

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS"—Paul.

VOL. XXXVI.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1883.

No. 19.

THE JOYS OF SALVATION.

BY REV. C. H. WETHEREB.

The Scriptures speak of the joys of God's salvation. This implies that salvation produces joy. It suggests that such joys are not personal, but that they are not personal experiences known until a person experiences salvation. And, furthermore, it is mainly inferred from the promise, that the joys of salvation are not only different from those of the world, but really greater. But, what are these joys? One of them is the consciousness of pardoned sin. This joy is not always spring up immediately after a soul has been pardoned. There are certain conditions of mind and soul, which some possess, at the time of their receiving pardon, that prevent their partaking, at once of the joy which belongs to salvation. Doubts and fears, sometimes so affect the pardoned soul, that he does not experience joy. But, sooner or later, they do—all pardoned people do.

When such a joy is permitted to flow, as freely as it should, what a blessed, exhilarating joy it is! may we not say, that it is a more thrilling joy than any joy experienced by the angels?

The full consciousness that the almighty, and awful God has pardoned personal sin, is surely, enough to cause unbounded joy to bound through the whole being. Then, there is the joy of justification. Pardon announces the penitent believer free from legal condemnation. He is liberated from the claim which justice held against him. He is emancipated from the power of reigning sin. But justification goes farther, and pronounces the pardoned one a good person, even a legal point of view, for Christ's sake. Christ's goodness is imputed to the believer. The righteousness of Jesus is reckoned to the believer's account.

The Christian's native righteousness is nothing, but his Lord's is everything, to him. And the thought that it is possible that he can, in any sense, be regarded as good, or righteous, in the sight of God, is indeed, a precious one. It is one of the richest joys of salvation. Another phase of justification is sanctification. This is closely connected pardon and justification. God sanctifies all whom he justifies. Christ is their sanctification, in all of its perfection. The believer is reckoned as holy as Christ.

Personally, the Christian is sanctified by reason of the fact that he is set apart to a holy service, and a holy community of fellow-believers. And, to some extent, the possessor of holiness. The Spirit of holiness works in the believer so much of His nature, and graces, as the believer has the strength of faith, and consequently the capacity, to receive. And, certainly, this produces joy. The fruit of the Spirit, in the soul, is joy. And the more the Holy Spirit a person has, the more holiness he has, and the more joy, therefore he has. And the joy is made stronger, in view of the fact that the Christian's sanctification is complete in Christ.

And finally salvation gives joy, because it creates, in the believer, a desire to have others, who are without it, possess it also. There is joy, in the effort to get others to taste of the joys of salvation. O, that we had more of this joy!

Christ is truth for the understanding, authority for the will, love for the heart, certainty for the hope, fruition for all the desires, and for the conscience at once cleansing and law. Fellowship with Him is no indolent idleness, nor the luxurious exercise of certain emotions, but the contentment of the whole nature, with its sole adequate object and rightful Lord.

Can we wonder then that desperation came? Need we be surprised to hear that men, maddened by long degradation and by utter hopelessness, flew to the hills, and with gun, and noose, and knife, maintained a liberty which Brahmin priests had denied them? Hence came the

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

BY W. E. MACINTYRE, A. B.

CHAPTER IV.

HINDOO CASTES—SUPERSTITION.

There is not, and probably never has been, any outgrowth of Hindooism more firmly fixed than the religious divisions, which are so interwoven with the whole character of the people and so thoroughly grounded in their very education as to seem a natural part of their society. The imperious Brahmin, placing himself first, has interpreted the Vedas as distinguishing four social divisions—priests, soldiers, husbandmen (including merchants) and laborers. The first three classes were the regenerate, or twice-born; the last class was condemned by immutable law to servile drudgery. In the code of Manu, a sacred work, the four groups are known as the Brahmin, Kshatriya, Vaisya, and Sudra castes respectively.

