

doing the devil's work. They are trespassers who keep away from Jesus, and not those who come to Him. Some are afraid that they would be presumptuous should they believe on the Lord Jesus, but presumption lies in the opposite direction; it is the worst of presumption to dare to question the love of God, the efficacy of the blood of atonement, and the saving power of the Redeemer. Cease from such proud questions, and trust in Jesus.

Come hither, bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ear—
O trembling sinner, come.

—C. H. Spurgeon.

ULTIMATE SUCCESS OF MISSIONS.

Let us form one calculation of the public issue of the agencies now at work in the world, and especially upon the Indian field, with the full understanding that we have time before us. No reflecting person can avoid, whether he takes a religious ground or not, the conviction that the world's future is a striking and wonderful one; we feel morally certain that were even it revealed to us now, it would be inconceivably astonishing; we know that mighty changes must be in store; that things have been on the move since the beginning, and that they will continue to move after we are gone; we know, therefore, in general, that there must be some ultimate stupendous climax of such accumulated motion; we know that the future of prophecy is not at all more surprising than some or other result which must take place, and we can repose without distrust in the strength of those deep causes which point to the ultimate overthrow of all false religions, and the substitution of Christianity in their place.

On grounds of reason, then, and apart from the argument of Scripture prophecy, a certain mode of speaking of the conversion of India as if it were a simple impossibility is a mistake. Where does this impossibility lie? Is it that the race is unfitted for Christianity? The *Higdoos* is a man: nay, the scientific linguist informs us that he is a member of the same human race with ourselves. Is it in the philosophy of Brahmanism? The Gospel has conquered philosophy. Is it in philosophy and superstition combined? That was the very combination which encountered Christianity on its first start, and was surmounted. Is it a caste? Caste can do no more than intimidate and that is no new thing.—*Canon Mozley*.

IMPORTANT RULES OF CONDUCT.

The following suggestions are taken from "Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms:"

- Never exaggerate.
- Never betray a confidence.
- Never wantonly frighten others.
- Never leave home with unkind words.
- Never neglect to call upon your friends.
- Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.
- Never give a promise that you do not fulfil.
- Never send a present hoping for one in return.
- Never speak much of your own performances.
- Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.
- Never make yourself the hero of your own story.
- Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company.
- Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.
- Never question a servant or child about family matters.
- Never refer to a gift you have made, or favour you have rendered.
- Never associate with bad company. Have good company or none.
- Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing.
- Never appear to notice a scar, deformity, or defect of any one present.
- Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others.
- Never, when travelling abroad, be over boastful of your own country.
- Never read an article you have borrowed unless you have permission to do so.

Never attempt to draw the attention of the company constantly upon yourself.

Never exhibit anger, or impatience or excitement when an accident happens.

Never pass between two persons who are talking together, without an apology.

Never enter a room noisily; never fail to close the door after you, and never slam it.

Never forget that, if you are faithful in a few things, you may be ruler over many.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.

Andrew Crosse, the electrician, had been bitten severely by a cat, which on the same day died from hydrophobia. He seems resolutely to have dismissed from his mind the fears which must naturally have been suggested by these circumstances. Had he yielded to them, as most men would, he might not improbably have succumbed within a few days or weeks to an attack of mind-created hydrophobia—so as to describe the fatal ailment which ere now has been known to kill persons who had been bitten by animals perfectly free from rabies. Three months passed, during which Crosse enjoyed his usual health. At the end of that time, however, he felt one morning a severe pain in his arm, accompanied by thirst. He called for water, but "at the instant," he says, "that I was about to raise the tumbler to my lips, a strong spasm shot across my throat; immediately the terrible conviction came to my mind that I was about to fall victim to hydrophobia, the consequence of the bite that I had received from the cat. The agony of mind I endured for one hour is indescribable; the contemplation of such a horrible death—death from hydrophobia—was almost insupportable; the torments of hell itself could not have surpassed what I suffered. The pain, which had first commenced in my hand, passed up to the elbow, and from thence to the shoulder, threatening to extend. I felt all human aid was useless, and I believed that I must die. At length I began to reflect upon my condition. I said to myself, 'Either I shall die, or I shall not; if I do, it will only be a similar fate which many have suffered, and many more will suffer, and I must bear it like a man; if, on the other hand, there is any hope of my life, my only chance is in summoning up my utmost resolution, defying the attack, and exerting every effort of my mind.' Accordingly, feeling that physical as well as mental exertion was necessary, I took my gun, shouldered it, and went out for the purpose of shooting, my arm aching the while intolerably. I met with no sport, but I walked the whole afternoon, exerting at every step I went a strong mental effort against the disease. When I returned to the house I was decidedly better: I was able to eat some dinner, and drank water as usual. The next morning the aching pain had gone down to my elbow, the following day it went down to the wrist, and the third day left me altogether. I mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Kinglake, and he said he certainly considered I had had an attack of hydrophobia, which would probably have proved fatal had I not struggled against it by a strong effort of mind."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THREE TYPICAL PREACHERS.

