

Our Contributors.

RIGHT FEELING, BOTH A CHILD AND A FATHER.

BY KNOXIAN.

Phillips Brooks, of Boston, is another man who often dispenses truth in golden nuggets. His nugget is not always so nicely shaped as Joseph Parker's, but it is always rich, though its edges are sometimes a little jagged. Brooks gives young ministers some advice on the question of feeling in religious meetings, which may be very useful at this season of the year when special services are beginning. He says: "See clearly that you value no feeling that is not

THE CHILD OF TRUTH AND THE FATHER OF DUTY." Feeling, to be worth anything, must be produced by TRUTH—not by music—not by stagy tricks of oratory—not by direct attempts of any kind to work up emotion—not by half-truths, which are the most dangerous and deadly form of error, but by truth—God's truth.

It goes without saying that feeling, even in Church, is not always produced by truth. John B. Gough, in his famous lecture on "Preaching and Preachers," used to relate an incident in his own inimitable way which shows that emotion may be produced in Church by very unlooked for causes. A preacher, whose elocutionary training had been sadly neglected, while preaching with more than usual monotonous vehemence, noticed a woman in the congregation shedding tears. At the close of the service he asked her what caused her feeling, naturally thinking the emotion had been caused by the sermon. The woman told him that when he raised his voice the sound so reminded her of the bellowing poor "Bossy" made when she came home at milking-time that the tears would flow. "Bossy" had died some months before, and the resemblance between her elocution and the preacher's stirred up tender memories and overcame the woman. Now, here was a case in which feeling clearly did not flow from Truth. Emotion caused by the memory of a dead cow may certainly be creditable in the highest degree to the person moved. In this case it showed that the woman had both affection and gratitude—two excellent qualities to have. But the emotion was not the child of Truth; it was not produced by Truth, and because not produced by Truth had no religious value.

Gough's story may seem like an extreme case, but it does very well for an illustration. Feeling may be produced by any one of a score of causes. It may be entirely creditable to the person affected, but the real question about feeling in any case is, Has it been produced by Truth? Is it the child of Truth? If not produced by Truth it has no religious value. If produced by Truth we cannot have too much of it. The worst thing about many men and many congregations is downright hardness. The truth strikes them and flies right off. To make a man or a congregation of that kind feel, if the feeling is produced by Truth, is a great point gained. The battle is, perhaps, half won when the arrow of truth pierces the heart of the hardened sinner. Stir up all the feeling you can, but be sure to use the truth as the instrument with which you do the stirring. Never be afraid of feeling—no not even of excitement—if the feeling and excitement are produced by God's truth. No congregation can be injured by His truth. No man can be injured by His truth. But be very sure it is His truth you are using to produce feeling or create special interest.

The real question, in fact the only question worth discussing about feeling is, What caused it? There are the tears. What drew them? If God's truth, all is well.

Brooks says feeling should be the

FATHER OF DUTY

as well as the child of Truth. The feeling that does not move a man to give up his sins and discharge his duties probably does him more harm than good. When he cools off he probably becomes more hardened than ever. The most hopeless man on this earth is one who says he has been converted a dozen times and has fallen from grace each time. The hardest field on this earth to work in is one that has been burnt over half a dozen times by bogus revivals. Feeling there may have been—any amount of it perhaps—but the feeling was not the father of Duty. The people did not come out of the excitement resolv-

ing in God's name to be better citizens, better neighbours, better husbands, better wives, better parents and better children. If they did so resolve the resolution did not last long enough to crystallize into duty.

Phelps says in one of his books that he saw a German audience weeping under what he calls an exclamatory sermon, and learned that the greater part of them spent the evening of the same day in the theatre. Their feeling certainly was not the father of a well-spent Sabbath evening.

We read somewhere that during the delivery of a rousing missionary speech, one of the audience made himself unpleasantly conspicuous by shouting "amen," "hallelujah," and kindred exclamations. The pastor of the congregation went to the man, whispered something in his ear, and there was not another shout. "What did you say to that man that made him so silent," asked the speaker at the close of meeting? "Say," replied the pastor, "I simply told him he would be expected to give \$1 for Foreign Missions!" The feeling in that case was not the father of Duty. In fact it was not the father of anything in particular.

The steam that escapes through the pipe of a locomotive, and hisses and fizzes as it passes into the air, does no good in the way of driving the iron horse. The steam within that moves the wheels and puts the whole train in motion is the power that does the business. Feeling that does nothing but escape is of no use, no matter how much noise it makes in escaping. The kind of feeling needed is the kind that moves the wheels of duty in every department of life. The more we have of that kind the better.

"Tell me not," says the philosopher Billings, "that a man shouts hallelujah: tell me how he acts in a horse-trade." Billings was right, as he generally is. The way a man acts when he trades horses is a much better test of his piety than mere shouting. Feeling worth anything is the father of offspring that tell the truth, that give of their means to support the cause of Christ, that keep the peace among their neighbours, that pay one hundred cents on the dollar, and act honestly even when trading horses.

A TRIP TO KASHMIR.

BY REV. W. A. WILSON, NEEMUCH.

(Concluded.)

