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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 8 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

AN UPRIGHT CHINESE OFFICER.

We give a portrait of Wen Siang, an upright Chinese officer, who died lately in Peking. He was for many years the Vice-President of the Imperial Council, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Affairs, and Director of the Hanlin College.

Unlike most of his countrymen who are in office, he did not enrich himself, but labored for what he considered was his country's good; and he was more anxious to do what was right than to get money. Though he had held office so long he was comparatively poor when he died.

He was widely known and respected as "the Honest Wen Siang." Thousands attended his funeral, and the Emperor, and other high officers, gave largely to make it an imposing one; and a costly monument will doubtless be erected over his remains. So if the Chinese, and especially the official class, do not practice honesty, they at least respect the few among them who are up-right.

The mandarins are noted for their oppression of the people, and their enriching of themselves by unjust means. The late Emperor of China sent a high officer from Peking, who was noted for his integrity, to examine into the conduct of the official class in the various provinces, and he reported that instead of acting as the fathers of the people, they acted more like wolves. Nothing that foreigners have written concerning the injustice and avarice of the mandarins is so strong as what this officer wrote to the Emperor.

Once in a long while, however, each city and district is favored with an officer who does justly and loves mercy; and the change is so great, from the rule of the oppressors, that the people are filled with gratitude, respect and admiration.

Their way of showing their gratitude, however, is very singular. Just before his term of service ends, the citizens present him with a coat of many colors, not to be worn, but to be preserved as a memento; and, as his cortège leaves the city, the streets of which are crowded with the people, it is stopped at the gate, and persons appointed by the citizens present the mandarin with a pair of new satin boots, and request that those he has on be given to them to be preserved as a memento.

This ceremony of exchanging boots is sometimes performed at other cities and towns through which he passes to his home, or to his next place of rule. These are customs which have come down from very ancient times, and they are valued by those who desire the good will of the people, gained by right acting and just dealing. Scarcely more than once, however, in an average life-time do the people have an officer sent to them whose conduct proves worthy of these honors, nor will there be any improvement in their rule until that religion prevails in the country which not only enjoins all men "to do justly and love mercy," but also "to walk humbly with God."

GEN. SWIFT'S TESTIMONY.

General John L. Swift, of Boston, who is well known in that city as a public man, and whose conversion has attracted a great deal of attention, spoke as follows at a recent meeting in the Tabernacle before an immense audience:

It was said last Thursday at this meeting that fluency of speech and oratory were not wanted in the evidence of the new man, and it is a matter of great encouragement to me that without labored argument and without intensity of declamation I am able to tell to-night the old, old story of one more changed heart. I came to this building three weeks ago, and entirely without expectation on my part, and by what must be considered, under all the circumstances, as special intervention.

went, but I wanted to be a sort of disciple in incognito. I wanted to be a believer in repose. I wanted to have this religion all alone to myself. I had a great dislike to religious terms. I didn't like to hear the expressions: "He has come out," "he has experienced religion," "he is converted." But I took my seat half way down, I think, in that aisle. (Pointing to one of the centre aisles.) From my experience, it is the most uncomfortable situation in this whole house for a half-and-half Christian, but I stand here to-night an unworthy occupant of this place because I was an uneasy occupant of that seat. I have already told some others that Mr. Moody seemed to know that I was here, and to understand my case precisely. His eye seemed to range over to that very spot, and his whole artillery seemed to bear upon that one spot, and his sermon drove the cowardice out of my



WEN SIANG.

