

A CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY AND HIS BIBLE.

Some years since an English gentleman spent several weeks in Shiraz, Persia. He attended a public dinner with a party of Persians, among whom was one who took but little interest in the conversation. He was below middle age, serious and mild in countenance. His name was Mohammed Rahem. In the course of religious conversation the Englishman expressed himself with some levity at which Mohammed fixed his eyes upon him with such a look of surprise, regret and reproof as reached his very soul. Upon enquiry the gentleman found he had been educated as a priest, though he had never officiated, that he was much respected, was learned, retired in his habits, and was drawn out to that party only by the expectation of meeting an Englishman, to whose nation and language he was much attached. In a subsequent interview Mohammed Rahem declared himself a Christian, and gave the following account of the happy change in his views and feelings.

"In the year 1223 (of the Hegira), there came to this city an Englishman who taught the religion of Christ with a boldness hitherto unparalleled in Persia, in the midst of much scorn and ill treatment from our priests as well as the rabble. He was a beardless youth, and evidently enfeebled by disease. He dwelt among us for more than a year. I was then a decided enemy to infidels, as the Christians are termed by the followers of Mahomed, and I visited this teacher of the despised sect with the declared object of treating him with scorn, and exposing his doctrines to contempt. Although I persevered for some time in this behaviour to him, I found that every interview increased my respect for the man, and diminished my faith in the religion in which I had been educated. His extreme forbearance toward his opponents, the calm and yet convincing manner in which he exposed the fallacies and sophistries by which he was assailed, gradually inclined me to listen to his arguments, to inquire dispassionately into the truth of them, and finally to read a tract which he had written in reply to a defence of Islamism by one of our chief priests. Need I detain you any longer? The result of my examination was a conviction that the young disputant was right. Shame or rather fear, withheld me from avowing this opinion. I even avoided the society of the Christian teacher, though he remained among us so long. Just before he quitted Shiraz I could not refrain from paying him a visit. Our conversation—the memory of it will never fade from my mind—sealed my conversion. He gave me a book; it has ever been my constant companion. The study of it has formed my most delightful employment; its contents have often consoled me."

HENRY MARTYN.

THE PHYSICIAN'S STORY. I have heard a young physician of my acquaintance relate the following story about the way he was led to know the Lord— "I tried to be an atheist, but was compelled to believe in a Supreme Being. But I rejected the God of the Bible. For a year or more I was called to stand by the sick bed of my mother, who died of consumption. The ministerial duties of my father led him away from home much of the time. Like the families of many of God's ministers, we were frequently much reduced in temporal things, having nothing to eat in the house but corn-meal and bacon. But my mother had learned where to go in time of need, and as I watched beside her bed, I would often hear her voice in prayer, asking her Father for something suitable to eat; and never once did she fail to get it. A tray of just such things as she needed would be sent her. So frequent was this, that I was compelled to believe in a God who heard prayer. Three weeks before she died she suffered greatly. She asked the Lord for one hour's freedom from pain before she died. The hour came. She told the friends she had but an hour to live, bade us all goodbye, and just one hour from the time she told us, she died. My infidelity could not stand such evidence as this, and I could only fall at the feet of Him who loved us well enough to take our place upon the cross, and suffer in our stead."

This was the story as I heard it from the physician himself. How mighty the influence of a true believer who lives and walks by faith; and how wonderful the providence which can use the sickness and poverty of a worn out saint, to convince a sceptic of the error of his ways, and lead a wandering sinner home to God.

CHRIST'S EMPIRE OF LOVE.

The first Napoleon was the man of all others whom vast experience had taught what kind of forces can really produce a lasting effect upon mankind; and the conqueror of civilized Europe had leisure to gather up the results of his unparalleled life, and to know his own true place in history. Napoleon when conversing, as was his habit, about the great men of the ancient world, and comparing himself with them, turned it is said, to Count Monttholon with the enquiry, "Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?"

The question was declined, and Napoleon proceeded: "Well, then, I will tell you. Alexander, Cesar, Charlemagne and myself have founded great empires; but upon what do these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him. \* \* \* I think I understand somewhat of human nature, and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man. None else is like Him; Jesus Christ was more than man. I have inspired multitudes with an enthusiastic devotion, such that they would have died for me; but to do this it was necessary that I should be visibly present with the electric influence of my looks, of my words, of my voice; when I saw men and spoke to them, I lighted up the flame of self-devotion in their hearts."

THE THOUGHTLESSNESS OF YOUTH.

In general I have no patience with people who talk about the "thoughtlessness of youth," indolently; I had rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil and jest with fate, if he will, but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! When all the happiness of home depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! When his every act is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a foundation of life and death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now; though indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. Nothing should be left to be done there.—Zuskin.

