

Correspondence.

THE HINDOO RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT.

KOLAPOOR, April 22, 1868.

DEAR BRO. MEARS: The mental, moral, spiritual conflict in India is daily gathering in force and momentum. The undercurrent of thought and feeling among the more intelligent young Hindus, is such in many cases as quite to neutralize or even set back, the surface flow of superstition and idolatry.

I recently sent you a brief account of the Baboo Kesab Chunder Sen's visit to Bombay. He gave several addresses, one on "Prayer," at the commencement of which he uttered the following prayer, viz:

"We thank Thee, O beneficent God, that Thou has gathered us in this sacred place of worship to glorify and adore Thee. Permit us to approach Thee, and prepare our hearts that we may feel Thy sacred presence. O Thou light of life! Thou art everywhere. Thou art before our eyes in all the objects we behold; Thou dwellest in the inmost recesses of the heart; everywhere is Thy benignant gaze, and Thy loving arms are around us all. Help us so to concentrate our souls in Thy all-pervading spirit, so to feel Thy holiness and purity, that each corrupt desire, each worldly craving may perish, and all the sentiments and feelings of the soul may be brought in Thy feet. May I do the pleasures which we now enjoy in Thy company be transitory; may they sweeten our whole lives and continue to endure. These are our everlasting. Vouchsafe to keep us always under the shadow of Thy protection, and guide our steps in the thorny paths of the world. Amidst the pains and sufferings of the world be Thou our joy; amidst its darkness be Thou our light; amidst its temptations and persecutions be Thou our shield and armor. Promote among us good-will and affection; sanctify our dealings with each other; and build us into a holy brotherhood. (My wife said each other in that which is good in Thy sight. Teach us, O Lord, to spend all our days in Thy service and aspire to be partakers of the rich blessings, the lasting joys of the next world. Be with us always, Thou affectionate Father, and enable us to grow steadily in Thy love. Bring all men in this Presidency under the protection of Thy faith. May Thy dear name be praised, by every lip, and mayest Thou find a temple in every breast. Do Thou, O Lord, condescend to bless this prayer association and this congregation who are here present tonight. And unto Thee we all ascribe everlasting glory and praise."

There is no Christ in this prayer, nor in the Baboo's preaching, else we might at once give him the right hand of Christian fellowship, for who ever grasped more clearly or firmly "the first of all the Commandments" (Mark xii. 29), or who better develops the elements of prayer, or an experience of its benefits in stricter accord with that of the humble Christian believer? In his discourse the Baboo says:

Worship comprises three elements—adoration, gratitude, and prayer. You will admit that so far as God is great, we must acknowledge His greatness and adore His supremacy, and that so far as He is kind and merciful, and plentiful in loving-kindness, so far must we acknowledge all the benefits, advantages, and pleasures He has conferred upon us, and does daily confer upon us, with most fervent and sincere gratitude. But the subject upon which I am about to enter is one which, in many a country, and amongst many a community, has given rise to discussions, to doubts, and to objections. To my mind superior to these two elements of worship, is the third element—namely, prayer. The first two are duties—adoration and gratitude—but the last is a necessity. Without it I cannot live, without it I cannot grow in spiritual life—without it all my hopes of spiritual progress would be in a moment blasted—without it life and death would be to me identical. It is my duty to magnify God, and my duty to offer my gratitude to God, but it is indispensably necessary that I should prostrate and humble myself down to the dust, and beg of my God that he should give me that which is essential to success in all spiritual progress—namely, prayer. It is this great point which it is my desire to impress upon you this evening.

The experience of all mankind ever since man was born, down the present time, has testified that mortal power is not enough to bring down evil, to guard the soul against sin. I feel this daily—in my hourly struggles with the temptations of the world I feel this. It is not a matter which can be argued out by an appeal to the logical arguments or to the deductions of logic. No; but I appeal to your experiences, and ask you, whether you have spiritual nerve enough within you to guard yourselves against every sin—hot and cold sin or two sins, not five varieties of sin—but every manner and kind of sin? I say there is not a man of flesh and blood that breathes on our earth who can triumphantly say, "Here am I; come all manner of sin, and my heart is proof against all attacks." The fact is God's aid is absolutely necessary—the eyes must be lifted up in order that we may invoke the blessings of that divine Father without whose aid man cannot advance one single step in the path of religious progress.

