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# PROVE BRANCH.

1897.

# The Olive Branch

## A Monthly Record OF THE WORK OF THE Strict Baptist Mission.

*Subscriptions or Donations to the Mission will be thankfully received, and Collecting Boxes or Cards supplied by the Hon. Secretaries:* MR. JOSIAH BRISCOE, 58, *Grosvenor Road, Highbury New Park, London, N.*; MR. I. K. WARKLIN, 33, *Robert Street, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.*; *and* MR. F. J. CATCHPOLE, 11, *Jerningham Road, New Cross, S.E.*

VOL. XII., No. 138. JANUARY, 1897. ONE HALFPENNY.




### A Few Thoughts about the Rainbow.

THERE is not, perhaps, a more beautiful object in all creation than the rainbow, and it is so suggestive that we think we cannot commence the new year with anything brighter or better.

Many of the beauties of nature are local—we must travel to see them; but God from the *camera obscura* of a cloud reflects in a moment this beautiful object in the heavens. It is not confined to the broad acres of the wealthy; but with equal impartiality spans the peasant's garden, the common, or the wood; the city, the river, or the sea.

It is not always to be seen. If it were,

we should not take so much notice of it; and God intends it to be noticed.

It reminds us of the early history of our race, when there were "giants in the earth," "mighty men," "men of renown," but who, alas! were not only great in stature, but in sin; hence He who had formed man in His own image, when He beheld that image obliterated by sin, "repented that He had made man upon the earth," and resolved to destroy all mankind, and every living creature, save and except those whom He preserved in the ark, which He commanded His servant Noah to make. You know the history. "The flood came and destroyed them all." There were scoffers before the flood, yet God's threatening was fulfilled in their destruction. There are scoffers in *these* days; yet God's promise is fulfilled in their preservation: for God has said, "Neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth." And He has condescended to give a sign—viz., the "bow in the cloud." Note

1. It is *God's* bow, (see Gen. ix. 13.) "I do set *My* bow in the cloud. Although we are told that "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;" that "The heaven, even the heavens are the Lord's;" and that "The Lord has made all things for Himself;" yet the expression, "*My* bow" is very emphatic. Now a bow was anciently used in warfare, and we might justly have thought that when God said, "I do set My bow in the cloud," it betokened His wrath, and was intended as a threatening rather than a promise: but when we look up and see that the bow is turned the wrong way for God to shoot at us, it becomes, like a sheathed sword, a sign of *peace*.

2. It is a *token* of the covenant which God made with Noah, with the earth, and with every living creature upon it. The language of the rainbow, then, is this —"*God is faithful.*" Yet how apt we are to complain when the long-continued sunshine becomes, in our feeble judgment, excessive drought, or when the streams are swollen by continuous rain; forgetful of His promise that "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." For

3. The rainbow is a *reminder to God Himself.* See Genesis ix. 16, where God says:—"*I will look upon it,* that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." Thus to speak, and thus to act, shows great condescension on God's part. God's memory is perfect. He needs no reminder; for He never forgets His promises. Yet He says: "*I will look upon it.*" This is a beautiful thought. While we are gazing upwards at the rainbow, God is looking down upon it; our thoughts and His thoughts centre in the same object, and both are thereby reminded of the same promise. Does not this bring us very near to God? Yes, verily. Yet it is only an illustration of another far more glorious truth, of which the rainbow is but a faint illustration. Let us, therefore,

4. Refer briefly to the *spiritual significance of the rainbow;* as a peaceful sign of a better covenant; for God uses natural objects to set forth spiritual truth. Hence in the wondrous visions of Ezekiel, and the still more wonderful Revelation of the Apostle John, the rainbow is referred to in connection with God's throne, and the

Angel of the Covenant of peace, even the Lord Jesus Christ, in whose mysterious person, spotless life, sacrificial death, and glorious resurrection, all God's attributes are harmonised, like the colours in the rainbow. The floods of His wrath overwhelmed His dear Son, when our sins were laid to His charge by His own loving voluntary consent. The storm-cloud was, indeed, dark; it hid His Father's face, but it spent itself upon the great Sin-bearer: and now, where lightnings flashed and thunders rolled, the bow of peace is seen, and God looks down and says: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," while we look up by faith and behold the "rainbow round about the throne," and "have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Thus, although we may feel that if God forgives us our sins, it is an act of *pure mercy* on His part; yet the rainbow teaches us that *justice* and *mercy* are sweetly blended, that He is a just God and a Saviour. *How much it cost the Lord Jesus* we shall never know—*how free it is to us* we shall be learning for ever and ever. EDITOR.

## Consecration to the Lord.

*"Who, then, is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"*

1 CHRON. xxix. 5.

DAVID had set his heart upon a great work, and he wanted helpers. He had set a good example of liberality and earnest service, to stimulate his people; but more because he loved his Lord and sought His glory. We have a great work before us in the Mission-field, for which we would fain enlist many to join with us, as with united effort much more can be accomplished in every undertaking, than if only a few join in it. The words of David sketch out the kind of service which God requires, the efforts which He will accept, own, and bless.

*Personal service.*—"Who." There are many things we cannot do, but we can all help in this great work; some by prayer, some by giving, some by collecting, some by teaching about God's work in India and elsewhere, and some by going to carry the Gospel to the poor benighted heathen. Let us each seek out our suited sphere for work—not shirk it and leave it all to others. But as God has so blessed us, let us seek to be made a blessing to others. This was His promise, "I will bless thee, and make thee a blessing."

Then it must be *voluntary*. "Who is willing?" Not a service reluctantly rendered, or money given grudgingly. "God loveth a cheerful giver"—one who does it from the heart, because he loves God, and would gladly spend and be spent in His service. Such a one will feel it to be an honour and a privilege to help God's cause in the mission-field, or in any other way he can do so. It will not be a burden, but a pleasure; remembering how much his Lord has done for him; he will joyfully hasten to shew his love by a willing service in return. Willing helpers are wanted to push forward in the good work, in spite of obstacles which may be in the way, and to stimulate others by their earnest example. Let us seek to be willing to do God's will when we know what He would have us do.

Also *devoted* service is required. Consecrate, or, as the margin, reads, "fill his

hands." Many do a little at odd times with long intervals between; but *this* is to be fully occupied in some good work, planning it, praying about it, engaged in carrying it out. Life is all too short, there is no time for loitering. The highest Authority hath said, "I must work while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work." The needs of our Mission abroad, and God's work at home, are so urgent that they require all our energies. The work is great, and we are but comparatively few, against those who are ranged to oppose God's work. We have no time for parley; but must be going forward, straining every nerve. God is with us, success is sure; but may all our hearts and hands be filled, to carry on this all-important work.

Then it needs to be *prompt*. "This day." What projects are to be carried out in the future by many! They are always dreaming of the golden age which is to be; but all ends in airy imaginations. Be up, soul, and doing; leave the dreaming to sluggards and enthusiastic "visionaries." We have to do with the sober facts and pressing needs of the present; our time is too precious to waste; we cannot count on the future. Let us lay the foundation of a good work now, trusting that God will carry it on by other willing hearts and hands when we are gone.

Then it must be *holy*. It is "unto the Lord." Let no selfish motive prompt us, no self-seeking, no desire for the praise of men; content to labour on, obscure, unknown, to help on the work of the Lord, and to bless our fellow-men. What obligation this lays upon us, when we remember what He hath done for us! This will prove an incentive to holy service; and serving under His eye, we shall do so with all diligence; and, having His divine approval, this is all we seek. Love to Him will lend additional vigour to all our efforts to spread His name. The honour to be employed by Him, in any humble measure, is very great: to have His "Well done" is all we ask.

E. WHITE.

## "All the World."

No. 3.—MADRAS.

MADRAS is the third great Presidency of British India, and consists of the whole triangle of country south of the river Krishna, together with the long slip of the Coromandel coast on the Bay of Bengal, covering some 130,000 square miles.

It is a land of tropical heat and scenery. Dense forests, trackless jungles, with here and there a range of cliffs and ghauts, veiled in the fierce mid-day by heated steamy mists. Ancient temples, crumbling palaces, fortresses of old Rajahs, and ranges of lake-like tanks for irrigation, tell the story of long past greatness. On the Madras coast, a narrow strip of land, six miles long by one broad, was the first soil held by the English in India. The city of Madras marks the spot where Fort St. George was built by the first arrivals in 1639. We give a view of the fort as it is to-day.

There is no harbour at Madras. Ships have to lie off the coast in what is called the "Roadstead." A dangerous station, because of the rapid currents, and the violent storms during the Monsoons. The surf on Madras beach is terrific. The great waves, rollers from the Southern

# M·A·D·R·A·S
## PRESIDENCY

TELEGU

MADRASEES

MONSOON ON THE BEACH AT MADRAS

CANARESE

MADRASEES

HINDOO TEMPLE AT TRITCHENCORE

9 BRAHMIN

ELEPHANT STUD AT TANJORE

MUSLIN WEAVER

ENTELLUS MONKEY

CATAMARANS

COTTON SPINNER

RHINOCEROS

INDIAN TAPIR

LORIS

TIPPOO'S TIGER.

ADJUTANT

GREEN TREE SNAKE

WEAVER BIRD'S NEST

INDIAN ICHNEUMON

FORT ST GEORGE MADRAS

A TIGER HUNT

TEMPLE AT MAHABALIPOOR

Ocean, break in thunder and blinding spray. Goods and passengers are landed in surf boats, made for the purpose. They are especially high, strong, and elastic; sewn together with fibre in the seams, to bear the shock of the toss upon the shingle. Sometimes even these cannot go out, and only fishermen on their catamarans venture.

Madras is about 1,000 miles from Calcutta and 780 from Bombay. It is not so large or prosperous as either, but is in a far more beautiful country. The teak trees are invaluable for timber, the mango for fruit, the banyan for shelter. Up the hill-sides are noble plantations of cinchona or quinine trees, the famous medicine that banishes fever and ague; and of ipecacuanha, which cures dysentery. Here grows the valuable gutta percha tree; and in gardens, the pepper and the clove and other condiments, rice for the daily food of the Hindoos, and cotton for their clothing. As in other parts of India, cotton spinning and weaving are fine arts. How simple and homely their looms and spindles are, our two pictures will show; but their refined and exquisite textiles deserve the admiration of even Manchester.

Amongst wild animals, the tiger ranks first in interest. It abounds in the jungles of Mysore, and is a constant terror in the country parts. One old tigress has been known to empty thirteen villages, and throw out of cultivation 230 square miles. In 1869 one tiger killed 127 people, and stopped all traffic on a public road for weeks. The natives have a morbid fear of offending these animals, but are very grateful when an Englishman, with a good rifle, shoots a man-eater for them.

In the marshes and jungles are found the Indian rhinoceros, immensely strong and dangerous, the tapir, monkeys of many species, deer, and small creatures, such as the mongoose or ichneumon, and the little fruit-eating loris. Reptiles abound, from boas and pythons to the slender little green tree-snake. Amongst birds, we show the adjutant stork and the weaver-bird's nest.

There are many races of men in the Deccan. We show some leading types of Madrassees and a Brahmin.

In the deep recesses of the forests hide some of the most ancient tribes of India, very black, shy, and cruel; they cannot be civilised or often approached. They are fetish and demon worshippers. The principal languages of Southern India are the Tamil, Telegu, Canarese, and Malayan. Into all these the Bible has been translated, as into Malabar; we give specimens of the characters of two of these.

In 1799, Tippoo Sahib's capital of Seringapatam was taken, and he was slain. In the Indian museum at Kensington may be seen a curious relic of this monarch. A wooden tiger stands over an image of a British soldier; when a handle is turned the jaws of the toy animal move, and the soldier groans. We are told the Sultan Tippo used to listen to this ugly toy with grim pleasure.

Our other subjects are, the great temple at Tritchencore, the ruined seaside temple of Mahabalipoor, and the famous stud of elephants at Tanjore.

The oldest stations of our Mission are at Madras. Hence the name is very familiar and all its associations very dear. May "the little one become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation."

## A Chat about the Hindu Vedas.

By Samuel Gray, of Brighton.

(*Continued from Vol. XI., p.* 87.)



PERHAPS it will be deemed a profitable finish to our chat, if a *good* use be made of that which is *not good;* after the example of the Apostle Paul at Athens, when he made a faultless use of the faulty words of Aratus, the Greek poet. No doubt the poet's words were pantheistic; but Paul took them as he found them, and showed the folly of idol-worship, seeing that men are all "*the offspring of God.*" It is sometimes said that non-Christian worshippers worship according to their *light;* but it should rather be said that they worship according to their *darkness.*

There are words of spurious prayer and praise in the Vedas, which befit the worship of "the only true God," and Jesus Christ, His Son. Let us notice a few, and just one message from a "god."

1. "*Agni, be with us for our weal.*" The child of God wants his Father's presence; the Christian wants his Master's presence. His unselfish cry is, "Be with *us.*" The presence of God and the Lamb means the truest weal of the chosen generation—the peculiar people. "Lord, be with us for our weal," is a suitable prayer for every day.

2. "*Whatever sin, through folly, here in the world of men, we have committed;*

*Before great Aditi make thou us sinless: remit entirely, Agni, our offences.*"

We need to be "unblameable" before God, the great God. There is One who can remit entirely "our offences," even the "one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus." For those who know sin to be sin, an appropriate prayer is suggested by the above request. Let "Agni" read *Jesus,* and "Aditi" read *Jehovah,* and the conscious offender finds these words to be his very own.

3. "*O Satakratu, truly I have made none else my comforter.*" The consolations of God are neither few, nor small, nor for a day or two. Happy is the man who can truly say, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee." Happy is the man who can address the ever-blessed God saying, "Truly I have made none else my Comforter." Can you, dear reader, say *sacredly* to God, what the Hindu says *unsacredly* to Satakratu?

4. "*With mine own heart I commune on the question how Varuna and I may be united?*

"*When may I calmly look and find him gracious?*"

"Varuna" was a mere mental fiction, being the starry expanse, personified. But the Lord of heaven and earth "is, and was, and is to come." He is much honoured when, through grace, the needy sinner communes with himself concerning oneness with Him. Communion is founded in union. Such union and communion was the subject-matter of the prayer of Him who prayed as never man prayed—praying for His well-loved disciples. How they yearn to lift up their faces "calmly" to their God, and to "find Him gracious!"

5. "*If we have sinned against the man who loves us, have ever wronged a brother, friend, or comrade,*

"*The neighbour ever with us, or a stran-*

*ger, O Varuna, remove from us the trespass.*

"*Varuna, let us be thine own beloved.*"

Such petitions are only spoken into the air, when uttered by idolatrous lips. But he that hath the ear of Christ prays thus to good effect. Has "the man who loves us," has a brother, a friend, a comrade, a stranger, or a neighbour been wronged? The trespass can be removed by Him who said of yore, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." And to His "own beloved" is the lofty desire of all the grace-changed sons of men. "Lord Jesus, let me be Thine own beloved."

6. "*United be the thoughts of all, that all may happily agree.*"

"Agni" is represented as addressing a religious assembly thus. There can be little doubt that oneness of judgment, and oneness of heart are the Divine pleasure. "God is not the Author of confusion." Agreement is essential to hearty co-operation. It is both good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity; but to dwell together otherwise is both evil and unpleasant. There is ever a need to endeavour "to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace" It is well for every son of peace to be fully purposed never to disturb the peace; but if disquietude arise, then let him put forth efforts to unite the disunited; and, if he fails, he will have a good conscience.

And now I wipe my pen. If enough has not been said, the reader may be sure of this, that he knows more about the Vedas than millions of Hindus do, who, nevertheless, so much venerate their sacred writings. The reader would emphatically demur to the idea that the true God was worshipped in Vedic times, or is worshipped to-day, according to the misty pantheism of the modern Hindu. When a certain Zemindar asserted to the writer that the god he worshipped was the writer's God, he was speedily and earnestly assured that he was altogether mistaken.

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things!

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and amen!"

## Arrival of the Box of Presents.

SAFE and sound, we fear, will scarcely apply to this package. On Oct. 7th, Mr. Hutchinson reached Koilpati, and found that the box had arrived. But some of the dollies could not stand the sea voyage. They lost their heads, poor things! Some of the toys also were not made to be tossed about on the mighty deep, or by the mighty porters on land. They proved a disappointment, as also the slate pencils. The other things, however, arrived in good condition, among which special mention is made of Mr. H. Adams' beautiful present of colored Scripture pictures. How the dear children will rejoice! And how these will help them to understand the Book of books! Away with all your Shasters and Vedas, before the Christian's Bible, illustrated!

We are pleased to learn from Mr. H.'s diary for October 29th, that he packed and sent parcels of goods selected from the box to our missionaries at St. Thomas's Mount, Poonamallee, and Pursawalkam. It seems that he had previously sent to Mr. Noble, at Jaffna, what he thought would be most useful to him; for he refers to a letter he had just received from Mr. N., expressing his thanks for "this very timely gift, having been in want of cloth, but had not the means for purchasing the same."

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# The Olive Branch

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VOL. XII., No. 139. **FEBRUARY, 1897.** ONE HALFPENNY.




### An Answered Prayer.

WE do not mean to tell you that *that* is an unusual thing. God *always* answers true prayer; but then we have to wait *His* time, and that may sometimes be long.

The man who prayed, and who had his prayer answered, about whom we want to tell you, was named Venkara. He lived in a part of India called the Telugu Country; you can easily find it in the map.

Although he was a heathen, and had never heard the name of Jesus, there had come into his mind a longing for something better than the religion of his own false gods. He was not happy; how could he get happiness? and then about death—he knew he should have to die; was there anything beyond, and *what?*

These questions were in his mind, when one day he heard that in a town not far off a white man had been preaching, and he had said that there was one true God who had made all things, and who knew all things, and that He would be found of those who sought Him. Why, this was just what Venkara wanted, so his poor aching heathen heart grasped eagerly at the white man's truth, and framed to the unknown God this simple prayer: "O God, who art Thou? where art Thou? Show me Thyself."

Then, night and day, from that Indian home, the prayer went up to the great Father in heaven.

Time passed on, and Venkara next overheard some men reading a small book (it was a Christian book) which had fallen into their hands, and as he listened he gathered that this great God to whom he had been praying was also a Saviour. This truth, too, he accepted, and henceforth his prayer ran thus: "O God the Saviour, who art Thou? where art Thou? Show me Thyself."

So he prayed and waited, and presently a fresh ray of light came to him. A friend of his had met a Christian's funeral, and he had told him how instead of heathen rites and noisy lamentation, all was calm and quiet, and there was such a peaceful look on the mourners' faces as could only come from a hope beyond the grave.

Venkara sighed. "Can it be so?" he cried; "Oh that I could know!" and yet more earnestly he prayed, "O God the Saviour, show me Thyself."

Do you think that God did not hear? Ah! His loving heart was longing to reveal Himself. He was only waiting till Venkara's soul was ready for the fulness of the blessing.

Then Venkara fell sick of the cholera. "It is the vengeance of the gods," the neighbours said; for they knew he had lost his trust in these dumb idols. But he got better, and soon after he made a thirty miles' journey to the sacred river Krishna. Not that he believed what others believed,—that one plunge in its waters would wash away the sins of the past life.

Hundreds of pilgrims were there, and he watched them sadly. "No, no!" he said, when they urged him to dip too, "I want a cleansing better than that; I want God the Saviour."

Not far off there lived a missionary. Venkara heard of him, and went and knocked at the door. But the man who opened it was a heathen, and he shut it quickly and would not listen.

Venkara was almost in despair, but still he prayed, "O God the Saviour, show me Thyself." At this moment the missionary himself opened the door, and beheld the strange visitor—praying.

You may guess the rest; God's time had come, and the long thirsty soul drank in the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ. Venkara found there *was* a fountain opened for sin better than the waters of the Krishna, and he washed and was made clean. And Venkara rejoiced and was glad. Let us pray Venkara's prayer, and we shall surely get Venkara's answer.

## "This do in Remembrance of Me."

[The following brief paper was written as a tract for distribution to the members of our Mission Churches in India. It has been forwarded to our Superintendent with instructions to translate, print and circulate.—ED.]

JUST before the Lord Jesus was about to suffer and to die, He kept the Passover for the last time with His disciples. The paschal lamb represented His sufferings; but now that He was about to lay down His life as a sin offering, and make a full and complete atonement once for all, other sacrifices must cease, because "Christ our Passover, is sacrificed for us." A new ordinance was therefore instituted, suited to Gospel times. Hence we read (Luke xxii. 19,) that Jesus "took bread, and gave thanks, and brake, and gave unto them, saying, This is My body, which is given for you; this do in remembrance of Me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the New Testament in My blood, which is shed for you."

This ordinance is very simple, but its meaning is most important

1. *In relation to Christ.* "He took *bread.*" His disciples would remember

that He said, "I am the bread of life." As the Israelites were fed with manna from heaven, so "The bread of God is He who cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world." But, further, Jesus "*gave thanks.*" What a wondrous mystery is here! He was no unwilling Sufferer. His language was, "Lo, I come, to do Thy will, O God!" and if He with all His sufferings in view, could lift His eyes to heaven and give thanks, how much more should we rejoice who receive the benefits of His sufferings and death! Then Jesus *broke* the bread, to shew that He was to be "bruised for our iniquities; that He was to be, as it were, torn asunder on the cross; yet the scripture which saith "a *bone* of Him shall not be broken," was fulfilled to the very letter. "Bread corn is bruised," (Isa. xxviii. 28) or ground in a mill, and is afterwards baked, that it may become the staff of life—fit emblems these of the crushing sorrows and the fiery ordeal through which the Saviour passed, that He might become the food of *faith*, the staff of life everlasting. Hence, in considering the meaning of the ordinance,

2. *In relation to ourselves*, we notice that another Evangelist—Matthew (xxvi. 26) records that the Saviour said, "*Take, eat:* this is My body;" which reminds us that Christ must be received by faith, according to His own declaration, "He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me." (Matt. xxv. 26.) We must not interpret these words literally, as the Roman Catholics do, and as the cavilling Jews of old did. (John vi. 52.) The meaning is plainly given by the Apostle, who says, "The life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the *faith of the Son of God*, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

"Likewise also the cup after supper" was a symbol of "the blood of the New Testament (or covenant), shed for many, for the remission of sins." Christ "poured out His soul unto death," that we might "have life." "He was numbered with the transgressors," that we might be numbered with the saints. Let us again remember that Jesus was a voluntary sufferer; He lifted up His eyes to heaven and said, "Father the hour is come." Though He shrank from the awful load of our iniquities, and the punishment He had engaged to bear; though He even prayed, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me;" yet He added, "Not My will, but Thine be done." He drank the cup of wrath, that we might receive the cup of blessing. Hence the Apostle says, "The cup of blessing, which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?"

As, therefore, the bread which we eat, and the wine which we drink, become part of ourselves, while they strengthen our bodies and sustain our life; so by trusting in Christ's atonement, and loving Him in return for His great love to us, we receive Him into our hearts by faith, He becomes the "Life" of our souls, and we become like Him; for as He is, so are we in this world. We are "partakers of the Divine nature, having escaped the corruption which is in the world through lust."

3. The Lord's supper also has an aspect even *in relation to the world:* for the Apostle says, "As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come."

Who, then, should observe this solemn ordinance? With the New Testament before us, we answer:—Professed disciples

of Christ, who have been baptized, who are in church-fellowship, and whose lives are regulated by the precepts of the Gospel. "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup" (1 Cor. xi. 28,) discerning the Lord's body, trusting in His finished work, renouncing all confidence in the flesh, and "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

May only such surround the communion tables of our churches, and may their numbers be largely increased.

JOSIAH BRISCOE.

## "All the World."

### No. 4.—JAPAN.

THE word Japan brings to mind visions of all that is rare, curious, and artistic in man's handiwork.

Not many years ago, Japan was a land of mystery; Europeans were forbidden to travel, or, indeed, to land, except at a few treaty ports. To-day it is the most advanced and most enterprising of all Asiatic nations.

The empire of Japan is a long chain of about 4,000 islands, reaching from Kamschatka to Formosa. Of these, only four are large enough to be described; these have an area of 160,000 square miles, and a population of 35,000,000. Many of these isles are of rare beauty; the vegetation is sub-tropical; the seas, bays, cliffs, and headlands, are almost unequalled for natural scenery.

Here and there on the rocky backbone of the centre of the islands are volcanoes of great size and height. We give an illustration of one of these, called Fusi Yama, a snow-capped peak, to which the Japanese make pilgrimages. It is 12,400 feet high, and is visible for 100 miles. Aso-sau, another crater, is 12 miles in circumference.

Earthquakes are common; the Japanese therefore build slight, but convenient, houses of bamboo and paper. Storms, cyclones, and waterspouts are frequent.

The southern islands have a climate resembling that of the south of France, and the northern ones that of Scotland.

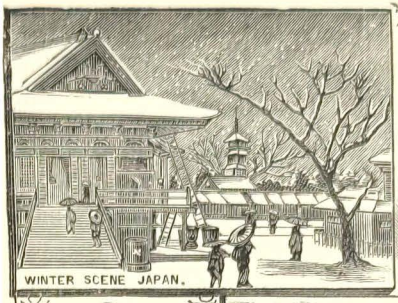
Rice, wheat, and millet, and most fruits are carefully cultivated. The mulberry tree is especially important; paper, cordage, and articles of dress are made from it. But the bamboo is of still greater value: from it are built houses, often enriched with exquisite carvings; sails for the largest ships are made from it, besides screens, boxes, and fans of tiniest and loveliest design. It furnishes also spoons, cooking vessels, water-pipes, and writing pens. The young shoots of the bamboo are cooked as a great dainty.

Another useful tree is the camphor, the bark of which, cut in small pieces and boiled, yields the well-known fragrant gum.

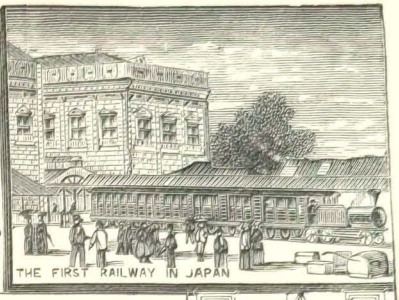
The great pines, some of them 200 feet high, are seen in several of our pictures; they are the commonest of Japanese trees.