WHAT A FRAGMENT DID.

The word of the Lord is powerful; even a single passage sometimes accomplishes wonders. The following incident is interesting: A native minister of Madagascar, now engaged as assistant in the revision of the Book of Genesis, attributes his conversion entirely to his having accidentally met with a small scrap torn from a Madagasy Bible. One day walking past the spot where the Memorial Church of Ambatankanga now stands, he saw on the ground a small scrap of printed paper. Taking it up, he found it was a mere fragment of the Book of Psalms. He began to read, and was especially struck with one verse which speaks of the power and majesty of God. He could not get rid of the impression it made on his mind, that the God revealed in the Bible was the true and living God. He accordingly sought out some of the Christians, and inquired of them about the faith they possessed. The result was that he accepted Christ as his Saviour, joined himself to the persecuted company of believers, and endured with them privation and loss for Christ's sake. He has now been for some years a native pastor, and is a most zealous and godly man.

MR. MOODY'S INCOME.

The New York Evening Post says: When asked—as they often very naturally are asked—how do Messrs. Moody and Sankey manage to live? who pays their washing bills? and whence come their means of subsistence? the executive committee reply as follows: Mr. Moody is constantly receiving from friends in this country, and from friends in Europe, from men and women living in almost every locality that he has ever visited, voluntary gifts of money—thank-offerings, so to speak—for the good which these persons believe that Mr. Moody has done them. It is not known how much money Mr. Moody has obtained from this prolific source. It is not known even that Mr. Moody has kept an account of himself. Sometimes he has been known to return to a donor the amount of the contribution, because the manner or the measure of the gift did not please him. But such known instances are few. Mr. Moody alone—if indeed he is able—can tell the financial gain that this revival, and his other revivals, have brought to him. The secret just now is his own. But the opinion is freely expressed—not by the executive committee, but by other gentlemen—that during the last year Mr. Moody's income has not been less than the least of the incomes of our other metropolitan preachers.

SCOTLAND'S MAIDEN MARTYR.

Dr. Guthrie, in one of his works illustrates his subject by a simple but telling allusion to a well authenticated historical event which took place on the 11th of May, in the year 1685, during the reign of James II. It will be remembered by many that it was this unhappy monarch who shed some of the best blood of England. The merciless Jeffreys was his chief justice. He persecuted devoted Christians with untiring energy in England. Not satisfied with the bloody scaffolds at home, he attempted in Scotland to establish the Romish religion at any cost. In England the martyrs suffered directly in the cause of civil liberty. In Scotland the persecution was aimed against religious freedom. The Scotch Presbyterians were driven to madness by the military force sent out to make them renounce their principles. Hundreds were shot down in the highways because they refused to take a most obnoxious oath. The annals of church history contain no nobler example of unswerving fidelity to truth than are to be found in the history of Scotch Presbyterians of this time.

Margaret Wilson, the daughter of a humble farmer in the shire of Wigtown, only eighteen years of age, and her sister Agnes, a mere child of thirteen, had been in the

habit of attending secret meetings, which had been forbidden. They were both condemned to death, two girls for refusing to take oath that they would never bear arms against the government and despite devoted Christians. Margaret, together with an aged woman between seventy and eighty years of age, was condemned to be drowned by being fastened to stakes within water mark on the shore near the town of Wigtown. The sentence of death did not disturb the peaceful soul of the earnest Christian. She wrote a long letter vindicating her conduct and declaring trust in God.

On the morning of the 11th of May, 1688, they were led to execution. The soldiers fastened the aged woman farther out in the sea, thinking that the sight of her struggles and death might influence the young woman to renounce the principles and the people to which she clung. In plain sight she saw the water rising about the aged woman. Her eyes were watching earnestly her dying struggles, when one of the soldiers cried out, "Margaret, what see you yonder?" "I see," said the triumphant Christian, "Christ struggling there. It is not we who suffer. No; it is Christ in us. He sends no one upon a warfare at his own charges." And while the death-bringing tide was approaching her, she sang the Scotch version of the 25th Psalm:

"Let not the errors of my youth, Nor Sin remember, In mercy, for thy goodness sake, O Lord remember me."

She then recited the 8th chapter of Romans, ending with the glorious assurance, "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. She then lifted her heart in prayer, and was thus engaged as the waters covered her. They brought her up out of the water, and back as it were to life, and then once more endeavored to make her deny her principles. Her reply was: "I will not; I am one of Christ's children; let me go." And they did; but they could not drown the truth for which she died.

