The Wideness of God's Mercy.

There is a glorious width about the promise, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." What "him" is that? It is "him that cometh," any "him that cometh" in all the world; if he cometh to Christ, he shall not be lost. Any white man, or black man, or brown man, or yellow man, or copper-colored man,—if he comes to Christ, He will in no wise cast him out. Every soul that comes to Christ shall be received by Him.

Notice the unmistakableness of this promise. "In no wise," that is, for no reason, under no circumstances, at no time, under no conditions whatever. If you, my dear hearer, were to come to Christ, how could He cast you out? Imagine my Lord Jesus saying it, and printing it, and giving it to us as inspired Scripture, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," and yet casting out somebody who came to Him. Why, it would be a lie, an acted lie. I pray you, blaspheme not my Lord by supposing that He could be guilty of that. He could do as He liked about whom He would receive, until He had made a promise; but after He had made a promise He bound Himself by the veracity of His nature to keep it. Christ is a truthful Christ; He must receive every soul that comes to Him.

But let me ask you, suppose you come to Him and He casts you out; with what hands would He cast you out? With His own hands? What! Christ casting you out with His own hands, a sinner that has come to Him? I say again, can He do it? With those hands pierced, bearing the marks of the nails, crucified—rejecting a sinner? Oh, no! He has no hands with which to do it; He has given both His hands to be nailed to the tree for guilty men. What profit would it be to Him if He did cast you away? If His wounded hands were to cast you away, what glory would it bring Him? You in hell! What happiness would that be to Him? It cannot be. Why, imagine for a moment that He had cast you away; if it were ascertained that one soul came to Christ, and He cast him out, why, there are thousands of us that would never preach again. For one, I have done with it. If my Lord can cast a sinner away, I myself, with a clear conscience, could not go and preach from "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." He could not be trusted by His people any more, and His very church would lose the faith that is its life.

Ah me! they would hear of it in heaven—one soul that came to Christ was cast out! It would stop the harpings of heaven, dim its lustre, take away its joy; why, it would be whispered among them, "He broke His promise; He cast away a praying soul; He may drive us out of heaven." How could they sing, "Unto to Him that loved us and washed us from our sins," but He did not wash others who came to Him, though He promised He would? They would hear of it in hell, and they would tell it to one another, and an awful glee would take possession of the fiendish heart of the devil. "He is not true; He used to receive even harlots; and He let one wash His feet with her tears, and publicans and sinners came and gathered about Him, and He spoke to them and loved them. But here is one that is too far gone; the Saviour could not save Him; He could save little sinners, but not great ones, and sinners eighteen hundred years ago He made a great show of; but He is spun out now. He cannot save sinners now."

But it can never be! Beloved, this is as certain as God's being: him that comes to Christ shall in no wise be cast out. I only bear my witness before this assembled throng.

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad."

Come and try, each one of you, for Jesus' sake. Amen.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the Golden Rule.*

Winning Souls.

No nobler work ever engaged the thought and energies of a human being than that of winning souls to Christ. Too few among us feel the impulse of a holy ambition in this direction. There are multitudes engaged in winning souls away from paths of virtue and righteousness. Many do this without effort or thought by the force of example; and by others most ingenious inventions are prepared for the purpose of turning men into the paths of evil. In nothing has greater skill been displayed by man than in this diabolical business of winning souls from Christ. Many are professedly engaged in winning souls from sin, but not many possess the wisdom which makes their efforts eminently successful. Intellectual vigor and a liberal education will aid in this good work if they are consecrated to it and baptized with the Holy Ghost; but splendid gifts and attainments are almost worthless here if they stand alone. The wisdom which wins souls is the wisdom which comes from above.

To win souls one must be a sincere and devoted Christian. Those who have not traveled the road of repentance and conversion cannot show others the way. One who has not forsaken his own sins cannot lead his neighbors to do so. He whose hands are not clean and whose heart is not pure will have no good influence over those whom he seeks to save from the error of their ways. They will be repelled instead of attracted by his exhortations and prayers. A thorough Christian, with a genuine experience of love to God and the witness of the Spirit and the assurance of faith, whose life is above reproach, will win souls without an effort, and, still more, will be won by the earnest efforts which he cannot refrain from making.

