

BY J. E. HANKIN.
I have not an angel's tongue,
Skilled in winning speech or song;
Weighty words at my command,
Pleas fallacious to withstand;
Is there not some little child
I can win from paths defiled?
Weak, unworthy though I be
Here am I, O Lord, send me.

I cannot the sickle wield,
In the noon-day harvest field;
Bear the burden of the day;
Garner loaded wains away—
I can only stoop and glean
Where more stalwart forms have been,
Weak, unworthy though I be,
Here am I, O Lord, send me.

I cannot the sword gird on,
If there's victory to be won—
When has ebb'd the battle shout,
I can seek the wounded out;
Soothe the dying, make the bed
Of the sad and lonely dead,
Weak, unworthy though I be,
Here am I, O Lord, send me.
—Selected.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY REPORT.

First, as to finance, we note that the expenditure exceeds the income by £18,000, chiefly through the decrease in the amount of legacies, an uncertain, and on some grounds, undesirable source of income. We prefer the living presence of our friends to their most generous legacies. As no reference to the deficiency occurs in the body of the Report, we perceive that there is no tremor in Bishopsgate on the subject. Of the home districts, two—Leeds and Liverpool—contribute above £7,000 each, three—Manchester, York, and London 2nd—above £6,000, three—Birmingham, Bolton, and Halifax—above £5,000, three—Hull, Bristol, and Newcastle—above £4,000, six above £3,000, five above £2,000, eight above £1,000, and four small districts far below that amount. Of the foreign contributions India sends not much more than £400, against £15,000 which it costs; South Africa about £3,000, against £20,000 which it receives; the West Indies about £3,400, against £18,000; West Africa £1,700, against £8,600; and Australasia £14,000, against £19,000. The China Mission cost £7,000; Ireland and Continental Europe absorb £20,000, Ireland returning £6,500, and French Methodism, out of other "deep poverty," above £500. It should be noted that larger or smaller sums are expended on local objects which do not figure in the Report. Thus, South Ceylon, which cost £10,000 in addition to contributing £180 to the General Mission Fund, raises above £300 for local purposes. North Ceylon, from a cause not explained, does not appear in the list as a contributor. In the body of the Report we are told of considerable sums raised in North Ceylon for district purposes. We note that the children raised in Christmas offerings £12,400, and in juvenile associations £9,000, or one-third of the whole amount raised at home. The most prosperous juvenile association appears to be that at York, which collected above £600. In the circuit lists the usual number of touching memorials appear. But there seems to be fewer of a woeher class, which might be designated "curiosities of giving." We trust that the "sweepings of a draper's shop" at Sheffield will never be less than £21; a "tailor's clippings" produce £5; "lonely, lorn critter"—may she (?) live long—subscribes £4 10s.; "hair cutting" is down for 3s. 6d. Apple and pear trees yield a few guineas. Lambs and ewes figure among the subscribers. Christmas singers help the same cause. These are specimens of strange sources which help to swell the annual revenue. The bulk of the Church members on the mission field is to be found in South Africa and the West Indies. South Africa has 16,000 members, 100 missionaries, and 300 other agents. Our late beloved Secretary told with much amusement of the number of babies brought to him for baptism during his visit to South Africa, and all the parents chose their visitor's name for their little ones. In the Graham's Town District we read: "Perkadale section. At Perkadale the attendance is good. In another place the chief said to the

missionary: "Go through my country; preach the Word of God to all my people; build as many chapels as you can; I want more missionaries and teachers among my people." A noble trophy of the Gospel is commemorated in the following epitaph:—"William Kama, Chief of the Amagunukwebi, born 1798, died October 17, 1875—a noble man, a just Governor, a faithful Christian." The great curse of South Africa is drunkenness, introduced too often by the white man. This subject is referred to more than once by the missionaries on the ground. It is a great future which lies before Christianity in those fine regions. West Africa returns 18,000 members, the West Indies 48,000.

The least fruitful numerically are the Eastern fields. There are 2,000 members in Ceylon, 1,000 in India, 300 in China. The Indian Mission has suffered from the famine. We are glad to see that in China our brethren are turning wistful looks to the interior populations. The Wuchang missionary reports the baptism of several persons of a higher grade—one an ex-magistrate, another a doctor. The Hankow report says well:—"What is wanted is not the multiplication of foreign agents paid from foreign funds, but the development of a spirit of Christian activity on the part of these Chinese Christians." Our brethren laboring in these vast empires need and deserve all sympathy and help.