Before I came here I had determined in my mind to be a Christian in a modest, retiring way. I wanted to have a religion all to myself. The Sabbath labor of my own pastor, who may be hearing me to-night, and that of other Christians, had settled in my mind beyond a cavil or a doubt that evangelic truths were founded both upon the rock of reason and upon the authority of the revelation. The teachings of every-day life had convinced me that the New Testament was sound when it said that theft and covetousness, and wickedness and deceit, and blasphemy and pride—that all these evils came from within and defileth a man; and I wanted, if this was so, to have them taken out of me, so that, if it were possible, I might be made clean. And it was in this condition of mind, as I told you, that I came into this building by accident the first Sunday in this present month, and that condition was well enough so far as it

heart, and then and there I resolved that at the first opportunity I would carry the flag and

WEAR THE UNIFORM OF THE MASTER

I proposed to serve. But away back of all this is the superior fact that for nine and forty years I have been the object of constant and of loving prayer. When those prayers first began to affect my mind it is impossible for me to tell. John Stuart Mill says of debating Christians: "Hold on to the argument of despair if you wish to prove the existence of God." And I say here, this evening, to believing Christians, hold on to God's promises concerning prayer if you want to prove His oversight and His care for the human soul. Ah, it is in answer to those prayers, I believe, that I am here with you. There is sentiment enough about prayer. Men will melt and have their hearts touched as you repeat poetry

about prayer. But it is the Bible, and in it this truth, as imperishable as the law of the ever-living God,—that prayer is heard and prayer is answered, for He has said:

"And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

I never left my mother, to my recollection, in my whole life, for any length of time, but what she said to me when I left her: "I want to live long enough to see you give your heart to your Saviour." It was the conclusion of every separation, it was the burden of every letter she ever wrote to me in her life. I remember on one occasion, and there are those here that can recall the fact, that I was invited by my fellow-citizens to deliver in Tremont Temple an address upon the campaign in Mississippi and the surrender of Fort Hudson. The mayor of the city presided. The hall was crowded, and we were all at the white heat of patriotism. I was endeavoring to picture the advance and occupation by our victorious army of those blood-stained uplands. The whole scene was vividly before me, and when I came to the scene where at our command, 600 of our then foes laid down their guns and the dear old flag ran up the pole, where for more than two months had been flaunting in our eyes the standard of rebellion, why, the whole audience went wild, the music struck up, and they rose upon their feet, surging and swaying with cheers. As I stood there alone amidst that wild burst of enthusiasm, I looked into the left of the gallery, and saw one pale, unemotional face.

IT WAS THE FACE OF MY MOTHER.

She was a little woman. It seemed as though I could lift her in the palm of my hand, but she was great in love and faith, and when I met her she said, "I could give you freely to my country, but, oh, if I could have seen you so talk for your Saviour I would ask no more on this earth." There is a passage in Scripture, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven." I know what that means. I know what it is to feel as a little child, though my hairs are gray with the footfalls of time. Now, I wish to say here, and impress it upon you, that, at that meeting in 1863, there was no man in the State of Massachusetts so little likely to be reconciled to his God, it appeared to me as myself. I was entirely absorbed with the world. I was careless about all religious influences, and it was my belief that it would all come right in the end. But last Wednesday I stood in that Temple, and as I rose I looked down in the front seat and there was my old father, seventy-nine years of age, who had struggled over to hear his son tell of the glorious tidings of this Gospel. It almost broke me down, but I went on as well as I could. Those who are in this Christian work say that it is my duty to stand here. I would wish myself far less publicity in this matter, but I dare not be silent, if it is possible that I may reach out and help save some man's soul. I believe the great work is only begun in this city. The great

TIDAL WAVE IS YET TO SWEEP OVER THIS PLACE of our affection, and I wish to do something, I will do something that this city on those three hills—this city that cradled Liberty, and that has led the van of progress—should believe and shine as the city of the redeemed. I implore you who listen to me to-night to come to your Father's house. Your own children, by their white souls yet unstained with sin, stretch out their little hands to you and implore you to come and help them, and could we hush to-night this vast assembly we could almost catch the strains of those who have gone beyond, who are chanting "The Spirit and the Bride say come." Come, brother, trust to the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, trust Him all thy journey through. Trust Him until your feet shall be planted on the crystal sea.