It has been my recent privilege, says a correspondent of the "Examiner and Chronicle," to hear three London preachers who enjoy a world-wide renown. Poles apart in their ecclesiastical relations, schools of belief and methods of thought, they agree in the fact that each after his kind is a leading and representative man.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

Not much need be written of him who was first in the order of my hearing. It goes without saying that Mr. Spurgeon is a most royal preacher—considered merely as a preacher, probably the foremost man in Christendom. His Tabernacle constitutes one of the very biggest institutions in big London. It is now all but universally recognized as such. The newspapers that once sneered at him as a charlatan or mountebank have quite laid aside their contemptuous airs, and now speak of him with respect. It is at last pretty well understood that a man who for twenty-five years can hold a regular audience of from five to seven thousand people, must be a somewhat potential unit in this world's affairs. When I heard Mr. Spurgeon the other Sunday he was, I think, at his best—much better, according to the information

of friends, than on the Sunday immediately preceding and following.

Mr. Spurgeon I take to be the foremost preacher in the world, not because of pre-eminence in genius, but by virtue of the fact that he possesses nearly all the elements of good preaching in harmonious combination. Others surpass him easily enough in this or that particular quality of pulpit excellence, but none equal him in the happy union of all these qualities. Many preachers are more learned, more profound, more logical, more inspiring and suggestive to the intellect. Many surpass him in the lofty flight and broad sweep of their imagination. Many are more contagious and magnetic on the emotional side; but where is the man that has all these, and yet others, in such respectable degree and so admirably blended? And he has a voice such as nobody else possesses—a voice that gives to a platitude the dignity and effect of an apothegm. I suspect he could pronounce the word "*Mesopotamia*" in such way as to throw an audience into tears. Best of all, Mr. Spurgeon is an uncompromisingly loyal preacher of the gospel. He packs the Tabernacle by no sensations, but just by telling over the old, old story. For this I do greatly honour him. He has done a work of infinite value, by showing us that what we want "to draw" is not "another gospel," but the ancient Gospel uttered as if it were God's truth.

CARDINAL MANNING.

On the next Sunday, seeing Cardinal Manning announced to preach in the Pro-Cathedral, South Kensington, I went in search of his Eminence. (Rome is careful not to call things by names that anybody else uses. By Pro-Cathedral, I believe is meant a temporary Cathedral.) I sought the Cardinal with large expectations. I was prepared to see a splendid edifice crowded with a vast throng, and rather looked to find some diadem coronets at the door. Judge of my not unpleasant disappointment on being ushered into a house of exceedingly moderate pretensions, both as to its size and architectural character, not nearly filled, and the audience in social quality evidently not much above a Romish audience in America. It is said that the Cardinal is expecting to get back Westminster Abbey and the other edifices that Henry the Eighth stole from another Church, but judging from what I saw at the Pro-Cathedral, the day of this recovery is considerably distant.

Presently his Eminence mounted the pulpit, duly preceded and followed by candle-bearers, train-bearers and the rest. He is an old man of slender figure, with a sincere, benevolent, classical face, apparently worn with study and care. He somewhat resembles Dean Stanley. His preaching was simple, earnest, conversational in style, and characterized by admirably pure and nervous English. In substance and tone the sermon, as was to be expected, leaned towards the value of works and ascetical practices. In contrast with Spurgeon's sweet, encouraging presentation of divine truth, it adopted a strain somewhat harsh and depressing, though there was very little in its doctrine or spirit to which a Protestant hearer could take exception. The Sunday proved to be that of the unhappy St. Lawrence, whose pictorial agonies as he writhes on his burning gridiron are nearly as familiar to us, and much more horrible, than those of poor St. Sebastian, stuck as full of arrows as a pin-cushion is of pins. Glancing at the life of the martyr, the Cardinal said that the obvious lesson of his example was a lesson of "fortitude," and so, taking for a text the words, "Be strong in the Lord," he proceeded to enforce the importance of this virtue.

The sermon was able and interesting, though without anything to mark it as the work of about the most eminent Roman Catholic prelate in the world. In the course of his observations the Cardinal surprised me by asking his "children"—in this tender phrase he often addressed his hearers—"Who of you fasts now?" "Who abstains from meat on Fridays?" I was not prepared to hear from such lips the confession of extensive revolt against the absurd tyranny of the Church.

STEFFORD A. BROOKE.

In the evening of this same Sunday I listened to the above-named clergyman in his chapel in Bloomsbury. Said chapel is a miracle of inconvenience and discomfort, and would not tolerate for a day anywhere in the world but in dear, stupidly conservative old England. The perpendicular backs of the pews come up to the sinner's ears, and the ponderous galleries project themselves nearly into the middle of the audience-room. Mr. Brooke is a florid, buty, typical Englishman, some forty years of age. I should say, with what is very uncommon in this island, a bad voice, and what is lamentably common, a bad delivery. He has a little impediment in his speech that I rather like, which compels him to wrestle gently with the letter *r*, so that when he would say round or rain, he says round and rain.

Having in view the witty distribution of the English Church people into Plitudinarians, Attitudinarians and Latitudinarians, it is well known that Mr. Brooke is a shining light in the last division. On this occasion he stuck to his class. His sermon was a very nice little rhetorical homily on what constituted "the light of home." He described this light as consisting mainly in *social comfort*, the allowance of freedom to the various members of the family, and in *work*. The discourse was put in very sweet and beautiful English. Some of its illustrations were exquisite, and I have no doubt that if printed, it would make very charming and useful reading. My feeling while hearing it was, that as an *oratorical sermon* it was proper enough, especially if it had been somewhat tinged with the gospel; but regarded as regular Sunday food, it struck me that it would be gruel of a very watery sort.

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