The report from France is not a cheerful one, but at least it is honest. The summary is:—"Hard work, many disappointments, painful pecuniary straits, relieved by progress here and there, and especially by some gracious revivals." The narratives of the different stations bear out this testimony. It would be hard to decide whether lifeless, rationalistic Protestantism, or bigoted Popery, presents the worst obstacle to the truth. Both are at their height in France. In one place we read of "a great proportion of Protestants who have long been noted for unbelief and ungodliness. Several horse fairs are held here annually, and always on the Sabbath." Both in France and Germany Methodism serves as a witness, and perhaps does more good in its direct influence upon other bodies than at present in visible conversions.

A pleasing proof of the development of a native ministry is seen in the portraits which for some time have illuminated the covers of the monthly notices. If not always models of physical beauty, they have been eloquent with the beauty of intelligence and goodness. Perhaps this would have been set in more striking relief if companion heathen portraits could have been given. In this matter Ceylon stands well. The north and south districts are running a health race of self-help and independence. The Polynesian mission also boasts a noble native pastorate. There are 74 native ministers and assistants, 885 catechists, 143 head teachers, 2,087 local preachers, 3,740 class leaders—all the creation of half a century. The number of foreign missionaries is but 18. The 617 day schools will ensure the intelligent character of the next generation.—London Meth.

PULPITS.

Pulpits have much to answer for in having made men awkward. What horrible inventions they are! If we could once abolish them we might say concerning them as Joshua did concerning Jericho, "Cursed be he that buildeth this Jericho," for the old-fashioned pulpit has been a greater curse to the churches than is at first sight evident. No barrister would ever enter a pulpit to plead a case at the bar. How could he hope to succeed while buried alive almost up to his shoulders? The client would be ruined if the advocate were thus imprisoned. How manly, how commanding is the attitude in which Chrysostom is usually represented! Forgetting his robes for the moment, one cannot but feel that such a natural posture is far more worthy of sublime truth than that of a person crouching over a sheet of paper, looking up very occasionally, and then revealing no more than his head and shoulders.

The late Thomas Binney was unable to endure a platform, and was known to fetch gowns and other materials to hang over the rails of an open rostrum, if he found himself placed in one; this

must have arisen solely from the force of habit, for there can be no real advantage in being enclosed in a wooden pen. This feeling will no doubt retain the close pulpit in its place for a while longer, but in ages to come men will find an argument for the divinity of our holy faith in the fact that it survived pulpits.

Ministers cannot be blamed for ungainly postures and attitudes when only a very small part of their bodies can be seen during a discourse. If it was the custom to preach as Paul did at Athens public speakers would become models of propriety, but when the usual method is pursued, we cannot marvel if the ungainly and the grotesque abound. By the way, it is interesting to note that Raphael in his representation of Paul at Athens evidently had in his mind the apostle's utterance, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is he worshipped with man's hands," hence he delineates him as lifting his hands.

Remarkable are the forms which pulpits have assumed according to the freaks of human fancy and folly. Twenty years ago they had probably reached their very worst. What could have been their design and intent it would be hard to conjecture. A deep wooden pulpit of the old sort might remind a minister of his mortality, for it is nothing but a coffin set on end; but on what rational ground do we bury our pastors alive? Many of these erections resemble barrels, others are of the fashion of egg-cups and wine-glasses; a third class were evidently modelled after corn-bins upon four legs; and yet a fourth variety can only be likened to swallows' nests stuck upon the walls. Some of them are so high as to turn the heads of the occupants when they dare to peer into the awful depths below them, and they give those who look up to the elevated preacher for any length of time a crick in the neck. I have felt like a man at a mast-head while perched aloft in these "towers of the flock." These abominations are in themselves evils, and create evils.