A spirit of gentleness is essential in one who would win souls. A hard and cruel man who has no sympathy or tenderness of spirit, a morose, vindictive man, can do little to charm souls into the religion which he proclaims. Dr. Guthrie, the illustrious Scotch divine, tells of a preacher to whom he once listened, and whose vindictive spirit displayed itself conspicuously. "He declared he did not envy the state of those who did not rejoice that God's enemies were destroyed, and that with a destruction without remedy; and he laid such savage emphasis on the word 'rejoice,' and his eye flashed such fire, that I thought of the words of Paul, 'Of whom I tell you even weeping.'" Such preaching is worse than wasted. Loyalty to truth and righteousness does not require a Christian or a minister to delight in the punishment of sinners. The love of God shed abroad in the heart will yearn over those who are lost, and rest not until they are restored if effort can restore them. One who fails to make his hearers feel that his heart is really moved in their behalf cannot win them.

An eminent evangelist in England, recently said concerning his work: "I made a great mistake when I began this work. A great majority of the converts were women, and I could not understand why there were so few men. Then I discovered the reason. I had made the mistake of hitting the men too hard to begin with. I hit them so hard in fact before making them at home with me that I set up in their minds a prejudice against me. I changed my tack and with the best results." It may be that the English evangelist has found the secret of winning men as well as women to religion. The sinner who gets the impression that the preacher is trying to punish him for his iniquities, by holding up his life to the contempt of his neighbors, will not be easily won. The brusque man who cares nothing for consequences, but takes pleasure in the disgrace of sinners, lacks one essential quality of a soul-winner.

It is not safe, however, to prophesy smooth things when stern commands and solemn warnings ought to be uttered. The Bible requires ministers to speak comfortably to Jerusalem, but it pronounces a woe on those who cry "Peace, peace; when there is no peace." The tendency of the pulpit in our day is to omit all reference to the future punishment of sin, and dwell exclusively on the love of Christ and the mercy of God in providing salvation for all men. Preachers of the past generation may have erred in preaching too much on the terrible consequences of sin, but if we now go to the other extreme, the last error will be worse than the first. It is the truth that wins souls. The doctrines which teach that the "way of transgressors is hard" and the "wages of sin is death" are as important elements of the gospel as any other. It is a notable fact that where these doctrines are ignored not many souls are won.

A spirit of prayer is indispensable to one who would win souls. A Christian wife, who was deeply concerned for the conversion of her husband, laid the case before her pastor, saying: "I have done all in my power to persuade him to become a Christian, but with no effect." The pastor replied: "Madame, talk more to God about your husband, and less to your husband about God." This counsel seemed good, and she tried it with the very result which she had so long and earnestly sought. If this counsel should be acted upon by all Christians who are anxious to see souls saved, there would be a great harvest. It is well to speak to the unsaved about God, and to the pastor about those who are walking in darkness and secure his co-operation; but it is best of all to speak to God.—*Christian Advocate.*

A Difficult Question Solved.

Professor Max Muller, himself in his sixty-seventh year, has discovered an answer to the question, "What shall we do with our old people?" Delving among the literature of India, he finds that, according to the ideal of Manu, the active period of human life was much shorter even than among us; that the young men became fitted for the responsibilities of fatherhood and the care of a family at a later age than is usually supposed, and that when they became grandfathers and gray hairs began to show themselves, then they were expected to know that the days of their usefulness were growing short, and that their presence among the home group was no longer desirable, that the time had come for leaving their homes and all their cares, and retiring from the village into the forest. The superannuated might take his wife with him and might be visited by friends, if he had any one who cared to see him; but he was released from care, from sacrifices and other ceremonial obligations; and even the duties of religion were no longer binding upon him. "He was above religion, above sacred books, above sacrifices, above a belief in many gods." Finally there came a time when old people, no longer able to take care of themselves, could find an easy way of ridding themselves of the burden of their own lives, by yielding themselves a prey to wild beasts.