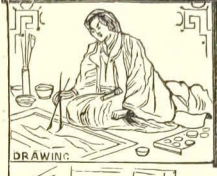
Tea, differing slightly from that of China, but of great delicacy and flavour, is grown, and fetches very high prices. The flowers and plants of Japan are more varied and beautiful than those of any other temperate country. In English gardens the large number of striking flowers with the word "Japonica" added to their name would tell us this.

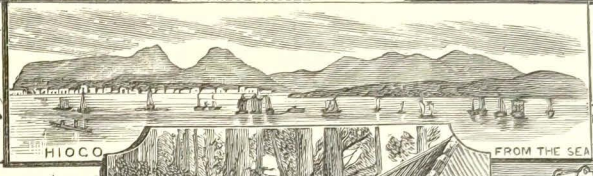
# JAPAN


WINTER SCENE JAPAN.

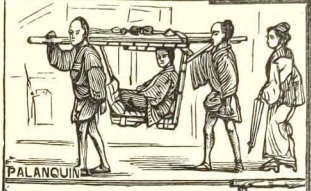

JAPANESE NOBLE

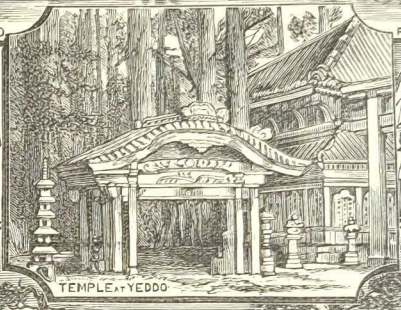

THE FIRST RAILWAY IN JAPAN

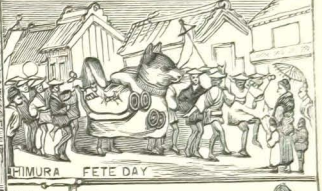

DRAWING.

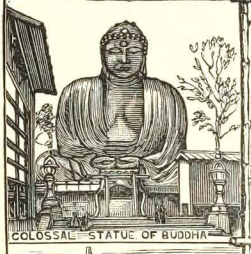

HIOGO


FROM THE SEA AN EDITOR.


PALANQUIN

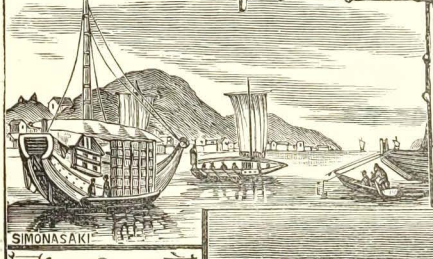

TEMPLE AT YEDDO


HIMURA FETE DAY

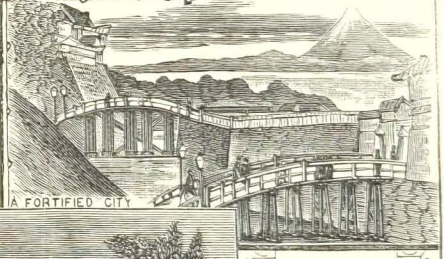

COLOSSAL STATUE OF BUDDHA


OSACA

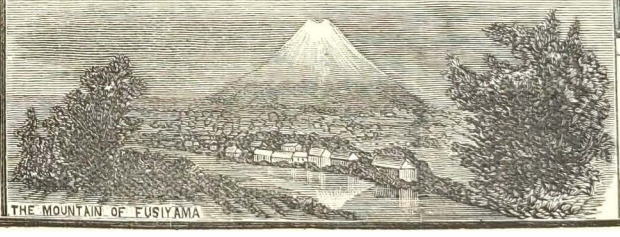

OFFICER & SOLDIERS


SIMONASAKI


JAPANESE SILKWORM


A FORTIFIED CITY


ENGRAVING


THE MOUNTAIN OF FUSIYAMA


BURNISHING.

The gardens of Japan are works of art. Miniature oaks and pines a yard high, with fish-ponds, rockeries, shell paths, and bamboo carpentry, make a charming and fantastic garden in a space of a few square feet. Out of straw the Japanese make coats and hats for rainy weather; whilst walls, windows, pocket-handkerchiefs, and umbrellas, are made of paper!

They are excellent potters. In Europe we have learned to prize highly Satsuma and Kioto ware, and also the beautiful egg-shell pottery, all of which are sold in Japan at very moderate prices. Japanese bronzes are still more famous. In our museums there are Japanese models and castings of figures and animals of wonderful delicacy. In lacquer work and enamel they also excel. In fact, in Japan every workman is an artist. Their paintings and book illustrations are wonderfully truthful and inventive. The outline is vigorous, and the colours brilliant, but harmonious. Notice in our picture little outlines of Japanese artists writing, painting, and printing from drawings made by themselves. The Japanese editor sits on the floor, and takes things easy,—quite unlike our English editors.

The wild animals of Japan are the bear, wolf, and wild boar; the fox, monkey, badger, and squirrel. The birds include the eagle, hawk, heron, pheasant, and stork; the later bird is the symbol of long life.

The minerals found in Japan are gold, silver, lead, iron, petroleum, and coal.

The religions of Japan are mainly two: Shintoism, the old national faith, and Buddhism; though both are much less followed than formerly, and the true religion of Christ is spreading, we are happy to say. The temples are very wealthy and numerous. In the town of Kioto alone, there are said to be 93 Shinto and 935 Buddhist temples. We give an illustration of a colossal bronze idol there.

Kioto, the religious capital and the queen of Japanese cities (see our view,) is connected by river with Osaka (also illustrated.) We give an illustration drawn by a native artist of a Japanese railway station.

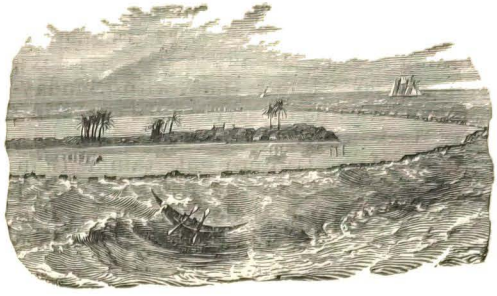
The harbours also are full of steamers, both native and foreign. Several lines of steamers ply regularly from port to port; from Nagasaki in the south, to Tokio and Yokohama.

The history of Japan goes back to very ancient times; accurate records have been preserved for 900 years. But the greatest era in the national life was the revolution of 1863, when the Mikado again became the active governor of Japan, and the Tycoon and his feudal chiefs were set aside. A government was then formed on European models, and now a regular parliament meets at Tokio.

May Japan continue to prosper! May her industrious, orderly, skilful people quickly embrace the true faith in Christ, which has already spread widely among them; so that they may become also the most righteous, pure, and peaceful kingdom in the East.

## The Famine in India

HAS now assumed alarming proportions: but we trust that the Relief Fund which is headed by Her Majesty the Queen, and which is growing by thousands of pounds day by day, will in some measure mitigate the terrible calamity. We are glad to learn that the Madras Presidency is not affected by it.



## The Coral-Builders.

THE sea is smooth as glass, and bluer, perhaps, than we have ever seen it. We are amongst the Friendly Islands, or the Society, or the Sandwich Islands, for either would give us the same picture. On the shore of one of them before us, the waves are gently breaking in a long line of snow-white foam, above which the cocoa-nut bends, while tree-ferns and other lovely green things lie behind. But a little way from the coast, so still is the sea and so smooth, it might be "the sea of glass" of which we read in the Revelation.

But we go to sleep for a thousand years or so; then wake up, rub our eyes, and look about us. The picture is not the same, though we are in the same spot. The stillness is gone. There are rocky places rising out of the sea, against which the waves chafe and toss, and lo! actually there is an island—a small one, it is true, but green and fertile,—and there are bright flowers on it, and one graceful palm is drooping over the water. Whence came the little isle? what mean the rocks? since neither were there before.

The coral-builders have done it. The work is theirs. Below the surface of the sea they have been toiling, till, slowly, very slowly, little by little, bit by bit, the edifice rises above the waves. Then some sand and soil fill up the corners, some seeds are cast up, they grow and spread, and thus by degrees the coral reef becomes one of the islands of the sea. Do you know anything like this? Does it not put you in mind of the missionaries and *their* work? It does me. When, years ago, Christians first remembered that the heathen had souls to be lost or saved, and good men went out to teach them, was there much result? No; the surface was still, the sea was smooth, there was no noise of waves: as yet, though the *work* was going on, it had not risen into sight, and nobody knew that the coral-builders' toil was telling after all.

In one place—it was in China—for ten long years the missionary had laboured without a single convert. "What use?" said the friends at home; "give it up, and go and preach elsewhere." "Let me alone this year," was his reply, "and then after that ——" But before the year was ended there were *two* converts. The coral reef was rising into sight; and in a few years there were sixteen hundred Christians in that heathen city! So you see what a good thing it is not to be in a hurry, but to wait God's time for blessing. The work which begins deep down and out of sight is sure to be the best in the end.

Do the coral-builders put you in mind of anything else? They do me. *You*, little missionary collectors, *you* are like them. The lowest and most insignificant creatures are those workers beneath the sea; but they toil in company, and see the result—a coral reef and a coral island, reared by themselves alone! It may not be much you can do singly; a penny given is very humble, you think; but together, as a family, a school, an auxiliary, who can say how great the help?

If it were not for the money sent in to the missionary societies by the *children*, so many fewer men, so many fewer Bibles could be sent, so many fewer souls would hear of the Saviour.

Yes, a penny given to the Lord Jesus, and blessed by Him, is indeed multiplied many times. Will you save your pennies, and even your farthings, for Him and His cause—that penny you earned for running

an errand; the other, perhaps, for holding a gentleman's horse; or part of your weekly allowance, or a portion of that nice birthday present? Drop it into the box, follow it with a prayer, and you will be like the little coral-builders, working out of sight, but helping to rear a beautiful edifice, even God's Temple. M.

## The Tinnevelly.

JOTTINGS BY ERNEST A. BOOTH.

OCTOBER.

*General.* — Tamil every day, Sundays excepted.

*Sunday, 4th.*—Open-air service at 6.30 a.m. in main road. Only a few stayed to listen, but they were attentive to my remarks on "I am the Light of the world." Distributed tracts at close of service.

Morning service, 16 adults, 14 children present. Text, Psa. cxix. 80. Conducted Sunday School. Afternoon service, 8 present. Text, Isa. i. 18.

*Tuesday, 6th.*—Agents' Pay Meeting. Addressed them from, "His servants ye are to whom ye obey."

*Sunday, 11th.*—Open-air service outside Bandy Chuttram. Mr. Hutchinson preached both at this and at the morning service. Conducted Sunday-school; preached in afternoon from the words, "The Prince of Peace." In company with Mr. Hutchinson, walked through village, distributing tracts.

*16th.*—Went into village with interpreter, and got into conversation with one or two men concerning religion; was thus occupied for about an hour and a half.

*17th.*—Walked into village and entered into conversation with a merchant. About a dozen people gathered as I spoke to him about God and sin.

*Sunday, 18th.*—Open-air service: fair audience: text, "The Lord reigneth." Morning Service, 12 adults present; text, Eph. iv. 25. Short time with Sunday-school. Afternoon service, 12 present; text, Mark ix. 27.

*20th.*—Magic Lantern entertainment in Western Verandah; 20 adults and 30 children present. Slides shown—"The Prodigal Son," and various. Audience appreciated pictures.

*23rd.*—Distributed tracts and had a talk with two men about God.

*Sunday 25th.*—Open-air preaching outside Bandy Chuttrum: fair number stopped to listen to remarks on, "If thou knewest the gift of God."

Morning service: 17 adults present; text, 1 Pet. iii. 21. Talked to Sunday-school boys. Afternoon service, few present; text, Psa. cxxxix. 10.

*28th.*—Went into village with interpreter, and got into conversation with two men; others soon gathered around, and I had a rather interesting talk.

*30th.*—Distributed tracts in village.

NOVEMBER.

*Tamil.*—With the exception of one day (on which I went to Tuticorin for Agents' salaries) I have studied each day.

*Preaching Services.*—These have been conducted by Mr. Hutchinson and myself each Sunday, both in the School-room and in the open-air.

*Agents' Pay Meeting.*—Rather interesting this month as I had the distribution of articles out of box sent from England to attend to. All were eagerly received.

*General.*—Each Sunday I have had a short talk with boys of the Sunday-school. On a few evenings have walked through village and distributed tracts. On one occasion I conducted magic lantern entertainment.

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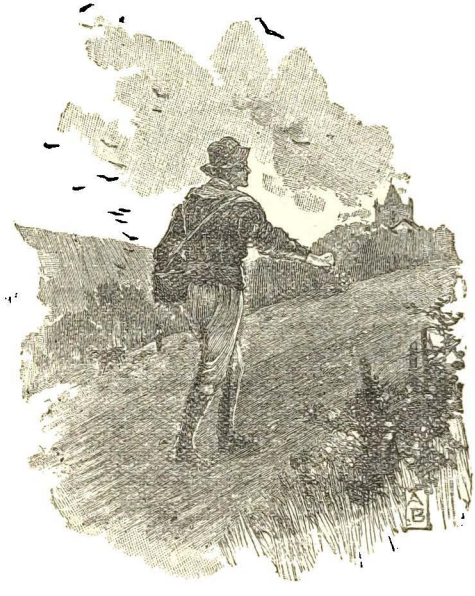
J. Briscoe, Printer, 18, 20 & 22, Banner Street, Finsbury, E.C.

# The Olive Branch

## A Monthly Record OF THE WORK OF THE Strict Baptist Mission.

*Subscriptions or Donations to the Mission will be thankfully received, and Collecting Boxes or Cards supplied by the Hon. Secretaries:* Mr. Josiah Briscoe, 58, *Grosvenor Road, Highbury New Park, London, N.*; Mr. I. R. Wakelin, 33, *Robert Street, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.*; *and* Mr. F. J. Catchpole, 11, *Jerningham Road, New Cross, S.E.*

Vol. XII., No. 140. **MARCH, 1897.** One Halfpenny.

### Sowers.

TOO often unconsciously, but nevertheless really, we are all sowers. Youth especially is the seed time of life. Make the most of your opportunities, young folks; you may never have them again. Be attentive, industrious, respectful, and obliging; let these four seeds be mixed together, and sow them day by day: you will not have to wait long for the harvest.

"Kind words can never die,"

used to be a favourite lyric. I have sometimes wondered whether as much can be said of *cross* words. I hope not. Let these be forgotten. "Write injuries in dust—kindnesses in marble," says the old proverb.

Have we not sometimes wished in vain that we could recall a hasty word we have spoken? Ah! it is like a seed wafted by the winds. Who can tell its destiny? Let us adopt the petition of the Psalmist, "Set a watch, O Lord, upon my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

How much good we may do, if we seek to forget self, and think of others! In every-day life—

"Let us scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by and bye."

You little girls can thread a needle for grandma, or fetch something which would save her a journey. Or you can read to her an interesting book, or a chapter in

the Bible, which she could not do without the aid of spectacles, and then perhaps with difficulty. Thus you will be sowing good seed. And then—

As birthdays come and go,
And years shall pass away,
The seed which now you sow,
You'll reap another day.

The boys, too, are sowers. Sometimes we hear of sowing "wild oats." Oh! beware of this: for the Bible says, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "*Only this once*" is a very plausible plea; but it is as dangerous as plausible. How many have dated their ruin to thus yielding to temptation! Conscience, like a faithful friend, at first, remonstrates; but if you silence her repeatedly she will cease to admonish you.

We know not who is the author of the following lines; but they are worth treasuring, as a warning to those who are trifling with conscience.

"Good-bye," I said to my conscience,
"Good-bye for aye and aye;"
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away:
And conscience, sorely smitten,
Returned not from that day.

"But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace;
And I cried, "Come back, my conscience,
I long to see thy face."
But conscience cried: "I cannot—
Remorse sits in my place!"

But let us use the figure in another sense, remembering that something must precede sowing. The field must be ploughed, to prepare it to receive the seed. Hence the Lord Jesus in His beautiful and instructive parable of the Sower, (Matthew xiii.) speaks of four kinds of ground, or four classes of hearers.

The sower here is one who teaches or preaches the Gospel. "*The sower soweth the word,*"—which is elsewhere described as the incorruptible seed." Thus ministers, teachers, missionaries, take the seed-basket of Divine truth, and scatter the seed broadcast.

In some cases it falls on the *wayside*, where the gospel plough has never been—the hard stony heart of the careless and indifferent, who hear only to forget, or who intend to think of these things at "a more convenient season," which never comes. "Then cometh the evil one, and catches away that which was sown in their hearts." Some there may be even among this class of hearers, to whom the preacher is as "one that hath a pleasant voice." They criticise his style, and are familiar with Scripture history; they can even dispute as to doctrine: but the good seed lies on the surface—their knowledge is simply historical, their acquaintance with divine things is but superficial: there is no depth, no experience, no love, no root, no life.

"*Stony places*" also receive the seed, and there it seems to have taken root. We might mention the stones of prejudice, love of sin, unbelief, and hardness of heart. But when the scorching sun of persecution, arises, or the cross has to be taken up, it withers away; nay, even the shafts of ridicule, or the finger of scorn soon cause it to die.

With others the case is somewhat different. They receive the seed, but it is sown "*among* thorns:"—the business, the cares, or the pleasures of life "choke the word." Such persons put on religion

and lay it aside with their Sunday clothes again, till the day of rest returns. Religion is not wanted by them behind the counter, in the market, or on 'change; and by degrees it is banished even on the Lord's day. The deceitfulness of riches, chokes the word. The seed, has been sown in vain.

But there is yet another class of hearers, namely, "those who receive the seed into the *good ground*," or into "an honest and good heart." Notice that there must be some affinity between the seed and the ground. The seed is "good," and the ground must be made "good." In the old creation, God pronounced every thing "very good." But man disobeyed, and lost the image of God; and the earth which now bears thorns and briers, having been cursed for man's sin, is an illustration of the heart of man, which of itself yields nothing but weeds. The fallow ground of the heart, therefore, needs to be broken up. God's righteous law is used by the Holy Spirit to plough up the ground, to prepare it to receive the good seed. And after the seed has been sown it must be watered by the showers of heavenly grace, to cause it to take deep root in the heart, and yield fruit unto everlasting life.

Let us search and examine ourselves, whether ours is a vital religion, seated in the heart, and bearing fruit in the life both towards God and men. The patriarch Job passed through great affliction, and sustained heavy losses and sore bereavement: but, after all, he was enabled to say, "The *root* of the matter is found in me." So may it be with us.

In conclusion, let us remark that the result is not dependent on the sower. The vital principle is in the seed as accompanied by God's blessing. This is an encouragement even to the humblest worker, and should be borne in mind with reference to our native preachers and teachers in India. Their knowledge is very limited, and their gifts are small, but God's word is "living and powerful." He can and does bless it even where there are *no teachers* to explain its sacred mysteries: for much of it is so plain that "he may run that reads;" and the way of salvation is so simple, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein."

"Waft, waft ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign."

EDITOR.



## Driven Away.

EUTIKA was a native of Bengal, and by trade a weaver. He was a strict idolater. One day a Christian tract was given to him: when he read it he began to think that his

religion must be wrong; and that if he could get more of the little books they would teach him the right way to heaven. He obtained others, and was so pleased with them, that he went among his friends, to tell them about the good news.

He then left his home, and travelled to Serampore, to find out the missionaries who gave the tracts away. It was a long way to go, but he arrived safely at the place. He went up and down the streets, but could not find where the missionaries lived. He called at the house of a great man, thinking he might be able to tell him; but the doorkeeper seized him by the neck, and drove him from the yard. He was very sorry that he could not find the servants of Yisoo Chreest (Jesus Christ), and at last was obliged to go back to his village, having spent all his money.

Still his mind was not at rest: the tracts had shown him the folly of bowing down to idols, and he longed to know more of the true way of salvation. After some months had passed away, he left his home again, along with two friends, whose minds had also been impressed by the tracts. They walked to Serampore, and asked for the place where the new shastres (or books) were printed.

It was so that they came near the door of the mission-house, and as a Brahmin heard them inquiring for the Christian teachers, he began to dispute with them. This caused a noise to be made, which was heard by a native assistant passing by: and he led them into the house.

Futika was full of joy, and he and his friends remained in the place five days. The tracts Futika carried home with him were his delight: he was so intent in reading them, that he almost forgot to eat. His mother, sister, and friends now began to show their rage: and the headman of the village collected a mob, and went one day to his house.

It was the Christian Sabbath, and Futika was at prayer, when the people rushed in, bound his hands, and dragged him into the road. All the men, women, and children of the village now ran to the spot. Some hissed at him, and mocked, others threw dust on him, and rubbed his eyes, and stopped his ears with mud. "If you will worship the gods," they said, "we will let you go." But no, Futika would no more give his heart to idolatry.

The crowd took away his Testament, which the missionaries had given him, and tore it up: then rushing into his house they seized his much-loved tracts, and destroyed them also. This was a sad loss to Futika; still he remained firm and patient under their insults. Finding they could not terrify him, they next dragged him to the idol temple, and tied him to a pillar; and here he remained until the evening, when he was set at liberty.

After this, Futika left his village, and went to live at Serampore, where he was engaged in the service of the Mission.

Many years have passed since Futika was brought to the knowledge of Jesus Christ through the reading of tracts: since then millions of these publications have been given away to poor idolaters in different parts of the world, and many have been the delightful instances of the spiritual good done by them. We should pray that God would increasingly bless their circulation, to lead the heathen to the Lord Jesus Christ, whose blood cleanseth from all sin.

## "All the World."

### No. 5.—CHINA.



HINA is called the "Flowery Land" and the "Celestial Empire," and there is much beauty in its varied scenery, and in the variety of its productions. It is of enormous extent, being more than twenty times the size of England and Wales. It contains more than one and a quarter millions of square miles, and has nearly every variety of soil and climate.

This country too is very thickly peopled, more so perhaps than any other in the world. It is calculated that the Chinese form one-third of the whole human race; that is to say, there are in China about three hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants. The whole world is said to contain about a thousand million people.

To a European their countenances are inexpressive. Their complexion is yellow, and their eyes are narrow and obliquely set. The men wear their long black hair twisted into a pigtail behind, while they shave the top and front of their heads. The women have an old and very foolish habit of distorting and stopping the growth of their feet, which gives them a tottering and very clumsy walk.

The people have many good and admirable qualities which we may well imitate. They are very industrious, and by their great perseverance execute most delicate and exquisite works of art. They are also frugal, for in the crowded cities the greater number are very poor. Still they are always cheerful and obedient to law. The children are dutiful to their parents in an extraordinary degree, and submit cheerfully to any punishments laid upon them.

The Chinese, however, are very guilty of falsehood, and see no wrong in deceptions and adulterations of all kinds. Many of their laws are very cruel, and their natures become hardened by witnessing tortures inflicted at which a sensitive nature would shudder. They put to death, in many cases, their female children, and some travellers tell most heart-rending tales of this cruel custom.

They have at least three great religions. The principal one was founded by Confucius, a wise man who lived five hundred years before Christ, and who to this day is greatly reverenced in China. But their religion is, alas! a formal and dead thing, and has little influence on their daily lives. They worship idols and burn incense and *paper money* before them, both in their temples, and in their own houses.

Their great manufactures are tea, silk, and porcelain, of which large quantities are sent to Europe and America. The tea shrub is a native of China. The various kinds of black and green tea depend upon the time when the leaves are picked, and the way in which they are prepared. The Chinese are, however, skilful in adulterating and colouring inferior kinds of tea, to imitate superior sorts; and it is said that they never drink the same kind of tea they send to us, whom they call "barbarians."

We owe a debt of gratitude, however, to our Chinese brothers for the tea they send us. Alas! that England should send them opium in return. We trust that, when you grow older, you will always oppose the opium traffic, until England shall have done her duty in this matter.


CHINA

The Chinese are great builders. Their houses are built much of wood, and even of bamboo canes; but they are very pretty, convenient, and inexpensive. They can also build in stone, and the Great Wall of China, which extends along the whole north of the country and separates it from Tartary, has always been accounted one of the wonders of the world. It was built two hundred years before Christ, and crosses mountains five thousand feet high. There are many towers and platforms on it, and in some places double walls.

The Chinese junks are large wooden ships with bamboo sails, suited for rivers and harbours, but ill-adapted for the stormy seas.

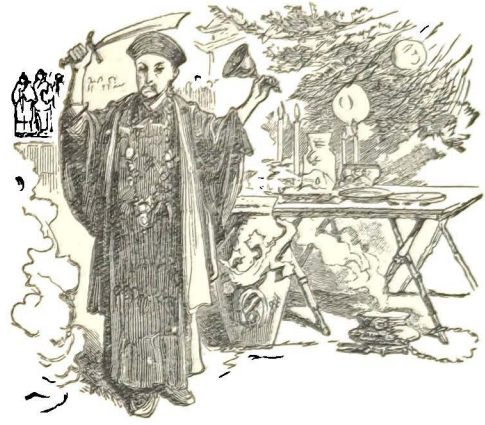
The Chinese are very clever in designing and making bronzes, enamel, and porcelain; in fact, they are said to have invented this last beautiful ware. Their porcelain is very white, thin, and exquisitely coloured. Their designs are very quaint and childish, but full of lovely colours and rich design.

They also cultivate the mulberry tree, and raise large numbers of silkworms, and weave crapes and silks. The Empress herself, one day in the year, goes through the ceremony of planting a mulberry tree, and attending to the silkworms, to set an example of industry to her poor subjects.

The birds and animals of China are very peculiar and beautiful. In the picture are shown the lovely golden and silver pheasants, specimens of which you can see in our Zoological Gardens. The comical little mandarin duck is also there, and the fishing cormorant.

We have also in the engraving a very odd fish, which catches flies by squirting a drop of water. The Chinese keep these fish as pets in globes and aquaria. Gold and silver fish also come from China.

The scene at the bottom of the picture is taken from the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang.



## Treading the Fire.

THE Chinese have many feasts in honour of their idols: one of these is called "Treading the Fire."

At the close of the rainy season, a spot is chosen in the midst of trees, far away from any road. Here they build a temple, and offer worship to "The ruler of the black heavens."