No one knows the discomfort of pulpits except the man who has been in very many, and found each worse than the last. They are generally so deep that a short person like myself can scarcely see over the top of them, and when I ask for something to stand upon they bring me a hassock. Think of a minister of the gospel poisoning himself upon a hassock while he is preaching; a Boanerges and a Blondin in one person. It is too much to expect us to keep the balance of our minds and the equilibrium of our bodies at the same time. The tappings up and overturnings of stools and hassocks which I have had to suffer while preaching rush on my memory now, and revive the most painful sensations. Surely we ought to be saved such petty annoyances, for their evil is by no means limited by our discomfort; if it were so, it would be of no consequence; but alas! these little things often throw the mind out of gear, disconnect our thoughts, and trouble our spirit. We ought to rise superior to such trifles, but though the spirit truly is willing the flesh is weak.

But I must return to my subject, and I do so by repeating the belief that boxed-up pulpits are largely accountable for the ungainly postures which some of our preachers assume when they get out of their cages and are loose upon a platform. They do not know what to do with their legs and arms, and feel awkward and exposed, and hence drop into ridiculous attitudes. When a man has been accustomed to regard himself as an "animated bust," he feels as if he had become too long when he is made to appear at full length.—C. H. Sprygeon

Religion, thou art happiness! the joys which thou pourest into the heart be set within the reach of any weapon that that hand of man can form. The calm which thou settlest on the soul the wing of no earthly blast can disturb. The light by which thy children walk is the candle of the Lord, which can never be quenched. Thou plantest a torch for them in the gloom of death's darkness, and supportest their goings on the rod and staff of the Almighty. Thou conductest their spirits to the feast of immortality, and layest their bodies down to sleep till the morning of the resurrection. Woe unto him that seeketh his happiness apart from Thee. He shall be miserably disappointed.—Pollock.

"DIVERS BAPTISMS."

Under the old Covenant there were purifications of Levites, of lepers, of persons who had been in contact with dead bodies, therefore ceremonially and legally unclean; and in all cases the mode of purification was divinely determined: "Sprinkling the unclean sanctified to the purifying of the flesh." The inspired writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews was intimately acquainted with appointed rites of the ancient Church. He comprehended unquestionably the nature and design of Christian baptism. He was an accomplished scholar, Master of Greek language and literature; and yet those purifications he collectively speaks of as: *diaphorosis baptisimois*—divers baptisms—in the English text: "divers washings."

Turning back to the requirement of the Law, for the purification of Levites, we find that the language was specific. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: Take the Levites from among the children of Israel, and cleanse them: Sprinkle water of purifying upon them, and let them shave their flesh, and let them wash their clothes, and so make themselves clean." In the law for the purification of lepers we have the same requirement: "And he shall sprinkle water upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, etc." And so in regard to ceremonial impurity from contact with dead bodies: "Whosoever toucheth the dead body of any man that is dead, and purifieth not himself, defileth the tabernacle of the Lord; and that soul shall be cut off from Israel; because the water of separation was not sprinkled upon him, he shall be unclean; his uncleanness is yet upon him." Through all ancient legislation in the Old Testament Church, in which water was to be used as a means of purification, whenever mode was specified in the command, whenever an administrator was indicated, the application was to be that of sprinkling. There were in such cases, in addition to the legal official administration, the sprinkling which sanctified, as the apostle tells us, to the purifying of the unclean,—washings and bathings and shavings; but these were personal matters—purely of cleanliness. In such case no mode was ever specified. Yet so stringent was the law of purification that unless the water of separation was sprinkled that soul was cut off from Israel.

Here then we have not simply supposition. We have something more than inference. We have positive authority. In every application of water that sanctified, the mode was sprinkling; and the several purifications of which we have most minute explanation are specifically designated baptisms.—Rev. J. L., in "Baptisma."

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

What interest is excited in the Missionary's family, far from home, by the arrival of gifts from early friends. We clip this vivid description of such a scene from the "Messenger." The letter seems to be from India.

The box looked so fresh and well cared for, not even the paper cards defaced on it, that we were immensely reassured about the state of the things inside. You know how firmly it was nailed up, but it yielded to more or less gentle persuasion and showed us first such a pile of rags and pieces! First I pulled out the tin box which was either cheese or steroscope, we could not guess which—then a paper of blueberries in capital order. Then the apples, and the beans, and the hams. So good they looked—in perfect condition, just as if they had been put up but yesterday. No sign of hurt or damage anywhere. The cotton was quite uninjured by its near neighbors, and everything was deliciously satisfactory outside of the tin. Now for the inside; a tin-opener soon brought to light the hidden treasures that many dear hands have been busied in preparing. We laughed, we rejoiced, were almost too happy as parcel after parcel came to light, here a word, there a note, and here only the handwriting of a friend, but all covering substantial proofs of the "one family" in which we "dwell in Him," however widely separated materially. Then the pictures, this one, all right, and this, and so on with every one and what a number there were there! Not one glass injured with the exception of a crack across one for Mrs. Churchill, which had not broken at all however, so that the picture was covered as well as ever.