Not only in India, but among the nomadic tribes of the East, it was not uncommon, on the one hand to expose and thus destroy the surplus and the weak children, and on the other to remove the aged and infirm from the scene of possible suffering and fatigue. Sir John Lubbock tells that a Mr. Hunt told him of having been invited by a young man to attend the funeral of his mother. He accepted the invitation; but as he walked along in the procession he was surprised to see no corpse. When he asked the young man where his mother was, he pointed to a woman walking along just in front, to use Mr. Hunt's words, "as gay and lively as any of those present." When they arrived at the grave, she took an affectionate farewell of her children and friends, and then submitted to be strangled. It was not an act of cruelty, but of mercy and benevolence—the killing of one who could no longer keep up with the caravan and was a supernumerary in the camp.

The article of Prof. Muller forces upon us a thought as to our aged and supernumerary ministers, men no longer desired by the churches where young men are admired and encouraged for a few years and then, having had "their day," and gray hairs being out upon them, must follow in the same path and meet the same fate. Our Christian civilization will not allow precisely such treatment as is meted out to the old Brahman or the nomads of Asia, but it will allow of some thing which is hardly less cruel and hardly more regardful of the welfare and happiness of those who have passed the dew of their youth in the best of callings, the ministry of the Gospel.—*Journal and Messenger.*

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W. B. M. U.

"Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Dialogue for the Use of Mission Bands.

PREPARED BY MRS. J. W. MANNING.

Five girls sitting on the platform (Clara, Mary, Carrie, Ida, Eva).

Ida. Oh! girls, why were you not at our Mission Band last Sabbath? You missed a great deal. We had, among other interesting exercises, an account of the early history of the Telugus.

Clara. Did you? I have wanted so long to know something more about the Telugus.

Mary. So have I. Do tell us what you can remember.

Ida. Well, first the President told us about the number of the Telugus, 18,080,000. Just think of it! We cannot realize how many that is. The whole Dominion of Canada does not contain more than 5,000,000 inhabitants.

Mary. Do tell me where those people, the Telugus, live.

Eva. He showed us on the map just where they were found; along the western coast of the Bay of Bengal, in a territory six or seven hundred miles in length from north to south, and three or four hundred miles from east to west.

Mary. They must be pretty closely packed.

Eva. They are. Their villages are near together, and just swarming with inhabitants. The Telugus, altho' a distinct people, are like the Jews, a nation without a country, having no place they can really call their own. They are found in great numbers in the towns and cities of Southern India. Many of them have crossed the Bay of Bengal into Madras, Rangoon and Maulmain. It is among these that Mr. W. F. Armstrong is laboring. Several have been converted and baptized there quite recently.

Clara. Did she tell you anything about the language? It must be dreadfully hard to learn.

Carrie. Yes, the language is difficult to acquire; but it is wonderfully smooth and sweet, and is called the Italian of India.

Ida. I heard some returned missionaries sing a song in Telugu, and it sounded so strangely. I just thought how long it must take them to learn to speak, and how hard they must have to study.

Mary. It seems to me that the abominable system of caste would be a great hindrance to the spread of the gospel.

Eva. It is a serious barrier, and so difficult to overcome even when they become Christians. Many of the Telugus would rather die than break caste.

Clara. Do explain to me what caste is. I have heard about it, but do not understand.

Ida. Caste is the name given to the various classes into which Hindoo society is divided. All persons engaging in one trade or occupation form a distinct class. All male members of one family for generations have worked at the same trade and can engage in no other. The Brahmans are the highest caste, and the Sudras the lowest. Besides these there is a class known as Pariah, or outcasts. These do not belong to any caste, and are from the most degraded and poorest of the people. More of these have accepted the gospel and become Christians than any of the castes.