The Brahmins, or priests, enjoy great pre-eminence over their fellows, forming the teachers, judges and philosophers of the Hindoos and the authorized expounders of the religious classes. While the Shastras distinctly declare the Brahmins too sacred for manual labor or secular pursuits, it is a fact that large numbers of the consecrated body are pursuing without scruple, callings and professions entirely apart from their saintly office, and in open disobedience of their sacred instructions. They buy and sell as other men; they take high government office or profitable civil employment; they seem ever ready to lay down their robes and wear instead the epaulettes of a British office, the cap and uniform of a commercial company's employee, or even a civilian's dress, whenever the change brings a prospect of larger returns in business ventures.

The second caste, or Kshatriyas, properly includes kings, officials, and soldiers of all kinds, and in some parts of Hindostan even tribes; among which the Sikhs furnish a notable instance. As a class they are not expected to engage in common employments, but are taught to be brave, upright and chivalrous; to covet glory and fame and to maintain the most intrepid fortitude under all circumstances.

The third, or Vaisya caste, sometimes known as the Chetties, are largely a commercial body while the fourth caste, known as the Sudras, includes the mechanics and artisans, the tillers of the soil and all kinds of menial laborers. For one of the Sudras to aspire to elevation would be totally at variance with the teachings of Hindooism, especially with the code of Manu and the later Puranas. The cunning Brahmin has carefully held to this dogma, in order that he may secure the easy positions of life. "Do not even speak to a Sudra," say the Brahmins, "the gods do not; if you have something to tell him, speak to some other person near him, and say, 'Tell this Sudra so.'"

The natural result of such a system, carried down through long generations, has been to develop in the Sudras a superstitious and enfeebled state of mind and to leave them a prey to every whim and fable of man's invention. Ground down by the three superior castes, denied of their rights and left to drudge and toil, not only for their own bread, but also for the bread of the idlers above them, they have come to be despondent, irresolute and unambitious.

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mountain bandits and swarms of dacoits and robber bands, the spontaneous offspring of superstition and caste. Ignorance shackled the masses of the people and left them an easy prey to priestly cunning. The common people were taught that the earth was a flat island with a large mountain in the centre and that outside of the island lay an ocean ring of salt water. Beyond this were supposed to be other continents and oceans in a concentric form around the first. Eclipses were said to be produced by a huge cobra which lay under the earth, whose twelve heads were continually busy in the attempt to swallow sun and moon.

Many wonderful things depended upon Brahmin astrology. Like the ancient Chaldeans and Egyptians, the Hindoos took counsel of the stars on all important occasions. When a child was born the astrologer went into a long calculation, examining the aspects of the planets at the exact hour of the child's birth. A theme of the heavenly bodies had to be cast, while certain fixed calendars indicated whether the day was lucky or unlucky. If there had been a marriage ceremony the happy couple must come out and catch a full view of the stars of Ursa Major, after which their unbounded prosperity was assured.

But perhaps the strangest belief among the Hindoos is that of transmigration. They believed they had existed before as man or beast or monster of some sort. If any one had enjoyed great happiness in this life it was because his preceding state had been satisfactory to the gods, and if his present life should be exemplary he would be rewarded with a better state in the next change. Those who were degraded and vicious were to be smitten with leprosy or idiocy, or sent after death into a snake, lizard or some other filthy animal. This changing, they thought, might go on indefinitely according to the measure of each one's sin.

If one slew a Brahmin he would be transformed into a dog, boar or ass; if he stole grain in this life he might expect to be a rat in the next; if he stole meat, he would be a vulture. When he had become a drunkard his next life would tell it by his having black teeth; if he was often angry and revengeful he would be a lion or a tiger; if he become a libertine he must expect to be an unclean bird, worm or insect; if he stole a priest's money he had to pass a thousand changes through spiders, snakes, crocodiles and blood-thirsty demons.

Such are the absurd teachings of Brahminism, which the people of Hindostan accept as sacred, and which they in turn teach their children to believe and follow throughout life.

From H. Thane Miller, Esq., Cincinnati, O.

