

jonship with holy God, the loving Father, can now be attained; for Christ our High Priest, Jesus, our Elder Brother, awaits us there, and introduces us as his brethren.

Yes, Jesus, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; Jesus the Dayman betwixt us and God, who himself suffered, being tempted, and so is able to succour them that are tempted; Jesus the Christ, reaching down to help us sinful men; this is the crowning glory of Christianity. It is this that differentiates it from all the religions of the world; it is this that makes Christianity the growing, all pervading, all conquering power, that it is proving itself to be; it is this that makes it completely satisfy the highest desires of the soul of man.

From the Christian system strike out Jesus, the atoning Saviour, the sympathizing High Priest, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and you blot the sun out of day, the moon out of night, the stars out of the firmament; you leave the disabled steamer floating in mid-ocean with no motive power to bring it to the shore.

Jesus the incarnate God, with His divine finger, touches each human soul that cries to Him, enkindles in it a spark of His own love, implants a desire for holiness never felt before, and infuses strength to resist the evil and follow the good.

This is the new birth that came to Paul and changed his life, that comes to all his true disciples, and changes their lives. It is rightly called a new creation: "Old things are passed away, all things are become new."

This new motive power in the lives of the disciples of Jesus is noticed, and keenly noted by many who have not as yet embraced Him as their personal Saviour.

"Sir," said a Brahmin to me—the chief priest of a temple near one of my villages, the people of which had become Christians only a year before—"air, what is it that makes your Vêda have such an uplifting power over the daily lives of those who embrace it as I have witnessed in the people of this village? Our Vêdas have no such power to uplift men. What is the secret of your Vêda's power?"

Some years ago I was out on a Gospel preaching tour in the Telugu country, in regions away from any of our Christian congregations. I had my travelling dispensary with me. There came to my tent one day an educated Hindu gentleman, high in office, in caste and in social position. He had previously sent, asking if I would see him privately in my tent, and prescribe for him for a physical ailment. I found that that was a simple matter, dispatched with a few words. He had merely used that as a cover to secure a conversation with me privately, Nicodemus like, on religious matters. He, himself, introduced the subject. We talked for some time on the character and the claims of Jesus of Nazareth to be the Saviour of the world. At length, in a very earnest, feeling manner he spoke substantially as follows: "Sir, I am not a Christian, I am still regarded as a devout Hindu, but in my heart, I dare not deny the claims of the Bible. *I see the power of Jesus Christ in the lives of His followers so distinctly, that I cannot deny His divinity.* He must be divine, or He could not work such a change as I see in the lives of those who become His disciples. He is not yet my Saviour. Caste, wealth, position, family, all hold me back; but even now I never allow Him to be spoken against in my presence. I have long been reading the Bible in secret. The more I read of Christ, and ponder over His life and teachings, and the

power to conquer sin that comes from embracing His religion, the more do I feel that in the end I shall have to accept Him, at any cost, as my personal Saviour."

As compared with this in what a night of darkness does Hinduism leave even its most earnest devotees.

Never shall I forget an interview that I had over thirty years ago, with a venerable, Brahmin pilgrim, an earnest seeker after relief from the burden of sin.

It was in February, 1861, that two of us missionaries were out on a preaching tour in a part of the Telugu country lying on the edge of the Mysore Kingdom, a region in which the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ had so far never yet been proclaimed.

Our tent was pitched under a spreading banyan tree. We had been there for several days, and had preached in all the villages and hamlets within three miles of our camp. That morning we had left our tent before sunrise, and gone out several miles to preach in a cluster of villages nestled in among the hills. In each village, after the oral proclamation, we had offered gospels and tracts in their own tongue to the people who had listened; but only a few would receive them, so suspicious were they at that time of everything new.

We returned to our tent weary with our morning work. The burden of our thoughts was, "Lord, who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

As we came near we saw a venerable, gray-haired Brahmin engaged in his devotions on a large stone platform around the central trunk of an adjacent banyan tree, where there was a small shrine. Slowly, with beads in hand, he performed his circumambulations, keeping his face toward the shrine, reciting his *mantras*, his prayers, his petitions. Each time that he came in front of the shrine he fell prostrate upon the ground, performing the *Sashtangam* of the Hindus, and then, sliding one bead on his rosary, he would slowly and reverently go around the tree again.

Much struck by his reverent demeanor and evident earnestness, we watched him through the corded meshes of our tent window; and when he had finished his devotions, and had sat down to rest, we went out and, courteously addressing him, asked him what he sought by these prayers and circumambulations.

"Oh, sirs," said he, in a tone that struck us as one of intense earnestness, "I am seeking to get rid of the burden of sin. All my life I have been seeking it; but each effort that I make is as unsuccessful as the one before, and still the burden is here. My pilgrimages and prayers and penances for sixty years have all been in vain. Alas! I know not how my desire can be accomplished."

Then, in answer to our inquiries, he gave us the story of his life. He told us how, in early life, he had been sorely troubled by the thought of his unexpiated sins; that his parents had both died when he was seventeen years of age, leaving him an only child, sole heir of their wealth; that the priests whom he consulted told him that if he would give all his property to endow a temple, the burden of sin would be removed.

He gave his property, all of it. He endowed a temple; but the burden of sin was no lighter. His mind was not at peace. Obedient to further advice from the priests, his counsellors, he made the pilgrimage on foot all the long way to Benares, the holy city. He spent two years in the precincts of the temples in worship. He spent two years in bathing in the holy Ganges.