Carrie. A high caste man will not eat with or touch one of a lower caste, and I have heard a missionary say that many of them, if they were starving or very ill, would rather die than take food or medicine from a white man's hand or drink from his cup.

Mary. And these are the people that our missionaries leave home and friends to go away out to India in the heat, and endure so many privations, to teach and save; ungrateful wretches!

Eva. No, I think you are too severe. They do not understand. The love of Jesus has never touched their hearts, and it is to tell of this wonderful love that our dear ones make this great sacrifice.

Mary. But you must tell us about the first missionaries, they must have been brave men and women.

Ida. The London Missionary Society was the first to send out missionaries to the Telugus in 1805. They labored for thirty years with very little success, and at length became discouraged and abandoned the enterprise. They did a great deal of work in translating that has been a great help to others coming after. They translated the Bible into Telugu, they prepared a grammar and dictionary of the language, translated "Pilgrim's Progress" and a number of hymns.

Clara. Did they never have a grammar or dictionary before? What happy children the Telugu children must be; no long columns of spelling to learn, or tiresome rules in grammar. Their mammas are not constantly pointing out errors in the construction of their sentences, or saying "that is not grammatical, my dear."

Mary. Do go on girls and tell us more. I did not know it was so interesting.

Eva. The attention of American Baptists was first directed to the Telugus in 1835, by the Rev. Ames Sutton, a returned missionary from Orissa. He told them of the great destitution and the number of the people, and in compliance with Mr. Sutton's request the American Board decided to establish a mission among the Telugus, and they sent the Rev. Samuel Day and wife as their missionaries.

Clara. Where did Mr. Day go to live after he arrived in India?

Carrie. He commenced his labors in Chicacole.

Clara. Chicacole; why that sounds so familiar, for you know that Mr. and Mrs. Archibald and Miss Wright are our missionaries there now. (And our Mission Band have been supporting and educating a young man called David, whose home is there. He was only a little boy when we began to send him to school. Last year he was married to a Bible woman called Lizzie, and now he is one of their most faithful native preachers).

Eva. One thing that should increase our interest in this great and good man, Mr. Day, is that he is a Canadian. It should be a source of great joy to us to know that this faithful pioneer missionary was from our own country, and I hope this will make us more interested in the success of the Telugu mission.

Carrie. But we must hasten to tell you what he did in Chicacole. He established schools there and strangers came 30 or 40 miles to see the white man and inquire about the new religion. He did not remain here long, but considered Madras a better location for the prosecution of his work. There were a number of English and Eurasian people living here.

Mary. What are Eurasians?

Ida. They are a mixture of English and Telugus. A child whose father was an Englishman and his mother a Telugu would be an Eurasian. Mr. Day organized a church among these people and preached to them in English, but it is a sad fact that the English residing in heathen lands, filling government offices, are not a help, but frequently a positive hindrance to the missionaries in their work.

Clara. How is that? I should think they might render them great assistance.

Ida. The heathen imagine that all persons living in this country are Christians, and when they see the impure and immoral lives many of these lead, they consider their religion cannot do much for them, or they would show it in their conduct. Mr. Day soon felt this great difficulty and thought it would be best to go somewhere where a missionary had never been. In Madras he had crowds of people to hear him preach in the street; but they merely came out of curiosity and to ask puzzling questions. He frequently was severely beaten and several times barely escaped death.

Eva. Just at this time a man from Nelore came to Mr. Day and urged him to come and visit there, as they had never seen a missionary or heard of Christ as the Saviour of men. So in 1840 Mr. Day, after spending three years in Madras, moved with his family to Nelore.

Mary. What a brave devoted man he must have been to go alone among those dreadful creatures, they might kill him and no one to interfere.

Eva. He was brave; but he realized that God was his helper. In obedience to His command he had come, and He would keep him safe from harm.

Clara. How did he succeed at Nelore?

