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Wanted—A Teacher!

There is open to many members of the Church the unsurpassed opportunity of teaching the English bible. The need of those qualified to teach adults is especially urgent. In proportion to the whole number of believers competent bible teachers are deplorably few. A fine company of young men, members of an active church, recently sought for weeks, for a bible teacher, but without success. This in the metropolis of America, too! Their experience is a proof, out of several that might be named, that a distinguished educator was right in saying that the successful teacher of the bible is a rarity. "The country has hundreds and thousands of men," he continued, "who have, by long effort, prepared themselves to teach the English language, mathematics or modern languages, but where are the men or

one to at least begin the teaching of the word."

Those who, by patient, devout study, thus fit themselves to rightly and persuasively divide the word of truth will be among earth's truest benefactors. The uplifting of the down-trodden, the peaceful settlement of the conflict between labor and capital, the salvation, *comfort and true joy* of all the people, are dependent upon the continuous influence of the inspired volume. Great usefulness lies in the paths of all who prepare to so teach it that it will become a living book, a burning personal message to others.—'Congregationalist.'

Pekin.

(Rev. William M. Upcraft.)

Itself a miniature world, broad and airy, almost desolate in the aspect of some of its wide, unpaved streets; its throngs of mule

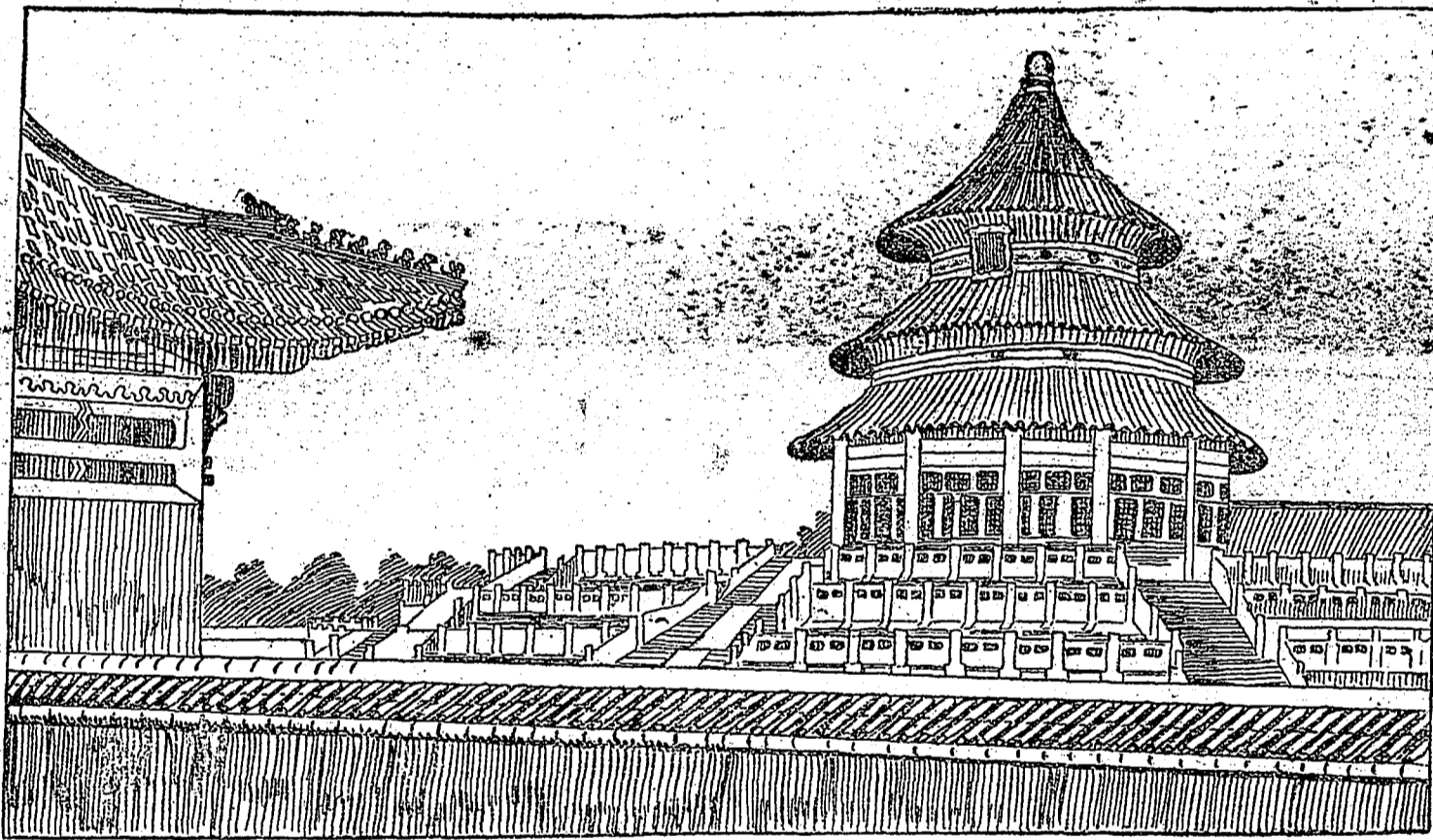
the dim past by the hands of her rulers, China is thus connected with the age when, to her, God was One, and his name was not confounded with the futile and ugly 'josses' that now crowd him from their faith.

