

Pastor and People.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer,
And felt a presence as I prayed,
Lo! it was Jesus standing there.
He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death, we know;
Restore again to life," I said,
"This one who died an hour ago."
He smiled: "She is not dead."

"Asleep, then, as Thyself didst say,
Yet Thou canst lift the lids that keep
Her prisoned eyes from ours away!"
He smiled: "She doth not sleep."

"Nay, then, tho' happily she do wake
And look upon some fairer dawn,
Restore her to our hearts that ache!"
He smiled: "She is not gone!"

"Alas! too well we know our loss,
Nor hope again our joy to touch
Until the stream of death we cross."
He smiled: "There is no such!"

"Yet our beloved seem so far
The while we yearn to feel them near,
Albeit with Thee we trust they are."
He smiled: "And I am here!"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they
Still walk unseen with us and Thee,
Nor sleep nor wander far away?"
He smiled: "Abide in Me."

—Rossiter W. Raymond, in *Christian Union*.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

Dr. James L. Phillips, on his arrival in England, was welcomed by a considerable number of friends of the Indian Mission, who had been invited at the instance of the Council of the Sunday School Union to meet the newly-appointed missionary to Sunday schools in India at 56, Old Bailey, on Thursday evening, the 28th August.

After tea and coffee had been served in the library, where an hour was pleasantly spent in conversation, and Dr. Phillips was introduced to many old friends of the Sunday School Union, the company adjourned to one of the committee rooms.

Mr. E. Rawlings, President of the Sunday School Union, occupied the chair, and in a few words welcomed the guest of the evening in cordial terms, and fervently expressed a hope, shared by all present, that Dr. Phillips' labours in the furtherance of the Sunday school cause in the Empire of India might be crowned with abundant success.

Mr. W. H. Millar made a statement which epitomized all that had been done for the promotion of the object Dr. Phillips' appointment had in view. Speaking as secretary of the Indian Mission Committee, Mr. Millar told the company present how cheered and encouraged the committee was by the help afforded to them in the work they had undertaken. Already there were tokens of God's blessing upon their endeavours. At first they began with some little fear and trepidation, but now the prospect was bright, and there was the probability that the work so auspiciously commenced would go on at an increasing ratio. The members of the International Bible Reading Association had nobly responded to the appeal made to them to contribute one half-penny each towards carrying on the Indian Mission. The result of that appeal was that not only the first year's income, but that, he hoped, of a good many years was secured. The committee rejoiced, not simply from a pecuniary point of view, but because there was so large a constituency, both in London and in the provinces, who took an interest in this great mission to the Sunday school children of India.

A cordial welcome was accorded to Dr. Phillips on his rising to address the company. The heartiness of his reception by his English Sunday school friends he acknowledged in appreciative terms. From the warm grasp of Mr. Millar's hand, on his arrival in Liverpool from New York, to the welcome he had received that evening, his reception was so delightful to him that he regarded it as an auspicious beginning of the mission on which he was entering. The work of the Sunday school had already had a fair start in connection with Christian missions in India. His dear friend, Bishop Thoburn, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, had said, at the last Annual Convention of the Indian Sunday School Union, that thirty years ago the Sunday school was hardly known in India; the churches were doing a little in that line, but Sunday schools, as they existed to-day, with all their appliances, push and energy, and with all that remarkable faculty they possessed of reaching the children and holding them, were not known in that empire. He remembered his first Sunday in Calcutta. He visited some of the Sunday schools there, and they seemed to him few and weak, being quite unlike the vigorous organizations which flourished in England and in America. The real Sunday school work had only just begun, but, by the efforts of the Indian Sunday School Union, which had been in successful operation for a number of years, the Sunday school work had been greatly increased and strengthened; in fact, it had been doubled over and over again, so that at present no fewer than 100,000 pupils were enrolled in the Sunday schools of India. This, however, was but the beginning of a great undertaking; for, think of the vast population of that country! According to

the last decennial census, there were then upwards of 250,000,000 of people in India. What the next census would show he hardly knew, but, on a safe calculation, they must reckon on their being 50,000,000 children, and, therefore, under God's gracious providence, they could reasonably and intelligently hope, after a little effort, that at least 1,000,000 children would be gathered into the Sunday school. When the call came to him, while he was in Philadelphia, working in connection with the Evangelical Alliance, to engage in this mission to Indian Sunday schools, no summons could have been more surprising or more welcome.