Ida. Shortly after this Mr. and Mrs. Van Husan joined the mission and in the same year the first Telugu was converted and baptized by Mr. Day.

Mary. What a glad day that must have been after laboring for five long years.

Carrie. Yes, it gave them fresh courage. They bought a compound, built a mission home and chapel. After four years a church was formed in Nelore of eight members, four of them being the missionaries and their wives. The schools were prosperous, the parents were anxious to have their children educated; but would not break caste or give up their idol worship. These faithful servants of the Lord toiled on patiently, sowing the gospel seed and leaving the results with God.

Ida. It was in 1845, five years after they came to Nelore, that the health of both missionaries failed. The strain was too great, the burden of perishing souls too heavy, together with the privations they had to endure. Mr. Van Husan never returned to India, but died after reaching this country. Mr. Day tried to remain longer, but was soon completely prostrated by illness and compelled to flee to this country. The poor little church at Nelore was left alone, and it was with a sad heart this devoted man turned his face homeward.

Clara. I should think they would have given up in despair.

Eva. No, the missionaries seemed to have more faith and hope than the people at home. Just at this time the American Union were holding their annual meeting, and the question arose whether they had not better give up this field and not spend any more money upon it. The discussion was long and exciting. Dr. Judson was at home recruiting after 30 years of missionary labor in Burmah, and was present at this meeting. With bursting heart he heard these faithless brethren speak their views. He was called to give his opinion; with tearful eyes and uplifted hands, he stood before that vast audience too weak to speak. His silence was more eloquent than words and touched many hard hearts. At length he said, "Brethren, I would rather at my advanced age, and in this extreme state of weakness, cross the Bay of Bengal and learn a new language, than that you should abandon this work among the Telugus." God used him now as He often had before. It was determined to send out new missionaries. Fresh zeal and enthusiasm seemed to pervade the people. As soon as Mr. Day's health had recovered, Mr. Lyman Jewett, a man of rare faith in God and devotion to His service, offered to accompany him to labor among the Telugus. They arrived in Nelore in 1849.

Clara. I am so anxious to know how the work progressed in Nelore. Do tell us what were the results of these good men's labor.

Carrie. Mr. Jewett acquired the language very rapidly, and in eight months after his arrival preached his first sermon in Telugu. Mr. Day and Mr. Jewett visited the heathen festivals, where great crowds assemble, and preached to them, distributing portions of scripture and tracts. Thousands heard the gospel message, but turned a deaf ear. Only one woman was baptized.

Ida. After five years of hard, discouraging work, poor Mr. Day's health again failed, and he was compelled to return home, leaving Mr. Jewett alone.

Mary. It does seem strange the Lord does not allow these faithful men to see some of the fruits of their labors. How frequently He tries the faith of His servants.

Ida. Again, the Union was holding their anniversary meeting in this country, and the old question of abandoning this mission came up. Five years more of fruitless toil; Mr. Day, broken down in health, returning home. The discussion was loud and long, reaching far into the night.

Mary. It seems to me if these good brethren had spent the time they took in discussing this matter in praying God to bless the mission, there might have been greater results to show on the foreign field, as well as more interest at home. This reminds me of Cowper's words:

"Here half the breath oft vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

Eva. There is no doubt of that. The faithlessness and indifference of Christians at home impedes the work abroad. Dr. S. F. Smith, who has written so much about missions, was present at this meeting, and heard one of the speakers call it "The Lone Star Mission," as it was the only mission of the Union on the west side of the Bay of Bengal. This remark so impressed him that before retiring he wrote that memorable little poem called the "Lone Star," which was prophetic, and has given this name to the mission. Carrie, you recited this poem at the Mission Band; cannot you give it to us now.

Carrie. Oh, yes, if you wish to hear it. [Rises and recites:]

"THE LONE STAR."

Shine on, "Lone Star!" thy radiance bright,
Shall spread o'er all the western sky;
Morn breaks apace from gloom and night,
Shine on, and bless the pilgrim's eye.

