

time when it began, and we need not trouble ourselves whether we can do so or not, for the question that really matters is, not 'Have you been converted?' but 'Are you being converted?' Is your life becoming more like what a Christian's life ought to be than it was in former years? It does not make a pin's difference whether we can tell exactly, as some can, the day and the hour when the Holy Spirit first began to work in our soul; the only thing that matters is, is He working there now? If we are trying to do right, and are dissatisfied with ourselves as we are, He is working. Even though we may still be very faulty, He is working, and we are being converted in the true Bible meaning of the word. It is not a thing to boast of, or to presume upon; but if our daily life shows that we are being thus converted, it is a thing to be humbly thankful for, for it is a promise of heaven.

So the Church does believe in conversion. She does her best to warn sinners of their danger and make them turn from their evil ways; and then when they have turned, she tries to lead them, together with those faithful ones who have never deliberately gone astray, to 'follow on to know the Lord.' This is the Church's way. It is not a showy way, nor a noisy way, but it is the Bible way, and not the invention of men.

FRANCIS PARTRIDGE.

HOW I KNOW I AM A CHRISTIAN.

BY THE REV. A. W. SNYDER.

"Can I know that I am a Christian?" Certainly you can. Do you believe the Christian Faith? Have you been baptized? Have you had confirmed to you the grace of God, and the manifold gifts of the Holy Ghost, in the Laying on of Hands? As a baptized, confirmed and communing member of Christ's church, are you trying to live a Godly and Christian life? Your Lord and Saviour commanded baptism. If you are a Christian you have received it. As to that other Sacrament ordained of Him, He said, "Do This." If living faithfully, you heed this His injunction. He said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned;" "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God;" "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood ye have no life in you; whose eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day;" "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before My Father which is in heaven; but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before My Father which is in heaven;" "I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing; If a man abide not in me he is cast forth as a branch and is withered;" "If ye love me keep my commandments;" "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Try yourself by these, and the other like words of your Lord and Saviour, and you need be in no manner of doubt as to whether you are a Christian.

"But," it may be said, "of course I know all this. It does not meet my case, however. I need something more; I want to know that I am a Christian; want an assurance that I can feel and sense. With that I could be satisfied."

Suppose you had some such assurance? Why should you trust it? How would you know that it was of God? Might it not possibly be of Satan? You have been told that assurance is an inward feeling sent of God as proof of his acceptance, and that without it you can have no certainty of acceptance. You have been told this, but by what authority? By none at all. Certainly by no Scripture authority. It is simply an invention of men, and a very silly one at that. The only reasonable assurance that a believer can have is the pledged word of his Saviour. That you can trust. It is enough. It is the only thing you ought to trust. Would you sooner trust your variable feelings than the sure word of God? Is it not said expressly that "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool." But this is precisely what you want to trust. It is folly and madness. See that you do it not. Be-

lieve God; trust Him and rest in the sure word of His promise. But you want to be "rid of your fears." Possibly you have no right to be rid of them. You certainly have no right to be rid of them unless you are trying by God's help to love and serve Him. Doubtless the devils would like to "be rid of their fears." They "believe and tremble; they have good cause. But you have no cause whatever, provided you believe the Christian Faith and by God's grace are endeavoring to walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. Unless you are trying to do that you ought to fear and tremble too. Manifestly it is folly for a man to trust to his feelings and fancies; to think that he is right with God, because of some deceitful feelings that he may have had, when possibly the truth is he is not serving God at all, but mammon. "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." Until he does that it is certain he cannot save it at all, no matter what inward feelings he may have had.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

AT HOME AMONG THE CHILDREN.