He was beginning to think of going back to his own field of labour in India, where he had been engaged in seventeen years' happy service as a medical missionary, but it had pleased God to open a broader field, and to call him to a work which was certainly most genial to his feelings. The work of Sunday schools in India was one which took hold of the very bases of society. It was sapping the very foundations of hoary superstitions, and dealing deadly blows at the venerable structures of false faiths in India, and great results might be anticipated in that direction. The Sunday school work, however, was attended with considerable difficulty, and it had to encounter petty persecutions of different sorts. Years ago the Sunday schools were composed entirely, or nearly so, of children of native Christians, and they were even now in some parts of India; but God was opening many doors to the children also of Hindus and Mohammedans. They were reached sometimes by one door and sometimes by another. The medical missionary, for example, got at the children of Mohammedans and Hindus by the giving of a little medicine or the use of a lancet. Such means of winning human hearts had been blessed in bringing the people not only into Christian congregation, but to Christ. A medical missionary himself, his father was an American missionary before him, his mother was English, he was born in India, and the greater part of his life had been spent there; so that he would go back gladly to his dear India, to continue Christian work, in which he, his mother and his father had been engaged for many years.

Dr. Phillips then related instances of the beneficial influence of medical missions, drawn from personal experience, and he stated that, by the aid of medicine and surgery, he had made not one friend in the person cured or relieved, but more than one friend; he had made a home and a family his friends; and the door had thus been opened to the Gospel, for the suffering were told that in the name of Him who is the Physician both of soul and body, the medicine was applied; and that the medical missionary was the agent of the Lord Jesus Christ, at whose call he had come to minister to bodily infirmities of Hindus and Mohammedans, as well as to teach them the way of life. But he was by no means disposed to think that the medical mission depended wholly on the men. Especially in the Zenanas a wonderful work had been done by Christian mothers, wives and sisters. God bless them all, and multiply their faithfulness and their zeal for the welfare of the women and children of India. To talk of "women's work for women" was narrowing it down tremendously; it was rather "women's work for all humankind," in London no less than in India, on the Thames no less than on the Congo and the Ganges. This call of the Indian Sunday School Union for help did not mean that an additional ecclesiastical or a new missionary organization or society should be set on foot, for the Sunday School Union in that country was composed, like similar unions in England and in America, of all churches and sects; this call was a hearty invitation to co-operate with the Indian Sunday School Union, and supplement the efforts they were making to evangelize that great country. We should count it the greatest privileges of our lives to go to India in response to so cordial an invitation. An arrogant Mohammedan saw nothing in our Sunday school work, where many a superstitious Hindu saw nothing in it, as they sent their children to the Sunday schools; but there dwelt in such institutions one of the most potent forces that God could use for the evangelization of India. It was the Sunday school that was to bless India more wonderfully in the future than in the past. During the Decennial Conference in Calcutta eight years ago, Keshub Chunder Sen, in the course of one of his last speeches, said: "My friends, India owes a great deal to you. I am glad you are here. I hope you will push on your work. You say Queen Victoria rules India. I say Jesus Christ rules India. The greatest danger I see to-day in my country is this—a good many of the young men, especially the graduates of our universities trained in English, are drifting away from the old moorings, and are becoming sceptical." Then, looking the missionaries squarely in the face, Keshub Chunder Sen said: "Look well to it that my countrymen do not sink from the hell of heathenism into the deeper hell of infidelity." The Sunday school was to save the coming generation from sinking into that deeper hell, by teaching the children and saving them while they were still young.