Shine on "Lone Star!" I would not dim
The light that gleams with dubious ray;
The lonely star of Bethlehem
Led on a bright and glorious day.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" in grief and tears,
And sad reverses oft baptized;
Shine on amid thy sister spheres,
Lone stars in heaven are not despised.

Shine on "Lone Star!" who lifts his hand
To dash to earth so bright a gem,
A new "lost pleiad" from the band
That sparkles in night's diadem?

Shine on "Lone Star!" the day draws near
When none shall shine more fair than thou;
Thou, born and nursed in doubt and fear,
Will glitter on Immanuel's brow.

Shine on "Lone Star!" till earth redeemed,
In dust shall bid its idols fall;
And thousands where thy radiance beamed,
Shall "crown the Saviour Lord of all."

Ida. This poem was read the next morning at the breakfast table of Judge Harris, the chairman of the meeting, with whom Mr. Smith was visiting. It was also brought before the morning session of Convention and decided the fate of the Telugu mission for this time. They agreed to reinforce the staff of missionaries and sent out Rev. F. A. Douglas.

Carrie. It was soon after this that Mr. and Mrs. Jewett first visited Ongole, they were accompanied by some of the native Christians, and after spending the whole day preaching in the streets and thoroughfares of the city, where they had been reviled and stoned, toward evening they grew weary and almost discouraged crying, with the prophet of old, "Who hath believed our report?" These servants of the Lord ascended a hill overlooking the town, upon which an immense heathen temple was built; there they sat down.

Clara. It seems to me they must have felt something as Jesus their Master did, when riding into Jerusalem he stood upon the Mount of Olives and said, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Ida. Yes, I think they did understand his feelings and so they poured all their troubles into the sympathizing ear of this same Jesus, and there prayed God to send a missionary to Ongole.

Mary. Was their prayer answered?

Eva. Oh, yes, how gloriously, the future of this mission will tell, but they had to wait twelve long weary years for the answer.

Carrie. After four years of incessant toil and hardships, the Indian mutiny broke out. This, of course, interfered with their work and made their lives in constant peril, besides so terrifying those who were interested and would listen to the gospel, that they would not come near the missionaries. Mr. Douglas's health began to fail, and both missionaries were compelled to flee to Madras for a season. After the storm had subsided, the clouds seemed to burst in blessing upon them. Quite a religious interest was awakened among the people, and several remarkable instances of conversion took place that greatly encouraged the missionaries. After twelve years Mr. Jewett's health was greatly impaired. He tried to live in different parts of that country, but of no avail. He was forced, with an aching heart, to turn his face homeward; but before he left he had the great joy of ordaining Ronakiah, the first Telugu preacher.

Eva. At this time the American Union were again holding their anniversary meeting in Providence, and the old question of giving up this mission was discussed. The "Lone Star Mission" trembled in the balance as dollars and cents expended were placed opposite the number of Telugus converted. The final vote was about to be taken when the secretary said: "Wait, brethren, wait, you do not realize what you are doing; brother Jewett is on his way home, let us hear what he has to say before this matter is decided." Mr. Jewett arrived and was summoned before the board. The Telugus were very dear to him; his life had been given to them; his heart was well nigh broken at the bare thought of giving them up, and he expressed his purpose in most emphatic terms. I shall never give up the mission to the Telugus. In a vision of faith, he beheld, after the long night, a glorious day breaking for the millions of that benighted race.

Carrie. "Well, brother," said the secretary, "if you are resolved to return we must send somebody to bury you. You certainly ought to have a Christian burial in that heathen land."

Mary. Oh, girls, I am so anxious to know more. I did not know the history of the Telugu mission was so interesting; but we must go now. I am so sorry we were not all at the Mission Band.

Ida. Be sure and come next meeting, because the President said she had only sketched the dark, dark back ground upon which the brightest picture of modern missions should be painted.

Clara. Oh, yes; we will be there, most certainly. I do believe we never remain away but we lose something that would benefit us.

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