"I have just finished my third careful examination of the proof-sheets of the NEW BAPTIST HYMNAL, and I can emphatically say that each examination has given me increased assurance that, at last, we have a model hymn-book; one which cannot fail to meet the needs of our Baptist churches, and one which is admirably adapted to serve as a strong bond of union in our denomination throughout the entire country. The wonderful gift of its Musical Editor, Dr. W. Howard Doane, in the adaptation of music to the sentiment expressed in the hymn, has long been recognized, and in this collection we have given us the result of his richest and ripest inspiration. The happy thought—placing upon the same page the classical music of the old masters, and the heart-reaching melody of our best of American composers—gives us, in reality, two books in one; this forming a combination as rare as it is valuable." See advertisement.

For The Visitor. MISSIONARY LETTER. BY REV. G. CHURCHILL. IN TENT, ARASADA, Feb. 26th, 1883.

"Fair play and no favor," ought, I suppose, to be the motto of the missionaries in writing to our home papers. Well, Mr. Editor, will you please tell us how to manage? Shall we write for the VISITOR and Messenger turn and turn about, or shall we copy and send to both papers at the same time? To do the latter without copying pen or copying machine, requires more time than we can afford, or than the letters themselves are worth, while if we follow the other plan, we get credit for only part of the work we do, since many who take the VISITOR do not see the Messenger, and vice versa. Then again, those who take both papers, do not wish to see the same things in each. So please tell us what to do. In the meantime I am going to write now for the VISITOR, since I wrote last for the Messenger. This is the travelling season, and I am trying to do what I can to reach the villages round about Bobbili. The last week of January and the first week of February I spent in making a tour among the villages to the South and Southeast of Bobbili. During the fourteen days we were away, we visited and preached in more than forty villages, in only three of which, so far as I could learn, had there ever been any christian teaching. Returning to Bobbili, another short tour of five days was made to the West of Bobbili. But Bro. Archibald is responsible for writing up this trip, as he accompanied me. On Friday evening last, I started on this tour among the villages North and Northeast of Bobbili. My proposed trip will require about three weeks, and I have thought some incidents from day to day might be interesting to the readers of the VISITOR. The difficulty is to know just what to choose. The first thing that occurs to me will illustrate the uncertainty of things in this land. I started my bandies off Friday afternoon with orders to stop at a small bungalow, so as not to require to pitch the tent. When I arrived at the place in the evening I found the roof of the bungalow had been burned a few days before, so there was nothing to do but to pitch the tent in a mango grove near by. Next day four different villages were visited by us, in all of which we had a very good hearing. In the afternoon we packed up and started for a village four miles down the river. On the way we stopped at a small village where we had a very good hearing. Overtaking the bandies in the evening, I went on ahead to look for a place to pitch the tent. Finding a pretty good place beyond the village, I sat down and waited for the bandies until it was time for them, then bearing nothing of them, I sent a man back to see where they were, and after a good while word came that the maidoc of the village had sent them across to the other side of the river. I was not at all pleased to have to go back, and when I saw the place where they were pitching the tent, I was still less pleased. It was between a couple of little mango trees on a sand hill, with not the least shade. Next morning we visited three different villages. In the afternoon just as we were leaving for the large village across the river, a young Brahmin whom I had known at Bobbili, came to see me. He said he was teaching school in a village not far away, and wished me to go there. It was too late then