The 21st of November, 1840, was a red-letter day in the life of the Queen and Prince Albert, for on that day their first child—a sweet little daughter—came to gladden their hearts. Victoria, Princess Royal of England, was born at Buckingham Palace, and was baptized about three months later with great ceremony. Two Archbishops, a Bishop and a Dean took part in the service, and the water used on the occasion had been brought from the Jordan. In a letter from Prince Albert to his grandmother he says, "Your little great granddaughter behaved with great propriety. She was awake, but did not cry at all, and began to crow with delight at the bright uniforms around her. She is very intelligent and observing." We get some glimpses of the palace home-life at this time in the Queen's Journal; and many anecdotes are related in its pages of the early days of the Princess Royal. The Queen writes with the enthusiasm of any other young mother about her first-born child, rejoicing in every appearance of growth and improvement. "Albert brought in dearest little Pussy to see me," she says, on one occasion, "in such a smart little merino frock, trimmed with blue, and a pretty cap. He placed her on my bed, and she was very dear and good. And as my precious husband sat there, with our little love between us, I felt quite moved with happiness and gratitude to God." One of the most charming pictures of the Royal household, however, is given in a letter of the eminent musician Mendelssohn. He speaks of Buckingham Palace as a pleasant English home, where one can feel really comfortable and at ease. Prince Albert's organ playing especially delighted him, and the Queen's singing of his own songs he describes as faultless, and given with charming feeling and expression. The Prince, he says, played a "chorale" for him by heart, and "managed the pedals so well it would have done credit to any professional." Lady Lytton, too, speaks of the Prince's playing as something quite exceptionally touching. "He seems to pour out his inmost soul," she says, "and nobody but the organ knows what is in him." The little Princess was not long to reign alone in her nursery; for before she was one year old a baby-brother arrived to keep her company. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was born November 9, 1841; and one of the godfathers of the Royal baby was the King of Prussia, now the venerable Emperor of Germany. The christening took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and at the desire of Prince Albert the *Hallelujah Chorus* was sung at the close of the service. "If there is an anthem," he said, "it will send the people away criticizing the music; but the *Hallelujah Chorus* cannot fail to fill their hearts with the praise and glory of God." In spite of all the pressing cares of State the Queen was a "mother" to her children in the truest sense of the word; and no little ones in any private home enjoyed more tender care and love than was showered on

these nurselings of a palace. They were constantly with their parents,—much more than English children usually were in those days. And even when they were travelling the Queen never failed to find time to teach her little "Vicky," and to hear her read. As time went on, the home-party at Windsor Castle gradually increased in numbers, and the music of many little feet was heard in the corridors of the gloomy old building. A second daughter was born on the 25th of April, 1843,—the Princess Alice, a special darling to the household. Then came Prince Alfred, born in 1844, and Princess Helena in 1846. These five children are here represented surrounding their father and mother,—a charming picture of domestic happiness and love.

(To be continued.)

A LIFE THAT TOLD.

Thirty years ago the region about the London Docks contained as large a heathen population as any district in Africa. Back of the huge warehouses were "innumerable courts and alleys filled with fog and dirt, and every horror of sight, sound and smell. It was a rendezvous for the lowest types of humanity."

The wealthy and influential class in this settlement were the rum-sellers and keepers of gambling-hells. Children were born and grew to middle age in these precincts who never had heard the name of Christ, except in an oath. Thirty thousand souls were included in one parish here, but the clergyman never ventured out of the church to teach.

A young man named Charles Lowder, belonging to an old English family, happened to pass through this district just after leaving Oxford. His classmates were going into politics, or the army, or to the bar, full of ambition and hope to make a name in the world; but Lowder heard, as he said, "a cry coming from these depths, that rang in his ears, go where he would."

He resolved to give up all other work in the world to help these people.

He took a house in one of the lowest slums, and lived in it. "It is only one of themselves that they will hear; not patronizing visitors."

He preached every day in the streets, and for months was pelted with brickbats, shot at, and driven back with curses. He had unfortunately no eloquence with which to reach them; he was slow, stammering speaker, but he was bold, patient and earnest. Year after year he lived among them. Even the worst ruffian learned to respect the tall thin curate, whom he saw stopping the worst street fights, facing mobs, or nursing the victims of Asiatic cholera.

Mr. Lowder lived in London Docks for twenty-three years. Night-schools were opened, industrial schools, and refugees for drunkards, discharged prisoners and fallen women. A large church was built and several mission chapels. His chief assistants in this work were the men and women whom he had rescued "from the paths that abut on hell." A visitor to the church said, "The congregation differs from others in that they are all in such deadly earnest."

Mr. Lowder broke down under his work, and rapidly grew into an old careworn man. He died in a village in the Tyrol, whether he had gone for a month's rest. He was brought back to the Docks where he had worked so long.

Across the bridge where he had once been chased by a furious mob, bent on his murder, his body was reverently carried, while the police were obliged to keep back the crowds of sobbing people who pressed forward to catch the last glimpse of "Father-Lowder," as they called him.

"No such funeral," says a London paper, "has ever been seen in England. The whole population of East London turned out, stopping work for that day. The special trains run to Chislehurst were filled, and thousands followed on foot—miserable men and women whom he had lifted up from barbarism to life and hope."

There are many careers open to young men on entering the world, but there are none nobler or that lead more directly to heaven than that of this modern crusader.

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