Various idols are placed in the temple, before which they burn sweet-smelling wood and candles; and then offer them ducks, fowls, fruit, and sweetmeats to eat. On one side of a long table they place a cooked pig, and on the other side a roasted goat.

Inside the temple the worshippers cast themselves on the ground, and beg their gods to tell them their future fortune.

Outside is a noisy throng, some eating, others laughing or quarrelling, and many others smoking their pipes with the greatest unconcern.

A platform is built, on which hired female performers sing and strut about. This is done, they say, not to please the people, but to entertain the gods while they are dining on what has been provided.

On an open lawn before the temple is a large charcoal fire, about fifty feet round, and more than a foot deep.

Here is another table covered with food for the gods, with more candles and incense, before which a priest stands, ringing a bell, blowing a horn, or brandishing a sword. Then he steps forward, and throws salt and rice into the fire, as a charm.

After this, with bare feet and head, he walks round the fire, strikes it with his sword, and then rushes through it three times, by which the people suppose he subdues the evil spirits they dread, and pleases the gods they adore.

The crowd every now and then are forced to remove to a greater distance, lest their faces should be scorched.

When the priest retires into the temple, out rush a line of young men, with bare feet and loose hair: some carry idols, others have incense-pots, and other flags. They all run through the fire, and back again, a second and a third time, while the crowd of people stand around, and others climb the trees to witness the ceremony. The idols and flags are then carried back to the temple.

A missionary was present on one of these occasions, and saw one man lose his balance, or his courage, and fall into the fire. The man soon jumped out, but the poor idol god which he had in his hand remained in the fire, where it would soon have been burned, had not a bystander pulled it out. How foolish to trust in such a poor wooden god, that could not help itself out of the fire!

Another man was thrown down in the confusion, and swooned away. The crowd took him by his arms and legs, carried him into the temple, and sent for the priest, who blew his horn, and struck the ground with a rope, to no purpose. They then gave the man a cup of tea, and he shortly recovered.

When they had done treading the fire, it was found that the priest and the young man were sadly burned. They were, however, well paid with money; and, besides, they thought they had shown their zeal for their religion, and had done a great service on behalf of the people.

Missionaries have written several tracts, which they now give away at these feasts. The tracts show the deluded Chinese that their sinful practices not only hurt the body, but ruin the soul. These little books also tell them of Jesus, the Divine Saviour, who died for the ungodly, and whose blood alone can atone for guilt, and cleanse from sin. Since these tracts were first given away, many have owned that the feast is foolish and useless; but others keep on in their evil ways. We must send them more tracts, and pray for them.

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J. Briscoe, Printer, 18, 20 & 22, Banner Street, Finsbury, E.C.

# The Olive Branch

A Sound Scriptural Magazine,

FOR + OUR + SUNDAY + SCHOOLS + AND + FAMILIES.

VOL. XII., No. 141. **APRIL, 1897.** ONE HALFPENNY.


## A Surprise!

### A CHANGE, AND YET NO CHANGE.

FOR a long time, the Editor has had a desire to enlarge the scope of his Magazine,—nay, it was *not his*, or he would have done so. Originally *The Olive Branch* was his own venture, and was carried on by him, though at a loss. But his object was to make known the aims, and advocate the claims of the Strict Baptist Mission, and to infuse fresh interest in its work, copious details of which were given month by month. It had not existed long, however, before the Mission desired to adopt it, and thus remove the pecuniary burden from the Editor, whose services were always gratuitous. At the same time, the Magazine was enlarged, pictorial illustrations were introduced, and the deficit thus naturally increased, was sustained by the Mission. But though *nominally* a burden, it was doubtless the means of increasing its funds; for, by reference to the balance-sheet for 1884 (the year before *The Olive Branch* was established,) we find that the total subscriptions amounted to £494, while the amount collected last year was £982. How much of this increase is due to the influence of *The Olive Branch* will never be known; but, with all humility, we accredit ourselves with a portion of this.

Latterly, however, as our subscribers are aware, there has been but little Missionary Intelligence. Unexpected changes have taken place, and one crisis has been followed by another. But having been relieved of the painful duty of making known these things to his readers, the Editor leaves the Committee to furnish their own statement. They feel that, so far as the Mission is concerned, there is no further necessity for *The Olive Branch* at present; the Editor, therefore, announces, though with deep regret, that his Magazine is no longer the organ of the Strict Baptist Mission. But he has the pleasure of informing his readers that he intends to carry it on as a monthly magazine for the young people of our Baptist Sunday-schools and families. Its size will remain the same, but its contents will be more varied. It will be the Editor's earnest aim to make it bright and attractive; and he hopes that the ministers of our churches, and the superintendents and teachers of our schools will regard it as their *own* magazine, send occasional con-

tributions, and help to extend its influence; for it will need an increased circulation to preserve the Editor from actual loss. Missionary Intelligence will still appear in its pages; that of the Mission it has so long represented will be welcomed as usual.

Thus there will be *a change*—we trust for the better in many respects,—and yet *no change*, either as regards its Editor or the principles advocated by *The Olive Branch*.

The present number has been hastily got up; for the resolution passed by the Committee so recently as the 12th of March, was as great a surprise to the Editor as it will be to any of his readers, whose forbearance he craves till his arrangements are matured. It will, however, be an unwelcome change to the Editor, to sustain a loss, month by month; but he appeals to his earnest supporters to prevent this, by largely increasing the circulation. He leaves this matter in their hands, and concludes with a Parable, which he thinks will enable even his younger readers to understand his position.

## Little Miss Olive:

### HER PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

*(A Parable.)*

LIKE all children, Olive was very little at first. Some considered her a "*dear*" little thing; others thought she was "little and good," and by degrees she endeared herself to many.

In course of time it was suggested that she should go out to service. Her father, who was not a wealthy man, accepted the offer, and her improved appearance fully justified the wisdom of this proceeding. There was a large family, however, to please. But it is something to her credit to say, that she continued in one situation for more than seven years. She studied their interests, kept their secrets, and worked well for them. But important changes have recently occurred; and now, feeling that they cannot afford to keep a servant any longer, they have discharged her without notice!

The news of this almost killed her; but she has returned to her father again, who thinks he can employ her in a more extensive sphere.

He sees no reason to cast her off; but considers this abrupt dismissal an indication that her influence should be extended. She has suffered by confining her attention too much to one subject; now her mission will be enlarged, and he trusts she will become a blessing wherever she goes. Who will help to make her better known, and assist in her work of faith and labour of love?

## The Missionary Spirit is Godlike.

THE angel who announced to the shepherds the birth of Jesus revealed the missionary purpose of Heaven in the words, "Which shall be unto *all* people." Jesus Christ Himself was a missionary, and His commission to the Church is missionary in principle (Matt. xxviii. 19; Acts i. 8.) The Holy Spirit is a missionary Spirit, or the Spirit of missions (Acts xiii. 1—4.) How, then, can we be like Jesus, or filled with the Spirit, if we are not all alive to mission work? J. COPELAND.



*"The gift of God! The gift of God!"*

## Living Water.

NOT often in our climate do we want water. We usually have rain in plenty; it is the sunshine that we long for. Now and then, however, we *do* get a dry season, and the grass turns brown, and the leaves drop, and the flowers shrivel, all for want of that kindly rain which is the gift of God.

Then we know a little of what it is in the East, where a drop of rain is almost worth its weight in gold! Witness the present dreadful famine, which is owing to the scarcity of rain. Then we can understand the cry of the water-carrier in those lands. He goes about with the precious burden on his back, calling out in his own language, "The gift of God! the gift of God!" *We* should always remember that rain and sunshine, and all our everyday mercies, are indeed the gift of God!

But we need something more than water for our bodily thirst, and Jesus tells us what it is. "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again.....Thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." That living water was Himself. (See John iv. 14, 10.)

Some years ago, an English lady, who had gone to the East as a missionary, was sitting in a verandah, not far from a Syrian city, reading. She was suddenly interrupted by an Arab selling oranges. He put down the basket from his head, and begged earnestly for a drink of water, as he was dying, he said, of thirst. The lady hesitated a minute: water was so very scarce; their own supply was so very scanty, could she spare any for a stranger? But she could not refuse. Then, after he had drained the cup, she asked him if he had ever drunk of the living water. No, he knew nothing about *that;* and, making him sit down, she read to him the story of the woman of Samaria from the fourth chapter of the Gospel by John, explaining it to him as she went along.

He listened with eager interest. He was a Mohammedan: the Koran, his sacred book, had never told him things like these; and all the while God's Spirit was writing on his heart the woman's prayer, "Give *me* this living water, that I thirst not."

The lady was called away for a few minutes, and when she came back the man was gone. His basket of oranges was left, but the owner had disappeared.

Months had passed, when her servant saw him one day in the bazaar and asked him to come for the money for the oranges. "Nay, nay," he said; tell her she gave me *living water, living water!*" They never saw him again; but the seed had sprung up, and the lady "thanked God and took courage."




*"Have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?"*

## "Hosanna!"

THE popular subject of the day is the approaching state visit of our beloved Queen to St. Paul's Cathedral, to give thanks to Almighty God for all the blessings which have attended her long and, for the most part peaceful, reign. We loyally rejoice in the fact, and in the proposed manner of its celebration, to which we hope to refer again. But for the present we turn aside to behold a greater sight, which took place in Jerusalem about 1864 years since. It was the state entry of One who had a right to reign, for He had descended from King David; but what were human thrones to Him who was "King of kings, and Lord of lords!" He has no gorgeous carriage with prancing steeds; but is as the prophet had described him, meek and lowly, "riding upon an ass," and even that is borrowed. A "very great multitude" however, seek to do Him honour. Some have "cut down branches from the trees," others have "spread their garments in the way" as a carpet for the ass to walk upon, and shouts of joy rend the air: "Hosanna! hosanna in the highest!" Many regarded it as His coronation day, and expected that He was now about to "restore the kingdom to Israel," for they were slow to learn the lesson that His kingdom was "not of this world."

The Lord Jesus had just given sight to two blind men, and now, His fame having spread, other afflicted persons are brought even into the temple, and He heals them with a word or with a touch.

But He found there much that He disapproved of. There were those who bought and sold, and cheated. "*Take these things hence,*" was His stern command to them; yet with tenderness and love He turns to listen to the little children, whose praises delight His ears. The Scribes and Pharisees were "sore displeased" with them, and sought to silence their tongues, but in vain. Turning to the Saviour they said, "Hearest Thou not what these say?" He answers their question by another: "*Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?*" He thus rebukes their ignorance, and at the same time, in tenderest compassion, shews that children's praises are needed, not only to fulfil God's word, but to complete the heavenly anthem. Sing on, dear children, you that love the Saviour's name. He is not so attentive to the songs of the angels, nor even to the "new song" which the saints above are singing, as to refuse to listen to *your* praises, if they ascend from the altar of your hearts. Let us try to help you.

LITTLE Jewish children
To the temple came;
Jesus saw and loved them,
Bade them praise His name.

Now He stoops to listen,
From His throne on high;
Still an infant's praises
Reach Him in the sky.

For the blessed Saviour
Was Himself a child;
He assumed our nature—
"Holy, undefiled,

"Separate from sinners,"
Yet He took their place;
Died for their transgressions,
Saved them by His grace.

Then He went to heaven,
Through the parting skies,
Where His saints and angels
Sing His victories.

* * * *

Soon again the Saviour
To our earth will come;
We shall stand before Him,
Rising from the tomb.

Sinners then will tremble
At His judgment-seat—
Saints, with glorious bodies,
Rise their Lord to greet.

Saviour, when Thy children
Meet Thee in the air,
Midst that holy triumph,
Lord, may *I* be there. J. B.

## Little Strings.



SUPPOSE you have all seen an india-rubber face? And I daresay you have amused yourself in pinching it one way and pulling it another, and seeing what different expressions it will put on. But when you stop pulling or pinching it, it returns to the same face that it was before.

Now, your faces are softer than india-rubber, and they are full of little strings called muscles. These muscles, or strings, are pulled one way, or pulled another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad, and the little muscles pull your face into a very doleful expression. The moment anybody looks at you they know something is troubling you, and you feel sorrowful. But if you see a funny picture, or if something happens to make you feel merry and glad, the little muscles pull your face into smiles and dimples, and you look just ready to burst out into a broad laugh.

But when we commit sin, wicked feelings are at work pulling these strings. Anger pulls one set of strings, and then you know what a disagreeable look the face puts on in a moment! Pride pulls another set of these strings, and so does vanity, or envy, or deceit, or discontent; and each of these brings its own own peculiar look or expression over the face. And the worst thing about it is, that if these strings are pulled too often the face will not return to what it was before, but the strings will become stiff, like wires, and the face will keep wearing the ugly look it put on all the time. By giving way to sin, or indulging their bad feelings, some people get their faces worked up to such a dreadful look, so that when you meet one of them in the street, the moment you see him you can tell what his character is.

A face that was very lovely when it was that of a child, if it has the passion of anger often pulling at it, will get at last to wear all the time a sullen, cross, dissatisfied look. Or, if a man has learned to love money better than anything else, and to hoard it up for its own sake, this will pull a set of strings that will fix a close, mean, grasping look upon his face; so that as you pass him you will be ready to say, "There goes a miser." Or, if one learns to lie and steal, his face will show it by-and-by; it will be impossible for him to put on an honest, truthful look.

You know, my dear children, the Bible tells us that sin is a reproach, or a disgrace, and if we consent to it, or give way to it, it will pull those strings in our faces that will make our very looks to be disgraceful. Don't let anger, or pride, or

passion get hold of the strings, or your faces will appear so ugly that no one will love to look at you. But let love, and gentleness, and goodwill, and truth, and honesty have hold of the strings, and they will make your faces beautiful and lovely.—*From "The Safe Compass." By Dr. Newton.*

## "I've got the Gospel."



PERCHED like an eagle's nest at the top of a rock, with the blue waters of the sea far below, a town of Albania was favoured with a lovely prospect; but its inhabitants had not learned to

"Look from Nature up to Nature's God."

A Christian man had crossed the sea, and climbed the hill with a nice bundle of Bibles, and had reached the town at the top, with the hope of persuading the people to buy. But alas! they were Mohammedans! whose sacred book is the Koran, which contains a great many silly and wicked things; and though they do not worship idols like the heathen, yet their religion is just as false and cruel.

The colporteur called on the Cadi (a judge or learned man,) and showed him a copy of the Scriptures. But the Cadi shook his head. He did not want the Bible; he had got the Koran.

After a little talk, however, he did buy one; but still shook his head at all the arguments the Christian put forth in favour of the religion of Jesus Christ, especially when he spoke of the many languages into which the Bible had been translated.

"Ah!" said the Cadi, "that is just like you Europeans; you pay so much attention to languages. Now if you had to build a house in which you would live for forty years, and another, of which you knew yon would only enter in by one door and go out at the other, on which of these two houses would you spend the most?"

"On the first one, certainly," was the answer.

"That is what we do in the matter of language," continued the Cadi; "we do not pay much attention to our native tongue, because it will last such a little while; but we study with care the language of the Koran, since it is the language of Paradise, and will be spoken throughout eternity."

The Christian thought that this Mohammedan might well have contrasted the condition of many Bible readers, who, while professing to believe that its truths are eternal, yet occupy themselves entirely with the things that perish in the using. But as he wished to visit the bazaar, or place of buying and selling, he bade the Cadi good morning and went on his way.

Young and old were in the bazaar, and he had much talk with many. A little boy came up amidst the grave and elderly men who were surrounding the seller of the books. He asked the price, and found

that a small copy of the Testament might be had for eight-pence.

"I'll run home and get the money," cried the boy; and it did not take him long to fetch it. But I wish you could have seen the look of joy on his face when the book was put into his hands. He pressed it eagerly to his bosom, and then danced about, exclaiming, "I've got the Gospel! I've got the Gospel!"

So the child was wiser than the learned man; for he had found out that the language in heaven will be that of the Bible, and not that of the Koran. *You* have had the Bible ever since you can remember. You gained it as a prize at school, your mother gave it you at home. But do you love it? Do you prize it? Do you sometimes clasp it to your breast as did this poor Mohammedan boy? Oh, I trust the good news it brings us has sunk into your heart, and that you can really and truly say with him, "I've got the Gospel! I've got the Gospel!"

## What is the Kingdom of God?

DR. LEIFCHILD came upon a poor lad among the mountains of Ireland, eleven or twelve years of age, poorly clad, no covering for his head, no shoes, no stockings, but with a mild, cheerful expression of countenance, and with a New Testament in his hand, keeping the gate of entrance to one of the richest and most magnificent views.

"Can you read?" said the Doctor.

"To be sure I can."

"And do you understand what you read?"

"A little."

"Let us hear you," and I turned his attention to the third chapter of the Gospel of John, which he seemed readily to find, and said, "Now read."

He did so with a clear, unembarrassed voice: "'There was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto Him, Rabbi.'"

"What does that mean?"

"It means *master*.—'We know that Thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest except God be with him.'"

"What is a miracle?"

"It is *a great wonder*.—'Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee.'"

"What does 'verily' signify?"

"It means *indeed*.—'Except a man be born again.'"

"What is that?"

"It means," he promptly replied, *a great change*.—'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'"

"And what is that kingdom?"

He paused, and with an expression of seriousness and devotion which I never shall forget, placing his hand upon his bosom, he said: "It is *something here;*" and then, raising his eyes, he added, "and *something up yonder*." A.

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VOL. XII., No. 142. MAY, 1897. ONE HALFPENNY.

## A Prayer for the Mission.

BY THE SENIOR SECRETARY.

O LORD, our heavenly Father, Thou hast kindly and graciously cast our lot in this highly favoured land, in which we enjoy so many Christian privileges, where Thy blessed word is widely circulated, and Thy glorious gospel is faithfully preached. We thank Thee that we are not idolaters, as our ancient forefathers were, and as millions in foreign lands still are. We bless Thy name that Thou hast taught us, as far as we are capable of understanding, the priceless value of our own souls. In Thy great mercy Thou didst convince us of sin, and didst enable us to lay hold of the hope set before us in the gospel. We thank Thee for all the blessings of Thy grace, and for the "things that accompany salvation." Grant that "the fruit of the Spirit, which is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," may abound in our hearts, and be daily manifest in our lives; that we may "walk in the light, as Thou art in the light, and have fellowship one with another."

We pray that we may be deeply imbued with the spirit of Thy dear Son, and also in full sympathy with Thy designs of love and mercy. May we not only have the witness of the Holy Spirit within that we ourselves are saved, but may we seek to be the means of saving others.

But what are our sympathies in comparison with Thine, O Thou great Shepherd of Thy one flock! When on earth Thou wast moved with compassion towards the multitudes who were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd. Thou didst say to Thy disciples, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."

We rejoice to know that Thou hast designed that Thy gospel shall be proclaimed throughout the world; and, although we are not all able to fulfil Thy royal commission, yet we bless Thee that Thou hast "received gifts for men," whom the Holy Spirit qualifies to make known to others the way of salvation. We pray for the perishing souls around us, who close their eyes to the light of life, who neglect Thy word, who are wilfully ignorant of

Thy precepts, and despise the only way of salvation.

We yearn over the perishing heathen abroad, who are bowing down to stocks and to stones which their own hands have fashioned into hideous shapes, and which they blindly worship.

We thank Thee, heavenly Father, that Thou didst put it into the minds of beloved brethren in Christ, some of whom are now present with Thee in heaven, to send the gospel to the heathen. The beginning of our Mission was small; but Thou hast blest it so that it is largely increased. Thou hast from, time to time, raised up men to teach and to preach as well as to guide its affairs. O Lord, it is not long since we earnestly sought Thy direction when we needed a superintendent of our Mission in India. Thou knowest how earnestly we prayed; for we felt our need very deeply. And we verily believed that Thou hadst answered our prayers. We were rejoiced to find that a brother, yea, more than one, were willing to leave their native land, to brave the perils of the deep, to live among a strange people, and to consecrate themselves to Thee, that they might proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, and gather in Thy own elect. But Thy servants, of whom our hopes were high, have now resigned their work. Lord, we placed great confidence in them, and had hoped that they would continue for many years, and that by means of their labours many converts would be added to our Mission churches. But alas! our brethren are discouraged, and we are disappointed. They have been earnestly appealed to, and lovingly reasoned with, but in vain.

We, therefore, turn to Thee in our deep sorrow, and pray for special grace in this time of pressing need. O give wisdom to the Committee at this painful crisis! Surely Thou wilt not suffer Thy work to be given up, after so much blessing in the past! Now that the fields are "white to harvest," shall not reapers be found?

O Lord, Thou art the great Disposer of events, and Thou hast said that "all things work together for good;" but we are poor purblind mortals, and cannot see how this can be. Nevertheless, may we trust Thee implicitly. May we "cease from man," and cast ourselves on Thee alone. Lord, appear for our help, that the labours of so many years may be maintained, that the little native churches may still receive Thy blessing; that the heathen may continue to "cast away their idols to the moles and to the bats;" that the children may still be taught to read and love the Holy Scriptures which are "able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus;" and that the native pastors and teachers also may be further instructed in Divine things. And may every convert, in his humble sphere, each in his simple manner, become a missionary to those who are still in heathen darkness. Thus may "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth even as it is done in heaven."

Grant, O Lord, that Thy love may pervade every power of our souls, that our hearts may be united as the heart of one man, in earnestly seeking Thy guidance. Hear these, our earnest prayers, for the sake of Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, to whom Thou hast said Thou wilt give the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. Amen.



## "Jehovah-jireh."

ABRAM had waited for the promised "Seed"—
By faith and hope had waited not in vain:
*Isaac was given*—then anon we read,
Jehovah spoke to Abraham again.

Solemn the words: "*Take now thy son*," said He—
"*Thine only Isaac, whom thou lovest well,*
*And offer as a sacrifice to Me,*
*On yonder mount of which I thee will tell.*"

"The Father of the Faithful" bowed assent,
(Faith and obedience join hand in hand:)
Early he rose, with reverent awe he went
With Isaac to Moriah's distant land.

But who his mental conflict can recount,
His deep paternal sympathies review?—
Three days they journeyed ere the distant mount
Breaks in majestic grandeur on their view.

"Father, behold the fire, behold the wood;"
The dutiful and loving son appealed:
"*But where's the lamb?*" He little understood
The purpose which his father had concealed.

But Abraham, still strong in faith and love,
Knowing the counsel of the Lord must stand,
Is helped by grace imparted from above
To credit more than he can understand.

"God will provide Himself a lamb," he said—
(From conversation seeking to refrain,)
"Accounting God could raise him from the dead,"
When he by His command his son had slain.

Ascending, till they reach the mountain-top,
(The servants with the ass are left behind,)
The patriarch directs his son to stop—
He builds an altar—*now his son he binds!*

His *son* the victim!—Yes, by God's command
The father took the sacrificial knife;
But just as he had raised his trembling hand
About to take away the precious life,—

God calls from heaven: "*Abraham, give ear!*
Lay not thy hand upon him, set him free:

For now I know that thou the Lord dost fear,
Since thou hast not withheld thy son from Me."

He turned—and, lo, a victim by his side,
Both type and prophecy combined in one—
The "lamb" which God determined to provide,
A substitute for his beloved son.

Thus, having tested, having proved, his faith—
(Like the true gold it stood the fiery test)—
A second time God speaks from heaven and saith,
"*In blessing thee, shall all the earth be blest.*"

J. B.

## Kind Words.

DORA NORTON was one of the most lovable children I have ever known. Everyone loved her, old and young, rich and poor; all rejoiced when she came to them, and sorrowed when she had gone. Do you ask whether she was very pretty, or very clever and amusing, or very accomplished? No, Dora was none of these things; nor was she rich, for her father was a poor man with eight children, so you may be sure that very little pocket-money fell to Dora's share, and accordingly she had very little to give away. Then would you like to know the secret of her being so beloved? I will tell it you in her own words, for once when she was nearly grown up I said to her, "How is it, Dora, that you manage to win people's hearts in this way? I want to know," and she answered so humbly and sweetly:—

"It is since God has helped me to keep my tongue, Mr. ——. A long time ago, when I was quite a little girl, I used to be dreadfully unhappy, because nobody loved me—you look surprised, but it is very true—and mamma told me it was because I said such nasty, unkind things to everybody. If one of the boys did anything naughty, I used to love to tell of it, instead of speaking to the boy about it; and I used to like to see people laugh at what I said, as they did sometimes. I did not care a bit how much it vexed anybody else. Oh, it was very sad! But when I learnt to watch over my tongue, it became so different. It was hard at first, because you see I had got into such a dreadful habit of it; but God helped me, and that made it easy."

Now if any of my readers are grieving that they are not loved, that nobody cares for them, let them look into their hearts, and I think they will often find that an *evil tongue* has a great deal to do with it. Words have a wonderful power for good or ill. Many an unkind word sticks in the mind like a little thorn, and makes, oh, such a sore place; and gentle kind words are like rays of sunshine, so bright and comforting, and often more precious than gold. Do try to say kind words, and not to say unkind ones. Let us pray David's prayer, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Say this when you feel inclined to be angry or discontented, when you feel an ungentle answer rising in your heart. Don't be satisfied when you go to bed at night unless you have gained some victory over your tongue during the day, and said something kind and cheering whenever you could. Do but try this earnestly, prayerfully, humbly, and I don't think you will long have to complain that nobody loves you; and what is more precious still, you will be following in the steps of our Lord Jesus Christ.

ABIGAIL.



## Seven times Seven.

"SEVEN times seven," mused Edie; "seven times seven is—let me see—oh dear! this sum, shall I ever do it? I want sevens in forty-eight, and seven times seven is—I can't get it! I wish Frank was here."

Little Edie was sitting on a hassock in the parlour. On the slate were the figures of that terrible, but all too well-known puzzle, a long-division sum. Edie was sharp in most things, but she was *not* clever at sums, and the multiplication-table was a daily trial to her. She could go on all right till she got to the sevens, eights, and nines; but *there* was the difficulty, and it was that which was troubling her now.

Mother had said she must finish the sum before she went out, and just now she could not possibly tell how many times seven would go into forty-eight.

"Why, Edie, not done! what's the matter?" cried Frank, her big brother, coming in while she was still murmuring, "Seven times seven is——"

He sat down beside her. "Why seven times seven are forty-nine, all the world over," he continued; "'tis as clear as *a b c*, little sister; that won't do for forty-eight, —so you must say, 'six in forty-eight,' put six down and carry six, then one more line, and your sum is done,—do you see?"

