

For the Messenger.
A Few Words More on an Old Subject.

Education is a long and thorny topic. It is always coming up for discussion, but harmony of opinion is never reached. There used to be not a few who believed with the poet that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," but now there are many who have settled in their own minds that it is not a dangerous thing, but the very best thing possible for the great majority. We are daily reminded that what our German neighbors style the "bread and butter sciences" are the only useful branches of knowledge, and that all others should be carefully excluded from a course of study designed for those whose lives must be lives of toil—that they should be taught those things that will help them on in life and nothing beyond, lest they become dissatisfied with their lot and seek to evade the primal curse by trying to earn their bread without the sweat of the brow. Their theory in a word is, that the higher education either makes vagabonds of poor people or leads them to crowd into professions and positions where there is no room for them, and consequently where they can scarcely gain a livelihood—the theorists forgetting all the while that the poorest often become the richest, the most lowly born the wisest men; and that the large class of worthless people who utterly refuse to work are not from the ranks of the highly cultivated; and that those who make daily demands upon our charity are not those who have failed in the higher callings.

"There should be other tests of the value of an education than its effects on the prospects in life, for it deals with one's lives as well as with our livelihood. Although bread winning is a high and worthy object, it is not the only object of education: to even the poorest man or woman."

Indeed, it takes no intellectual culture, so to speak, to enable one to become skilled in any of the different branches of industry. That simply requires a training of the hand and eye, and is not education in its true sense, but properly belongs to the workshop.

The purpose of education is not to insure a successful career in earning bread. Man can not live by bread alone. Its purpose is nothing less noble than the highest possible development of the mind and character. It deals with the noblest faculties of our being, and therefore should not savor altogether of hard work—a day existence. Character is more than career. It matters not half so much what one does, or has, as what one is; and that system of education is best which has for its goal high types of manhood and womanhood. This attained, no fears need be entertained for the bread and butter.

It is often said that an educated man can saw a cord of wood or sweep a street better than an ignorant one, but this is not true, and it is absurd to measure the value of culture in this way. The brawny arm of the most ignorant and vicious of men, is match for that of the wisest philosopher in performing any task that simply requires muscular effort. The difference we are to consider is in the men, not in the work. A philosopher, though of necessity performing the most menial labor, is a philosopher still, a noble man and a wise citizen, and could never become that dangerous element in society that the other must always be, though he should come to be clothed in purple and fine linen. One has culture, the other has not. One is a high type of manhood, a little lower than the angels; the other a low type, a little above the savage.

Education, like religion, has for its object the elevation of humanity, and will as surely soften the fiercest passions of human nature. In truth,

they go hand in hand. The missionary has as much need of the spelling book as of the Bible. As a Christian he offers religion as the weapon with which to subdue the Old Adam; as a scientist he urges culture as a means of destroying all traces of the ancestral Wild Beasts. Then, the fear should not be of too liberal culture, but rather of too little.

Nor do we want to be too intensely practical in our education. We do not want to think always of ourselves and the prosy duties of life. We want sometimes to be able to rise above these. Nor need this interfere with the work of our hands, for many men whose hands have been filled with common tasks, have helped to solve the problem of the ages. The imagination should be cultivated through history and through poetry. None can be familiar with history without being inspired to nobler lives. I do not mean the mere dates and facts of history, but those living, breathing pictures of other men and other times, that make our hearts to throb and pulses beat in sympathy with the good and noble, and that cause the eye to kindle and cheek to burn with indignation at wrong and oppression.

In a word, we can not be put *en rapport* with heroes and patriots without being something of heroes and patriots ourselves.

Some one says, and truly, "that to fill the soul with a noble sentiment is better than to teach a truth of science; and that, it is well for us to be able to live for a while in that world created for us by poets and philosophers, to see the strength and beauty of humanity, the joys and sorrows, the dignity and struggles in the long history of our kind."

The best thing possible to know is what is best and noblest in human nature. The more we know of this the greater our admiration, and the higher our ideal of a perfect human character. To our conception of what is noblest, grandest and most desirable we fashion our own lives.

"For sculptors of life are we as we stand With our lives uncarved before us," and the ideal that our imagination—creature of our education—pictures to us as most lovely we carve our characters. The image may not be so divinely fair as the dream, yet in every line, no matter how rudely sculptured, there is a hint that reveals the model we have followed. That education is the best that not alone puts a chisel in the hand with which to carve a fortune, but which seeks to unveil before us a vision of beauty by which we may carve our lives.

M.

For the Messenger.

Letter from Aintab, Turkey.