Ask the rude rustic why he prays every day of his life. He would feel astonished and would stand and look, not knowing what to say in reply. "All that such an unlearned man would say in reply would be this—I know not why I pray, but this I can say, I cannot do without prayer; every day there are so many sins coming and trying to devour me that only for the purpose of self-defence I must humble myself down and offer my prayer to God. If the rude rustic has no other explanation of prayer, neither has the wise man. I can give no better explanation of the fact why I have learned to pray and why I am in the habit of offering prayer, daily in my God. If I could do without it, this very moment I would leave off the habit. If I had never felt the necessity I never would have ventured upon the work—I would have considered it silly and unreasonable—but I have found it necessary. When God first allowed the truth of religion to dawn upon my heart,—(allow me to

mention one incident from the earliest chapter of my religious life)—when I felt the very first movement that took place in my heart, then I felt the need of prayer. Day after day my heart was full of darkness, and I felt the influence of all the passions of the flesh, the allurements of the world, the power of evil, the power of fame, and of lust, and of ambition, and of covetousness, and of worldliness, and of scepticism. Against these multitudinous elements I, a poor man, could not possibly stand. Feeble in body, feeble in soul, feeble still in spirit, how could I stand in the face of enemies so awful, so formidable, and so numerous as these, enemies outside and enemies within, contending for mastery over my soul day and night, every hour of the day, every minute of the hour, every second of the minute? What could I do in circumstances such as these? I waited not for the revelation of any particular book or the teachings of any particular prophet. I consulted my soul, and my soul stated, in language, exceedingly distinct and articulate as it were, "Pray, and pray, if you want salvation." And then my proud and arrogant mind was humbled down, and with it was humbled down my heart; my heart, which had been eaten up with conceit, and arrogance, and self-sufficiency, found that there was nothing in it which could withstand the awful shocks of these temptations to me and therefore as my only resource—all sides of the horizon being dark;—I felt that in one direction only could I advance, and that was prayer. I felt this word "prayer" written in golden letters on the gate of heaven—on the gate on the kingdom of God—as if to show that none entered God's kingdom except he pass through the gate of prayer—none conquereth sin or temptation unless he humbly, earnestly, and fervently pray. Then I prayed. The first day I prayed, and I prayed in the morning and in the night, concerning the matter from the knowledge of my friends and relatives; for they were so good to me, as some time before I probably was. I was sure that as soon as they came to know of it, they would ridicule me and scoff at me and try to dissuade me; if possible from such a noble and godly habit; but lest such circumstances should happen, I kept the matter a great secret. Day after day I kept on praying, and in the course, I assure you, of a few days, I found as it were a flood of light entering into the inmost recesses of my heart. I found all the darkness gradually being dissipated. Oh, it was cheering and delightful after a most impenetrable darkness and hideous sin. Then I felt cheered, and felt that I could eat and drink—and sometimes I could do so with pleasure. Then I found rest on my bed, and then I found comfort in the company of friends. For I can assure you there was a time in my life when I had given up almost all my good humor and cheerfulness, and amusement of all kinds. I felt that the world was dark because my heart was full of darkness, and had not my gracious and beneficent God revealed to me just at that time this great gospel of salvation, namely, prayer; I cannot think where I would have been to-night. You would not have seen me in Bombay addressing you, from this pulpit. Oh, it is so much for my feebleness to bear—it overpowers me when it enters my mind—the thought, where I would have been to-night if God had not taught me to pray! Prayers to me was the beginning of salvation. Then I inquired—what I investigated—then I tried to consult theological works;—then all the other appliances and resources so very precious in the spiritual world were placed in fact at my disposal by the very same God who had led me to this far! I availed myself of these, and went on growing in grace, in faith, and in purity. And what I felt to be true in my case, I say is true in the case of every man. I assure you it is prayer which ought to be considered as the beginning of religious life—the pillar of the kingdom of God—the gate to paradise—the key to God's moral government. Have this, and you have in your hand the means of unlocking the treasures of all His gifts; is it knowledge you want?—come and pray; is it a doubt you want to dispel?—come and pray; is it weakness you wish to remove?—come and pray; is it power you want—come and pray; is it sin you wish to give up?—come and pray; is it holiness you want?—come and pray. One precept I have given to all inquirers after truth that have called on me, and whose cometh to me in future for advice shall find the same answer. Pray without ceasing, as was said in days gone by. I will not ask you to pray for riches, fame, or temporal benefits. I am opposed to that doctrine! Praying means prayer only for spiritual blessings, for spiritual knowledge, for spiritual power, and for spiritual holiness. For these three things pray, and if you do not believe me, laugh not at me, but go home and try the experiment, and if on the fourth day of your trial you find experiences give the lie to my statement, I shall retract everything I have said. The speaker then went on to urge the necessity of sincerity, earnestness, perseverance, and speciality in prayer, and in illustration of his subject quoted the King's soliloquy in Scene III. Act III of Hamlet, pointing out that the man who prayed Heaven for forgiveness without really wishing to be rid of the sin which he asked to be forgiven might apply to his own case, the passage:

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below; Words without thought never to heaven go. He enjoined prayer in solitude, prayer in family, and prayer in congregation as being obligatory on all men, and in the course of the remainder of his discourse he spoke follows:

"Never shall India be regenerated without prayer. That is a thing which with my whole heart I believe; and if any of you individually were to come and ask me whether you could ever be saved with your knowledge, with your deeds, with your reform movements, I would say at once, no such thing will save you. Therefore I would say to you individually and collectively—I would say to all Indian men, women, and children—pray, pray, and pray from to-morrow. And what excuse can you have for not beginning to pray from to-morrow? Just after you rise from your bed; why should you not remember what a brother has told you this evening—told you for your own individual sake—for Bombay's sake—for India's sake—for your own family's sake—for your wife's sake—for your parents' sake—for your children's children's sake? Do begin to pray from to-morrow. Set aside your business for five minutes. If you can't pray without some direction, I ask you to use this little book for the present, prepared by a humble brother of yours.

Use one of these prayers at a time, one every day. Parsads, Hindoos, all beg you to do this. I will go down on my knees, if necessary, only to beseech you to pray to God; I will make my life I will undergo any privation,—only promise that you will pray from to-morrow."

The Baboo, after concluding his remarks, offered up another prayer, and the assembly then dispersed.

The fact that this Baboo draws crowds of high caste intelligent Hindus to hear such discourses of this nature, wherever he goes, that he so thoroughly engages them and leaves such a profound impression, is certainly one of the signs of the times, and marks an era in the history of the evangelization of this people. No one can be so blind as not to recognize this movement as a direct result of missionary effort and gospel preaching in this land, however much we may regret it is not of a purer type.

A marked evidence of the effect of the Baboo's preaching appears in the comments of the public press. Some of the Bombay daily papers have devoted several special leaders to the subject. The Bombay Gazette recognizes the Baboo as the intellectual leader in the reform movement of India, and sees in the "Brahmoo Samaj" and its spreading influence, a rising power, which is to destroy and supplant idolatry all over India, and become potent enough eventually to grasp the reins of political power, and overthrow the paramount power and banish the English from India. We are not prepared to endorse these speculations; but that the Baboo is, at the head of a mighty power, and rapidly increasing, we fully believe, and it makes us long to see the church more in earnest to seize on this vantage ground, and cast into these seething, fermenting elements more of the salt of God's truth, and so bring the gospel to bear on the hearts of these intelligent Hindus, that they shall not only believe in the one living and true God and feel their need of prayer to Him, but learn to recognize "God in Christ—redeeming the world unto Himself," and feel their absolute need of His atoning sacrifice.

Three of our inquirers were baptized and received to the church at our last communion, and others are hopeful. Help us with your prayers. Yours ever, R. G. WILDER.

CHARGE AT THE INSTALLATION OF REV. CHAS. P. GLOVER.

