly such a thing as special relationship between parents and children; the latter belong to all the brothers, the eldest child being claimed by the eldest brother, the second by the second, and so on. Such regulations must lead to occasional infanticide, for if the father next in order desires a son, he has no scruple in getting rid of the unwelcome daughter.

Meanwhile, the poor mothers love their children as well as more happily circumstanced women. Once, as I, with my family, was visiting one of their huts, a young woman came forward and begged permission to take into her arms our infant of a few months old. Naturally, my wife rather shrunk from this, but I granted the request. The young woman took the child with the utmost tenderness and gazed at it intently. At length large tears rolled down her face, and beginning to weep convulsively, she returned the infant to its mother and hurried away. It appeared that she had recently lost a little girl of the same age, and very probably her husband had something to do with the death. It is difficult to ascertain whether the recent enactment against infanticide is strictly observed. At all events the men are decidedly more numerous than the women, and as to chil-

dren, there are but very few of them to be seen at all. Indeed, the women seem to be looked upon as mere burthens and necessary evils. The Todawas used to excise female infanticide by the difficulty they found in feeding so many women. The few they do feed are mere slaves, and are bought for a certain fixed price. A wedding is no great event, though it does occasion a little extra feasting. On the appointed day the bride is led into the hut of her future lord, and at once flings herself down on her face before him. He places first his right foot, then his left, on her head; this is the Todawa's substitute for the bridal kiss! This done, the woman is a wife, and must henceforth perform all useful duties, the first of which is to go and fetch water for cooking!

Hitherto, not one convert has been made from this strange race to Christianity. They have, indeed, often heard the message of salvation from the Balise missionaries stationed on the Blue Mountains, but the only result of their preaching has been, that Todawa boys have found their way into the school to grieve the hearts of the missionaries by their special stupidity.

(To be Continued.)

TEN SCRIPTURAL INDICATIONS OF A NEW HEART.

1. A consciousness of *love to Christ*, and trust in him for salvation. "Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." *John* xxi. 17. "I know whom I have believed." *2 Tim.* i. 12.

2. A filial spirit towards God. "Ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." *Rom.* viii. 15, 16.

3. A disposition to justify God and condemn ourselves. "The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just and good. . . . I am carnal sold under sin." *Rom.* vii. 12, 14.

4. Prayer. "Behold him prayeth." *Acts* ix. 11. "He kneeled upon his knees three times a day and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime." *Dan* vi. 10.

5. Love for the Bible. "Oh, how love I thy law! It is my meditation all the day." *Psalms* cxix. 97.

6. Love for Christians. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." *1 John* iii. 14. "To the saints that are in the earth and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight." *Ps.* xvi. 3.

7. Desire for the prosperity of Christ's cause and the salvation of men. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." *Ps.* cxxxvii. 6. "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved." *Rom.* x. 1.

8. Submission to God's will. "And he said, It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." *1 Sam.* iii. 18. "Who art thou that repliest against God?" *Rom.* ix. 20.

9. A desire to acknowledge Christ before men, and to do every known duty. "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" *Acts* viii. 36. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" *Acts* ix. 6. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." *John* xiv. 15. "He that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him and he in him." *1 John* iii. 24.

10. Continuance in Christian living. "Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed." *John* viii. 31.

THE RAILROAD BRIDGE.

I recently passed under a high bridge unused and weather-beaten, the connecting link of a railway whose construction would cost hundreds of thousands of pounds. Along the line of this road a few months before the sounds of toil were heard, and the rushing train was soon to carry its living freight and its merchandise. The master-geniuses of the enterprise had a theory of his own respecting that bridge, and in accordance with it the light structure hung in the air. The trial trip began, and suddenly a crash came and down nearly a hundred feet went the carriages, carrying three men to the ruins below, bleeding, and one of them dead. The failure in the result stopped the grand enterprise, and left it to declare the worthlessness of theories which cannot be reduced to practical usefulness; and more than this, the tragedy they may bring to those who venture life upon them makes the failure a crime.

With such frail structures spiritually do men span the river of death in prospect. They are fair to talk about and look at in the distance; but alas, how they tremble and fall when the final passage to eternity comes. The saddest sight to the Christian is to gaze on the scene when the train of immortality goes down into the abyss of darkness and death everlasting.

Be careful, traveller to eternity, who engineers thee across the gulf. "There is a way that seemed right unto a man, but the end of that way is death."

"HE LAYETH IT ON HIS SHOULDERS REJOICING."

A recent traveller in the East, gives the following illustration of the parable of the lost sheep:—

Just before coming out on the blighted flats of the Dead Sea, one of those pictures passed before me which are ever after hung up in the mind's gallery among the choicest of the spoils of Eastern travel. By some chance I was alone, riding a few hundred yards in front of the caravan, when, turning the corner of a hill, I met a man coming toward me, the only one we had seen for several hours since we had passed a few black tents some eight or ten miles away. He was a noble looking young shepherd, dressed in his camel's hair robe, and with the lithesome, powerful limbs and elastic step of the children of the desert. But the interest which attracted to him was the errand on which he had manifested being engaged on those Dead Sea plains from which he was returning. Round his neck, and with his little limbs held gently by his hand, lay a lamb he had rescued and was doubtless carrying home. The little creature lay as if perfectly content and happy, and the man looked pleased as he strode along lightly with his burden. . . . It was actually the beautiful parable of the lost sheep acted out before my sight. Every particular was true to the story; the shepherd had doubtless left his "ninety and nine in the wilderness," round the black tents was