Her memorable example of fidelity has lived on, influencing her people. Is there not something for us to learn from it? There is fidelity to conscience and heart; fidelity to the church and all its ordinances; fidelity to prayer and the word of God; fidelity to all commands of Jesus. We need the grace and bravery of "Scotland's Maiden Martyr" to "fight a good fight and keep the faith," even in these peaceful times.—Cong.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

MRS. ALEXANDER NORTON.

By Nebo's lonely mountain, On this side Jordan's wave, In a vale in the land of Moab There lies a lonely grave, And no man dug that sepulchre, And no man saw it e'er; For the angels of God returned the sod, And laid the dead man there. That was the grandest funeral That e'er was seen on earth, Tho' no man heard the trumping, Or saw the train go forth. Silently as the daylight Comes when the night is done And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheek Grows into the great sun—

Silently as the spring-time, Her crown of verdure weaves, And all the trees on all the hills Open their thousand leaves,— So without sound of music, Or voice of them that wept, Silently down from the mountain's crown The grand procession swept.

Perchance the grey old eagle, On lone Bethpeor's height, From out his rocky eyrie, Looked on the wondrous sight; Perchance the lion stalking Still shuns that hallowed spot, For beast and bird have seen and heard The which man knoweth not.

Amid the noblest of the land They lay the sage to rest, And gave the bard an honored place With costly marble diest, In the great minister's transept, Where light-like glories fall, And the choir sings, and the organ rings, Along the embosomed wall.

And when the warrior dieth, His comrades die the war, With arms reversed and rattled drums, Follow the funeral car. They count his banners taken, They tell his battles won, And after him lead his masterless steed, While peals the minute gun.

This was the bravest warrior That ever buckled sword, This the most gifted poet That ever breathed a word; And ne'er did earth's philosopher Trace with his golden pen On the deathless page words half so sage, As he laid down for men.

And had he not high honor? The hill-side for his pall— To lie in state while angels wait, With stars for tapers tall; And the dark rock-pines like nodding plumes Over his bier to wave, And God's own hand in that lonely land To lay him in his grave?

In that deep grave without a name, Whence his uncoffined clay Shall wake to life—Oh wondrous thought!— Upon the Judgment Day; And stand with glory wrapped around On the hills he never trod, And speak of the strife, which won o'er life, In the incarnate Son of God.

Oh grave in Moab's lonely land! Oh dark Bethpeor's hill! Speak to these questioning hearts of ours, And bid them to be still; God hath his mysteries of grace, Ways that we cannot tell, He hides them deep, like the secret sleep Of him he loved so well.

EPITAPH WIT.

A Kentish miller left handsome legacies to his executors on condition that they should bury him under his mill and place the following epitaph, his own composition, above him:

Underneath this ancient mill, Lies the body of poor Will; Old he lived and odd he died, And at his funeral nobody cried. Where he's gone, and how he fares, Nobody knows and nobody cares.

The following inscription is on a tombstone in the parish churchyard Cheltenham:

Here lies I and my seven daughters, Killed by drinking the Cheltenham waters. If we had stuck to Epsom salts, We would not now be in these here vaults.

On a blacksmith, in Abinger churchyard, Surrey:

My hammer and anvil have lost its ring, My bellows, too, have lost its wind, My fire's extinct, my forge decayed, My rasp and voice in the dust are laid, My coal is spent, my iron gone, My last nail's Driven, my work is done.

There are many epitaphs which abound in the punning element. Witness the following from Hackney churchyard, on Peter Stiller:

As still as death poor Peter lies, And still when alive was he, Still not without a hope to rise, Though stiller that he still will be.

On a carrier who died of drunkenness: John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell, A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well. He carried so much and he carried so fast, He could carry no more, so was carried at last; For the liquor he drank, being too much for one, He could not carry off, so he's now carried.

On Mrs. Freeland, in Edwalton churchyard, Notts, date 1741:

She drank good ale, strong punch and wine, And lived to the age of ninety-nine.

In the grave of St. Catherine, Gloucester: Here lies old Mr. Richard Tully, Who lived a hundred and three years fully, He did the sword of the city bear, (So many years) before the Major. He had six wives, and here they lie, Expecting heaven's eternity.

The following appears in the churchyard of Torryburn, containing two clever puns:

Here lies Margery Greig, Who never had issue except in her leg. The Margery Greig was wondrous cunning, For while one leg stood still the other kept running.

From St. Mary's, Islington, on a woman: Censure not rashly though nature's apt to halt, No woman born that dies without a fault.