[Miss Mary G. Hollister, the author of the letter given below, has been for ten years a missionary at Aintab, Turkey, and is somewhat known as a story writer for Eastern magazines. All who are interested in Foreign Missions, will read the letter with interest, for it makes known some of the special needs in mission schools.]

AINTAB, TURKEY,

Oct. 18, 1879.

School has commenced again, new faces appear almost every day, and wants numberless show themselves unwillingly and repeatedly until one begins to realize that this is a world of unsatisfied wants and longings, and that this is a country—especially of unceasing wants. It is the normal condition of every one to be in debt in comfortable times; in other times no one can imagine the rest.

This moralizing strain was induced on the mind by the constantly repeated experience of seeing students, girls as well as boys, with insufficient clothing or next to none at all, that is

aside from that worn by the possessor, with no money to pay tuition, no money to pay for books, and in fact no one to depend upon for these necessities, coming in and expecting to take their places in the school.

As I said school has commenced again. Over forty bright faces look up from their desks in the school-room, in the girls school. The day schools too are full, and only need American school rooms and American school appliances to remind one of home.

Fifty orphan children are taught in a large cave near by. Just beyond rises a new and quite fine building—fine for Aintab—dignified by the name of Hospital, not yet finished, but sufficiently so to make quite a show. Beyond a large number of students are making the College walls ring with the sounds of life and activity.

But here, right here, in the midst of this crowded city, almost under the very shadow of minarets with Moslems on every side, constantly hearing the Moslem call to prayers, here every Sabbath the church bells ring something as they do in Christian lands, and here every morning and evening the Boarding School girls come together for prayer and praise, and every day the repeated exercises of the school-room tell of attempts, at least, made in the way of progress of learning civilization and refinement.

But, ah me, forty girls, almost half, if not more, needing help in one way or another. There is no poetry in that. Almost none but must have new clothes immediately on coming into school—and one's father is too poor to pay, and one's mother is a widow—and you do not wish to turn away students because they are too poor to help themselves, when your very object in coming to this country was to teach the poor the Gospel. It would need an uncommon kind of economy to make a salary for one provide or help provide for ten or twenty times that number. But the school is interesting notwithstanding.

Forty or fifty earnest faces upturned, eagerly drinking in the words of Bible instruction, is a sight enough to make the dullest enthusiastic, or the same number patiently and with immense toil endeavoring to master the intricacies (to them intricacies) of arithmetic, or track out the endless mazes of Arabic writing—characters Arabic—language Turkish—or comprehend the varied phases of English and Turkish grammar. They have a great fondness too for embroidery, as most girls have, and I am quite afraid they would lay down their English and Turkish grammars any time for a pretty pattern.

Aleppo civilization, too, is not creeping but coming in here with rapid strides—that sort of civilization which teaches that a woman's chief end and aim after being well disposed of in marriage, is to smoke a "nagele," gracefully wear jewels, silks and velvets, when she can not read the first word of her Prayer Book, to say nothing of her Bible, does not know one note of music from another, and could not tell an oil painting from a lithograph. But that civilization gains ground even where families live altogether in one room, sleeping on the floor, and eating out of the same dish at table. A woman smoking a nagele is the incarnation of laziness, (a nagele is a silver vase filled with water, through which, by means of a long tube, tobacco is smoked).

Now, to teach girls who come from villages where the houses are mere huts with no windows, or girls who have come of this tawdry, semi-Eastern semi-Western civilization—to teach them the conditions and laws of health, spiritually and bodily, is a task of exceeding weight and importance, especially where the sense of right and wrong is exceedingly dulled and deadened, where right is measured by what custom approves, and wrong by what it disapproves,

the task of the teacher becomes greater still, and where faithfulness and thorough sincerity and honesty is a thing almost unknown, the teacher's task becomes of exceeding magnitude. Add to that the difficulties of a foreign language, of foreign thoughts and feelings, and who can estimate it.

Perhaps I should say that I who am writing have no particular connection with the school now except giving history and Bible lessons—my own work is in translation.

Now I would say modestly, if any one of their own free will wishes to help on this good work, they could in one of several ways, either by providing for the clothing of some of these girls, or by making a present of some school apparatus. If one should wish to help on the translation and literary department, that person can do so by providing a set of Cyclopedias or a Lippincott's Gazetteer of Geography. New books suitable for translation would not be out of place. But we want no one to feel constrained to help—only some times people are at a loss to know how best to bestow their charities, and if they only knew of the existence of certain wants they would gladly supply them.