"Oh! thank you, Frank," said Edie, with a sigh of relief; "but it has got to be proved."

"Done," cried Frank, as he threw down the slate pencil after a moment of vigorous scratching. "Now go and tell manna I helped you (she is so kind, you know she always lets me do it when I'm at home); then get your hat and be off with me into the garden."

* * * *

"*Seven times seven.*" The same words were heard, but they did not come from the lips of an English child this time. The voices of grown-up people said them —the people far away at the mission station of Anororo. They had been very ignorant before the missionaries came. Very dirty, too, and very superstitious are they still. Sometimes they have days they call "bad days," because they think some evil spirit is at work; and on such days they will not allow the teacher to enter their houses. "A bad day?" he would say. The sun is shining brightly; it must be a *good* day, not a bad one." But they would only turn away, persisting that it *is* a bad day, and nothing can alter it.

The missionaries found the best thing they could do was to begin with the children. They soon got a school together, and they had no difficulty in teaching them. They learnt to read and to sing hymns, and to do a great many other things beside. You know the missionary goes everywhere with the Bible in his hand; he always puts that first, because *the* work

he has to do is to make known to them the one true God our Father, and the one Saviour Jesus Christ.

But with the Bible other branches of knowledge are taught—geography, arithmetic, and many others,—which help to raise the heathen mind. And at this place of Anororo the children grew very clever at figures. *They* were not puzzled at the multiplication table—not the children; but the grown-up people were. The fathers and mothers were greatly interested and astonished (for they were allowed to come and listen) when they heard them say, "Seven times seven are forty-nine."

"*Is* it so?" they asked. "The teacher tells lies; he cannot know."

So they collected seven heaps of seven stones, and counted them one by one, and behold! the number was exactly forty-nine. Not yet satisfied, they made eight heaps with nine stones. "The teacher will not know this," they said; but, of course, when they asked him, he answered, "Seventy-two" at once. "Ah!" they exclaimed, "clever indeed, is this teacher! His thoughts are hard."

And so, as they had found out how clever he was, they listened when he talked to them about an unseen God. And we trust very soon they will fling away their ugly idols, and learn to worship the God who made the heavens and the earth.

## Always Speak the Truth.

How beautiful is truth! and truth is given
To guide our hearts, because it comes from Heaven;
The simplest lesson of our early youth
Was to love God, and know that God is truth.
And He requires it in our inward part,
Not on our lips alone, but in our heart.
Oh! let the love of truth pervade each soul,
And every word and action still control.

## A Silent Witness.

MANY years ago, a gentleman visiting a friend in Paris, was turning over a volume of photographs, one of which arrested his attention. It was that of a man who appeared, from the shape of his features, to be of Moorish or Negro origin. It possessed no beauty;—the lips were thick, the nose blunt—but there was a rare expression in the face,—a look of lofty, patient endurance that elevated and refined the coarse features. The gentleman made inquiries as to the origin of the picture, which, it appeared, had been taken from a cast; and, in answer to his questions, obtained the following history.

In the year 1569, a number of Moorish prisoners were employed in the construction of a fortress in Algeria, afterwards known as the fort of the twenty-four hours. Among them was a Christian slave named Gerouymo. The commander or ruler (I regret to have forgotten his name), discovering that this man was in the habit of exhorting and praying among his fellow slaves, commanded him to renounce his religion, under penalty of death—and a terrible death, too. If he refused, he was to be laid in one of the recesses of the wall of the fort they were building; and the soft cement that was used in its construction was to be poured in, until he was embedded in it and smothered. Twenty-four hours was the space of time allotted to Gerouymo to decide whether he should save his life by denying his Lord; but he never wavered for an instant. He said, "Blessed be God! Do these miserable men think to terrify me by the pros-

pect of a death of torment, or to make me abandon Christianity? May my Lord only deign to remember my soul, and pardon my sins! I have confidence in the Lord; who, by His grace, will give me strength to die for His name."

His confidence in his God was exemplified, not only by his words, but by the calm heroism with which, when the time came, he met death.

Years rolled away, and the story of Gerouymo, handed down from father to son, was at length regarded as a mere legendary tale, resting on very doubtful grounds; but in the year of 1854, the old fort of the twenty-four hours was pulled down,—and lo! in the very spot where tradition said the martyr had been sealed up in his living tomb, the dry cement presented the perfect cast of a man's body; thus proving indubitably the truth of the tale.

The photograph seen by the gentleman was taken from a bust that had been cast in the mould made by the hardened cement; and the expression of patient calm on the features spoke, after the lapse of ages, and told all who, knowing the history, looked on the face, that the God in whom Gerouymo trusted is one who will never desert His people—no, not even in the last agony of death; but will keep in perfect peace those whose minds are stayed on Him.

May it not be said of this poor slave—this rich, noble Christian—that "he, being dead, yet speaketh?"

*Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord.*



## The Hole in the Canoe.

IT is now many years ago since a Christian minister left his own land to carry the glad tidings of salvation to Greenland. His first object was to learn the language of the natives, and then to teach the young people to read. For a short time the youthful Greenlanders seemed very willing to attend the school: to encourage them to get forward, he gave every child a fish-hook, or some little present for each letter that was learned.

When, however, these rewards were stopped, they soon grew tired, and plainly told their teacher that they did not see the good of sitting all day staring at a book, crying, *a, b, c! a, b, c!* and that instead of scratching with a feather on a piece of paper, it was much better to hunt seals, shoot birds, and get plenty of reindeer's flesh to eat.

The elder Greenlanders, so long as they were told any kind of news, would listen with pleasure; and sometimes they were inclined to attend to little histories out of the Bible; but when they were told they were sinners, and that Jesus Christ, God's beloved Son, came into the world to die on the cross that sin might be pardoned, then they would walk away, and refuse to listen to the teachers.

The missionaries did not labour entirely without success, as the following pleasing incident will show. Among the Greenlanders it was deemed a sacred duty to revenge, sooner or later, the murder of a father. A son, about fourteen years of age, was present when his father was killed. He grew up to manhood, and become an active fisherman; and after a few years had passed away he resolved to seek the life of the person who had slain his father.

To secure his object he journeyed a long distance, and came at last where the missionaries lived. As he listened to their preaching, a desire arose in his mind to know more about the Lord of heaven and earth. In the course of their instruction they told him that it was the command of God that he should do no murder. He looked at them in silence, and went away in anger; and for several days kept away from their house, while he was planning with his friends the best way to effect the intended act of revenge.

He was seen walking up and down the shore, as though in great distress of mind; when he again came to the mission-house, saying, "I never felt so before. I will forgive him, and I will not forgive him: I have no ears when they want I shall revenge myself, and yet I have ears." He was told of the Saviour who forgave His enemies as He hung on the cross. "But He was better than we are," was the reply of the Greenlander.

The death of Stephen was then read to him, when he replied, "Good teacher, my heart is so moved. I will—but give me still a little time: when I have brought the other heart to silence, and am quite changed, I will come again." He did come again; it was with a peaceful look: "Now I am happy," he said; "I hate no more; I have forgiven."

On this occasion a great many people stood around; before them all he declared his faith in Christ, and, turning to the Christians, said, "Receive me now as a believer."

He then sent to his enemy this message, "I am now become a believer, and you have nothing to fear." He even invited him to his abode, received him in a friendly manner, and sent him home in safety.

The convert was invited to return the visit. He went alone and unarmed. On his return he had not gone far, when he saw water in his kajak, or boat. He paddled quickly to the shore, and found that his enemy had cut a hole in the bottom. When he related this to the missionaries he said, with a smile, "He is still afraid I shall slay him for my father's death, and has done this for that reason; but I will not harm him."

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"I venture to assert that if every child in our Sabbath-schools mentally mastered that compendium of truth, 'MILNER'S CATECHISM,' the Ritualists would find it hard to get foothold.....Surely the influence to-day of the Ritualists on the School Board demands the use of Catechisms more than ever. We will not have them in the BOARD SCHOOL, but in our SUNDAY SCHOOLS we must [have them]."—*From the Address of* Mr. E. MARSH, *before the Metropolitan Association.*

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# The Olive Branch

## A Sound Scriptural Magazine,

FOR + OUR + SUNDAY + SCHOOLS + AND + FAMILIES.

VOL. XII., No. 143. **JUNE, 1897.** ONE HALFPENNY.


## The Strict Baptist Mission.

THE resignation of Messrs. Hutchinson and Booth is no longer a secret. In our number for April we said, "The Editor leaves the Committee to furnish their own statement." That statement was made at an important Meeting of Subscribers held at Soho Chapel, Shaftesbury Avenue, on April 30th: MR. JOHN BOX, the President, in the chair. It is as follows:

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS, — Your Committee feel that, in the peculiar position of our beloved Mission, a brief and candid statement concerning it is due to you.

In order to make clear the present, we will first look at the past. About three years since, your Committee became anxious concerning the work, and, after much prayerful thought, availed themselves of our highly esteemed Brother Gray's willingness to go to India and Ceylon as our Special Commissioner, to investigate on the spot the actual condition of affairs. For the execution of this onerous and highly important task they were, and expect ever to be, deeply grateful to our brother, who left his family and his flock to serve our common Lord in that far-off land of difficulty and danger. Our brother's stay on the field of operations was necessarily very short; but his visit was followed by the resignation of the Superintendent and his son, and also clearly revealed the fact that European supervision is an essential of success, and that a more complete and thorough knowledge of the natives and the work among them is the only reliable basis on which supervision can be founded.

It then became necessary to send out a brother from England to take charge of, and to direct operations. In answer to prayer, our Brethren Hutchinson and Booth offered themselves as missionaries, and were sent on to the field. After a stay of about six months (spent chiefly in acquiring a knowledge of the Society's agents and the church members generally) our Superintendent found a state of things serious enough to hasten his return to England, that he might confer personally with your Committee. He laid before them a voluminous report, which he summarised thus:—

"Looking at the condition of the agents, members and children, as revealed in the foregoing examinations, I cannot but regard our Mission as being very unsatisfactory, both as regards religious teaching and evangelization. Whatever evangelistic or pastoral work the agents may do, it is clear that there is something radically wrong; for even supposing both agents and members to be true Christians, the ignorance of both is shocking and (he adds) inexcusable."

The report was supplemented by the following suggestions: "To maintain the Mission as it exists, but adopt such form of government as may be calculated to gradually improve it." This form of government includes "a policy of constant supervision, strict discipline, gradual purgation, and vigorous evangelization, combined with such re-organization as may be found possible."

These suggestions, as the outcome of the report, were adopted by your Committee, and in order to their execution our Superintendent returned to his work, carrying with him the confidence of his brethren.

So much for the past. This brings us to what may be called the present.

As soon as our Superintendent began to act upon these suggestions, unexpected difficulties arose, of so serious a nature as to induce him to write for confirmatory authority, rather than act on his own responsibility. The deferring of this authority was taken by him to indicate a serious conflict between his opinion and that of the Committee. Under these circumstances, he felt compelled to resign, his colleague taking the same course.

After this, the Committee felt there was no alternative but to give every agent two months' notice, and for the time being suspend the work.

Subsequent meetings of your Committee have resulted in negotiations with Messrs. Hutchinson and Booth to start fresh work in the regions beyond. They have intimated their willingness to renew their connection with the Mission "on certain conditions."

The following Resolution was proposed by MR. S. T. BELCHER, seconded by MR. W. ABBOTT :—

"That this Meeting of Subscribers and Delegates of the Strict Baptist Mission, placing as it does the utmost confidence in Brethren Hutchinson and Booth, desires that, if they can adapt themselves to any new sphere of Mission work, in such place or places as the Lord may direct, that they be requested to do so; and that we leave them entirely free as to their mode of procedure, so that they may act conjointly or single-handed, as circumstances may render advisable.

"And that this Meeting pledges itself to render them all the co-operation by prayer and substance necessary to support them in such undertaking. And further, that relying, as we do, on their fidelity to the truth as it is in Jesus, and their integrity as Christian brethren, we leave them a free hand, untrammelled by codes of rules, except that they furnish us monthly with such information as may be calculated to interest us and glorify our Lord Jesus Christ."

The following Amendment was proposed by MR. P. REYNOLDS, seconded by MR. S. GRAY :—

"That this Meeting of personal Subscribers to the Strict Baptist Mission, and Delegates from contributing Churches and Sunday Schools (realizing their solemn responsibility before God,) hereby determine not to forsake the Churches, Congregations, Schools and Agents of their Mission in India, either at the Madras end, or in the Tinnevelly; and that, as Brethren Hutchinson and Booth have, of their own accord, separated themselves from the Mission, and given up the work in India, no steps be taken to re-attach these two brethren to the Strict Baptist Mission; but that temporary arrangements be immediately made for carrying on the work through native or other agents, until the Lord shall raise up one or more English brethren to go to India."

MR. BRISCOE, the Corresponding Secretary, who had been chosen by the Committee as one of the speakers, commenced to read a carefully prepared Statement, consisting chiefly of extracts from the correspondence which had passed between himself and Mr. Hutchinson. When he referred to Mr. Hutchinson's new Rules, which had occasioned the present crisis,

THE CHAIRMAN STOPPED HIM,

and would not allow him to proceed. He reminded the President of a remark which he himself had made in his opening address, viz. :—

"THERE IS NOTHING THAT I WISH TO CONCEAL,"

and asked, "How do you reconcile your present conduct with that statement?" Mr. Box could not answer this; but asserted his authority as Chairman of the Meeting. The Corresponding Secretary had no alternative but to yield.

The STATEMENT, which our friends will now be able to read for themselves, is as follows :—

It is impossible to state all that *should* be laid before you at this Meeting, in the short space of ten minutes, which is the time allotted to me. But I will seek to imitate some of our popular journals, and give you "news in a nutshell," or in other words to very briefly answer the question *why Mr. Hutchinson has left the Mission.*

From the time of his return to India, about twelve months since, his letters have been full of complaints. But I pass over much that was very unpleasant, and begin with an extract from his Report of July 7th, 1896, which reads thus :—

THE NEW RULES.

"The new Rules were read in Tamil, and after explaining that the Rule as to the dropping the office of pastor in the Mission was a first step towards putting the native churches on the same footing as New Testament churches in England, *i.e.*, independent and free from foreign pay and control, I offered to make any explanation of the other Rules they might wish. No question was asked."

Four of the native pastors refused to resign their office and also to sign the Rules.

On the 25th of July, Mr. Hutchinson wrote a letter to the Committee, addressed to the President, stating that he had told Gurubathen, Marryan, and Suvesasamuthu that unless they signed the Rules they would be suspended. In that letter he points out that the dismissal of these men may involve the loss of their congregations. But he adds, "whatever the result may be, I can no longer superintend these three agents."

He asked us to wire either the word "Dismiss," or "No." The Executive would not take the responsibility of this, but a telegram was sent containing the brief but expressive word "*Wait.*"

At this date the Committee had not seen the Rules. Mr. H. had drawn them up, had had them translated and printed, without submitting them to the Committee. He sent a copy in Tamil, of which, however, I obtained a translation. When they were read to the Committee, the general feeling was that of amazement and grief. One highly respected minister characterised them as "abominable," and said, "There is not a man that is worthy the name of a man that could submit to those rules."

It was at once resolved by the Committee that Mr. Hutchinson be requested to send a translation of the Rules in English, and that *no action whatever* be taken upon them until they had been revised by the Committee.

It would take too long to quote them at length, neither is it necessary. Some of them we could readily adopt. But take the following as a specimen:—By the

1st. and 2nd. The office of pastor is abolished, unless the native churches can support them.

(The reason for this was Mr. Hutchinson's mistaken idea that he could not control the preachers if they were pastors.)

By the 3rd, every agent (however small his salary, and many of them receive from 7s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. per *month*) is required to devote his whole time to the Mission.

[So that a poor teacher must not do a job of work even after his school hours are over.]

By the 4th, each preacher in charge is made responsible for the conduct of the agents, congregations, and schools under him.

(Would any of our ministers become responsible for the conduct of their congregations?)

Rule 11 states that no stipend will be paid to any agent until his Monthly Report has been approved:

(and the Report required is very comprehensive, and would need an able scribe to fill in the details.)

The 18th Rule requires that no agent is to leave his station, except in discharge of his Mission duties, without written permission obtained from the Superintendent at previous month's pay meeting.

By Rule 25, any agent can be discharged at one month's notice only, however long he may have served the Mission.

Rule 26 states that all agents were required to sign these Rules and many others, or be dismissed.

On Sept. 10th, I wrote a kind letter to Mr. H., in which I referred to the telegram "*Wait*," and expressed the hope that he would receive the admonition as coming, not only from us, but from the Lord, and that it might be applied as balm to his spirit."

In my letter of October 20th, I said:—

"I may here give you a hint that the Committee regard the 'New Rules' as far too stringent. We have yet, however, to go through them *seriatim*. But as you are aware that 'no action whatever' is to be taken at present, and as the non-acceptance of these Rules is the offence for which you propose to dismiss these agents, need I explain that the telegram 'Wait' was intended to stay your hand?"

In a letter written by Mr. Hutchinson, October 14th, this remarkable passage occurs:—

"*If I were dealing with true Christian evangelists, whom I could regard as brethren in the Lord, I should be the first to condemn such Rules altogether.*"

I refrain from comment, and leave this admission to make its own impression upon the Christian men and women before me.

The revision of the Rules was still delayed, and yet another resolution was unanimously adopted by the Committee, viz.:—

"In reference to the New Rules as framed by our Superintendent, by which certain agents who have been long in our employ would be summarily dismissed, we request our Brother S. Hutchinson to furnish without delay full information with respect to the conduct of each individual he proposes to dismiss, and on the ground of which he deems such a course imperative; in order that we may consider the evidence so furnished, form a judgment thereon, and send the result thereof as a direction to the Superintendent."

But on Nov. 10th, Mr. Hutchinson wrote his letter of Resignation, in which he says:

"1. You decline to dismiss the three men who have refused to resign the office of pastor.

2. My Rules are condemned, and are being revised without reference to me, and my authority as Superintendent of the Mission is thus generally negatived.

3. In particular my authority is set aside in regard to the disgraceful state of affairs at Elavarasananthel, and Gurubathen is thus rendered practically independent of me.

* * * *

Only one course is now open to me, and I have no option but to resign my position in the Strict Baptist Mission. This I do on the following general grounds:—

1. You have endeavoured to over-ride both my conscience and my judgment, and to render me a mere machine instead of a trusted responsible manager.

2. You have practically withdrawn my authority, and made me helpless in face of the difficulties you sent me to overcome.

You will be good enough to accept this letter as three months' notice to leave the Mission," &c.

By the same post also Mr. Booth's resignation was received—his chief reason being that he cannot agree with the general policy of the Mission.

On December 5th, 1896, I wrote to Mr. H. a long, earnest, brotherly letter, which contained the following sentences:—

"I could reply to all the erroneous impressions mentioned in your letter (for, believe me, dear brother, they *are* erroneous,) but I refrain.

"I ask you, therefore, in the name of Him whose *servants* we are, whose *cause* we have espoused, whose *gospel* we love, whose kingdom we are seeking to extend; by the poor benighted perishing souls around you—by the large amount of our subscribers' money which has been spent to place you where you are,—by the love which you have for us as brethren in Christ,—by the peace of mind which you would wish to possess when all earthly labours must cease,—by the solemn account of our stewardship which each one of us must render to our loving Lord and Master, and as you value His commendation, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' to *reconsider and withdraw your resignation, and induce Brother Booth to do the same.*"

*The Committee were again perfectly unanimous* in this; but although they had not rescinded either the resolution that "no action whatever be taken," nor that which requires reasons for dismissal to be given, they passed a Resolution which left the matter in Mr. Hutchinson's hands, to do as he pleased.

*This was the means of dividing the Committee;* 16 voted for the resolution to give Mr. H. a free hand, 8 voted against it, and 7 remained neutral.

Our friends would naturally suppose that this would have satisfied Mr. H. But what did he say in reply? Listen!

"Your resolution seeks to thrust the responsibility of dismissing the three pastors upon me, while withholding all authority!

"I charge you as a body with the entire responsibility of my resignation."

After this, the Secretary whose unhappy duty it had been to conduct the correspondence was unjustly blamed by some of the Committee, and Mr. Mitchell (who is Mr. Hutchinson's pastor) undertook to write to him.

In reply to Mr. Mitchell's letter, Mr. Hutchinson says:—

"I am glad to have the Committee's assur-

ance that their thoughts have not been accurately reflected in their letters to me. This, however, does not affect the issues between us. The Committee's own policy, as revealed in their resolutions, is the sole ground of my resignation, and not the tone of the correspondence."

He further says :—

"It is equivalent to saying, 'Though we do not agree with you, you may take your own course, but you must also bear all the responsibility.' This I must decline to do."

I need add no more, though I have my letter-book with me, and am prepared to read in full any or all of the letters from which I have given extracts, or to answer any questions that may be put.

In conclusion, let me very briefly refer to the result of Mr. Hutchinson's self-imposed task of examining the church members. Having completed his tour in the Tinnevelly District, Mr. H. wrote on September 9th, 1895, that having examined 328 church-members out of 507, he regarded 263 as *unsatisfactory*, 48 *doubtful*, and 17 only as *hopeful*. The question of doctrine he had not gone into, neither had he based his opinion upon the daily lives of these church-members. (The character of the questions he put through the medium of an interpreter, and the answers he received are briefly referred to in the last Annual Report of the Committee.)

In replying to Mr. Hutchinson's letter at the time, I said—

"We have been partially prepared for the news of this solemn state of things; though, for my part, I did not think it was quite so bad as you represent. Still I presume the fact remains, that these stations (such as they are) exist—that services are regularly held,—that both children and adults are instructed in the schools,—that the Scriptures are read in the native language, and to some extent explained. Therefore, if the churches were to cease to exist as such, they would be incorporated with the congregations; and inasmuch as the people have ceased to worship idols, and I presume are moralized,—much good has been done."

Let me therefore appeal to you, beloved friends, in the same manner as I appealed to Mr. Hutchinson, in the name of Him whose *servants* we are, whose cause we have espoused,—whose *gospel* we love,—whose *kingdom* we are seeking to extend; by the poor benighted perishing souls in India, by the large amount of money that has been spent, by the peace of mind you would wish to possess when all earthly labours must cease, by the solemn account of our stewardship which each one of us must render to our loving Lord and Master, and as you value His commendation, "Well done! good and faithful servant,"—*not to forsake the labours of so many years*, but to vote *against* the *resolution*, and *support* the *amendment* and maintain our Mission.

The *resolution* was carried by a considerable majority; but a large number remained neutral.

It was somewhat remarkable that the Chairman afterwards requested the Corresponding Secretary to read in full some of the very letters from which brief extracts only could be given in the suppressed Statement.

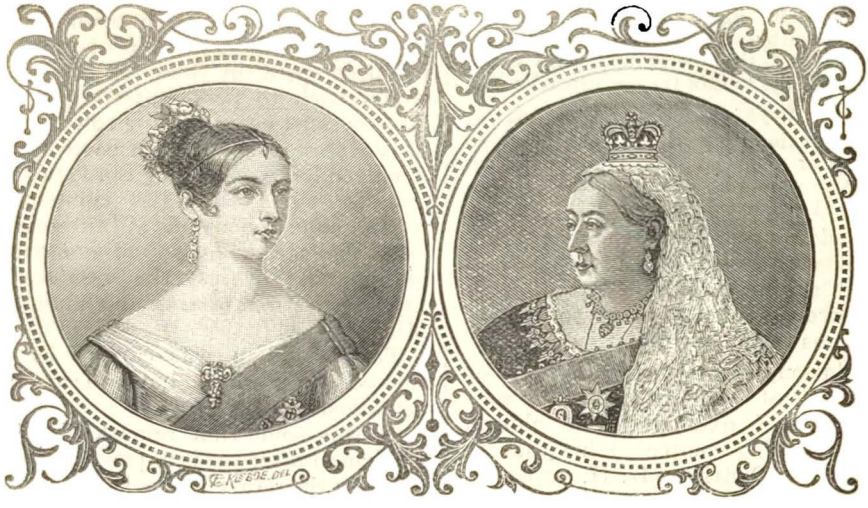
It should also be mentioned that the Committee have resolved to carry on the Madras Stations for three months longer.

Respecting the Tinnevelly Stations, it may not be generally known that the Church at Brighton, of which Mr. Gray is pastor, has for several years supported two of the native pastors which Mr. H. proposed to dismiss. But for Mr. Gray's prompt action, the work in the Tinnevelly would have entirely ceased at the end of April. But a number of the subscribers have rallied round him, and resolved that

THE 37 STATIONS IN THE TINNEVELLY SHALL NOT BE GIVEN UP.

The salaries of these agents have been guaranteed for three months. But before taking any definite action, application has been made to the Committee to know whether it *really is their intention* to definitely abandon a work which has been so largely blessed. Before an answer can be given, the Committee are awaiting Mr Hutchinson's decision.

It only remains to announce the resignation of all the Secretaries.



## God's Blessing on the Queen's Reign.

VICTORIA'S GRATITUDE TO HEAVEN HUMBLY RECIPROCATED BY A LOYAL SUBJECT.

THOSE prayers were not an empty sound,
Which Britain sent to heaven,
When our belovèd Queen was crowned,
In 1837.

\+ \+ \+ \+

*"God save the Queen and bless her reign!*
*For who so loved as she?"*
Burst from the nation's heart again
Upon her Jubilee.

\+ \+ \+ \+

And now *anew* we raise our voice
In gratitude and praise;
For still we've reason to rejoice
That God prolongs her days.

VICTORIA! thy gracious reign
Has won a nation's love,
And Britain supplicates again
The Majesty above:—

That while His goodness He displays,
His grace may still be given,
To make thy last, thy brightest days,
The vestibule of Heaven.

JOSIAH BRISCOE.