LETTER FROM AN OLD READER.

Mr. Editor,—Communications in the Herald often wake up lost incidents. One of your articles referred to old Bennett Street, Boston. I was at the "Hub" when Dr. Trafton was stationed in the old Bennett Street here. I was young then, and was invited to take the pulpit in the morning. The afternoon found me at Father Taylor's Bethel. I had never heard the old "commodore" preach, so I got in and thought no one would know me; but I had hardly got seated ere I was hailed by one of those old Penobscot sea captains and asked to take a seat with the old "commodore." I begged off.

Soon a Jack Tar came in whistling a lively jig, half seas over, and was invited by the usher to take a seat right in front of the pulpit. Father T. looked down on the poor sailor, and said, "A poor lamb fell among wolves!" He soon fell asleep, and all was right. I had heard down here in Maine that Father T. had slid into Unitarian ideas; so I was all ear to detect his defection, if it existed. The old hero of so many battles opened his theme gloriously—"Christ—Divinity, Deity." Oh, he piled up the glory of our my, Christ!

As soon as he was done, I sprang to my feet and told them what I had heard about his Unitarianism, and gave vent to my unspeakable joy at what I had just heard. Somehow Mark Trafton and T. Hill were invited to take dinner with Father T. on Monday. Mark, true as steel, broke silence in the midst of halibut, puddings, pies, and good cheer, saying, "Capt. Taylor, how came you to allow this Down-easter to exhort in your meeting yesterday?"

"If it hadn't been about right, I should have sung out, 'Belay!' that is in plain English, 'Take your seat, sir!'" We took a boat and went on board a U. S. frigate in the harbor; and to see Capt. Taylor cut and shear over that deck, examining machinery and guns, was rare sport. We are strong friends to-day. I have the old hero's face hung up in my sleeping room, and look at him morning and evening as he appeared on the first Sabbath I heard him.

—Zion's Her. T. HILL.

The error is great in supposing that the mind is making no progress and acquiring no knowledge when it is not conversing with books; and it is one of the errors of bookish men. There are pauses amid study, and even pauses of seeming idleness, in which a process goes on which may be likened to the digestion of food. In those seasons of repose the powers are gathering their strength for new efforts, as land which lies fallow and recovers itself for tillage.—Alexander.

My dear son, sit thee down beside me, and I will deliver thee three instructions. I feel that my hour is coming, my countenance is wan. My days are almost done. I shall go to another world, and thou shalt be left alone in all my wealth. I pray thee, strive to be a father and a lord to my people. Be thou a father to the children and a friend to the widow. Comfort thou the poor, shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. Govern thyself by law; then shall the Lord love thee, and God above all shall be thy reward. Call upon him to advise thee in all thy need, and He shall help thee in all thou undertakest.—King Alfred's dying words to his son.

On the rocks by the seashore I have seen marine creatures living when the tide went out, not in the briny pools it leaves, but on the dry and naked rock—in the withering air—in the burning, broiling sun. They lived, because, when twice each day the foaming tide came in, and, rising, covered the rocky shelf they clung to, they opened their shut and shelly mouths to drink enough to last them when the tide went out, and till the next tide came in. Even so, twice a day also at the least, are we to replenish our thirsty souls—fill our emptiness from the ocean of grace and mercy that flows full and free in Christ, to the least of saints and chief of sinners. In him dwelleth all the Godhead bodily.—Guthrie.

It is one of the happiest privileges of high intellectual life that it can elevate us—at least, in the intervals of relief from complete prostration or acute pain—to regions of disinterested thought, where all personal anxieties are forgotten. To feel that he is able, even in the days of physical weakness and decline, to add something to the world's inheritance of knowledge, or to bequeath to it some new and noble thought in the pearl of complete expression, is a profound satisfaction to the active mind that is lodged in the parishing body.—Hamerton.