In Rochdale, Lancashire, over Tim Bobin's grave:

Here lies John, and with him Mary, Cheek by jowl and never vary; No wonder they so well agree, John wants no punch, and Moll no tea.

Upon a flat stone in the nave of Conway Church is the following:

"Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hoodes, of Conway. He was the 41st child of his father, by Alice his wife and father of 27 children. He died on the 20th March, 1687.

The following occurs in a churchyard near Salisbury:

Oh Sun, Moon, Stars, and ye Celestial Poles! Are graves then dwindled into Button Holes! Closely allied to this is the annexed scrap on a Button-hole:

"Which is the deepest, the longest, the broadest and the smallest grave in this churchyard?" said a pedestrian to his companion, while meditating among the tombs at Esher. "Why," replied he, "it is that in which Miles Button is buried, for it is Miles below the sod, miles in length, miles in breadth, and yet after all it is but a Button-hole."

From a Norfolk churchyard: Underneath this sod lies John Round, Who was lost in the sea and never was found.

From the same place: Here lies Matthew Mud; death did him no hurt, When alive he was Mud, and now he's but dirt.

Here lies my dear wife, a sad slattern and shrew, If I said I regretted her, I should lie, too.

HEBREW WOMEN.

Perhaps one of the most significant facts, concerning the women of the Bible, is that they were not debarred from the prophetic office. "Women as well as men were seized with the gift," says Stanley; and the instances "Miriam, Deborah, Hulda, Anna, and the four daughters of Philip." Miriam seems to have been inspired by the first breath of freedom which she drew upon the shores of the Red Sea, whilst Deborah burst forth in her jubilant song after victory had been gained over the oppressors of her people. We read also of prophetesses at a later date. Hulda, who lived within the College at Jerusalem, and to whom King Hilkiah and the high priest himself repaired when they sought counsel upon weighty matters. There is mention made also in the Old Testament of false prophetesses as well as false prophets; for Ezekiel, in denouncing the false prophets who deceived the people by lying words, says, "Thou son of man, set thy face against the daughters of thy people, which prophesy out of their own heart" (Ezekiel xiii. 17). Another peculiarity of the women of the Bible is that neither prophetesses, teachers, nor heroines were severed from the ordinary ties of domestic life. Deborah was the wife of Lapedoth; Judith was the widow of Manasses, whom she had mourned for three years; Hannah was the devoted mother of Samuel; Ruth, the loving daughter-in-law of Naomi; and the Maccabean woman is only known as the mother of seven sons. Monkish celibacy, with its train of attendant evils, never—except partially among the Essenes—had any place in the ethics of Judaism. Numberless are the traits of tender domestic affection to be found, like wild flowers in the wilderness, inexpressibly cheering in the midst of those sandy wastes, which we come across in some of the historical books of the Old Testament. Who does not recall that exquisite little touch of pathos relating how Isaac refused to be comforted after his mother's death, until the young wife Rebekah comes to live in that mother's tent? What can surpass among either Greek or Roman idyls the story of Jacob and Rachel?

CRACKED WHEAT PUDDING.—I take a large coffee-cupful of boiled cracked wheat, four eggs, four heaping table-spoonfuls of coffee sugar, one pint of new milk, and one piece of butter the size of a walnut, and one fresh lemon—if I can get it. Mash the wheat with a potato-masher (to avoid lumps); add the yolks of the eggs and sugar well beaten together; the butter after it is melted, then the milk, and lastly three or four slices of the lemon, being careful not to allow the seeds in, as they will make it bitter. Bake one half hour or until the custard is set, stirring once or twice after it becomes heated to prevent the wheat from settling to the bottom. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add a little pulverized sugar, and flavor with the juice of the lemon that is left. When the pudding is baked spread this on the top, return to the oven and brown lightly; serve hot, with cream; or it is equally good when cold. Cracked wheat simply boiled is a daily dish on our breakfast table; and as it is almost impossible to cook just enough, we often have a small saucerful left. In two or three days enough will have accumulated to make this pudding—and to use these precious bits I have improvised this, which has now come to be one of our standard puddings, and which I now offer to your readers in return for the many practical hints I have received through the columns of your valuable paper.—Country Gentleman.

TO COLOUR WOOL OR WOOLENS BLUE.—For two pounds of goods take of alum five ounces, cream of tartar three ounces, boil the goods in this for one hour, then put the goods in warm water which has more or less of the extract of indigo in it, according to the depth of colour desired, and boil again until it suits, adding more of the blue if needed.

TO COLOUR GREEN.—Make a dye of one pound of fustic and water sufficient to cover two pounds of yarn or cloth. Let the article remain in the dye for two hours. Wring out and add to the dye a sufficient quantity of extract of indigo to make of the shade required. Let the cloth remain in this half an hour.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REV. JOHN BROWN IN THE "CHRISTIAN MESSENGER."