## A Sermonette from the Rose.

"THAT a lovely rose!" said little Alice. Soul light came into her eyes; the colour heightened in her cheek; she pressed forward to make it her own, but paused as the rose said: "You see me, child; I did not make myself; *I am a thing made.* Light and heat, air and rain came together, I know not how I was made; powers of heaven and earth joined together, and here I am. I am not like the roses in shop windows. We look much alike, but we are not. *Smell*—I have fragrance, they have none. *Touch*—I have life lingering in me though I have been plucked; they have none. We are like our makers—they come from ever-dying workers, I from the Ever-living. And mark, Alice, I am not a last year's rose; this season brought me forth, I am fresh from the Maker's hands; He lives and works to-day, and in such fair creations He delights. He means to win a child's love by charms like these.

"*I am what I am by growth.* Many improvements have brought me to what you see. My ancestors were wild, single-leaved, growing in hedges and on 'banks and braes.' But I have been cared for and loved, grafted and grafted again, and so have become the rose you see. Florists say I am not perfect yet; they have never seen a perfect rose, yet they fully expect such a rose will be seen some day. I am like you, child, and you are like me. You will grow because great things lie in you. God will do great things for you, but the perfection and crown of your life the future alone can reveal.

"*I am easily hurt,* Alice. Things fair and fragrant are usually also frail. An untimely frost will do it, a breath of cold wind, too much rain, or too little. London smoke will do it, and tiny insects which the eye, unaided, cannot see. And *you* may be hurt by little things; you are more likely to be hurt by these than by the big things you dread so much. You can help yourself, you can watch and pray; as for me I have only to bear what comes. Watch against little faults, and you will be in small danger from greater ones.

"Alice, *you have a soul;* a something in you which beasts of the field have not. I can give no pleasure to horse, or dog, or cat; if offered to an ox he might think me good, but good would mean, good to eat! Lower down the scale I am nothing. I am a world to you. Your face lights up, your eye brightens, your heart beats high with delight, you find joy in form, colour, perfume, in my whole being. Your sense of beauty is appealed to, and responds to the appeal. The sense belongs to the soul, exists where the soul exists, and nowhere else. You have a soul, child, and that soul needs a Friend and Saviour; one of His names He takes from me, 'I am

the Rose of Sharon.' My beauty and fragrance are types of His.

"*God made me and rejoices in me*, Alice; He means you to delight in me, yet nobody can keep me long. Every rose has its season, and the season is brief. To fade and droop and die, is set down in my lot. This also is good, and not evil. I have a mission, a little work to do, and I do it. In the garden, the sick-room, the ward of a hospital, I do my little part; and when I drop, careful people gather up my leaves and keep them, for there is fragrance in them still. *Go and do likewise*, my child: 'The memory of the just is blessed.'"

Here the lesson ended. Alice plucked the rose and made it her own. There was fragrance *without* and *within* — without, the fragrance of the lovely flower; within, the fragrance of holy thoughts and tender love.

G. T.

## Three Little Boys Lost in London.

IT is related of the late noble Earl of Shaftesbury that on one occasion he felt highly honoured when a little girl in one of the crowded thoroughfares of the Metropolis, said to him, "Please, sir, will you see me across the road?" A similar pleasure was recently experienced by the writer, who was accosted by a little boy about seven years old, outside the Mansion House, London, and asked if he could tell him the way to High Street, Shoreditch. The stranger replied, "I know it perfectly well, but it is a long way from here." The little fellow had two companions with him, one about five years old, and the other perhaps three.

He was about to direct them as plainly as he could; but it was not safe for those three little fellows even to cross the road, which is always congested with traffic. A happy thought, however, occurred to him. He carefully led them over the road, placed them in an omnibus with instructions to the conductor to stop at Shoreditch Church, and gave them a threepenny-piece to pay the fare. They were surprised and delighted, and the stranger derived far more than three-pennyworth of pleasure from this seemingly trifling incident.

A FRIEND TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

## "More to Follow."

A WELL-TO-DO Member of a Christian Church left a small legacy to a fellow member who was poor. The minister who had the distribution of the money at his discretion, adopted the following plan. Every month he sent the poor brother a sovereign, enclosed in a paper containing the following encouraging remark: "*More to follow.*" For many months the acceptable donation with the comforting assurance were regularly sent. But there came a time when a sadly discouraging word had to be prefixed; so that the sentence read thus:—

"NO MORE TO FOLLOW."

The minister sometimes used this as a negative illustration of Him whose fulness is inexhaustible, and whose "mercy endureth for ever."

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**OUR DIAMOND JUBILEE TRIBUTE,**

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The Olive Branch

A Sound Scriptural Magazine,

FOR + OUR + SUNDAY + SCHOOLS + AND + FAMILIES.

VOL. XII., No. 144. JULY, 1897. ONE HALFPENNY.

## Incidents in the Early Life of Queen Victoria.

BEFORE we go to press, the great event which has so long been looked forward to will have passed, and the state visit of our beloved Queen, to express her gratitude to God, for His long-continued blessing on her reign, will have become a joyous chapter in the history of Great Britain. The daily journals will have chronicled all that took place, and many of our youthful readers will not need to be reminded of what they have learned respecting the glorious reign of Queen Victoria. All that we purpose, therefore, is to take a glimpse or two of her early life, and recall a few of its incidents calculated to interest the youthful mind.

### A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

When about six months old, the young princess was taken by her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, to Sidmouth, in Devonshire; and while there she had a narrow escape from death, owing to the carelessness of a boy who was shooting. The window-glass was shattered, and some of the shots passed very near the royal infant, but her life was preserved.

### LEFT AN ORPHAN.

Before she was twelve months old, her father, the Duke of Kent, died, after only a few days' illness. But her mother was her constant and devoted guardian, whose loving tenderness had very much to do with the formation of her daughter's noble character. Indeed, during the whole of her widowhood — a period of forty-one years—her chief object in life seemed to be, to watch over the career of the daughter left in her charge.

### HER LIFE AGAIN PRESERVED.

At the age of three, the princess had another narrow escape from injury, by falling from a pony carriage driven by her mother; but, providentially, she was caught by a soldier, and her life was saved. The gallant man was rewarded with a gift of £5.

### LEARNING TO RIDE.

Our picture represents the young princess riding on her favourite donkey, in Kensington Gardens, accompanied by her mother and various attendants. The gentle animal was the gift of her uncle the Duke of York.

The Princess was always friendly to all, and when riding her donkey it was her great delight to exchange greetings with



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT, IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

those she met. If, when playing on the lawn, she saw persons standing outside the railings, she would run down and curtsey, and kiss her hand, and answer all who spoke to her.

### A CONSIDERABLE TRAVELLER.

In those happy days of childhood, the mother and daughter travelled about England a great deal, and their faces were familiar at many of our watering-places. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* relates how he saw the Princess, when five years old, playing on Ramsgate Sands, in her simple dress, "a plain straw bonnet, with a white ribbon round the crown, a coloured muslin frock, looking gay and cheerful, and as pretty a pair of shoes on as pretty a pair of feet as I ever remember to have seen." Talking to her mother was William Wilberforce; both laughed as an unexpected wave rippled over the feet of the Princess. As the Duchess and her daughter passed up the High Street to their residence, the child was seen to run back and drop a silver coin into the lap of an old woman who was sitting on a doorstep.

### A VISIT TO A LIGHT-HOUSE.

Another interesting episode of her early childhood is the Princess's visit to a certain lighthouse-keeper on the Kentish coast,—a lonely widow. One source of her living was the gratuities received from the visitors to the lighthouse; but although comparatively poor, it was her habit to set apart for mission purposes whatever money she received in this way *on Monday mornings*. Now it happened that on one of these missionary days, a gentleman going over the lighthouse before noon, gave the poor woman a piece of gold—a sovereign. Her gratitude can be imagined, and also the mental conflict occasioned by this unexpected liberality. What should she do with the money? She thought of her many pressing needs, and had a mind to keep it. She thought of her weekly custom and of the claims of the heathen, and then, with trembling fingers, dropped the sovereign into the missionary collecting-box. Later in the same day, a lady and her daughter with several attendants, asked to be shown over the lighthouse, and on leaving gave the widow a handsome donation. The matter did not end there. The lady—herself a widow—had become interested in the lonely woman, and a day or two after the visit, a messenger called at the lighthouse, and requested her acceptance of thirty pounds. Twenty-five pounds were a present from the lady, and five pounds were sent in the name of her little daughter. Is it necessary to add that the generous givers were the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria?

### DEATH OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

On the 5th of January, 1827, the Duke of York, the Princess's uncle, was removed by death. There was now only one person between her and the English throne—the Duke of Clarence. Her governess, the Baroness Lehzen suggested that the time had arrived when she should be shown her place on the genealogical table; for up to this time so well guarded had she been, that she was quite ignorant of the grand future awaiting her. A genealogical table was accordingly placed between the leaves of a book much used by the Princess. On opening the book, and observing the additional paper, she said, "I never saw that before." "It was not thought necessary you should, Princess," returned the Ba-

roness. With trembling lips, the Princess said quietly, "I see I am nearer the throne than I thought." "So it is, Madam," answered the Baroness. A pause of some moments ensued, and then the Princess resumed, "Now many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is more responsibility." Then she placed her small hand in that of her governess, and said, "*I will be good!* I understand now why you urged me so much to learn, even Latin. My Aunts Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it—but I understand all better now." And with that the child repeated,

"I WILL BE GOOD."

Referring to this touching episode, Mrs. Oliphant justly says, "It is the clearest appearance of the future Queen in her own person that we get through the soft obscurity of those childish years."

From this life motto of the royal child may be traced, under God's good providence, the secret of England's greatness and the purity of the Court. Later, the Duchess of Kent said to the Princess, "I am anxious to bring you up as a good woman, and then you will be a good queen also!"

COMING OF AGE.

May 24th, 1837, was the eighteenth birthday of the Princess, when according to royal custom she came of age. Kensington seemed almost beside itself, with flags everywhere, bells ringing, and bands of music playing. King William IV. was at this time lying ill at Windsor, and was unable to take part in the gaieties of the Court. He passed away on the 20th of June in the same year.

ANNOUNCED AS QUEEN.

Our Queen has been called a queen of many prayers, and the time was drawing near when she would need them all. Early on the morning of June 20th, 1837, the Archbishop of Canterbury went to inform the Princess that William IV. was gone, and that she was now Queen of England. She was much agitated on receiving the news, and her first words were, "I ask your prayers on my behalf." The aged prelate knelt down with the young queen—a scene which reminds one of the wise monarch of old, who inaugurated his reign by praying for "wisdom and an understanding heart, to judge so great a people."

We close these brief jottings with an anecdote which reveals an admirable phase of our Queen's character.

HER REVERENCE FOR THE SABBATH.

In the first year of her reign, a certain noble minister came to Windsor at a late hour one Saturday night. He informed the Queen that he had brought down some documents of great importance for her inspection, but that as they would require to be examined in detail, he would not encroach on Her Majesty's time that night, but would request her attention the next morning.

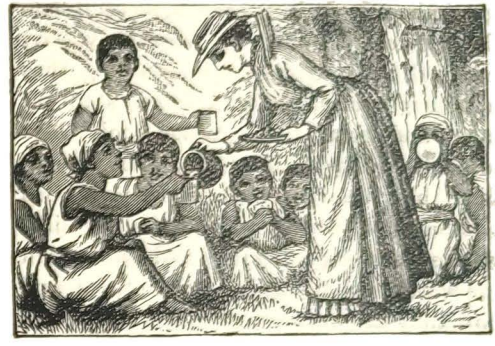
"To-morrow is Sunday, my lord," said the Queen. "True, your Majesty; but business of the State will not admit of delay." The Queen then consented to look at the papers after church the next morning. The nobleman was somewhat surprised that the subject of the sermon next

day was, the duties and obligations of the Christian Sabbath. "How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the Queen. "Very much indeed, your Majesty," was the reply. "Well, then," said the Queen, "I will not conceal from you that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached; I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon." Sunday passed without another word being said about the State papers, until at night, when the party was breaking up, the Queen said to the nobleman, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please, as early as seven, my lord, if you like, we will look into the papers." But the urgency of the matter had strangely abated, and his lordship said he would not think of intruding upon Her Majesty as early as that, and thought nine o'clock would be quite early enough. "No, no, my lord," said the Queen, "as the papers are of importance, I should like them to be attended to very early; however, if you wish it to be nine, be it so." Accordingly at nine o'clock the next morning the Queen was in readiness to confer with the nobleman about his papers.

Such was the commencement of Her Majesty's illustrious reign. The sanctity of the Sabbath lies at the very foundation of national prosperity, and while efforts are being made on every hand to secularise the sacred day, it is a source of great satisfaction to know that the Royal Family give no countenance to Sabbath desecration. The arrangement of the day for the commemoration of her sixty years' reign is the latest proof of her desire to prevent all unnecessary work on the Lord's day.

We trust the above jottings from the early life of our illustrious Sovereign will not only win the admiration, but excite the emulation, of our youthful readers, that each may resolve in God's strength,

"I WILL BE GOOD."



## Three School Treats.

IT is summer, and it is the hay-field. The sunbeams glance through the boughs of the old oaks, casting a quivering shadow upon the grass below, pale green just there, because the hay has been swept away. Everywhere else in the large sloping meadow the ground is hidden by the fragrant crop waiting to be carried.

Quietly? Nay, anything but that. The whole field is alive with children; and what do children come into a hay-field for, if not to fling and toss the hay and bury each other underneath it? And as the owner comes and looks round at the fair summer landscape in the distance, and at his green meadows and spreading trees, and then at the happy faces of the little ones, he says that he never knew his property was so pretty. Next comes tea—and *such* a tea! bread-and-butter, and buns, and cake; then another game, and then home. This is an English School Treat.

It is summer still, but it is not in England. We are beside a wide, wide blue lake; there are vineyards climbing the rocks, and snow-capped mountains. The steamer on the lake has stopped at the landing-place, and two-hundred children get on board. It is afternoon, so their holiday is nearly over; but how they have enjoyed it! At five this morning they left their homes, walked two miles to the lake, and then the steamer took them to a spot at the farther end, where few of them had been before. They have been chasing each other up and down the hills, wandering along the shore, and paddling in the water; coffee has been given them, and now they are returning. They know nothing of the meal *we* call tea; many of them are now eating their supper of bread with a few grapes or a piece of chocolate; others are singing hymns; and presently they will land, and walk back to their mountain village, happy, but tired and quite ready for bed. This is a Swiss School Treat.

But now we have got to Africa. There it is summer always. The name of the place is Kuruman, and the only way of reaching it—except in fancy—is by carts drawn by bullocks; no railways or even coaches were ever heard of, and very very slow is the journey of several hundred miles which the missionaries have to take to get there.

Dr. Moffat went many years ago, and by God's blessing turned the waste wilderness into a fruitful field. Now see the children gathered together, neat and tidy as the little ones in that English meadow—only with black faces instead of white ones. The girls are wearing cotton dresses, mostly white, and gaily coloured handkerchiefs twisted round their head. They sit round on the ground underneath the palm-trees, as happy as you can imagine. The feast is coffee and bread-and-jam, and I am afraid to say how much is melting away; to all appearance black children have as good appetites as white ones, and *you* know how much the latter can consume on these occasions. Now the time has come for a hymn. Then the magic lantern begins. You who have seen one so often can hardly picture the delight not only of the children but of their parents, at the novel sight. I daresay they have some of the funny pictures which we have, and then there are scenes from the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress." This is an African School Treat.

Now all is over, and the little woolly black heads rest on their mats, and in the children's hearts are good and happy thoughts about the great Father who cares for them, and who has sent the white man to teach them about Himself, and to give them such nice and pleasant things. Sixty years ago these children would have been naked, untaught, degraded little savages. Let us thank God that the missionaries of the Lord Jesus Christ have not lived and died in vain. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth more labourers into His harvest." (Matt. ix. 38.)

## Talk about the Angels.



"AMMA," said little Lillie Edwards, one day, as she was sitting sewing by her mother's side, it may seem strange for me to say it, but I should really feel afraid to be *very* good."

"Afraid to be good! I think you mean afraid to be naughty," replied Mrs. Edwards.

"No, I don't mean that, mamma," said Lillie; but I would not like to leave you and papa now, even to go to heaven; and whenever little girls are very good, God almost always makes them angels, and I don't want to leave you, mamma. Would you like God to take me away to heaven?"

Mrs. Edwards looked into the dear little face that was turned so earnestly towards hers, and thought how very desolate home would seem without her darling; and then said as she kissed her little one, "No, Lillie, I should not like God to take you away from me; and yet if He thought it best I should try to submit: but my little daughter is mistaken when she thinks that good children almost always die. I should not like you to want to die, when God so plainly shews that He wishes you to live: but would not my darling love to be like a little angel upon earth?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma, replied Lillie; but how could I be one?"

"Think for a time, and then tell me what you remember to have read about angels in the Bible," said Mrs. Edwards.

Lillie thought a little while, and then replied: "I remember when the angels appeared to the shepherds who were watching their flocks by night, and told them not to be afraid, for Jesus was born in Bethlehem; and oh, mamma, did not a beautiful angel come and comfort Hagar in the desert, when she was feeling so sad for fear little Ishmael would die?"

"And what happens in heaven when any one is sorry for having done wrong, and determines, with God's help, to forsake sin?" asked her mother.

"Oh, I know, mamma, exclaimed Lillie, for it was my verse last Sunday; you mean 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'"

"Now let me shew you what is needful in order to be like them," said her mother. "And first let me ask you, to whom do all the angels belong?"

"They are God's," replied Lillie; "so I must be His little girl before I can be like them; and the angels always obey God, don't they, mamma?"

"Yes, that is right; and now let me see if you cannot take each of the examples you have given, and tell me how you can be like those angels," said her mother.

Lillie hesitated for a moment, but determined to try, and replied, "I remembered first about the angels telling the shepherds that Christ was born, and I might tell little children about Jesus. Then, when Hagar was feeling so sad, the holy angel comforted her, and so I ought to try to make people happy when they are sad. Then, mamma, when I hear that a little girl has begun to love Jesus, I ought to feel very happy, so as to be like the angels in heaven: but oh, I could never be so good!"

"Not at once, nor in your own strength," said Mrs. Edwards; "but if you are willing, there is One whe is more ready to hear than we are to pray, and who would love to help my little daughter to be his ministering child."

"Yes, I know Jesus will," said Lillie, and I mean to ask Him to help me to commence this very day; and then whenever I begin to feel angry or sulky, I will think of Jesus, and pray more than ever to be made good."

So from that time Lillie became a ministering child.

Now I wonder how many of the little ones who read this story will ask Jesus to make them His ministering children. Oh, if such were the case, how many happy homes would there be on earth! This world would then be much more like heaven than it is now, and many sad hearts would be comforted by Christ's ministering children. May every youthful reader be one of them.

There are many references in the Scriptures to angels, besides those which little Lillie remembered. Our young friends will find it a profitable employment to refer to these and write their thoughts upon them; and if they will let the Editor peep at their papers, he will be as pleased as Mrs. Edwards was with little Lillie.

## "The Little Foxes that spoil the Vines."

ONE little fox is "By-and-by." If you track him, you come to his hole—Never.

Another little fox is "I can't." You had better set on him an active, plucky little thing, "I can" by name. It does wonders.

A third little fox is, "No Use in Trying." He has spoiled more vines, and hindered the growth of more fruit, than many a worse-looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is "I Forgot." He is very provoking. He is a great cheat. He slips through your fingers like time. He is seldom caught up with.

Fifth little fox is "Don't Care." Oh, the mischief he has done!

Sixth little fox is "No matter." It *does* matter whether your life is spoiled by small faults.—*Good News.*

## Letters of Recommendation.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he, in a short time, selected one and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy who had not a single recommendation." "You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, shewing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, shewing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it upon the table, while all the rest stepped over it or pushed it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his face and hands clean. Don't you call those letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than for all the fine letters he can bring me."

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# The Olive Branch

## A Sound Scriptural Magazine,

FOR OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

VOL. XII., No. 145. **AUGUST, 1897.** ONE HALFPENNY.




## Two Boys from Kaffir-Land.

THE Kaffirs are black people, very dark and ignorant, living in the south of Africa. Their houses are mere huts, without window, or fireplace, or chimney, and the door is only a hole through which they have to creep in and out on their hands and knees. The women do the work, while the men dress their hair, or fight, or talk. Their only idea of a god is that he is an evil spirit always watching to kill or injure them.

The two little boys, whose names were Majuba and Ujojo, were called by the missionaries Charlie and George; they used to take care of their father's sheep; and as they grew older they thought they would like to see the world. Some boys they knew had been to Natal, and had told them what fine things there were there,—big houses, and ships, and looking-glasses, and, most wonderful of all, "white animals like men and women."

I dare say they had many talks as they sat beside their sheep, and at last they resolved to ask their father to let them go too, and see all these marvels. He gave them leave, and off they went to walk to Natal. They had worn very little, if any, clothing among their own people, but a Kaffir whom they met told them that they "must get clothes, or white animal not like it!" So the boys had to stop and work to earn some money, and then they got themselves some clothes, to please "the white animals!"

When they reached Natal, they were, of course, greatly astonished at all they saw. But after a while a new desire seized them. They would go to the white man's country, and see more! So the two brothers engaged themselves as sailors in a vessel bound for England. The God whom as yet they knew not, had ordered it all.

On board the ship there was a German

missionary, who at once began to take an interest in the poor heathen lads. He taught them to read; and though at first they could not see the use of it, by degrees the love of learning possessed their minds, and then their ardour knew no bounds. They soon were able to read the Kaffir New Testament, which the missionary had given them, and light from above, better than even the love of learning, took possession of their once dark and ignorant minds. They were attracted by the idea of a God of *love*, and of a human Divine Saviour.

"Oh friends," Charley would say to others, "you know about God, and I know now! He is very kind. He does not want to hurt us; He is very good; He loves us. Poor African man no think about God at all."

When they reached England, their one wish was to find a school where they could learn more about Jesus. The captain wanted them to return with him to Natal; but they said, "No; God take care of us; we *must* learn, *must* find school."

For a long time things seemed against them. The man with whom they lodged stole their money; then the brothers, left alone in London, lost each other, and Charley got employment in a circus. For a whole year, instead of being at school, he travelled about the country, acting as "King Coffee," mounted on an elephant, the great attraction of the show. Poor Charlie! "My heart was sad," he said. No George, no school, no learn about God. But every day I pray, O God, bring me back to George, and teach us."

At last, when the circus got back to London, Charley ran away, and began a search for his brother, and he found him.

The happy brothers, re-united, were students for two years at the Harley House Missionary College, and are now gone back to their own land to finish their training, and then in the warmth of their young earnest hearts, to tell to others that love of Jesus which has been so sweet to themselves.

## An Eloquent Farthing.

THE HONESTY OF AN HUMBLE WOMAN.

OUR magnificent British Museum library contains so many unique and ancient manuscripts, that people come from all countries of the earth to read and copy them. Among the number it attracted last year was an emissary of the Sultan of Morocco, a leading student of the empire, who spent many weeks in making copies of Arabic books for his master.

When he got back to his country, the wonderful collection amid which he had worked was his constant theme; and one day he described to a traveller how those miles on miles of volumes had impressed him, and how marvellous it seemed that any one of them could be delivered to a reader in a few minutes.

Another thing that had struck the Moor was the number of lady readers, and especially of those who read or wrote his language—Arabic; for in Morocco very few women are taught to read, as that land is still plunged in the darkness of Mahomedanism.

"But," said he, this is the most wonderful thing I met with in England." And he produced a purse from the voluminous folds of his robes. The traveller's antici-

pations rose, but quickly fell when the young Moor produced only an insignificant farthing.

Now, as in Morocco their smallest coin runs from 375 to 400 a shilling, according to the rate of exchange, the marvel in that farthing was not conspicuous, if its value was concerned, nor was there anything remarkable in its appearance. But the Moor went on to say:

"When I was in lodgings in London, one day I dropped that farthing; and what do you think? When I came down the next morning it was lying on the table! The servant-girl had found it in sweeping. In our country such a thing would not have happened; in my house I should never have seen it again. Truly the English people are honest!

"But that is not all," continued the Moor. "I still had my doubts, for a farthing is such a small thing. So next night I dropped a sovereign, and—will you believe it?—in the morning that also had been placed on the table!"

"God is great indeed!" ejaculated his Moorish hearers when he told them the story. "Verily there is neither might nor power, save in God the High, Omnipotent; to Him be praise!"—a phrase on every pious Moslem's lips when told of anything hard to believe.

So the Sultan's emissary had brought more than manuscripts—he had brought an eloquent farthing, which is raising the honour of England wherever he goes; and that unknown servant-girl, by a simple act of honest duty, has done more to teach the Moorish nation what the doctrines of Christ in practice mean, than many sermons from the missionaries.

## The Jewish Religion,

RIGHT AT FIRST—WRONG NOW.

JUST as the compass is to the mariner, whose needle constantly points towards the north, so the Scriptures are intended to point men to Christ. Such was even the Old Testament to the Jews; but like the navigator in unknown seas, who has unconsciously passed his port, yet still pursues his undeviating course, though right at first, goes farther and farther from his desired haven,—so with the forms and ceremonies of the Jewish religion, originally ordained of God, and right to be observed up to the time of their fulfilment in the life and death of Christ,—if these religious observances be still persisted in, the worshippers become farther and farther removed from the Object of their search; for, like the mariner who has unwittingly passed his port, they are looking for that which is really behind them.

EDITOR.

## A Child's Prayer.

WE had been reading John viii. 44, and speaking to the children of Satan as the father of lies, and of our hearts as the place of lies (Jer. xvii. 9;) of Christ as the Truth, and of the Holy Spirit as the Spirit of truth. In the evening I heard a little voice from a little couch, crying very earnestly in words quite her own, "O Lord, let not Satan be my teacher, for he will teach me lies; and let not my heart be my teacher, for it will teach me lies; but let the Holy Spirit be my Teacher, for He will teach me the truth, and He will tell me about Jesus Christ, who is the Truth."



## "The Iron did Swim."

AHAB, who slew the prophets in his reign,
Himself had ignominiously been slain,
But their successors, having rest and peace,
Had multiplied, and now had so increased,
That frequently one heard another tell,
"My tent's too strait, give place that I may dwell."
Thus to Elijah often they complain;
They seek his friendly counsel, nor in vain.

