

### Querist's Column.

[All matter intended for this column should be addressed to E. C. Ford, Port Williams, Kings County, N. S. Questions touching the meaning of scriptures will be gladly received.]

Q.—How do you harmonize Gen. xlvii:26 and Deut. x:22 with Acts vii:14?—H. F. U.

A.—In Gen. xlvii:26 and in Deut. x:22 "all the souls of the house of Jacob which came into Egypt" is said to be "three score and ten;" while in Stephen's speech, recorded in Acts vii:14, the number is given as "three score and fifteen." But this includes five sons of Ephraim and Manassah, born in Egypt, which, being added to the "three score and ten," harmonizes these accounts.

Q.—How do you explain John xx:17?—H. E. B.

A.—According to Adam Clark the word here rendered "touch" is used in other places to signify to cleave, or to cling to. In Matt xxviii:9 it is said that some of the women "held him by the feet and worshiped him." This, in all probability, is what Mary was doing; and the words of our Lord to her meant simply this: "Don't cling to me, you will have time enough to see me. I have not yet accounted to my Father. But go within and tell my brethren, that, as I told them before, 'I go to my Father and to their Father, and to my God, and to their God.'"

Q.—Who are included in "The creature," Rom. viii:21?—H. B.

A.—What is said in verses 19 and 21 of this chapter concerning "the creature" can only be said of the children of God and joint heirs with Christ; for none but these are "waiting for the manifestation of the Son of God," or have the promise of being "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." But this being heirs of God does not free us, *while in this life*, from the "vanity," "bondage," and "corruption," in which, in common with "the whole creation," we groan, while "waiting for the adoption, the redemption of our body."

### Correspondence.

#### BOWMANVILLE.

Here I am at Bowmanville after a monotonous ride of thirty-two hours. My first night out from St. John was spent in balmy sleep, and having been gifted by nature in that direction with talents of a very high order, as well as having just cause for using those talents, I knew nothing of what might have occurred till some time (!) after six o'clock the following morning. Very few people travel over the C. P. R. with the expectation of being transported by visions of the sublime or beautiful. Every expectation of that kind is as barren as the soil upon which we gaze, for the section through which our route lay was one wild uninhabitable waste. Nature seemed to have gone into bankruptcy. Not even the withered and blasted grass gave evidence that Spring had ever smiled upon the deserted soil. The habitations of man are rarely seen. A cow, or an animal that once might have been a horse, are seen here and there along the line so lank and lean that they seemingly have not energy enough to seek the necessities of life. The spruce and cedar hold perpetual sway and enliven the eye while looking on the dead and leafless trees. Stones, swamps and trees are the natural products of the soil, and the man that can utilize these for the benefit of mankind may become a millionaire. The land is either shunned or deserted. The hand of nature is against every man. No place that I have ever seen would be more suitable for a great international poor-house. Everything

would be in the severest harmony with the institution.

So much for Quebec. I wish I could say something better, but I can't. I will give it the credit of giving us the first snow storm of the season. For several miles along the railway quite a layer had covered the earth, and I said to myself this is Canada, with her woods, her snows and gloomy days. Before I saw much of Ontario night was upon us, and if it is no better than Quebec I'm glad the curtain dropped, but I'll give it the honor of being better, for how could anything be worse? I may have something to say about Ontario later on.

The car in which I rode was filled principally with French Canadians and Irishmen—a fine combination. Differences of race here are easily seen. The Irishman would laugh and joke, while the Frenchman, after assuming the form of an interrogation point in the hope of sleep, with the coarseness and ribaldry of Emerald's Isle for his lullaby, gave it up as a bad job, and referred to his tormentors in a series of descriptive adjectives which preachers are not supposed to understand.

If there is anything more monotonous in this wide world than travelling by rail at night let us know what it is. The time drags and you feel inexpressibly miserable. Time waits for no man is an old adage, but it seemed to be on a bender Friday night, and did not tend strictly to business. It was twelve o'clock. I waited as I thought half an hour or more, and asked my nearest neighbor what time is it, please? Ten minutes after twelve was the reply. I waited another hour or two according to my ideas of time and asked again. Quarter to one was the response. I said to myself the hands of that man's watch have stuck and I'll ask him no more. I tried several times after that from gentlemen to the right, gentlemen to the left, gentlemen in the front, gentlemen in the rear, and received the same encouragement from all as I did from the occupant of the same seat with myself. The hours lengthened into days. I tried to sleep, and every time I would fall into a doze the conductor's "Tickets, please," would drive me from the way of even the slightest pleasure. I tried everything. Read Mr. Barnes of New York, but grew very tired when I found that such an illustrious character was no kin to the Barnes of St. John. All the worse for Barnes of New York. May I be delivered from long journeys in the future, and if they become a necessity I hope they will bring me that pleasure I experienced when the cry Bowmanville, Bowmanville, reached my ears and I stood indulging in several long drawn sighs of relief upon the platform at the depot of my newly chosen field.

Will write something of Bowmanville and its church work in my next.

E. B. BARNES.

#### HAVERRHILL, MASS.

Editor of *The Christian*: You, or at least some of your readers, are aware that a company of Disciples numbering between thirty and forty have been holding together in a hired hall in this city for a number of years trying to raise the means to build a place of worship. We have succeeded, with the aid of friends, in building a small but exceedingly neat and tasty house of worship, which was dedicated Nov. 22nd. All well-wishers of us and the common cause who may happen along this way please remember the High street Christian church, Haverhill, Mass. Pray for us.

Yours in hope and faith,

WM. H. McDONALD,

384 Washington street, Haverhill, Mass.

### Selected.

#### SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

FATHER RYAN.

I walk down the Valley of Silence—  
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!  
And I hear not the fall of a footstep  
Around me, save God's and my own;  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As houses where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices  
Whose music my heart could not win;  
Long ago was I weary of noises  
That frothed my soul with their din;  
Long ago was I weary of places  
Where I met but the human—and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;  
I craved what the world never gave;  
And I said: "In the world each Ideal,  
That shines like a star on life's wave,  
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,  
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,  
And still found the False with the True;  
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,  
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue:  
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal  
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human,  
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,  
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar  
And I heard a voice call me. Since then  
I walk down the Valley of Silence  
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?  
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine.  
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,  
And above me a voice said: "Be mine."  
And there arose from the depths of my spirit  
An echo—"My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?  
I weep—and I dream—and I pray.  
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops  
That fall on the roses in May;  
And my prayer, like a perfume from censers,  
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence  
I dream all the songs that I sing;  
And the music floats down the dim valley,  
Till each find a word for a wing,  
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,  
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach;  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech;  
And I have had dreams in the valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—  
Ah! me, how my spirit was stirred!  
And they wear holy veils on their faces,  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;  
They pass through the valley like virgins,  
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the valley,  
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?  
It lieth afar between mountains,  
And God and His angels are there:  
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,  
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

#### A BRAHMIN'S TESTIMONY.

A striking testimony, recently borne by a learned Brahmin, in the presence of two hundred Brahmins, officials, students and others, has just been published:

"I have watched the missionaries and seen what they are. What have they come to this country for? What tempts them to leave their parents, friends and country and come to this, to them, unhealthy climate? Is it for gain or profit that they come? Some of us country clerks in government offices receive larger salaries than