For the "Wesleyan."

John Brown is on the war-path, and to judge from his letter in the Christian Messenger of the 3rd inst., he anticipates an easy and speedy extermination of the heresy of baptism with water. That Mr. Brown has fallen into the mistakes of many of his profession, who have preceded him from the Old Country, as to the character and intelligence of the people at here, is evident from his manifesto, which shows him to be yet in his A, B, C, as a controversialist on the baptism question. When Mr. B. makes himself familiar with the literature of this controversy in these Provinces, he will, no doubt, feel ashamed of having written such twaddle as he has put forth. His argument, if there is argument in his letter, is, I, John Brown, say baptize means to dip, and baptism cannot be administered without dipping, which I am prepared to prove; and all who dare dispute what I say, and teach contrary thereto, are untruthful—are calling darkness light, and light darkness, and have departed from moral rectitude. The style savours greatly of braggadocio; and as to the proof, men vastly Mr. B.'s superiors, in their acquaintance with the ancient languages, and in their mastery of those branches of education and study, which fit for controversy as to the mode of baptism in the dogma of dipping, and they have been about as successful as the Pope of Rome in establishing belief in his infallibility; and it is just ridiculous in this new adventurer, in this wide field, poorly equipped as he is, should expect to receive serious attention from masters in this branch of theological literature. He will be more successful in advertising himself in some other way.

Without departing from my design in writing, which was not to attempt discussion with Mr. Brown, I may safely remark on the following expressions in his letter: "First. There is no such thing as baptize with water in the sense of sprinkling. If it is baptism at all, it is baptism in water. Now, I read in Mark 1. 8, 'I indeed have baptized you with water, but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost;' also in John 1. 26. 31, 'John answered, saying, I baptize with water;' and again, Acts 11 16, 'Then remembered I the word of the Lord, how that he said, John indeed baptized with water, but you shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost.' While I fail to find the expression baptized in water in the New Testament, and consequently I conclude that whatever may be the meaning of the original word rendered baptize in our translation, yet Mr. Brown's theory of baptism is unscriptural, and condemned by the portions of Scripture to which he calls the attention of pedobaptists; and instead of there being "moral obliquity" in the administration of the five baptisms with water to which he refers, the moral obliquity is all in himself. In view of this part I would urge upon Mr. B. the consideration of his own quotation, "reprint," and if he thinks another dipping is necessary to purification let him take it by all means. The shallow witticism attempted on the words "buried under the waves of the Jordan" has point only for those who advertise their baptisms in the Christian Messenger, and no doubt they will remember the unkindness. As to Mr. B.'s novel mode of advertising his extra supply of books, I would suggest the possibility of a "rainy day." He may live to want his books, or his money, quite as much as those to whom he offers them.

God has seven the man stands still. T bells ring on spires are ever admonishing tiny—our future.

This rest of Sabbath-school many may learn raise him to when all the passed away.

A FEW C READERS.—I drink intoxic come a drunk never use into be guilty of drunkards. I go into drink many of the are laid for th that if I dri quently I ma become a dru all drunkards ers, and only green. It is drinking is t drunkness ar that if there very clear th reclaimed he has made an drunkard.—T

May 9th, 1876.

PEDOBAPTIST.

MAY BY JANE H A great kin son, a youth the throne. cant kingdom of his subject multitude," his use a vast besides iron, "without we to build temp magnificence, sand men be wood in the m san I carried built as store and the king His throne wa best gold, sur lions; seated gifts from m queen once br more than a gift, besides s stones. In b be as stones f year kings, m treasures into being had w rious collecti brought for t that could a He had fit sweetness of his sayings known. Pro more univers kingly qual No man ha joying life; h eyes desired I held not my most noted of from a celeb rounded by p water, wand court was ent sical instrum In one of t golden buckl of dollars. B vessels used gold. The m bridge of ma attended by p realm, on st procession, i the world. Not only v status of the monarch wor vels, tongs, c bowls, spoon the nails and metal, the ho all manner of To the poss grandeur wa he had youth, ly station, an might have a health, wider enemies; but had made him and felt his n judge rightly were his choic It is three t ision: the en swept from th travagance in years after a capital, carry but it matte own hands v vanity and h kingdom be glorious, cost of the Hebrew see it, and on beed to thing is danger the our kingdom. God has s seven the ma stands still. T bells ring on spires are eve are admonish tiny—our fut This rest of Sabbath-school many may learn raise him to when all the passed away.