

gospel truth set forth for the salvation of any soul. Surely there is nothing in eloquence of sermon, or in musical service to take the place of such presentation of Christ as shall show him to be the Saviour needed by every sinful and sorrowful soul.

Especially are we to be plain and clear in presenting Christ in the special evangelistic services that are being held so generally during these winter weeks. What is needed is that there shall be saving relations established between Christ and the sinner. All that is needed is for the sinner to touch Him according to His gracious invitation. A thought of trust, a look of faith, a word of acceptance, an expression of willingness, or one whisper of submission, is all that is necessary in order to bring any soul in saving relation with the Lord who waits to fill with grace and life divine each one who is willing to take Him at His word.—Herald and Presbyterian.

The Supreme Guilt of Sin.

The Scriptures in the strongest terms set forth the guilt of sin. Sin is not incidental, it inheres in our nature; we are born in sin, are the children of wrath. It is not an unfortunate effect of circumstances, but is universal, and is common to all, including the most intelligent and refined as well as the most ignorant and debased. It is a stain on our nature which cannot be washed out. There is no offering within our possession which can atone for it. Tears cannot blot it out; resolution cannot eradicate it. It is of such a nature that it excludes from the presence of God, and calls down His just and terrible judgment. It is a bondage from which the slave cannot free himself. The evil fruits are borne in this life and continue to increase in greater misery, reaching out into the eternal years in unmitigated and hopeless woe. There is always a disposition to make light of sin in its less repulsive forms, but the Word of God represents that the guilt is not in the grossness of the sin, but in its very nature, that every sin bears guilt, and by necessity separates from God.

The guilt of sin is thus great because it is violence against the nature of God. It is want of obedience to, or transgression of the law of God, but that law is not an arbitrary decree, but inheres in the very nature of God. He is Himself holiness, and cannot decree anything that is in any wise or degree not in harmony with that perfect rightness. Hence since in its nature it is repulsive to God, He cannot look upon iniquity, His soul revolts against it. We seek the favor of God, and desire to be admitted to His presence at last, through His merciful forgiveness. But more than pardon is necessary. Let the word of pardon be spoken, still there is the unholiness of sin. There is nothing in common between us and God. We are miserable and He may

pity us; we may conceive of His pardoning us, but there remains that entire separation from Him which must exclude us from His sight. Hence the necessity, the absolute necessity, of regeneration. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," are the terrible words of Jesus. The law of life is, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh"; in its nature it is so; but the kingdom of God is of the spirit, spiritual. The sinful ones cannot enter there.

If we look at sin in its relation to law, the guilt is immeasurable. Law is the expression of the will of God, the Lord of all. His hand is the government of all things. He administers all for the good and happiness of His creatures. Sin is the violation of His law. In its nature it is an assault on his government, on that order of things which He has established. So far as it extends, it is the destruction of that just rule in which all are blessed. It is the rejection of His authority over us, the denial of His right to our obedience. It is the withdrawal of conscience from His domain; it is the enthronement of our will as against His. In its nature nothing can be more sweeping and destructive. Righteousness must reign or ruin, the ruin of all that makes for good, must prevail. If some hand could wreck the heavens and earth, what terms would measure the guilt of the act? But sin, so far as it extends, wrecks the greater universe of righteousness.—United Presbyterian.

An Ordained Missionary Needed.

The Home Mission Committee of Peterboro Presbytery is in urgent need of an ordained missionary to take hold of a very important field of labour in which five large lumber camps are in operation. The base of the work is in a very good locality and has a new church recently purchased and opened under very favorable auspices. The work is in great need of a good man at once, and the entire Presbytery will take an interest in the work. Any one wishing to take up this important work will please write Rev. J. G. Potter, Peterboro, Ont.

David Livingstone.

(Continued from Page 53.)

louder than the entreaties of his friends, his wife and children.

On the 10th of March, 1858, Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone sailed for the Zambesi taking with them their youngest child. But Mrs. Livingstone had suffered so much from the voyage, the vessel called at the Cape and left her in the care of her parents who happened to be there at the time. The people at Capetown gave an enthusiastic reception to their now illustrious visitor—no longer a humble missionary only, but invested with the title of "Her Majesty's Consul-General for South East Africa," and in command of a government expedition, the main object of which was to explore the interior. Included in the party were his brother Charles, and

Dr. Kirk, afterwards Sir John Kirk, British Consul at Zanzibar. The expedition however, added neither to Livingstone's success nor happiness. His high-sounding title carried with it no emolument. In fact, he felt chagrined beyond measure at what he and his friends considered the "shabby treatment" of the government, and he wore the gilt band of office around his cap with ill-disguised mortification. Livingstone's honesty must be honored. His first thought on landing at Quillimane was about his dear Makolo men whom he had left there before going to England with the promise that he would see them safely home on his return. Alas! Thirty of them had died of small-pox, six had been murdered, some had married and chose to remain, others had become demoralized with drink. But, for the rest, the long journey of 700 miles was commenced. In three months the home of the Makolo was reached. But what a great change had taken place! The great chief Sekeletu was dead, his people had gone away, and the kingdom founded by Sebituane was at an end. Making his way back again towards the east coast, Livingstone now began a thorough exploration of the Shire valley. A terrible change had come over it too. The black pall of slavery hung over it. Gang after gang of the poor natives were being driven off as slaves to the Portuguese settlements, chained together. "No words can convey an adequate idea of the wide-spread desolation and misery. Multitudes perished by the way. Their dead bodies floated down the rivers. Skeletons were lying about in all directions. Beneath the trees and in the huts were mouldering corpses." The iron pierced Livingstone's soul. 19,000 slaves were reported to pass through the Zanzibar alone! "But," he says, "We never realized the atrocious nature of the traffic until we saw it at the fountain head." In September 1859 Livingstone stood on the shore of Lake Nyassa—the first European who had seen that inland sea—as large as Lake Erie. In the following year a ship arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi, bringing a new iron steamer to replace the asthmatic *Itala*. It also brought Dr. Stewart of Lovedale and a party of ladies who were to join a mission proposed to be established on the newly discovered lake; among them was Mrs. Livingstone. This expedition arrived just in time to hear of Bishop McKenzie's death and the abandonment of the universities' mission.

The first few months of this year were the most trying in all Livingstone's experience. The new steamer drew too much water for the shallow reaches of the Zambesi and was practically useless. The women were prostrated with fever and fatigue, and the men who had gone forward in advance to plant the mission were carried back in litters more dead than alive. All, save Livingstone and his wife and Dr. Stewart, were sent home. In the meantime a third steamer had been sent out. The *Nyassa* was 120 feet long; in every respect suitable, and hope revived as she floated gracefully on the Zambesi. Two bottles of wine were opened in honor of the occasion—the first mention of it as a beverage—rockets were fired off, and a general rejoicing took place.