Yours truly,
MARY G. HOLLISTER.

Evils of Divisions.

The importance of union is not understood or felt, by the masses of preachers or others. The most learned and devout attest this; and it may be well for us to have some evidences of this class. Hence the following:

O! for a union among Protestants, spiritual, visible, cordial union in effort to give the simple Gospel to all who are perishing for want of it. I would rejoice to hear another Luther, or Savanarola, or Calvin or Wesley, or Whitefield to call for the wind to blow on the bones in this great plain; but far more would I rejoice to know that party names in the Church of God had been forgotten, and Christ's people were, and were called only Christians, as at Antioch.—Dr. Prime, senior editor, *New York Observer*.

Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no division among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment.—Paul the Apostle of Jesus Christ.

On this rock I will build my church—Christ.

Holy Father, keep through thine own name, those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are.

Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they also may be one; as thou Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, and the world may believe that thou hast sent me.—Christ.

The Gospel cannot accomplish its great triumph, and collect the redeemed from every land, until the law of Christ be fulfilled by these Protestant sects, until they become one.—Richard Baxter.

The members of the Church of God should labor to be of the same mind, and to speak the same thing, in order to prevent divisions, which always hinder the work of God.—Adam Clark, on I Cor., i. 10.

In my judgment, it is about time for the truly Christian people to begin to look at the matter of denominationalisms, square in the face, as being themselves morally wrong before God, and to cease from expecting real Christian union without church oneness.—Dorus Clark D. D.

Would to God that all the party names, and unscriptural phrases and forms, which have divided the Christian world, were forgotten; and that

we might all agree to sit down together, as humble, loving disciples, at the feet of our common Master, to hear his words, to imbibe his Spirit, and to transcribe his life in our own.—John Wesley.

That they, and all that believe through their word, may be one body, united by one Spirit to me their living head. The union which Christ recommends here, and prays for, is so complete and glorious, as to be fitly represented by that union which subsists between the Father and the Son.—Dr. Adam Clarke, on John xvii: 11

This prayer, (that they all may be one) was literally answered to the first believers, who were all of one heart and of one soul. And why is it that believers are not in the same spirit now? Because they neither attend to the example nor to the truth of Christ.—Adam Clarke.

There are two hindrances to the success of the Gospel and the conversion of the world:

1. The divisions among Christians.
 2. The worldliness of Christians, or their lack of heart in the divine service. This lack is, no doubt, at the bottom of all divisions also; and hence the prime necessity for attention to this. And how difficult this is! Sometimes it seems hopeless. But it is of obstinate importance, and therefore cannot be neglected or yielded.
- C. K.

Our Singing Birds.

"How great and wonderful are all thy works, O Lord of Hosts."

Dear little birds how sweet you sing
As in the woods you flit about;
You careless, thoughtless little things,
How gay your notes how loud they ring.
'Tis thus you make yourselves so dear,
Ever gleefully singing your notes of cheer;

I love to hear your songs so dear,
I love to have you always near.
Aye, tune your song in beauteous lays,
While you enjoy such sunny days;
And sing the great creator's praise,
And praise him for His wondrous ways.

He has placed you in a happy land,
He feeds you with a bounteous hand;
He gives you strength of limb to stand,
There tune your song at His command.

Yea let me praise my Savior too,
He has done so much for me I know;
He gives me grace to upward grow,
To Him I would forever bow.

Mrs. E. BRACE.

Leland, Oregon.

Faith.

Who does not know thee, Faith, thou friend and consoler of humanity? The tender child, in its infant days, reposes securely in thy ample folds. Faith in a mother's love and a father's care gladdens the heart of the little prattler, as it treads lightly on the edge of sorrow's dark ocean. Faith in the noble intentions of the idol of the innocent maiden's heart, makes bright the pathway of life's trials. Faith lends her enchantment to the Christian's journey over the troubled waves of this earthly sea, and dispels the gloom far down the dark stream of death's rolling river, points to the crown of life and to an imperishable inheritance in the celestial paradise, the home of God.—Ex.

—The commonest man, gazing into the depths of his soul, betimes catches glimpses of divine thoughts and emotions, gleaming, like unmined jewels, with a mysterious light. But to come at them involves labor and pains, and then they vanish from sight on the slightest change of position, and must be groped for in the darkness. Moreover, they are valueless without the golden setting of appropriate words and actions, and those he finds not. So the rubbish of neglect covers them over, and he goes his way, forgetting what manner of man he is.

—We must beware of treating Bible statements as a kind of jelly, to be run into whatever molds we think fit.—Good Company.