As Pastor of Harmony Church, Md. The installation of Rev. C. P. Glover over one of the long vacant fields of the rural part of the District, Presbytery was an event of great interest and promise, as has already been stated in our columns. Many of the friends of the enterprise we know will be glad to see some further notice of the event, and we accordingly give the following extracts from the charge of Rev. Thomas M. Cann to the pastor:

Mr. Cann based his charge on the words of the Apostle Paul to Timothy, 2. Epistle, chap. 2. verse 2. "Preach the word, be instant in season, and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine."

The points made by the speaker were such as: 1. The position you occupy demands this of you. 2. The work in which you are engaged demands this of you. Under this second point he said:

"To preach the word of Nazareth, the King of the Jews, Jesus who was, in the beginning with God, by whom were all things made, and without Him was not anything made that was made; Preach, Jesus, the light and life of men; who left the glories of heaven, took upon Him the form of man and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Preach Jesus the beloved of the Father, the express image of His person—the brightness of His glory; who died amid the scorn and ignominy of those who had sinned against Him. Preach Jesus—His love—His labor—His sufferings—His death—His resurrection—and His ascension. Preach faith in His atoning sacrifice—love and obedience to His commandments. Preach it in the simplicity of the Gospel, with a heavenly unction—under the inspiration of prayer and a thorough study of the word of God. Our mission is, in Christ's stead, to reconcile men to God; and there is no better way than that we should be like Christ. Like Him in the knowledge of His word. Like Him in that we seek not to do our own will; but the will of Him that sent us; like Him in the sacrifices we are willing to make in order that we may bring man to a knowledge of his condition before the law; of the salvation that is provided for him; and of his eternal ruin if he reject the overtures of mercy, obtained at the sacrifice of the Lord of glory. Cherish the admonition of the Holy Spirit. It will lead you into all truth. It will guide you in the exhibition of His word. It will make you faithful workmen that need not be ashamed of your labors and demand this of you. You are not laboring for an earthly power, and your responsibility is not, therefore, satisfied when you have gratified the demands of earthly desires. True, men have apparently called you to this field; but it was under the direction of a higher power than man—and to Him you stand responsible. You may satisfy, in the discharge of your labors, those over whom God has made you Bishop, and yet fail to meet the expectation of Him who has ministered to you. The tendency of the age causes ministers to consult the wishes, rather than the needs, of their flock. Criticism is rife in the Church, as well as in the State. It is felt in the religious congregation as well as in the literary association."

"How do you like the sermon?" has become just as much a matter of course as how are you pleased with the scientific or literary lecture. And this is said not so much in reference to the pulpit—the actual food, contained in the sermon, as in reference to the style in which it was constructed, and the manner of its delivery. While we approve of high excellence in both of these particulars, we do condemn the spirit that exalts the style and delivery above thought, simple, powerful, and adapted in dress to reach the heart.

The minds of men who sit under the gospel ministry are more usually right than wrong. It is the heart that is filled with deadly poison, and it is to this point that we are to have an eye, when we aim to attack the throne of Satan, and the minister who prostitutes his powers

to gratify the caprices of a wicked and fastidious taste, who spends more time and labor in the literary and delivery of his thoughts than he does in the quality and pungency of the thoughts he presents, sins against both man and God; and in that day when men's souls are to be tried, he will find that he has made a great mistake, and that his responsibility does not stop with the creature, but with the Creator. Preach the word—be instant in season and out of season—reprove—rebuke—exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine," remembering you are not the agent of man, but of God. You are not transacting the business of the congregation, but Christ's business. Your responsibility does not lie with the Church, but with the Infinite Jehovah. He has placed you here—He knows what you preach, and how you preach, and to Him you must either stand or fall.

But while you aim to preach the word with power—while you urge from this desk the seed of the great salvation—while you present Christ as the way, the truth and the life, and do it under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, forget not the sick-bed, the house of mourning, the humble cottage and the stately mansion. The social gathering as surely as you do, the Sabbath school and the house of prayer. Sing with your people, pray with them in their own house, take the little ones in your arms and point them to Jesus. "Grasp the old men by the hand and ask if all be well with the soul." Salute those whom you meet by the way-side; and call to their remembrance the uncertainty of life. Be instant in season and out of season. Let the people know you in your robes of sin, in your robes of righteousness; in your love for the salvation of the soul, in your patience and long-suffering, in presenting and enforcing the doctrine of repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and you will accomplish a world here that will add stars to your crown of rejoicing. "May God bless you in your relation to this people, and cause his face to shine upon you. May He bless this people and make them a great power in the land, and may you and they meet in that tabernacle that needeth not the light of the sun and the moon and the stars, but the Lamb is the light thereof, and join in praise and thanksgiving to their God; and to your God and to our God. Amen."