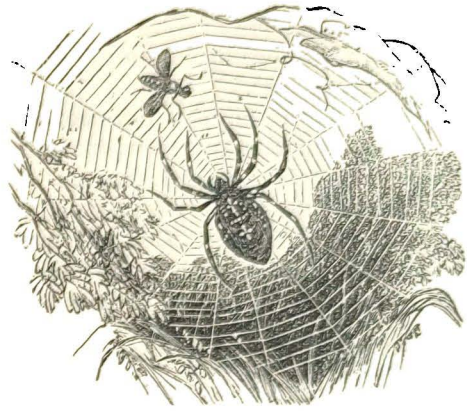
The little band repair to Jordan's stream,
Each with his axe, intent to fell his beam;
The forests soon with earnest blows resound,
And massive branches strew th' encumbered ground.
Their tools were simple, and their work was hard,
Yet patient labour earned a rich reward.

But now a sad discouragement befel,
For, lo! an axe-head in the Jordan fell.
'Twas not his own, the valued tool was lent
By some kind friend, and hence the man gave vent
To bitter disappointment with a sigh;
Thus to the aged prophet hear him cry:—
"Alas! my master! oh what *shall* I do?
Alas! 'twas borrowed! it indeed is true.
He grieved not only that his tool was gone,
But—honest man!—because 'twas not his own.

"Where fell it?" asked the venerated sire—
(The question seems a gleam of hope t' inspire.)
The place is pointed out, the man of God,
Like Moses when he waved the mystic rod,
Cast in a stick; the stick cast in by him
Miraculously made the axe to swim.
By faith in God he Nature's laws o'ercame;
Great was their joy, and honoured was God's name.

And still, as in those wondrous days of yore,
God oft repeats what He has done before;
The means, though disproportioned to the end—
A simple stick—can make the axe ascend.
Human impossibilities by Him
Are oft removed—*the iron's made to swim.*
His work progresses, though the world may sneer;
The iron on the surface *will* appear!
His cause goes on, whoever may oppose;
For Christ shall triumph over all His foes.
Our unbelief, O Lord, we own with shame,
And give all glory to Thy holy name.

JOSIAH BRISCOE.



## Spiders.

"SPIDER! Oh, the nasty thing! kill it!" said little Tom.

Stop!" said papa; "what harm has he done?"

"Well, papa," said Mary, coming to little Tom's aid, "does he not entrap and kill the flies? He's a cruel, sly, spiteful thing! Ugh! I shudder to look at it!"

Papa, by way of reply, took up a plate with a poison fly-paper, on which were several dead flies. Mary understood the silent reproof.

"Oh, papa! you know the flies must not have it all their own way. If we did not use the fly-papers we should be quite overrun with flies."

"I do not blame you, my dear, for using fly-papers; but on the same ground I must speak a word for the despised spiders; they are God's fly-papers to check the excessive abundance of flies. All kinds of animal, and vegetable life also, if left to increase without check would soon overrun the earth, and instead of the harmony and variety now existing we should have the

earth monopolized by a few animals and plants."

"Well, papa, but spiders are such repulsive, ugly things."

"That is no reason why they should be killed as a matter of course whenever we see them; but I don't think they are very repulsive, and they have a beauty of their own, like everything that God has made, and fulfil a useful purpose in nature. Perhaps you would like me to tell you a little about them?"

"Yes, papa, please do!"

"Well, my dears, the spider is in the first place very skilful. What a wonderful thing is its web! How fine! how perfect! When a spider cannot fasten all parts of its web to corners or twigs or posts, he attaches his web to a small bit of gravel, which hangs down as a weight to balance and keep the mass of the web stretched out. If a bee or a wasp be caught in the web the spider will help it to get free, for he does not like to attack such big insects."

"How clever!" said Mary.

"By a microscope I could show you the spider's eyes. He has six or eight, and you would be surprised to find how bright they are. His skin, too, is very beautiful, often covered with bright spots; and when this skin gets worn and dull, he sheds or changes it, and comes out in a new suit of clothes."

"Dear me, how wonderful!" said little Tom.

"Yes," continued papa, "and he also has a new set of legs now and then, and if one be pulled off or broken a new one grows again, so that he never has to limp about with a wooden leg. I have heard the same of crabs."

"Oh, papa! and the lobster!" said Mary.

"Yes, the spider is very much like the crab. It has claws at the end of its legs, and two short fore-arms that enable it to grasp its prey tightly. Now you see that the spider can do many things besides crawl."

"Oh, yes!" said Mary; "he can drop down from his web like a stone just as far as he likes, and then run up again as quick as a monkey up a pole; and he can swing himself by his wonderful web in all directions: really, papa, he is very clever! But what else can he do?"

"He can feel and taste," said little Tom.

"Yes," said papa, "and how wonderful must be his powers of feeling to be able to pull his web like a lot of ropes; and each thread of this web, though so fine, is composed, like a rope, of several smaller strands. But the spider can also hear very well, and is also able to foretell the weather."

"How do we know that?" inquired Mary.

"When a storm or frost is coming, he goes away from his web and remains snugly in his nest," replied papa.

"I wonder that he has not sense enough to be taught," remarked Mary.

"It really can be tamed. A poor prisoner once had no companion but a spider, and he was so gentle and patient with it, that in time it came and ate out of the prisoner's hand. Now, Mary, do you think the poor prisoner would have been pleased had he killed the spider?"

"Oh no, papa! I don't think I should like to kill one now. But is there no fear of spiders becoming too numerous?"

"I think not," replied papa; spiders

cannot live without food, and they require a great deal. A spider will eat six or eight times its own weight in a day, so that you see he keeps flies in check by destroying great numbers. If pressed by hunger spiders will also destroy one another, so that there is no fear of their becoming pests, and no need I think for little boys and girls to crush them whenever they see them."

"No, papa," said Mary, "I will never kill a spider again."

"Nor I!" said little Tom. T. C.

## Disobedience.

THERE was a minister who once had a bright little boy named James. He was his only child. It was on a clear, calm, lovely Sabbath morning in June, that the event took place of which I am about to tell you. The cherries were ripe, and the green leaves which were around them made them appear very nice and tempting. James's father was about to leave home to go to church. Knowing that his son sometimes acted very improperly when he was away, he was afraid that he might be tempted to disobey his father and break the Sabbath in order to get the cherries. So before he started he called James to him, and said, "My son, do you know what day this is?"

"Yes, father; it's the Sabbath day."

"Can you wait till to-morrow for the cherries which are ripe?"

"Yes, father," answered James.

"Now remember, my dear boy, that this is God's day. Don't go near that tree. Don't forget your father's command."

"No, father," said he.

After his father had disappeared over the hill, and the servant was engaged in another part of the house, he took his stand at the open window, and stood gazing at the bright, beautiful fruit, as it hung upon the tree, so ripe and juicy. Perhaps you are ready to say, "There were no sinners there to tempt James." Yes there was. Satan was there, the old father of sin and sinners. He is the greatest of all enticers. He came up to James, unseen, and whispered in his ear, "Don't they look ripe? Wouldn't it be nice to have a few? What's to hinder? The servant is away. Nobody will see you. Your father will never know it. Why not go and get a few?" Thus Satan enticed James. *And James consented.* After he had filled his *eye* and *heart* with the cherries, he resolved to fill his *hands* and his *mouth.* He stole quietly out of the house, and climbed up the tree. He had eaten as many as he wanted then, and was plucking some to put into his pocket, when the door of the house opened suddenly. This frightened him. He missed his hold, and fell some twelve feet to the ground. The servant ran to pick him up, and carry him into the house. But his neck was broken, and there lay the young Sabbath-breaker, *dead!* He had died in the very act of breaking two of God's commandments at once—the fourth and the fifth.

At noon his father returned. He found his little boy dead. How must he have felt? Ah! if we had been there, we would have seen him wringing his hands in sorrow, while he took up David's lamentation over Absalom, and said: "My son! my son! would God that I had died for thee! Oh, James, my son! my son!"

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Don't do it, because *it is dangerous*. *From "The Safe Compass," by Dr. Newton.*

## The Smile of Jesus.

LOVELY is the face of nature,
Decked with spring's unfolding flowers,
While the sun shows every feature
Smiling through descending showers:
Birds with songs the time beguiling,
Chant their little notes with glee—
But to see a Saviour smiling
Is more soft, more sweet to me.

Morn her melting tints displaying
Ere the sluggard is awake:
Evening zephyrs gently straying
O'er the surface of the lake:
Melting hues and whispering breezes,
All have powerful charms for me—
But no earthly beauty pleases
When, my Lord, compared with Thee.

Soft and sweet are showers descending
On the parched, expecting ground,
Fragrance to the meadows lending
As their drops distil around;
These, with every earthly blessing,
Loudly for thanksgiving call,
But one smile of Thine possessing,
Jesus far exceeds them all.

Sweet is sleep to tired nature,
Sweet to labour is repose;
Sweet is life to every creature,
Sweet the balm that hope bestows:
But though spring and evening's breezes,
Sleep, and hope, and life to me,
All are pleasant—nothing pleases,
Jesus, like a smile from Thee.

*Dr. Collyer.*

## The Butterfly and the Bee.

TO some people the Bible is uninteresting and unprofitable, because they read too fast. Amongst the insects which subsist on the sweet sap of flowers there are two very different classes. One is remarkable for its imposing plumage, which shows in the goldbeams like the dust of gems; and as you watch its jaunty gyrations over the fields, and its minuet dance from flower to flower, you cannot help admiring its graceful activity, for it is plainly getting over a great deal of ground. But in the same field there is another worker, whose brown breast and business-like flight may not have arrested your eye. His fluttering neighbour darts down here and there, and sips elegantly wherever he can find a drop of ready nectar; but this dingy plodder makes a point of alighting everywhere, and wherever he alights he either finds honey or makes it. If the flower-cup be deep, he goes down to the bottom; if its dragon-mouth be shut, he thrusts its lips asunder; and if the nectar be peculiar or recondite, he explores all about till he discovers it, and then having ascertained the knack of it, joyful as one who has found great spoil, he sings his way down into its luscious recesses. His rival of the painted velvet wing, has no patience for such dull and long-winded details. But what is the end? Why, the one dies in autumn along with the flowers; the other, warm in his hive, lives through the winter amidst the fragrant stores which he gathered beneath the bright beams of summer.

Reader, to which do you belong—the butterflies or bees?—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

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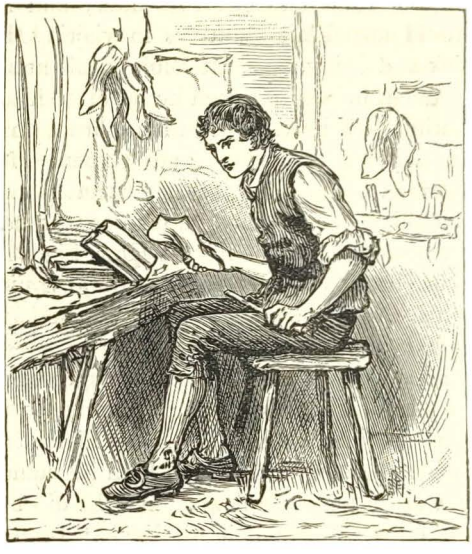
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# The Olive Branch

A Sound Scriptural Magazine,

FOR + OUR + SUNDAY + SCHOOLS + AND + FAMILIES.

VOL. XII., No. 146. SEPTEMBER, 1897. ONE HALFPENNY.

## Robert Morrison,

THE RAGGED BOY WHO BECAME A MISSIONARY.

IT was nearly a hundred years ago. Sunday-schools, as we know, had only just been begun, because it is not long since we kept their "centenary," as it was called, and thought a great deal about the good Robert Raikes, who first commenced a Sunday-school. That was in the city of Gloucester, and the only wonder is that such an idea had never entered into anybody's mind before. The world without a Sunday-school seems strange to *us*, who all our lives have been used to see the little children wending their way thither, and even perhaps within the happy walls have helped to teach them about Jesus.

A little child not long ago knocked at the door of a Sunday-school, and when it was opened she looked up into the superintendent's face, and said simply, "Please, sir, is this the way to heaven?"

Oh, I hope hundreds of children have not only found that their school showed them the way to heaven, but also through God's grace that it prompted them to walk in it. And I know well that many dear little ones *have* passed from their Sunday class on earth, to the happy land above.

Now I am going to tell you how one Sunday-school was honoured at the very beginning of their existence. In a country village, in one of our English counties, a few children had just been gathered together for instruction on the Sabbath. There was very little order or discipline, and there

were numbers of boys and girls still running about the street, who might come in if they only *would*. The superintendent asked a young lady, who had offered to teach, if she would collect some of these wild ones, and bring them in. She said she would try, and so she did; but it was hard work. Three or four rough boys were persuaded to come next Sunday, and by degrees she hoped to win others also.

What do you think induced them to come? Not the prospect of learning, but the promise of a new suit of clothes!—that *was* "something worth," they thought. They came, the reward was duly given; but the next Sunday one of the boys was missing. The teacher sought him, and found him ragged and dirty as before, and the suit gone nobody knew where. Again she promised, and again the boy appeared for the one Sunday, then vanished as before. What was to be done? She waited a month, then went to the superintendent to tell him her disappointment. "Try once more," said he; "I will give him a third suit."

To make sure of him, the lady herself, after the clothes had been given, went and fetched him, and conducted him to his class for three succeeding Sundays. On the fourth she found that he came of his own accord, and *he was never absent again.* "Three suits of clothes," as the history tells us, "and three months of patient untiring love, had won the victory."

Robert Morrison (for that was the boy's name) became a scholar, a Christian, and a missionary; and this was the first step in the upward course. His father was a poor working man, and could not afford to give him any "schooling"; but that did not matter,—the love of learning was in his heart, and learn he must. He was brought up to work at making lasts for boots. At seventeen we see him at his bench, surrounded by his lasts, but by his books too. He would get up at five o'clock, and not go to bed till midnight, that he might get time for study. At his work there were always books open before him,—books on botany, geography, astronomy,—best of all, there was his Bible. For Robert had even earlier than this found his Saviour. He had learnt that he was "the sinner Jesus came to save." So he wanted to tell it out to others; and he would spend his Sundays in visiting the sick and dying, with his Bible in his hand.

When he was nineteen he began to learn Latin; and he tells us in his journal that he paid ten shillings and sixpence for entrance money, and was after that to pay one guinea a quarter to a master who had promised to teach him. How hard he must have worked, and how many nice things he must have denied himself, to have been able to do this!

Most of you have kind fathers to work *for* you, and thus to pay for all you need to learn; but Robert Morrison had himself to earn the money, and to toil with his hands as well as with his head. But he did not mind, for, as he adds in his diary, "I know not what the end may be. God only knows. But it is my desire, if He is pleased to spare me in the world, to spread the Gospel of Christ, as He shall give opportunity."

At twenty-two he had not only mastered Latin, but had learnt something of Greek and Hebrew; and about this time he went to London, and made his final decision to be a missionary. While training in connection with the London Missionary Society, he fell in with a young Chinaman,

and this turned his attention to Chinese. He began to study it, and his friend taught him, but was very irritable; and once, in a fit of temper, threw into the fire a paper on which with great pains Robert had been tracing Chinese characters. But he said nothing; only in future he traced the letters upon *tin*. Ah! Robert Morrison had been taking other lessons than those in Chinese, —he had been learning of the meek and lowly Jesus.

The Chinese language, you know, is very difficult, even now; but at that time there was neither grammar nor dictionary, and to learn a foreign tongue without these is hard indeed. The characters too are most puzzling, so that anybody else would have found it almost an impossibility to acquire it. Not *quite*, however, was it to Robert Morrison; for he learnt it. He conquered every difficulty: and at last set foot in China with the language on his tongue, and the love of Christ in his heart.

This was in the year 1807. But do you think his difficulties were over? No, they were only just beginning. He was as yet but just armed for the battle; and not only was China with its millions given over to idolatry, but the people were so jealous of all foreigners, whom they called "barbarians," that they would only allow them to enter a few of their cities, and that only for the sake of trade.

As Robert Morrison passed through New York, which was the way he took, a merchant remarked with a scornful smile, "So you expect to make an impression upon the heathenism of the great Chinese Empire?"

"No, sir," replied the young man; "I expect God will."

That was the spirit in which he went; and God did fulfil this undoubted trust in Him. But his faith was sorely tried. He waited seven years for his first convert; and even after twenty-seven years of patient toil, there were not more than twenty-seven who had professed faith in Christ. But all the same the labour of Robert Morrison will last for eternity, for *this* is what he did: he not only gave to China a grammar and a dictionary of their own language; he gave the Bible to the *four hundred millions* which make up the Chinese Empire.

He has long ago passed to his rest and his reward; but "his works do follow him." There are *now* in China nearly five hundred foreign missionaries, and one hundred native teachers; more than fifty thousand converts, and thirteen thousand communicants. This result has "followed" the labours of Robert Morrison.

When you hear of China, then, think of the once wild and ragged boy who was won to such high and blessed service by three suits of clothes and three months of patient untiring love!

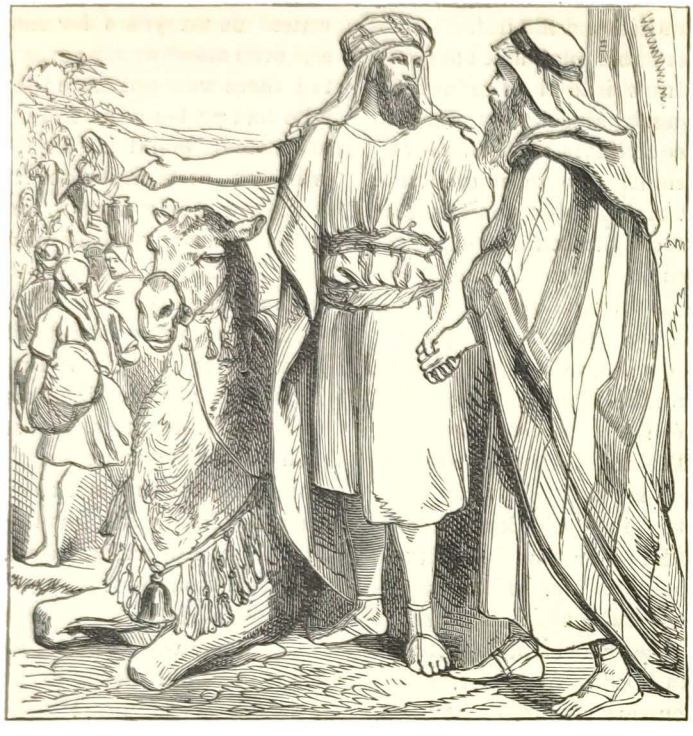
## Afraid of God.

SOME years ago a band of missionaries in the Fiji Islands found their home surrounded by a troop of savages armed for battle. Being both unable and unwilling to fight, they shut their door and began to pray.

Presently the howling of the savages ceased. Then one of the missionaries went out, and found only one savage there. Said the missionary, "Where are your chiefs?"

"They are gone. They heard you praying to your God: and they know your God is a strong God; and they are gone."

The savages were right. God is a strong God; strong to help those who love Him; strong to punish His enemies. What good news this is for the weak and helpless!



## Lot's Choice.

(GEN. XIII. 1—13.)

OUR subject, though brief, is deeply interesting and instructive. And as the artist employs light and shade to produce an effective picture, so in this fragment of Bible history we have two prominent personages, whose characters are the more vividly displayed by *contrast*.

Abram was pre-eminently a great man, though not perfect. He had been an idolator in his youth, but he had been called of God to leave his native country, and its false religion, and emigrate to an unknown land, which God had promised to give him and his heirs for a possession. Strong in faith, he promptly obeyed, and went out, not knowing whither he went—taking with him his wife, and his nephew Lot, the subject of our paper.

But faith must be tried, and various discouragements follow. But the call was divine; his faith, too, was from God, and his obedience was consequently unfaltering. Hence we are told, "they went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came." Having pitched his tent at Bethel, it became to him, as its

name implies, "the house of God," for there he built an altar to the Lord."

But in the inscrutable providence of God, a famine rages in the land of promise; Abram's faith is again sorely tried, and he is compelled to flee to Egypt for sustenance. Egypt has been called "the granary of the nations;" and it appears that at this time, as on a subsequent memorable occasion, there was "corn in Egypt." But here Abram's confidence in God gave place to distrust, so that by means of a lie, as foolish as it was wicked, he sought to save his life by denying his wife. But the purposes of God were not dependent upon his faith, and even this sin of Abram—doubtless repented of—was overruled for his good; and Pharaoh, by his gifts to Abram, was unconsciously fulfilling the divine purpose and promise recorded in chapter xii. 2: "I will bless thee, and make thy name great."

But the famine has subsided, and Abram and his wife, with Lot their nephew, return from Egypt to the very place they had left, sacred to them by the altar which had been reared between Bethel and Hai, and which doubtless was re-consecrated by the sacrifices of the "father of the faithful": for God's hand had been conspicuously seen both in protecting, preserving, and providing for His servants; and Abram while he looked around on his numerous flocks and herds, his men-servants and maid-servants—although the Canaanites and the Perizzites had yet to be overcome,—began to realise that God had already at least partially fulfilled His promise.

But even prosperity has its drawbacks, and as his flocks and herds increased, they needed an extended area of pasturage; so that greater distances must be traversed, and the most fertile spots selected.

The young man Lot, who probably inherited his father's substance, had always been befriended by Abram, and had shared his protection; neither do we read of any disagreement between them. Yet from the narrative it would appear that Lot manifested but little deference to and respect for his uncle, who was not only his senior, but his superior in every sense, and who, moreover, had a divine command for the journey he had undertaken, and had been so manifestly under the divine guidance.

But if they themselves did not disagree, their servants did, namely, with reference to the pasturage of their respective flocks. It was no doubt necessary that the flocks should be kept separate, and as their herdsmen each sought the fertile valley and the flowing stream, strife would necessarily ensue, unless the one or the other were disposed to yield.

Whether Lot was a godly man at this time we are not informed; but apart from the divine principles of true religion, one would have thought that deference for the age and character of his uncle, and gratitude for his kind guardianship would have been sufficient to prevent a rupture between them. But Abram, who, as will be seen in chapter xiv., was an able warrior when occasion required, in the present instance does not show the slightest hostility; he does not stand upon his dignity, and yet the truest dignity is displayed in the conciliatory terms with which he meets his nephew: "Let there be no strife," &c., verses 8, 9.

Lot chose as his inheritance the plain of Jordan, because it was fruitful and well watered, regardless of the fact that the cities of the plain were inhabited by the most wicked of men. A charming earthly

prospect influenced his choice. He separated from the godly society of his uncle, and dwelt among sinners of the worst type. Yet Abram was still, as ever, affectionately disposed towards him. Witness the patriarch's heroic conduct when Lot was taken a prisoner in war, and also his pathetic intercession for him ere the judgment of God fell upon Sodom and Gomorrah, in answer to whose prayer Lot was saved from the general doom, "yet so as by fire." No doubt he lost all his possessions when he escaped from Sodom, and bitterly repented the choice he had made in early life.

"Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples," and they are written for our admonition; teaching us to "seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness," knowing that all needful earthly things shall be added thereto. Alas! how many seek happiness from the vanities of this world, nor learn wisdom even when the bubble of fame bursts, and the butterfly of pleasure eludes their grasp. Others, bent on becoming rich, sacrifice everything at the shrine of their golden idol; while fashion and luxury take the place of the Bible, and indolence and ease are preferred to the Master's service. But "what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

All such have made Lot's choice; forgetful of the fact that "it is the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich; and he addeth no sorrow with it." Rather let us say, "Thou shalt choose our inheritance for us." "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

EDITOR.



## "After many days."

A LADY sat in her verandah in the far-off land of Burmah. Her head was bent over her book, and so it had been day after day for many weeks past. It was not for herself that she was toiling, it was for the sake of the poor heathen around her.

Among the Burmese there is a race called Pequans, who are despised and oppressed, and their language is forbidden to be used, or rather it was so at the time of which we are speaking. The missionary's wife pitied these poor people, and she wanted to do them good. She found she must learn their language as the only way of winning their hearts. That was what she was doing as she sat in the verandah. Through the hot and sultry days she did not give in, as many would have done, but devoted all her spare time to the cause of the Pequans. The love of Christ was in her heart, and you know hard things do not seem hard when we do them to please Him.

Often the passers-by would stop to look at such a strange sight; first of all a white woman was a rarity, and then to see her studying was stranger still. Then she

would take the opportunity to tell them about the true God she worshipped, and about the Saviour she loved.

When she had learned to speak the language she began to write it, and many little books and tracts henceforth were taken from her hand and carried some to villages far away. Among other tracts she translated was one called "The Golden Balance," and it was often given away to the Pequans as they went by.

But the Christian lady finished her labour of love, and was taken home to rest in heaven, and her husband was left to toil alone.

Many years passed, and one day a middle-aged man, a Pequan, appeared before him with a request to be baptized. Of course, the missionary wished to inquire the reason, and to have some further talk with him.

"I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," said the man, "and I want to enter His religion and obey His commands."

"How do you know this is one of His commands?" asked the missionary.

"I have read about it in the Book of Truth," was the reply.

"But how did you hear anything about our religion?" the missionary asked.

"Before I came to this region a countryman of mine chanced to mention a wonderful little book which a foreign teacher had given him. I got it and read it. I have never worshipped an idol since. The name of the book was 'The Golden Balance.'"

That was the man's answer, and you may well believe it filled the missionary's heart with joy. Here in the verandah, on the same spot where his wife had once toiled for the Pequans, stood one who had, through her, received Christ's salvation into his soul. And the missionary thought it was worth a life time's labour if only one lost one could thus be brought home to the fold. The man was shortly after baptized, and showed by his Christian life that he indeed wished to obey the commands of the Lord Jesus.

Blessed little messengers, carrying God's truth! Let us make haste to send them to the east and the west, and the north and the south, and some day we shall find how many heathen have been led by them to Jesus, and to heaven.

## "The Lord God is a Sun."



CHILDREN often think the word of God is meant only for grown people. They suppose a child need not try to read it, for, if he did, he would not be able to spell the words, nor tell what they mean. Now, little folks, just look at the verse that stands at the head of this article. There is not a long word in it. It came from the pen of one of the best men of olden times, and he wrote it just as God told him to. Many more like it may be found in the Bible.