Moored along the bank are numerous long, narrow barges, closed in by coarse reed mats, which are attached to a light framework, and protect alike from the sun and rain. The Kashmir boats are by no means floating palaces. In the rear one of their two compartments live the boatmen and their families, and in the other we are at liberty to stow away ourselves, our beds and baggage as best we can. Selecting some of the largest and cleanest for our party, we relieve our coolies of their loads, and arrange our stuff in our narrow quarters. And now, while our servants in a little boat bound alongside are preparing dinner, we move off to the measured dip of the boatman's oar. Soon, however, we are drawn up alongside the bank, and here the oars give place to the towline, which is harnessed to two or three of the boatmen or their wives, who in Kashmir always count for men. Thus we are drawn silently through the quiet waters. After a time the river widens out into a shallow lake, making a new mode of propelling the boat necessary.

Two men with long poles, walking back and forth on the tapering end of the boat, push us along. By dint of pushing, towing and rowing we arrive, in about twenty-four hours, in sight of the capital. In going up the river one is impressed with the flatness of the country. From one side to the other the valley is a level plain, much of it wet and marshy. This low, water-soaked ground is used for the cultivation of rice, which forms the staple food of the poor.

There is no provision made in the houses for heating. Fire places and stoves are unknown. And in the winter, when the snow often falls to the depth of several feet, the suffering of the poor especially must be great.

As we enter the city by its broad water way, and pass under its many wooden bridges that stretch across it, we get our first impressions of Srinagar, and they are by no means pleasant; the senses of sight and smell are alike offended.

Most of the houses are poor, rickety structures, being wooden frames filled in with brick. The windows are small frames of lattice-work, which in

the cold season are, by the better classes, covered with paper to keep out the cold. The roofs are of wood, covered with a layer of thin birch bark, on which earth is laid to the depth of several inches. On this the grass grows quite luxuriantly.

The houses and shops are built closely down to the water's edge on both sides of the river. Water-ways or canals run through the city in several directions, and form the main highway of trade and travel, by means of the rude boats which in Kashmir do duty for wheeled vehicles, of which there is not one in the whole valley. Here and there, more substantial and beautiful, the temples and masjids shoot up their gilded, glittering domes above the dilapidated, tottering houses which crowd around them. The entrances to one or two from the river are somewhat striking. Broad stone stairways, through carved and decorated archways, lead up to the sacred precincts.

On these steps are to be seen numbers of Brahmins, utterly indifferent to all observers, performing their daily ablutions, and muttering their incantations and prayers. The river is the great bathing-place for the whole city. The inhabitants bathe in it, wash their clothes in it, drink its muddy water and cast all the indescribable filth into it. One does not wonder that cholera is such a frequent visitor. In dress and habits the people are abominably filthy, and the smells of Srinagar are horrible. Before emerging from the city we pass the palace of the Maharaja, the chief entrance to which is from the river by an unpretending flight of steps. The exterior is by no means imposing, although there are some very large and prettily decorated halls within. The present occupant is a weak minded youth, grandson of the prime minister, to whom the British sold the country for a mere trifle when with the Punjab it fell into their hands. He is a poor ruler, and the country is badly governed, as it has been for long in the past. It is the old story of taxation and oppression. Though the country is rich in natural resources, and by cultivation can be made to produce almost all kinds of grain and fruit, the people are miserably poor.

There is little incentive to the accumulation of wealth. The more the people gather, the more does the all-devouring government take from them. It claims one-half of all the produce of water, land and beast, and a host of brow-beating officials rob the people of a great part of what remains. What a beautiful and prosperous valley this might have been had the English retained and colonized it—possibly the only country in all India where an English colony would be a possibility. But this fair spot, with its splendid climate and great resources, has been cursed by Hinduism and especially Mohammedanism.

Here we see in the filth and degradation, in their general wretchedness, what man attains to in the midst of outward favouring conditions without the true religion.

But we have now passed the native hospital, the old masjid, now used as a church by the English visitors, and the house of the British Resident, and have arrived at the bagh or garden, where we are to rest for a time from our journeying. Here in the midst of a garden of fruit trees all in blossom we pitch our tents. We are scarcely settled before we are attacked again by crowds of sellers of Kashmir wares who, with provoking pertinacity, insist on our buying at outrageous prices their goods. At one time a fair trade with Europe, in Kashmir wares, was carried on. But since the English began in numbers to visit the country, the natives received so much more for their manufactures from the people they imposed on that they refused to work for the traders at the old rates, leaving no margin of profit, and so the trade has almost ceased.

Immediately at the rear of the garden where our tent is pitched is a rocky hill called the Throne of Solomon. It shoots up about 1,000 feet above the plain and is crowned by a ancient Hindu temple, supposed to date as far back as 200 B.C. But opinions differ on this point. It is octagonal in shape and built of massive stones. It is approached by a long flight of steps which lead to the low doorway, its aperture. In the dark foul-smelling interior are four pillars supporting the roof, a low stone platform on which is a lingam with a serpent coiled around it. The stench that fills the place well becomes the impure worship that is daily offered there.

From the top of this hill a fine view of the valley