They were sometimes persecuted for going to the Sunday school. A girl between ten or twelve years of age was crying bitterly, and her teacher asked the reason of her distress. The child said: "There is an idol in our house, and every morning and every night father, mother, brothers, sisters and I among them, all bow down to that idol; we are taught to bow down to it." There was something beautiful in the old Indian faith. There were lessons that we might learn from those old faiths in the world, and one was the fidelity with which the devotees clung to their idea, though a wrong idea, of God; and another lesson was the wonderful faithfulness

with which they taught their children. Were Christians everywhere to be as faithful as the Indian parents, England and America would be brighter than they are to-day, and we should be saved from many things that are a disgrace to our Christian civilization. The little girl went on with her story: "When mother told me to bow down to the idol I said: 'No, mother, I can never again bow down to that idol.' In her anger she beat me, and then, after cooling a bit, she enquired why I refused. I said: 'Mother, I go to the Christian school under the tamarind tree, where our teacher taught us the Ten Commandments, of which the second says: 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor bow down nor worship it. My teacher has told me that there is but one God and Creator, and that I should love and worship Him, and that I should never bow down to any image. Mother, I can never worship that again. You may beat all you like. I have been told to pray to Jesus Christ, and I do pray to Him every day.' It was just in that way the Sunday school was aiding the work of sapping and mining the idolatrous superstitions of India. The Hindu and the Mohammedan might see little of it, but the eye of God was watching the wonderful work that was being done for the Lord Jesus Christ. Let them thank God, therefore, and take courage. He hoped that all Christian people would pray for the success of this Sunday school work in India. The brightest and most cheerful thing about the mission so far was that it was largely a mission from children to children; it was the children of Great Britain reaching out their tiny hands to bless the children of mighty India. He was so glad it was so. When he arrived in that country he would tell the children in their own language, and he was sure it would interest them to know that their little friends over here were taking such an interest in them, that the half-pennies of England were carrying light and love and hope to the dark homes of that distant land.

(To be continued.)

THE CRY OF HUMANITY.

The following beautiful incident from the *Westminster Teacher* carries its own high lesson for other battles. In this temperance warfare, shall we stay within the sheltering ramparts, or go where the wounded have fallen?

At the close of the first bloody day of the battle of Fredericksburg (December 13, 1862), hundreds of the Union wounded were left lying on the ground and the road ascending Marye's Heights.

All night and most of the next day the open space was swept by artillery shot from both the opposing lines, and no one could venture to the sufferers' relief. All that time their agonized cries went up for "water, water," but there was no one to help them, and the roar of the guns mocked their distress.

Many who heard the poor soldiers' piteous appeals felt the pangs of human compassion, but stifled them under dread necessity. But at length one brave fellow behind the stone rampart, where the Southern forces lay, gave way to his sympathy and rose superior to the love of life. He was a sergeant in a South Carolina regiment, and his name was Richard Kirkland. In the afternoon he hurried to Gen. Kershaw's headquarters, and, finding the commanding officer, said to him, excitedly:—

"General, I can't stand this any longer."

"What's the matter, sergeant?" asked the General.

"Those poor souls out there have been praying and crying all night and all day and it's more than I can bear. I ask your permission to go and give them water."

"But do you know," said the General, admiring the soldier's noble spirit, "do you know that as soon as you show yourself to the enemy you will be shot?"

"Yes, sir, I know it; but to carry a little comfort to those poor fellows dying, I'm willing to run the risk. If you say I may, I'll try it."

The General hesitated a moment, but finally said, with emotion: "Kirkland, its sending you to your death; but I can oppose nothing to such a motive as yours. For the sake of it I hope God will protect you. Go."

Furnished with a supply of water, the brave sergeant immediately stepped over the wall and applied himself to his work of Christ-like mercy. Wondering eyes looked on as he knelt by the nearest sufferer, and, tenderly raising his head, held the cooling cup to his parched lips. Before his first service of love was finished every one in the Union lines understood the mission of the noble soldier in gray, and not a man fired a shot.

He stayed there on that terrible field an hour and a half, giving drink to the thirsty and dying, straightening their cramped and mangled limbs, pillowing their heads on their knapsacks, and spreading their army coats and blankets over them, as a mother would cover her child, and all the while he was so engaged until his gentle ministry was finished, the fusillade of death was hushed. Hatred forbore its rage in a tribute to the deed of pity.

A REAL RELIGION.

A religion that does not govern us according to the pattern of Christ, in this world, will not give us an abundant entrance into the heavenly world.

A religion that does not separate us from sinful acts in this life, will not separate us from sinners in the life to come, in the world of the lost.

Heaven and hell are conditions of the soul in this world and are the foretaste of the conditions, the companionship and the eternal abode hereafter.