Even a child may learn a great deal by thought. So let us think awhile, and see if we cannot find out something of what our text means. What does the sun do? It makes things grow? It casts light and joy on all things; it gives warmth and comfort; it gives beauty and life. Of the sun come all earth's pleasant things. Should the sun set to rise no more, our world would soon become a dreary waste.

"The Lord God is a sun." "From *Him* cometh every good and perfect gift." He

made the sun, and it is only His will that the sun performs. But it is those who have God's love in their hearts who best can tell how God is a sun. I will tell you how, by the story of a flower-root,

In the beginning of winter I put a root deep in the ground. Through all the long cold days it lay there. Those who did not know might have thought it was dead.

But when spring came, the rays of the warm sun struck through the earth to the root. Then came up the green shoots. The sun gently smiled on them, and caused the flowers, with their lovely colours, to come forth. Just so roots or seeds are planted by friends in the heart of some dear child. The sun of God's love comes, in the course of time, and warms them, till they bud, and grow, and bloom. And, oh! these blossoms of early love from a young heart are lovelier far than the fairest of earth's flowers. Pray, my young friends, that God may be a sun to your hearts.

I will tell a story of a bird. This, too, may show you the power of the sun, and help to show what the text means.

A friend was walking out one cool day. She saw a bird that seemed to be dead. It lay in the shade, close to the wall of the house. She picked it up, and placed it where the full light of the sun could fall on it. She watched it, and soon saw its foot move, then its eyelid, and it was not long before it was on the wing, high up in the air! The next day we heard it sing.

So does the power of God warm a dead soul to life, and songs of praise break forth from the lips of a new-made child of God.

## The Brave Sailor Lad.

WHEN only a few days from New York, a great ship was overtaken by a terrible storm, which lasted nearly a week.

One day, at the height of the tempest, the rigging at the mainmast got tangled, and some one had to go up and straighten it. The mate called a boy belonging to the ship, and ordered him aloft.

The lad touched his cap, but hesitated a moment; cast one frightened glance up and down at the swaying mast and furious sea, and then rushed across the deck and down into the forecastle. In about two minutes he appeared, and, without a word, seized the ratlins—the rope-ladders of the vessel—and flew up the rigging like a squirrel. With dizzy eyes the weather-beaten crew watched the poor boy at this fearful height. "He will never come down alive," they said to each other.

But in twenty minutes the perilous job was done, and the boy safely descended; and straightening himself up, with a smile on his face, walked to the stern of the ship.

"What did you go below for when ordered aloft?" asked a passenger of the brave boy.

"I went—to pray," replied the boy, with a blush, and a quiver of the lip.

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ERRATUM.—In our last number, p. 60, last line but one, read "Elisha" instead of "Elijah."

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# The Olive Branch

## A Sound Scriptural Magazine,

FOR + OUR + SUNDAY + SCHOOLS + AND + FAMILIES.

VOL. XII., No. 147. OCTOBER, 1897. ONE HALFPENNY.




### The Little Indian Boy.

DO you like hard names? The Indian tribes of North America have very long names, and such odd-sounding ones too; there are Chickasaws, and Cherokees, and Arapahoes and Ojibbeways —that is enough, you say, you do not want any more. So, perhaps, it will be some comfort to you to know that the boy of whom I am about to speak belonged to none of them, but was only one of the Digger Indians. They are called so because they feed on worms, snails, and insects, which they obtain by digging out of the ground. It does not sound very nice, does it? Neither are the tribe at all nice. They are low and degraded in habits, as well as in their manners and appearance.

Perhaps you have seen a picture of an Indian warrior with a plume of feathers on his head, and have thought him a rather fine fellow; but if you were to see him at home, I do not think you would consider him so attractive. The dwellings of all the Indian tribes are poor and mean; a hole in the roof serves for a chimney, and they have no idea of cleanliness or comfort. Then as the men care for nothing but war and hunting, everything else is left to the women, so that the poor wives have a rather hard time of it, all the labour of the fields being done by them, while their husbands are away chasing the buffaloes, or fighting with each other.

But these Digger Indians have not even spirit enough to hunt for their food, save *very* small game indeed. They are very

fond of grasshoppers, and will dig a hole for them, while others beat the bushes to drive them into it. They are taken out of this hole in handfuls, squeezed into cakes, and baked for winter use as a great luxury. I do not think we should care to see grasshopper cakes upon our tables!

The tribe inhabit the regions of California, and the little boy of whom I am going to tell you lived on the shore of Clear Lake, a beautiful sheet of water among the mountains, with the loveliest scenery all around it. That did not matter much to him, for he had no eyes for anything except the pine-nuts he picked up, or the snakes and toads he hunted for. I do not know his name, and so we can only call him the little Digger. His skin was very dark copper-coloured (and I am sure you will like to know how he looked,) his face broad and round, his nose flat, his lips thick and pouting, and a mass of tangled hair falling over his shoulders. As for his dress, he had very little at all except a piece of cloth wrapped round him.

His was a hard and cheerless life, for he had no father nor mother, nor, indeed, anybody to care for him. I believe his parents had both been murdered, and so it became the duty of the "Big Chief," or head of the tribe to provide for him. But he did it only in this way: he sold the poor little waif to a white man who happened one day to encamp on the shores of the lake. It proved, however, to be the best thing he could have done; for the "pale face" (that is what they call the white man) was a good kind-hearted man, who pitied the forlorn child, and wished very much to make him happier and better.

So he took him home with him, and, first of all, endeavoured to improve his outward appearance. He had his long hair cut off, and washed and scrubbed him well, and put him into decent clothes. But, alas! it was a very, very hard task to do anything more than this. He liked the old ways he had been used to, and nothing would make him give them up. Even when put to bed, when all others were asleep he would steal out into the dark, and lie in the tall weeds outside the house. He would rather eat with the pigs out of their trough, than with a family at a comfortable table. What *could* be done with such a child?

Worse than that, he would steal everything that came in his way, and then tell falsehoods to cover his sin. He had no idea of right or wrong, or of love and duty. The only thing he did understand was the principle of *fear*. The Indian does not worship idols, but believes in a great spirit who has all power, and is greatly to be feared. The little Digger had a vague notion of him, and always lived in dread of some unseen influence which was not for him, but *against* him; so that he was always beinng tormented, and would think that the fluttering of the leaves and the whispering of the wind meant something that would do him harm. Poor child! he was indeed miserable and degraded both in body and mind, yet he had a soul to be saved, and God loved him.

Trying to teach him did not seem of much use,—you might have thought so, but a kind lady thought differently. She regarded him with loving pity, and hoped that the Good Shepherd would yet gather him into His fold. She told him of God, our Father, in heaven, who would always take care of

him, so that he need not fear ghosts and evil spirits. She told him of the love of Jesus who had come down to die; and that, though it was such a wicked thing to tell lies and steal, yet, if he confessed his sins, He would, for His own sake, forgive him, and make his heart pure and happy. She also taught him to read, that he might be able to see that all this was in the Bible.

Careless and stubborn was the little Digger at first, and for a long time too. His eyes were dull and heavy, and nothing seemed to interest him. But in faith and prayer the kind teacher plodded on. Then she fancied there was a slight change, and that his face did not look *quite* so coarse and stolid as it used to look.

At last one day he came to her, and said with a broken voice, "Mistress, oh me got bad heart! ask Great Spirit to give me better heart."

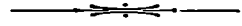
Oh, how *her* heart rejoiced to think that God Himself had thus spoken to the poor Indian child. She told him he must ask for himself. Then he went into his own room and prayed very earnestly that the Great Father would pardon his sins for the sake of Jesus, and take away his bad heart and show him how to be good. It was a poor prayer as regards words, but the spirit of it was just that which God loves to answer.

And He *did* answer it. From that hour he was different. His bad habits were laid aside; and though, of course, he had many struggles, and was not perfect any more than *you* are, though you may be a Christian, yet he never told lies again, never took what did not belong to him, and he showed in his daily life that he loved Jesus and was trying to be like Him. His face grew bright and almost handsome, because it glowed with the happy feelings which were within. And up in heaven there was joy amongst the angels of God over the little wandering lamb, who *was* lost, but was now restored to the tender Shepherd's care.

You are an English child, and perhaps have never stolen or told falsehoods as the little Digger did; but for all that you have a "bad heart," the same as he had. You need God's grace to change it. Ask God to take away the sinful heart, and give a new clean heart. That will make you so happy; and, do you know, your face will show it as the little Digger's face did, and others will take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus.

Then you will long to make everybody happy too, and one of the first things you will want to do will be to send to little Digger Indians, and all little heathen children throughout the world, the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

M. K. M.



HEAVENLY DRAWINGS. — A man was passing along the street, and saw a blind boy seated on his father's knee, holding in his hand a kite-string, the kite flying away in the air. The man said, "Is it any satisfaction to you, my lad, to fly that kite, when you cannot see it?" "Oh yes, sir," he replied, "I cannot see it, but I can feel it pull." And so out of this dark world, and amid this blindness of sin, we feel something drawing us heavenwards; and though we cannot see the thrones, and the joy, and the coronation, blessed be God, we can feel them pull.



## The Child with a Linen Ephod.

(1 Sam. ii. 18, 19.)

IT was a most unusual spectacle which the worshippers in the Jewish Tabernacle gazed upon during the last few years of Eli's life. When they went up to the house of the Lord, they saw a child ministering there,—"a child girded with a linen ephod." This would appear very strange to those who had been used to no priests younger than twenty-five years of age. Besides, the Jewish priesthood was confined to one tribe, and Samuel did not belong to that tribe. Yet God constrained Samuel's mother to give up her little boy to His service, and then prompted Eli by His Spirit to clothe him somewhat after the manner of the high-priest himself.

I know not if the people understood the meaning of Eli's act in thus adorning Samuel; but we may learn from it that God has a place in His temple for child-service. There have been some very foolish people who have, perhaps not intentionally, hindered children from serving the Lord; but I think they have nearly all gone to heaven now, where they have become much wiser. In His spiritual temple, the Church,

God has room for diversified workers. He raises no question of age. However young my readers may be, if they love Jesus because he has saved them, and forgiven their sins, they have a right to a place in his church. Only let the child keep its right place. No child can do the work of a man. The tasks which Samuel performed would be very simple,—lighting a lamp, holding a dish, or shutting a door; but doing this, and keeping to it, the child "ministered." If he had attempted to do Eli's work, Samuel's "ministering" would have been at an end. If you love Jesus, and do the smallest thing out of love to Him, you become a ministering angel; and both the church and the world need such. All who have been saved by Christ can do one thing: they can point Him out to others. The following illustration will show you what I mean by pointing out Christ:—

A servant of the Lord was being rowed across a large river which ran between two cities in America. The ferryman was a stout coloured man, who made the boat pass rapidly through the water; when, all of a sudden, he ceased rowing, stood upright in his boat, and with a loud exclamation, "Look dah! look dah!" he pointed to a sloop passing down the river. When the sloop had passed out of sight he sat down to his oars with a sigh. His passenger asked him what it was that so interested him. With a look of pity for his ignorance, he said, "Why, dat was de Cap'n!"

"The Captain! What Captain?"

"De Cap'n! You don't know de Cap'n! Why he was de man dat saved me."

"How did he save you?" asked his now thoroughly interested passenger.

"Why, I was going down in de water, and I t'inks it all ober with me, and de Cap'n, he jumps into de water, and he saved me. He pull me right out de water, and when I comes to, I ask him to let me serve him, but he say he 'aint got room yet, but I rows de people across the ferry here, and looks out for his vessel, and I lubs to p'int him out."

The servant of the Lord had become discouraged, but the earnestness of this poor coloured boatman aroused him. "Shame on me!" he said, "that I, who have been eternally saved by my blessed Lord at the cost of His own life, should let this poor man outstrip me in zeal." And then and there he determined with the help of the Lord, to take for his life's motto the words of this poor boatman, "I lubs to p'int him out."

Doubtless Eli provided the ephod for little Samuel. The child's mother brought him a new coat every year. This coat was a long garment which reached nearly to the ankles. Over this Eli placed a linen ephod. Thus, when Samuel was dressed, he appeared to be clothed like the high-priest whose duty it was to represent the people before God. Now, although the "coat" which his mother brought him year by year was beautifully made, and the stitches were worked in with much prayer, it was not the mother's work which fitted Samuel to appear before the Lord, but the gift of the high-priest.

My dear young friends, it is a grand privilege to have godly, loving parents who weave round your souls the virtues and principles of a true and noble life; but, if you are to stand before the Lord in His church below and in His home above, you must have more than this. Over all Jesus must place the ephod of His righteousness; for in no other dress can we minister before the Lord. This the Saviour is ready to do for any who, feeling their need, cry, "Make me a child girded with a linen ephod."

PHILIP REYNOLDS.



## "Nothing but Girls."

YOU would never hear *your* father say *that*. "Why, my dear little daughters," he would cry, "they are the very sunshine of my life! What should I do without them? The boys soon get too old to be petted, but the girls"—and all the rest of his speech is lost in such a shower of kisses on rosy cheeks, that there is nothing more to be said on either side. Let us turn from this picture of your happy home-life to the lands where the little girls are not wanted and not cared for.

A missionary once went to see an old Mahommedan in the Syrian city of Tripoli. As he entered the outer court, he saw a number of little girls running out of his way as fast as they could. He asked a boy who was with him who they were, and he said they were the children of the person he was going to call on.

So he went into his presence and was most politely received. The old man rose from his cushion on the floor, placed his right hand on his forehead, and bowing gracefully, said, "May your morning be blessed, your Excellency! Peace be to your life." Then a boy brought in cups of very strong black coffee, and they talked together in a friendly way.

Presently the missionary asked the old man how many children he had, and was surprised at the prompt reply, in a sorrowful voice, "I have no children at all."

The visitor thought this was very strange, and that there must be some mistake. "Were not those your daughters whom I saw in the court?" he asked again.

"Oh yes," he replied, "those are mine, but they are *nothing but girls*." The same missionary, calling on another Mahommedan gentleman, and asking him the same question, received for answer, "I have four sons; but praise to God, I have no daughters."

Now let us see what a difference it makes when people become Christians. A little daughter was born in the same city of Tripoli, who had a very unusual welcome. When the relatives heard of its birth, they came to express their sympathy with the parents at the sad calamity which had befallen them. The baby's grandmother declared she would not kiss her for six months because she was a girl!

But the father stood up and said, "Spare your sorrow. I do not want your sympathy. I love my little daughter, and hope to train her up to love the Saviour, and do good to others. I am not a heathen any longer." And then he went and put up a flag to let all his neighbours know that he was not sorry that his child was a girl.

Thus you see the little heathen girls have great reason to rejoice when their

parents become Christians. The life of a woman is a very sad one in all countries where they have not the Bible. She is despised and degraded, thought to have no soul; made to do all the work; never allowed to take her meals or sit down with her husband. But directly the religion of Jesus Christ comes in, woman begins to be loved and honoured, and is promoted to her proper place.

Little English girls—boys, too, who love their sisters—then will you not try to help forward such a happy thing for your heathen sisters? There was a little boy who went to a missionary meeting, and when he came back he said nothing, but sat by the fire looking at his baby sister in her mother's lap. In the morning it was just the same. His mother asked him if he were well, and he said he was. "But oh, mother!" he cried, "they told last night how the heathen mothers throw their little girl babies away! Only think how shocking! There's my sixpence. I meant to buy a top with it, but now—the missionaries shall have it all!"

## Moses and Hobab.

A HEARTY INVITATION TO THOSE WHO LOVE THE LORD.

"*Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.*" NUM. x. 29.

THE cloud was moving, Israel must depart,
Led by its light, protected by its shade;
Their tents are struck, and they prepared to start,
The trumpet's call the gathering hosts obeyed.

Moses, their leador, now must say farewell,
E'en to the dearest friends he may possess;
Or they, resolving with him still to dwell,
Must share the dangers of the wilderness.

His brother Hobab wishes to depart
To Midian—'twas natural he should;
But Moses pleads with overflowing heart,
"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

And *now* the Christian Church takes up the call,
(For in a Gospel sense it may be viewed;)
Our doors are open, welcome one and all,
"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

Once we were slaves, in worse than Egypt's thrall;
Our debt was great, though little understood;
But Christ, our Surety, died and paid it all:
"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

We're journeying to the land of promised rest;
For since by grace our minds have been renewed,
The world appears a wilderness at best:
"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

Christ is our Leader, we His word obey;
And His commands, if rightly understood,
Are never grievous—why should you delay?
"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

He has ordained that all His saints unite
In companies along the heavenly road;
Thus best equipped to journey or to fight:
"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

"For God has spoken good" concerning those
Who with His gracious Spirit are imbued;
He will deliver us from all our foes:
"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

J. B.

## "Boro Prarthoneco."

THAT two strange words! To what language do they belong? and what can they mean? Read the story, and you will learn their meaning, and may you never forget it!

A rich Hindoo, who resided at Chinsurah, sent one day to the missionaries, to inform them that a very learned Brahmin was staying with him, and that he would like the Brahmin and the missionaries to argue about their religions. It was to be a friendly conversation about Hindooism and Christianity. Two of the missionaries went.

The Brahmin began. He was a cross, ill-tempered man; he evidently spoke under the influence of bad feelings. He said the missionaries were wicked men; and he made out their doctrines to be quite different from what they really were. He said what he knew to be false; but he was angry, and he wanted to set all his friends against the Christian teachers.

The missionaries replied. They showed how their religion was full of love; how God loved the world by sending His Son; how that Son loved sinners by dying for them; and how the same feeling of love had caused the missionaries to leave their land, their friends, their home, to teach poor Hindoos the way of salvation. They added much more; and all was spoken with kind looks and tones of affection, very different from the Brahmin's sour aspect and angry words.

Every one marked the difference. The Brahmin felt it himself; his countenance changed. He was not convinced by the missionaries' argument, but he was struck by *their earnest love;* and he could not help saying, "I am a Brahmin, and cannot admit that I think the Christian religion superior to mine; but I must allow that the temper of these Christians is superior to that of us Hindoos." And then the Brahmin added, turning to the missionaries, "Gentlemen, your temper is 'Boro Prarthoneco'—that is, greatly to be prayed for."

A striking remark, indeed, to fall from the lips of a Brahmin, and very full of instruction. It may remind us that if we would prove that ours is the true religion, and that we ourselves are true Christians, we must walk in love; for love, as an old writer expresses it, is the law of Christ's kingdom, the lesson of His school, and the livery of His family. And the Brahmin points out to us also the only way in which this love is to be obtained. He was quite right when he said it was *much to be prayed for;* for, like every good gift and every perfect gift, it comes down from above. Love to God and love to man is a fruit of the Spirit, and must by Him be produced in the heart.

May you never forget that this heavenly gift is "Boro Prarthoneco"—"greatly to be prayed for!"

S. D.

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# The Olive Branch

## A Sound Scriptural Magazine,

FOR + OUR + SUNDAY + SCHOOLS + AND + FAMILIES.

VOL. XII., No. 148. **NOVEMBER, 1897.** ONE HALFPENNY.




## The Shepherd Boy and the Greek Testament.

A SHEPHERD boy, wrapped in his plaid, once went into a bookseller's shop in a town, and inquired for a second-hand Greek Testament. The bookseller having presented one, he asked him the price.

"For whom do you want it?" inquired the bookseller.

"For myself," answered the boy.

"Then," said the bookseller, "if you will read a few verses, and translate them, you shall have it for nothing." With much apparent satisfaction, the poor boy complied with the condition, and carried off the Testament in triumph.

Many years afterwards, the late John Brown, of Haddington, then in the midst of his fame as an author and commentator on the Scriptures, went into the same shop, and entered into conversation with the bookseller. The latter, who was no stranger either to his person or his character, received him with marked respect.

In the course of conversation, Mr. Brown inquired if he remembered the circumstance above detailed.

"I remember it well," replied the bookseller, "and would give a good deal to know what became of that boy; for I am sure that he has risen to eminence in some line or other."

"Sir," said Mr. Brown, "you see him before you." It is needless to add that they were both well pleased to meet each other.

Children! I know that you are fond of a little story, and I should like you to make some improvement of the foregoing. It is a well-known fact that the children of parents in humble circumstances often get on better in the world than the children of

the rich and the noble. Now, as we are told in Scripture that time and chance happen to all, and as observation shows us that the gifts of the understanding are pretty equally distributed among men, the more frequent rising to rank and eminence of the children of the poor must arise from their being stimulated by their narrow circumstances to improve to the utmost the talents which God has given them.

I am well aware that this paper may be read by young persons in every station of society. To the poor man's child, then, I would say, in the words of the wise man, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich;" be industrious, be frugal, and attentive to every duty: "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." To the rich man's son I would say, "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man;" and, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." To the son of the noble I would say, "God is no respecter of persons;" in His eyes the soul of the poor man is as precious as that of the prince; and when they appear before His throne in judgment, the pious and industrious mechanic shall be exalted, while the slothful and the profane gentleman shall be abased."

To all the young I would say,—Seek after wisdom diligently, remember that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Of the blessed Jesus, as to His human nature, it was said that "He grew in wisdom." Go to Him for wisdom: He who died on the cross to save sinners will not refuse, and cast you out.

## Yokes.

By Pastor Philip Reynolds.

THE subject does not seem to be an inviting one for young people. As a rule, young folk are all too eager to break loose. It is well to learn that the highest liberty is not found in freedom from all bonds, but in wearing the right yoke.

Many years ago, two prophets stood in one of the courts of the temple at Jerusalem; the one was named Hananiah, and the other Jeremiah. Now Jeremiah was wearing a peculiar adornment that day; for he had a yoke, with bonds upon his neck. This was to signify that the Lord had given His ancient people into bondage under the hand of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. Hananiah, the other prophet, was one who deceived the people with hopes of a speedy end to their bondage. Stepping up close to Jeremiah, he suddenly snatched the yoke away, and brake it asunder, exclaiming, "Thus saith the Lord, Even so will I break the yoke of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, from the neck of all nations within the space of two full years." Sorrowfully did Jeremiah turn away; and he sorrowed more that the name of his Lord should have been taken upon the lips of a false prophet than he did for the insult offered to himself. He had not gone far, however, before the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, "Go and tell Hananiah saying, Thus saith the Lord,—Thou hast broken the yokes of wood, but thou shalt make for them yokes of iron."* The struggle to be

*Jeremiah xxviii. 13.

free along lines which God had not ordained, would only end in worse bondage.

It is still true that certain yokes cannot be broken without great risk. If you cannot bear the yokes of wood, how will you endure the yokes of iron? If impulsive and impatient natures break the moral restraints which are placed upon them, they cannot escape the yokes of social degradation, physical disease, and mental pain. All those who reject the soft yoke of the Gospel are in danger of wearing Satan's iron yoke throughout eternity.

Be not drawn away, my young readers, by so-called "free-thought" advocates to throw off the restraints of the Bible. This so-called "free-thought" will become an iron yoke of unbelief, which will trammel the conscience, oppress the heart, and distract the reason. Thought is never so free as when it is led captive by Christ. As the kite sails among the clouds so long as the string be firmly held, but falls to the earth when the string is broken; so the thought of man plunges, whirls, and settles down into sensualism, if it be not made captive to the obedience of Christ.

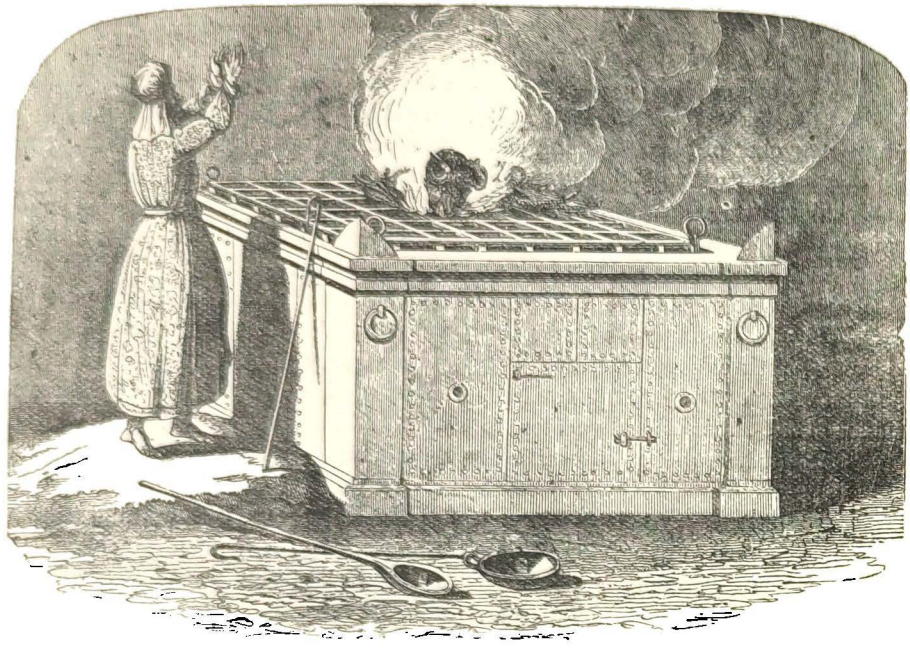
Many young people long for the time when they can leave the religious associations of their homes. They do not understand that, at present, they are being towed along by the strong vessel of moral and spiritual restraint. If they break loose, when the storm comes the rocks and the breakers will be their doom.

Some would hesitate to break their yokes entirely; but they do not fear to loosen some of the bonds. Tremble, my reader, to break the smallest cord that binds you. Indulging in loose talk is a breaking of small cords. Bad language easily runs into bad deeds. Converse together in the dialect of iniquity, and your moral tone will quickly run down; so that your power of resistance will fail you when the temptation comes. Beware of breaking the yokes of wood; for, if you do so, you must, sooner or later, wear the yokes of iron.

There is a yoke-bearing which is delightful. Jesus says, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." This yoke gives the grandest power for carrying life's burdens. Too many people think that Christ's yoke is some additional burden. All who entertain such an idea, find religion to be a very gloomy affair; whereas true religion is as bright as a summer day, and as sweet as a June rose. When Jesus said, "Take my yoke," no doubt He was thinking of the yokes He had helped to make in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth. He knew that a well-made and properly fitting yoke enables service to be performed with ease. The yokes Jesus made at Nazareth were mostly double yokes, which linked two oxen together for service in the surrounding fields. Now when He asks us to take His yoke, He means, "Be joined to me! With Divine love uniting us both together, the burdens which you could not carry unaided will become light indeed!" Thus may my readers be yoked, and they will never wish to break the yoke.

