

## TYNDALL AND THE HINDOO.

The Brahmo, whom the upheavals of the time have made a lion, is Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. He is a preacher of the Brahmo Samaj in India, and Editor of the *Indian Mirror* in Calcutta. He has been preaching in various theistic pulpits throughout England—Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Bristol—and many times in London. He tells me that during his six months of sojourn in England he has been the guest of members of the Church of England, of Quakers, Baptists, and several other denominations; but only in one case—that of a Baptist lady in Liverpool—has any person shown the slightest disposition to make him a Christian.

Among the souvenirs of his sojourn in England it is probable that Mozoomdar, who left yesterday for India, has carried back none more remarkable than an interview which he had with Professor Tyndall. He appeared to have been profoundly stirred by the address of Tyndall at Belfast; and the Professor, learning the great desire of the Brahmo to converse with him, appointed an hour.

"Your address at Belfast," he said, "has awakened in me a desire to thank you personally for it and to see you." "That," said Tyndall, "I shall value among the crumbs of comfort which have fallen to me among plenteous bestowals of things uncomfortable."

After we were seated, there was a little silence, which was at last broken by Mozoomdar, who said in low tones,—

"I feel the need of a few axioms of religion."

"I can quite understand that," said the Professor gently; "but is it best to call them by so precise a word as axioms? It would appear wise to keep our ideas on such subjects, as Emerson would say, fluent."

"Let us say, then, principles. We appear to need a few fundamental principles—such as *God and the soul of man*."

"You will easily see," replied the Professor, "that one in my position has to be very careful in using such terms as these. So far as the ordinary sense in which they are used is concerned, I fear I shall be found an Atheist, though I believe I should value as much, as any other, any realities associated with them. I remember once, when talking with Carlyle, he used the expression, 'That long paraphrase which we shorten into the word God'; but we have to know something of the paraphrase when we use the abbreviation."

"In what form, then," asks Mozoomdar, "would you express those ideas or principles?"

"That is a very difficult question. But is it necessary just at present to put them into definite form at all?"

"I think that in India we do stand in need of some strong and clear form, in which to embody our new religious ideas, and this for the sake of morality. Now that the old religious systems are breaking up, the young men emancipated from them disclose a tendency to cast off also the morality they enjoined, and which, though not the highest, was still able to supply important restraints. There have been some sad instances of young men who have come out of the Universities not only with their old beliefs gone, but with nothing to prevent their sinking into lives of mere self-indulgence. We appear to require some religious basis for morality stronger than that which has been abandoned."

"Your statement about those educated youths is surprising, and requires careful probing. It might be found that when

young heretics are concerned, everything against them is brought to light which, while they were orthodox, is hushed up. But if, indeed they do sink into lives of mere self-indulgence, you may rely on it those young men are not properly taught. I feel very certain that if they were properly appealed to, their heart strings would respond."

"It is true," rejoined Mozoomdar, "that they are not morally taught at all. Some intellectual instruction is given them for two or three hours each day, but they are then left entirely to themselves. But how shall they be appealed to?"

"Can you not cultivate in them the love of truth, the sense of honour, honesty, benevolence, charity? I cannot believe that the human being exists who requires theology to show him the superiority of an honest man to a rogue."

The conversation then turned upon a variety of other subjects, but it ended with this significant remark on the part of the Brahmo, "However much I may cherish my religion, it must be such as can undergo the strictest investigation, and it must conform to the highest scientific truth or I part with it."

## A BOY'S SACRIFICE.

"My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and truth."

A child had a beautiful canary which sung to him from early morning. The mother of the child was ill, so ill that the song of the bird, which to the boy was delicious, disturbed and distressed her so that she could scarcely bear to hear it.

He put it into a room far away, but the bird's notes reached the sick-bed, and caused pain to her long, feverish days.

One morning, as the child stood holding his mother's hand, he saw that when his pet sung, an expression of pain passed over her dear face. She had never yet told him that she could not bear the noise, but she did so now.

"It is no music to me," she said as he asked her if the notes were not pretty. He looked at her in wonder.

"And do you really dislike the sound?"

"Indeed I do," she said.

The child, full of love to his mother, left the room. The golden feathers of the pretty canary were glistening in the sunshine, and he was telling forth his loveliest notes; but they had ceased to please the boy. They were no longer pretty or soothing to him, and, taking the cage in his hand, he left the house. When he returned he told his mother that the bird would disturb her rest no more, for he had given it to his little cousin.

"But you loved it so," she said, "how could you part with the canary?"

"I loved the canary, mother," he replied, "but I loved you more. I could not really love anything that gave you pain. It would not be true love if I did."

## FOR YOUNG LADIES.

[Extracts from a sermon on the Woman of Pleasure.]

Persons at your age, looking off upon life, are apt to think that if, by some stroke of what is called good luck, you could arrive in an elevated and affluent position, a little higher than in that which God has called you to live, you would be completely happy. Infinite mistake? The palace floor of Ahasurus is red with the blood of Vashti's broken heart. There have been no more scalding tears wept than those which coursed the cheeks of Josephine.

Mere social position will never give hap-

piness to women's soul. I have walked through the halls of those who despise the common people; I have sat at their banquets; I have had their friendship; yea, I have heard from their own lips the story of their disquietude; and I tell the young women of this Church that they who build on mere social position their soul's immortal happiness, are building on the sand.

The poorest god that a woman every worships is her own face. The saddest sight in all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charm begins to vanish.

Culture your heart and you culture your face. The brightest glory that ever beamed from a woman's face is the religion of Jesus Christ. In the last war two hundred wounded soldiers came to Philadelphia in one night, and came unheralded, and they had to extemporize a hospital for them, and the Christian women of my Church, and of other Churches, went out that night to take care of the poor wounded fellows. That night I saw a Christian woman go through the wards of the hospital, her sleeves rolled up, ready for hard work, her hair dishevelled in the excitement of the hour. Her face was plain, very plain; but after the wounds were washed and the new bandages were put around the splintered limbs, and the exhausted boy fell off into his first pleasant sleep, she put her hand on his brow, and he started in his dream, and said, "O, I thought an angel touched me!"

That woman is grandly dressed, and only she, who is wrapped in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. The home may be very humble, the hat may be very plain, the frock may be very coarse; but the halo of heaven settles in the room where she wears it, and the faintest touch of the resurrection angel will change that garment into raiment exceeding white, so as no fuller on earth could whiten it.

## ART OF READING.

Mr. Anthony Trollope delivered an address lately in London on the "Art of Reading," in which he earnestly recommended his hearers to acquire the art—a never-failing source of enjoyment, but only to be obtained by practice, and not when middle life had come on them. As to what they should read, we would say good books. Above all things, he would advise them not to deceive themselves in their choice. If they could make poetry a delight with them, it had a charm which could not be found in any other literature; but, if poetry were distasteful, there was a world of prose. They must read for amusement, but they need not on that account eschew acquiring information. Instructive books, indeed, were the books to get hold of. Magazine reading, unfortunately, left too little behind it; and, as to novels, there were, of course, novels, and novels, but he did not think that Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens, ever wrote anything impure.

How sweet to work all day for Christ, and then lie down at night beneath His smile.

"WHAT one point did that superintendent try to impress on his school in his twenty minutes' talk?" was a question which one visitor might have asked of another, as the two came away from a Sunday school room. "I am sure I don't know," would have been the only fitting answer. "Then what was the good of the address?" "There again I can't answer you," would have closed comment on that service.—*S. S. Times*.