to do so, and when I learned that there was a large number of Brahmins there, I decided to give the place the go-by, and told the Brahmin I should not visit the place at all. But Monday morning, after starting the bandies off for another village, I took Kotiah with me and went across the river to visit another village. Taking a wrong turn in the path we found ourselves close to the Brahmin village. Feeling that Providence had thus directed us, I decided we must do what we could. On entering the village I enquired for the school, and was shown an old tumble-down mud hut with one wall down flat. The teacher had gone to breakfast. Finding a shady place under some tamarind trees, we were soon surrounded by a crowd of low caste people on one side, and Brahmins on the other. With the latter we were soon in hot water. It was interesting, amusing and annoying, all under one, to listen to them. They were not quite so bad as in some places, the presence of the Bobbili Brahmin being a little in our favor. After some time spent in argument I got them all to listen while we gave them an outline of the gospel. They admitted our words were good, but still stood up for their own religion. We stayed here till nearly noon, and then went to another small village, where we had a very good hearing. We reached our tent about 2 p. m. after a very hot walk. Toward evening we all went into the large village near the tent. In the middle of the village we found a new tiled building not quite finished, to be devoted to the worship of Rama as a "Ramabhajana." (Shall I again risk the possibility of seeing this word so transformed or deformed that its own father would scarcely know it, as was the case in the last letter I wrote to the VISITOR?) Taking possession of this building we were soon surrounded by a large crowd of two or three hundred people, men, women and children. Near by was a cow-shed, in which the village school was taught by day and the cattle tied up at night. This afforded me a good text to begin with, and I tried my best to make the people see the absurdity of the thing. We had a very good hearing indeed, and many seemed impressed with what we said. I hope and trust that the seed sown this evening in this village has not been sown in vain, but that it has fallen on good ground, hereafter to yield a harvest of eternal life. But this brings me up to my present stopping-place. Sitting here alone in my tent this evening with the sea breeze rustling the branches overhead, I might have felt lonesome but for the thoughts of those in our far off christian home land for whom I have been writing, who, I trust, are remembering in prayer their missionaries among these hosts of heathen people. Tuesday 27th. Had an interesting time this evening in a small village across the river. We had to wait for some time for the men to come in from the fields, but at length we had a pretty good number, among them some young Brahmins. All listened very well till we had finished speaking of Christ and the way of salvation through Him. Then the Brahmins began to argue, cavil and object, and one young fellow said we were lying. I asked him if he dared to say I had been telling lies, and he said yes, my words were lies. I felt a strong desire to go for him with my cane, but some of the people standing by said our words were not lies, it was the Brahmins

who did the lying. Just then an old Brahmin very large and fine looking came and asked what we were talking about. He had been to the tent in the morning to see the tent and my magnet, compass, magnifying glass and prism, and was much interested. When some one told him that we had been teaching there was but one God, that there was no such thing as caste, that all men were sinners and so could not do works of merit, he said: yes, that is all true. Then keeping the others quiet he listened carefully to all we had to say. We had a long, interesting talk with him, among other things answering some questions about the different heavenly bodies. He seemed one of the most sensible Brahmins I have met. Whether sincere or not, I could not tell, but if so he would seem to be not far from the Kingdom. Thursday morning, March 1st, Kotiah and I went to a small village a couple of miles away. Nearly all the people came to hear us. They thought they were a little better off than the other villages around, since they had an iron idol while the other villages had only wooden or stone idols. They listened well and said they believed our words, and proved their faith by their works, for they bought three Gospels. Friday 2nd. I sent the bandies off ahead, while we went to a large village where we had been the evening before, and where we had a very good hearing. This morning a large crowd soon gathered and we should have had a good hearing but for a young Brahmin who was teaching school in the place. He did his best to hinder us. I had known him before at Bobbili. We did not do much in this village. Going on to another place the same fellow followed us, but I would not allow him to say anything, so we got on very well and had a good hearing. Saturday 3rd. Had a very unpleasant night last night. Stayed in an old indigo factory, where the rats, owls and cockroaches made such a row that I got very little sleep. When I reached the tent to-day found it pitched in what seemed a good place, but soon myriads of tiny red ants were into everything. The native helpers came saying they could not stay in their tent for the ants, so there was nothing to be done but go to another spot. Just as we got the things on the bandies a very heavy thunder storm broke on us. We took refuge in a cattle shed in the village. It did not last long, but the wind was very strong and the rain very heavy, with considerable hail. After it was over, we pitched our tents on a dry gravel bank, and made ourselves pretty comfortable for the night. (Conclusion next week.)

REST ON THE SABBATH. At an Inn in Pennsylvania, a man who had arrived the evening before, was asked on the Sabbath morning whether he intended to pursue his journey on that day. He answered, "No!" He was asked, "Why not?" "Because," said he, "I am going a long journey, and wish to perform it as soon as I can. I have long been accustomed to travel on horseback, and have found that if I stop on the Sabbath, my horse will travel farther during the week than if I do not." That is a true, but a low view of the Lord's day—the first day of the new week, the memorial of Christ's resurrection. "Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest." —Ex.

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