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TRUE POLITENESS.—When Sir William Johnson returned the salute of a negro who had bowed to him, he was reminded that he had done what was very unfashionable. "Perhaps so," said Sir William; but I would not be outdone in good manners by a negro."



## Sacrifice.

IF I were to ask the readers of *The Olive-Branch* what is meant by sacrifice, I dare say I should have a variety of answers. One would say, "Oh, sacrifice means an offering to God." Another perhaps would say that the death of Christ was a sacrifice; while a third would exclaim, "Why, a sacrifice is to give up anything we value." Now, taking these three as samples, which is the correct answer? If my readers think for a minute, they will see that each is right.

*Sacrifice is an offering made to God.* The first sacrifice was offered, no doubt, by our first parents,—Adam and Eve. After they had sinned, they had to learn this sad lesson—*that they deserved punishment*, and that there was no escape unless some one bore it instead. They killed beasts, and offered them as an atonement. Abel did the same, and so did all the patriarchs. But could the blood of these animals take away their sins? Oh no; they were slain only to teach them to trust in a greater Sacrifice—in Jesus. The sacrifices they offered were like pictures of Jesus, to teach them what He would do when He came.

There was no particular rule of sacrifice till God gave one to Moses. The picture shows the altar on which sacrifices were offered. Turn to it, and you will see the remains of the animal being consumed in the fire, while the priest is engaged in prayer for both himself and the people.

The rings on the sides were for the staves or poles by which it was carried, while at each corner also is shown a horn, or corner-piece. When a man whose life was in danger, caught and held it, it frequently ensured his safety; though very great offenders were slain, even at the altar, as Joab was.

The second answer, however, tells us that *Jesus was a sacrifice.* Yes, Jesus was slain,—not for His own sins, but for those of all who believe in him. If Jesus had not died, they must have been doomed to hell for ever; but Jesus loved them so well, that He gave Himself a sacrifice for them; and as He bore the punishment for all their sins, there can be none for them to bear. Ah, my young friends, never forget that *sin must be punished,* and if Jesus has not been punished in your stead, you yourself must be punished for ever and ever; and do not rest contentedly until you have besought Him to be your Saviour, and have a good hope that "He loved you, and gave Himself for you."

Sacrifice, too, is *the giving up of anything we value.* How often do we see placards announcing that goods are to be sold at "an enormous sacrifice," that is, that they are to be sold for very much less than their value, which, if we do not believe it, will at least give us an idea of what sacrifice is. Ought those who love Jesus, then, to make a sacrifice to God? Oh yes—Christians love to do so. Their time, their money, and all they have should be used as though it belonged to their Master and not to themselves. Even a child can do something for Jesus. A kind word to invite a playfellow to come to Sunday-school, or a half-penny put into the missionary box, or given to the school sick fund,—nay, even a cup of cold water given for Jesus' sake, is not forgotten by Him.

J. T. B.

## Without a Helper.

ONE of the most beautiful, and most touching incidents in the life of our Lord, was the miracle which He performed at the Pool of Bethesda. Doubtless you have read the story, how that Jesus went up to Jerusalem, to attend one of the feasts at the Temple; and, visiting the pool, and seeing the sad sight of so many poor people, suffering from various diseases, His loving heart was touched. They were waiting for a miracle to be performed, for we are told in John v. 4, "An angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water: whosoever then first, after the troubling of the water, stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had." Many, doubtless, had friends with them, to help them to get to the water so that they might be healed. But there was one poor man who had been afflicted for thirty-eight years. Jesus noticed him, and knowing the long time he had been suffering, said to him, "Wilt thou be made whole?" The man, in answer to this question, said, "Sir, I have no man when the water is troubled to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me." What a confession of helplessness! He had endured thirty-eight years of suffering; doubtless he had seen many cured, and longed to be cured himself. Jesus proved Himself to be the "Help of the helpless," and said, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." The

man was cured at once. It was the sabbath day, and what a glad sabbath it must have been for him! Truly, Jesus proved that "the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath."

There is much that we can learn from this loving deed of the Master. We all need healing; we are suffering from the disease of sin. We are told in God's Word, "All have sinned," Rom. iii. 23. The result of the disease is death. "The wages of sin is death," Rom. vi. 23. Then comes the question, how can we be cured? The dearest and best of earthly friends are unable to stop the effects of this malady, because they are suffering from it themselves. To whom, then, can we go? We are like the impotent man, and have to say, we have no one to help us. If no earthly friend can help, to whom shall we turn? We read in the Psalms, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom is no help." Psalm cxlvi. 3. and in the fifth verse, "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." Yes, this is the One to whom we must come for help. Happy are we, if we realize that we need this help. He has such sympathy and love for us poor sinners, as He has shown in the gift of His Son to suffer and to die for us. "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly," Rom. v. 6. Yes, when the disease was at its worst, Jesus came and died to save our never-dying souls.

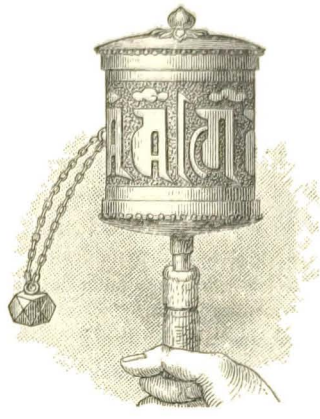
There are two more lessons that we may learn from this beautiful story. Jesus met the man again in the Temple, doubtless he had come to render thanks unto God for the mercy he had obtained through Jesus, and to follow the example of David, who wrote those beautiful words, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thy iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases," Psa. ciii. 2, 3. Jesus warned him, "Behold thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee," John v. 14.

We are told that the man went away and told the Jews that it was Jesus who had healed him. If we are healed from the disease of sin, does it not become us to see that we "sin no more," lest worse things befall us; and shall we not tell it out to those around that Jesus has healed us? Should we not do all that is in our power to make known to others His tender pity and compassion, and His power over sin, even "the sin which does so easily beset us"? Should we not help in every way to tell it out both at home and abroad? Think of the millions of people in distant lands, who have never heard of a Saviour's love, and who are dying in sin, without the knowledge of salvation!

Let us strive to do what we can, however small it may be, for this grand cause, and let everything be done for Jesus' sake. C. T. FFITCH.

## Tell the Truth.

IT is said that when Cyrus, King of Persia, was asked what was the first lesson he learned, he replied, "*To tell the* TRUTH." Truth is one of the most amiable qualities that adorns the mind. It is a simple, but valuable ornament; and he who is not possessed of it, let his rank and situation be what they may, will ever be despicable in the eyes of the wise and good.



## Heathen Prayers.

WE read about heathen prayers in the Scriptures: "The priests of Baal took a bullock and dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us! And they leaped upon the altar which was made: and they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them."

Idolatry is much alike in all ages: in many parts of the earth, in our day, the people wound themselves, thinking that the sight of their blood will move their gods to answer their prayers; and they will repeat the names of their idols a great number of times, in hope of a good answer.

In several parts of India, a Brahmin, or priest, goes down to the side of a river, and makes a god from the mud that lies on the banks. When he has formed it into a strange shape, he dries it in the sun; and then he prays to what his own hands have made. First he strikes his elbows against his sides, then he snaps with his fingers round about his head, stamps with his left foot on the ground, and beats his cheeks with the fingers of his right hand, whilst his lips mutter strange sounds.

When he has finished his devotions, he takes his mud-god, carries it to the river, and throws it into the water from whence it first came. This is a heathen prayer!

The people called Gallas, in Africa, worship a large tree, that grows on the side of one of their rivers. Crowds come from every part of the country, to ask of it every thing they desire: one asks for health; another, for money; another, for good crops; and another that he may overcome his enemy. Only the men are allowed to present their prayers at this spot; for they suppose females are unworthy of the honour of praying to the great tree!

The Tartars have a praying machine. It is a round hollow box, fixed upright; a string leads from it to what is called a spindle; by treading on this spindle, the machine turns round. In the inside of the box are rolled up long pieces of parchment, joined together, sometimes to the length of several hundred feet; on the parchment a prayer is written over and over again, perhaps as many as a thousand times.

When the machine is set in motion, the parchment prayers are moved about, which they say pleases the gods, and brings down their blessing. The heathen thus make prayer by wholesale, for they suppose every time the box moves round as many prayers are offered as are written inside.

Every Chinaman, when he goes to worship his idols, takes with him two painted candles, and receives from the priest, in return, six strips of scented wood. He then bows his head to the ground, to

let his god know that he is about to pray; next he lays three of the pieces of wood on the altar, bows nine times, gives money to the priest, and retires. During this ceremony, a large gong or drum is fiercely struck, so as to almost stun the people: this is done to call the attention of the god to the prayer that is offered.

Such are some of the ways in which heathens pray. We might smile at them for their folly, did we not know that these prayers are offensive to the living God. "God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," (John iv. 24.) And every prayer must be offered in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, through whose blood and righteousness alone sinners can hope for acceptance.

## How my Boy went down.

IT was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea;
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me:
'Twas death in the ruby wine-cup,
That reason and sense doth drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to the worthless being
From the hopes of what might have been;
For the brand of a drunkard besotted,
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
That mothers so often tell
With accents of infinite sadness,
Like the tones of a funeral bell;
But I never thought once when I heard it,
I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother,
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes, all delusion!
Alas for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when such danger
Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?
No help in their pathway be thrown,
To save from the terrible mælstrom
The thousands of boys going down?

*Episcopal Recorder.*

## Protection from Evil.

WE need Christ within us, to subdue the evils of our hearts, and Christ without us to preserve us from the evil that is in the world. Christ prayed for his disciples, not that they might be taken out of the world, but that they might be kept from the evil of it.

A good catechism is to the religious teacher what a good grammar is to the secular teacher.

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# The Olive Branch

A Sound Scriptural Magazine,

FOR + OUR + SUNDAY + SCHOOLS + AND + FAMILIES.

VOL. XII., No. 149. DECEMBER, 1897. ONE HALFPENNY.




## "Good Tidings of Great Joy."

SOMETIMES we have thought that if God had sent an angel from heaven to proclaim the gospel, more attention would have been given than is frequently paid to it. Men would travel long distances, and gather in large numbers, to see and hear an angelic visitant. While the novelty lasted, perhaps they would; but God in His wisdom has appointed *men* to preach to *men*—men who have themselves been *saved* to tell the way of *salvation* to others. Yet, in the first instance, an angel *was* employed to proclaim the gospel of great joy and to announce the birth of Christ—not to kings and nobles of the earth, but to humble shepherds of Bethlehem watching their flocks by night. Is it not surprising that poor men, engaged in a lowly occupation should receive a special message from God's throne? Nay. What was earthly dignity to Him whose "kingdom is not of this world"?

And does not God speak now? *Yea, verily*. Not always by an angel, though angels are frequently nearer to us than we think; but in various ways, by His providence, by His word, by the inward whispers of His grace, God still speaks. It may be in the stillness of the night, it may be in the noisy crowd, that we feel we are alone with God. When first He spoke to reprove us of our sins, we said, like Adam, "I heard Thy voice.....and was afraid."

And even when the angel brought tidings of great joy it produced a similar effect upon the shepherds. But the angel said, "*Fear not.*" Why should they fear to receive "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people?" for the angel added, "*for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.*"

The chorus was immediately taken up by the multitude of the heavenly host, "praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

But the angels, having delivered their message, return again to heaven, while the shepherds leave their flocks and go into the city to see the Saviour for themselves. Then they in their turn resound the glad tidings, which have been proclaimed ever since, and which are destined to be published in every land—"Glory to God in the highest!" A Saviour is born into the world!

"And shall not *we* take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?"

## Straying in the Dark.

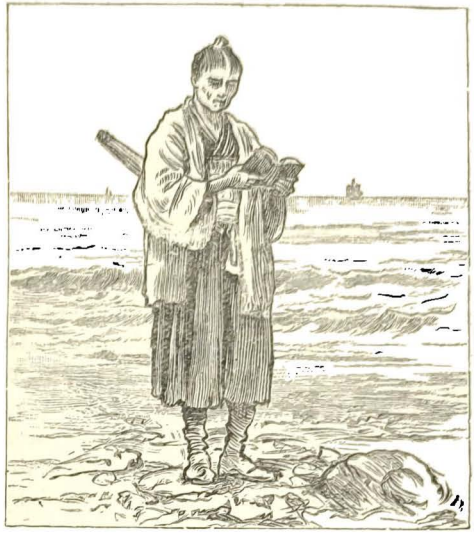
I ONCE missed my way in a London fog. It was about ten o'clock at night. For some time I wandered about without knowing where I was going. The vapour was so dense that I could scarcely see my hand when held before my face. Providentially for me, I had not strayed very far when a street door was opened, and a young man came out, of whom I asked my way. As he was going partly in the same direction that I wished to go, he said if I followed him he would put me into the right road.

As you may well suppose, I felt very thankful to him for his kindness, and willingly followed him. To say the least, how unpleasant it would have been to have groped about in the dark all night! Yet this might have happened to me, if I had not seen that welcome stream of light come from the open door, and a person appear who became my guide.

Does not this incident illustrate the spiritual condition through sin, of many in this world? They are walking in darkness, being ignorant of God, and of His way of salvation. There is no light in their understanding.

Now, Jesus has said, "I am the Light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Whoever, then, looks to Jesus, believes on Him, trusts in His precious blood for salvation, is no longer walking in darkness. Such a one can truly say, "The Lord is my light and my salvation." Oh! who can really describe the happiness of those who belong to Jesus? How blessed to be able to say, Jesus is my Light, and I am following Him! Yes, He tells us to follow Him. We can never be lost with Jesus as our Guide.

When travellers go up mountains they have guides, or they would most likely lose their way, fall down some precipice, and be dashed to pieces on the hard rocks below. But, following their guides, who know the way well, these dangers are avoided. Jesus is our Guide to heaven, the only sure Guide for anyone; for the Bible says, "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." C. E. S. C.



## How the Bible got into Japan.

"WHAT can that be?" exclaimed a gentleman, as he stood upon the sea-shore, and his eyes followed a strange-looking object, floating about in the water not far from the land. He was not an English gentleman, for this was in Japan; and before we go any further we had better talk a little about this country of Japan.

Until recently, but little was known about Japan. All that the geography books told us was that the Empire of Japan consisted of some large islands lying in the North Pacific Ocean, not far from the coast of China; that the people were allowed to trade only with the Chinese; that they were supposed to be clever and civilized; that they certainly did make tea-trays and boxes and cabinets of very skilful workmanship; but that as no European had ever visited the interior of the country, very little was known about either it or them.

And now, Japan has thrown itself open to the world: it has railroads, and gas, and post-offices, and telegraphs. The inhabitants wear a dress like ours; they study our books; and they have adopted to a great extent our ways; and—they have the Bible in their own tongue. We have not time to tell how all these changes came about, save that last and most important change, the introduction of the Word of God.

We return to the gentleman watching upon the shore. What *could* that dark thing be tossing about on the water? He wondered greatly, and after a little while he told his servant to go and get it for him. A vessel had just gone out of the harbour at Yeddo, and no doubt it was something that had fallen overboard, but *what?* By and by the servant brought it to his master, and it proved to be a book, but a book in some foreign language which he could not read. Somehow he felt very curious about this book, though he could not have told why; and he put the book by, and asked one and another, till at last he found it was—an English New Testament.

He was not any more satisfied. He had heard once that the English had a book which professed to be a revelation of the will of God; and if this was the one, he would like to read it. So he sent all the way to Shanghai, in China, and the result was that he obtained a copy of the Bible in the Chinese tongue.

Soon after he had begun to study it, he was told, to his great joy, there was a

teacher come to Japan who could explain all he wanted to understand. So he made out a long list of questions to send to the missionary; and afterwards went himself to see him with a great many servants, for he was a man of rank and wealth.

"Sir," he said to the missionary, "I cannot tell you my feelings, when for the first time in my life, I read the account of the character and work of Jesus Christ. I had never seen or heard, read or dreamed of such a Person. I was filled with admiration, and taken captive by the nature and life of Jesus Christ."

So we see how this man, a heathen and a Buddhist, proved the power of the Word of God, and of His Holy Spirit, speaking through it to his heart. He and two of his servants were baptized at once, and soon after three others followed their example. They had had no human teacher: the Bible, and the Bible alone, had been the voice of God to them; and guided by the Holy Book they gave up all their previous belief, and became not only professing but real Christians. This was how the gospel began in the Empire of Japan.

It was an American missionary who first settled there, but these first converts were the work of God alone. How it must have cheered the missionaries, to think that *He* had taken the matter in hand, and therefore was sure to bless their efforts! Success was not rapid. By the year 1872 there were not more than a dozen Christians in Japan; but then there came a shower of blessing, and the handful of corn grew into a glorious harvest.

There are now more than a hundred missionaries, beside native preachers, a vast number of real converts, and the effects of Christianity are scattered through the length and breadth of the land. And as it is now open to other nations, we know a great deal more about Japan than those old geography books could tell us. Many English people have travelled there during the last few years, and have brought back to us amusing accounts of the people. They are kind and gentle, even if still clinging to their old religion, and the women are much better treated than they are in general amongst the heathen. Still even here a man is rather ashamed to be seen walking out with his wife; and she never thinks of doing anything but walk behind him, if in the day; or before him, if it is night, to light his feet with a lantern. And at dinner time she waits upon him, meekly eating her own meal by herself when her lord has done. But we shall soon find that the knowledge of the Bible will give woman her proper place.

## A Stage Coach Incident.

THE Rev. Charles Wesley was once journeying by stage coach, which in those times travelled slowly, and stopped a considerable time for passengers to dine. The gentlemen, by way of amusement, agreed each to sing a song. One of the party, a young military man, sang a song of a loose character to a very pleasant tune. Wesley, in his turn, was requested to sing. He excused himself for the present; but, as they were about to stop to dine, he would sing after dinner. In the interim he composed the following verses, which he sang to the same air as the song of the young officer. The latter was so much impressed thereby, that he

formed an acquaintance with Mr. Wesley, which led to his conversion.

"Listed into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Pressed to obey the devil.
Light, and loose, and lewd the lay
Flows to the soul's undoing,
Widens and strews with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin.

"Come, let us try if Jesus's name
Will not as well inspire us;
This is in heaven the angels' theme,
This upon earth should fire us.
Say, if our hearts are tuned to sing,
Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains may bring;
Jesus's name is sweeter!

"Jesus the source of music is,
His is the noblest passion;
Jesus's name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation.
Jesus's name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven;
Fill us with all the light of grace,
Carry us up to heaven."

## "Honourable Mention."

HOW often do we see these words in advertisements of articles which have been sent to this or that Collection or Exhibition! And are there not many instances in Scripture where "honourable mention," is made not only of things but of persons, whose conduct is deserving of praise, and is worthy of imitation? Such an example is set before us in the Acts of the Apostles (chap. xvii. 11, 12) where we find a *Contrast, a Commendation,* and a *Consequence,* of the conduct of the Bereans.

The Apostle *contrasts* the Bereans with the Thessalonians, in that "they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so."

Paul had reasoned with the Thessalonians, in the synagogue, for three sabbath-days, proving that Jesus is the Christ; and some of the Jews believed, also a great multitude of the Gentiles; but the unbelieving Jews raised an uproar, and cried out, "These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also." After this, the brethren sent away Paul and Silas by night, to Berea. Then we have the "Honourable Mention" by way of contrast: "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica;" and truly they were; for the unbelief of many of the Thessalonians again broke out into active hostility; for they came to Berea, and stirred up the people; so that Paul had to leave the place abruptly, though Silas and Timotheus abode there still.

Such conduct was the result of ignorance as well as of enmity. They sought to mix up politics with religion; and while the Apostle proclaimed Him whose kingdom is not of this world, they charged him with setting at naught "the decrees of Cæsar."

How different the conduct of the Bereans! *Their* spirit was that of intelligent enquiry after truth. Although the preaching of the Apostle was new to them, it was based upon the Scriptures; and they "received the word with all readiness of mind." Nevertheless their faith was an intelligent faith; "they searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so."

The *commendation* of the Bereans was merited.—"These were more noble." This is indeed "honourable mention," which,

alas! few deserve even in the present enlightened age. Other books are read, but in too many instances the Bible is neglected. "Search the Scriptures," said the Saviour; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Me." Whether the Bereans had read this command of our Lord we do not know, but they acted in accordance with it, and their conduct is described as "noble."

Worldly men dislike the Gospel, because it exposes their evil ways; hence they try to find fault with those who love the Bible. *This is not noble.*

Others cavil at the Scriptures, of which they know but very little. There are seeming contradictions, "things hard to be understood;" so they lay the book aside. *This is not noble.* Let them search for themselves. The Bible will bear their scrutiny. And let them pray with the Psalmist—"Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."

But there are some who believe anything and everything. They require not a "Thus saith the Lord" as the ground of their faith. They are *too indolent* to search for themselves. *This is not noble.* The Bereans took nothing for granted. They *searched;* and thus their faith was confirmed.

Again, there are some who appear to think that they know all that the Bible contains; therefore they do not search. *This is not noble.* Men do not act so in secular matters. If they want gold, they dig for it: if "seeking goodly pearls," they dive for them. The Bible is a *mine* of unfathomable wealth, an *ocean* of inexhaustible fulness.

Last of all, there are those who profess to teach others from the word of God who nevertheless question its complete inspiration. They profess to point out what parts are inspired, and what are not inspired. But are *they* inspired to do this? Shame on them! *This is not noble;* for the Apostle says—"*All* Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

*The Consequence* of the noble conduct of the Bereans was, that "many of them believed." We had almost said, a very *natural* consequence; but God's *grace* was displayed throughout. Yet "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." They *heard*, they *searched*, they *believed.* Imitate the noble Bereans in hearing the word of God, and searching the Scriptures; so shall you realize that they "are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

EDITOR.

## The Serpent among the Books.

A LEARNED Hindoo wishing one day to read a certain book, went to the bookcase where it was kept, and reached out his hand to take it down from the shelf. As he grasped the volume, he felt in one of his fingers a sharp slight pain like the prick of a needle. He thought but little of it, but his hand soon became swollen, and though every remedy was tried, he died shortly afterwards. A small but venomous snake, hidden among the books, had bitten the hand that touched it.

Dear boys and girls, be careful what you read; for in many books there lurks an enemy more dangerous than the serpent, —an enemy that poisons the mind and destroys the soul.



## The Cure for Discontent.

OPENING the door of a friend's house one day, I made my way through the entry to the small back court, where Ned, the only son, was crying bitterly.

"Ah, Ned! what's the matter, my boy?"

"Mother won't let me go fishing. Harry and Dick and Tom are going down the harbour, and I want to go. Father ain't willing, but I want to go." Here Ned kicked his toes angrily against the garden fence.

"Ah, whose little dog is this?" I asked, as a brown spaniel came bounding up the garden walk.

"It's mine, cried Ned, in an altered tone. Did'nt you know I had one?"

"No, indeed. What a fine little fellow! Where did you get him, Ned?"

"Father bought him for me. He's so knowing, and I teach him lots of things. See him find my jack-knife;" and Ned, wiping away his tears, threw his knife into the clover. "There, Wag," said he, "now go and find my knife." Wag plunged into the grass, and after a great deal of smelling and wagging, he came forth triumphantly, knife in mouth, and brought it to his young master. "Give it to him," said Ned, pointing to me; and Wag laid it down at my feet.

"This is a knife worth having," said I; "four blades!"

"'Tis a real one," said Ned; father gave it to me on my birthday; and he gave me a splendid box of tools too." And Ned looked brightly up, and quite forgot his crying.

"Let me think," said I. "Was it this knife that you hurt your foot so with?"

"Oh, no," cried Ned, "that was done with an axe; but I've got well now."

"What cured you so soon? I was afraid you would be laid up all the spring."

"Well, it was mother's nursing, the doctor says. Mother and father took all the care of me. It was very lonesome staying in the house so; but mother used to leave her work and read to me, and father stayed with me nights; so I got along nicely."

"By your own story, I should think you had very kind parents, Ned." The boy looked down, and a slight pout puckered his lip. "I suppose there are none who have your interest and happiness so much at heart."

"But I want to go fishing," muttered Ned.

"And can't you *trust* them, Ned, and cordially acquiesce in their wishes? You may not indeed see or feel the force of their objections to your going; but from all your experience of their kindness and wisdom, are you not sure that they would not cross your wishes without good reasons for doing so?

"Surrounded as you are by so many proofs of their love, will you sit here and murmur and cry, and fill your heart with angry and stubborn thoughts against them, because of this one little denial of your wants? Is not this a poor and ungrateful return for all their kindness? It is little enough that a child can do for a parent, but that little ought he not to do most cheerfully?

"I suppose the *best* return a child can make to his parents is cordial obedience to their wishes. How small that seems! And will you grudge giving *that*, Ned?"

Ned looked sober. Tears started in his eyes. "Oh," said he, humbly, "I didn't think of all this—I didn't think of it."

"Didn't think" is at the bottom of a great deal of our ingratitude and murmuring against both our earthly parents and our heavenly Father.

## A Few Words with our Readers.

AT this season of the year, now the leaves have dropped off the trees, and the sap has descended to the root, gardeners are busy planting, and he who hopes to see a nice garden next year must think about it now.

The *Olive-Branch* has lost none of its leaves—in fact, we think they are fresher than ever, and have had encouraging communications to this effect, and one or two kind donations: nevertheless, this is the season for propagating, and we should like to see it flourish in fresh soil. If any of our readers can assist us in this we will willingly send them, not "cuttings," but back numbers; and we hope that the truths it teaches will take root in many a heart. Try and extend its circulation, dear friends, for it has always been a pecuniary loss; and now that loss falls upon one person only— THE EDITOR.

## The Inward Witness.

A YOUNG man had the following conversation with an old negro slave: "You are an old man: will you not die soon?"

"Yes, massa."

"Well, where are you going?"

"To the good land."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, massa, I can't 'zactly 'splain; but somehow, as I comes nearer to death, Jesus and I get nearer and nearer together."

A good catechism is to the religious teacher what a good grammar is to the secular teacher.

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