On another section of the wall may be seen the discarded and broken instruments of the old observatory planned and erected by the Jesuit fathers three centuries ago, when they seemed to hold the key to the empire in their hands. Strong workers in a mistaken cause, these memorials of them speak of great possibilities now past and unredeemable.—'The Baptist Missionary Review.'

Bring in the Coconuts.

(Dr. Jacob Chamberlin, in 'The Christian Intelligencer'.)

It was twenty years ago. We had recently come to reside in the heathen town of Mada-



THE SACRED ALTAR OF HEAVEN, AT PEKING.

women who have undertaken special preparation to enable them to teach the bible?' While reference was no doubt made more particularly to the scarcity of competent bible teachers in colleges and universities, these words apply equally to the need which exists in our churches, Sunday-schools and young people's associations.

If Christian young people in our land were once brought to see how choice the opportunity is that is presented to them to teach the word of God there seems to be no good reason why thousands of them should not speedily qualify themselves to meet it. The best biblical helps, the most practical and scholarly works of the world's most learned men are now accessible, even to students of moderate means. A few hours each week, devoted prayerfully, industriously and systematically to the study of the scriptures and to the most approved teaching methods, would in a comparatively short time qualify

carts jostling across its magnificent distances; the constant hum of its official life and importance; in these and many other ways Peking is unique.

From the southern wall of the southern city is a view of the marble terraces of the 'altar of heaven,' gleaming white in the brilliant autumn sunshine when we saw it. As the whole idea of the place broke on one's mind; this princely enclosure with its costly buildings and magnificent altar, forming an earthly centre with the whole open arch of heaven for its dome; and as imagination pictured the scene in which the emperor at the yearly sacrifices kneels at the centre of the altar and prostrating himself before the Supreme Ruler of Heaven worships and supplicates as the supreme priest of his people—however debased the ceremony may have become by use, and diluted by the lapse of centuries, it was impossible not to feel that this spot had a sacred value. Linked with

nepalle, India, to commence missionary work there.

The time for the annual drawing of the great idol car through the streets of the town and by the banks of the river had come. Multitudes of votaries from all the villages around, as well as from every street of the town, had assembled before the car. Great rope cables were attached. Hundreds caught hold of the ropes. Up went the shout, 'Hari! Hari! Hayi! Jayam!' 'Vishnu! Vishnu! Joy and victory!' 'Now, pull,' shouted the priest, and off went the three-storied car majestically through the streets, amid the joyous shouts of the thousands of spectators. On they followed it to the river bank. Libations were brought, and poured over the car, and multitudinous ceremonies performed.

Again, with similar shouts, they began the progress around by different streets, back to the great temple before which the car always reposed for the year. Half-way back,