REV. A. M. STEWART'S LETTERS. III & IV. ISTHMIUS OF PANAMA, May, 1868. DEAR PRESBYTERIAN: To one accustomed only to a rugged Northern climate; where not only the most hardy vegetation can endure its frosts, and snow and ice; it is worth the long sea voyage to have the order to take a ride in one of the pleasant cars over the road where the neck of land uniting the two continents is narrowest. He introduced into a new, delightful, magnificent floral world, every former experience; and even conception of vegetation is revolutionized. I have been wont to pride myself somewhat on a knowledge of botany, but at each additional turn of the road, as some new, rich, gorgeous scene of tropical vegetation bursts upon the vision, he seemed to say: "Look here! what have you hitherto known about plants, and flowers, and fruit?" And with due humility I nodded an answer: "Nothing." Cocoon-like trees with clumps of their large lily-like fruit; date-palms with pendulous clusters of fruit large as a bushel basket; plantains, bananas, mangoes—on, on with forms of leaf and flower of which there had been before, no conception, and all growing so densely together, that a bird could hardly fly through! Trees with evergreen foliage; stacked all over with clusters and pendent parasites. God has so constituted the eye as never to be satisfied with seeing. To meet this craving, the forms into which he has moulded matter, are of such a vast infinity. His people have more never an eternity before them in which to visit these creations, and behold this chancy work. And as each new locality visited will be found newness, variety, beauty and wisdom.

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mighty assemblage of waters, exclaimed in delightful enthusiasm; PACIFIC! PACIFIC! Now safely on our capacious steamer Montana we have a voyage before us on this great sea, of 3200 miles, ere reaching San Francisco.

PANAMA. This is the first actual city I have ever seen. When cities were first built and designated, none received the appellation CITY, save those encompassed by walls and shut-in by gates. Panama is a walled city. Its walls and battlements would certainly afford large amusement and play for exercise to the eyes of one of our Montros, sent for its bombardment. The ancient town said to be the oldest Spanish structure of the kind on the continent—is a dingy cluster of decaying houses; with inhabitants as dingy and decaying as the walls. All the life and energy manifested are by the employees of the Steamship and Railroad Companies. The guards over the stations, depots and goods of these companies are all negro soldiers in uniform with guns and bayonets. Africa in various ways is stretching forth her hand!

As usual for old Catholic towns, Panama boasts a Cathedral Church which is still in good state of preservation. Rome as a Church has done her work here with her wonted completeness; written not in immediate contact with Protestantism; unimpeded by its example and unstimulated by its impulses—through degradation of the people beneath all the elements of human greatness.

From Panama to this place we steamed for six days and nights along the coast of Central America, with her ranges of volcanic peaked mountains almost constantly in view—a distance of fourteen hundred miles. We stopped for six hours in this finest harbor on the long Mexican coast, sweeping around a high and rising quiet beach, beneath majestic mountains; and with rich tropical vegetation coming down to the waters' edge.

A supply of water and food was taken in—the coal brought from Philadelphia in sailing vessels around Cape Horn, a distance of twelve thousand miles. The harbor of our boat also received some replenishing in the shape of fruit, poultry and cattle. Provisions are needed for feeding for weeks in continuance. Twelve hundred healthy human beings! These cattle were brought on board alive to be slaughtered on the passage. Their introduction was a novelty in the way of managing live stock. A cable was fastened around the horns of the animal and he drawn by it through the water close to the vessel and then by a pulley up its side, dangling in the air until opposite the gangway, when drawn in. The poor ox cut a most ludicrous figure, and in spite of our sympathy, we had a hard experience in laughing.

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