

While others see, or profess to see, in the example of the preacher's presence and travelling on the Sabbath thither, a dispensation to the commonality to seek some muscular Christianity by a little pleasure-seeking on that day, so long as it be done in a quiet and orderly manner.

Listen to the following extract from a clergyman's diary, and from it learn what baleful consequences to souls may spring from the questionable example of ministers on the Lord's day, even when the object aimed at is good :

"August 25th, 1852.—It is four years to-day since I decided to become a clergyman, and next Sunday I am to preach my first sermon after ordination in St. John's Church, T——. One thing, however, troubles me. I have been asked to go down on the Sunday morning morning by train, and I dislike Sunday-travelling. The Rector says that travelling to preach is not like travelling for pleasure, but I do not feel comfortable about it."

"August 28th, 1852 (three days later).—I do so much wish that I had not agreed to go by train to preach at T—— on Sabbath. When I reached the station a crowd of persons were pushing to obtain tickets, I amongst them. It seemed so unlike the Sabbath. When I got on to the platform I was greatly annoyed by the conduct of a man who was under the influence of liquor. He was very talkative to many persons. Presently he placed himself exactly opposite myself, and stared at me in a rude manner, and most insultingly called out, 'Holloa, parson, remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Some of the bystanders told the man to behave himself; others laughed outright. I was never more confused in my life. All day long I felt very unhappy, and when I was in the communion table reading the fourth commandment to the people I felt like a convicted criminal."

"October 17th, 1858.—How time flies! What changes take place in a few years! I am now the Vicar of a large and important parish. A letter has just come from my Bishop, requesting me to preach at W—— next Sabbath morning. I cannot possibly go unless I go down on Sabbath morning; yet I do not like to refuse the Bishop."

"October 20th, 1858 (three days later).—I solemnly vow before my Maker that I will never undertake to preach anywhere again on the Sabbath unless I can walk or go from Saturday to Monday. It seems that whenever I travel on a Sunday I am noticed by others. As I was getting out of a cab at Waterloo station, a youth thrust into my hand a tract with a picture of a dying cabman.

"In the afternoon on my return home I was made the butt of several youths in the railroad carriage. They were winking and laughing to one another. Presently one said to the other in a whisper loud enough for me to hear, 'No harm in Sunday-travelling, Bill, ministers travel,' and they both cast ironical glances at me, which, although I pretended not to notice, cut me to the quick. 'If I get out of this carriage alive I will never enter another on the Sabbath.' That was my resolve. I acted upon it at once. I walked from Waterloo to my house—four miles—that afternoon."

"January, 1874 (sixteen years later).—To-day has been a sad one. In the morning I was asked by a father to go and visit his son who was at the point of death. 'You won't recollect me, sir,' said the sufferer. 'I cannot say that I do,' was my reply. 'I remember you, sir; I was a boy in your choir.' 'Yes, I am glad to hear that, but you are so altered that I cannot in the least recall your features.' 'Oh! yes sir; I suppose I am. I have lead a hard life since those happy days, and that alters a man's looks, sir. Do you recollect George Harding and William Adams? They were in the choir the same time as me?' 'Yes, I remember them both well.' 'Oh! I wish I had been like them, sir, but wasn't, and now I am ruined.' 'What was it that led you to leave off going to Church?' The question startled him. He was quiet for a few moments, and then said, 'You will not be offended, sir, if I tell you, will you?' 'Decidedly not, my friend,' I replied. 'One day about sixteen years ago,' he said, 'I was sitting in a coffee-house in the Holloway road, when I took up the—Chronicle. In a little corner I read that on the morning of the previous Sunday you had preached at W——, twenty miles off, and in the evening you preached at our own church. I was always inclined to be sceptical, and was too ready to find fault with ministers. I could not reconcile two facts which pressed upon my mind.

Sunday after Sunday you used to read to us the command, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' and yet I found that you had been riding on the train on Sunday, breaking the command. I thought that if you rode on Sunday there could be no harm in my doing the same, and the following Sunday I went to Brighton and back, and have never darkened the church door since. It was, I now see, wrong for me to do so, and don't be offended with me for telling you, sir, but that was the beginning of my downward career.' 'My good friend,' I exclaimed, 'I thank you for telling me the circumstances. I will remember that Sunday. It was one of the most unhappy days I have ever experienced, entirely on account of that Sunday journey. Forgive me for the bad example I then set.'"

I need not apply this harrowing incident to ministers and others who are encouraging those religious gatherings extending over the Sabbath alluded to above. Let conscience make application. I only add that I greatly deprecate those assemblies because they are surely leavening the public mind in favour of the continental type of Sabbath observance (a holiday), as distinguished from the Biblical (a holy day).

The question is worthy of being raised whether the General Assembly at its approaching meeting should not memorialise, on this question, those religious bodies which have gone into this form of work, to the end that they be given up in the interest of the Sabbath and public morals.

Abundant Church accommodation is now found at every man's door almost, and those huge gatherings, whether as camp-meetings, Sabbath school parliaments, etc., running into the Sabbath, are as uncalled for as they are fraught with temptation and evil-doing.

AN ADDRESS,

GIVEN BY MR. A. Mutchmor to the Sabbath School of the CLARENCE STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, LONDON (DR. PROUDFOOT'S), ON SABBATH, 29TH MAY.

Our good Superintendent has asked me to say a few words to you this afternoon, and I trust that God, by His unerring Spirit will guide my stammering tongue, so that my words may be few and well chosen. Since we last met, two lovely flowers, Mary McPherson and Jessie Elliott, have been plucked from the garden of our Sabbath school, to bloom in the paradise of our God—two less here to sing the doxology,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below ;"

but yonder, they are included among those of whom we sing,

"Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"

Yonder they have gone to swell the chorus of the one hundred and forty and four thousand, in singing the song of "Moses and the Lamb." To all of us death is a solemn and terrible thing, even when it comes to us after a long and painful illness. We dread it more than anything else in this world, tearing ruthlessly away from us our loved ones, but when it comes so suddenly, like a clap of thunder, as it did last Tuesday, the strongest nature wilts, and like Samson, shorn of his locks, becomes weak as other men. What a contrast! Tuesday morning, with its beautiful sunshine, sending joy and gladness into every home; and ere it sets, gilding the hill tops, and spreading the mantle of the saddest, darkest night London has ever seen, robbing our city of almost one in every hundred in its population. We exclaim with deep feeling and reverence, "What a change hath God wrought." So many, full of life and vigour, with bright hopes and anticipations of the future, leaving their homes and those near and dear to them—alas, never to see them again in this life. From how many lips did the earnest cry of distress come, "I want to be saved, I want to be saved." Why this cry? They realized their real danger, but alas, it was too late, too late for very many. Oh! that I could speak words to all here to-day who have not yet realized a true sense of danger; your position is precisely the same as those on board the "Victoria," saved or lost. Oh that I could rouse you to lay hold of eternal life with the same eager, anxious desire witnessed by those on board that vessel. Only a few steps would have landed scores on the shore in safety, who, true to nature and nature's God, would have been helpful in saving others. Then why, do we ask, did not all make these few steps? The answer comes quickly and easily—"because it was not in their power, or how gladly it would have been done." This cannot be said of any one

here to-day. Salvation is within the reach of all. In that grand hymn of Miss Crosby's the truth is so beautifully expressed,

"Only a step to Jesus,
Then why not take it now?"

Only one step, why not take it now, ere we leave this room, on this 29th day of May. It will then indeed be a memorable day; depend upon it this step will bring us far more real joy, peace and happiness in this life, and land us safe at last, not on the shore of our beautiful river here, to face death at some future time, but on the shore of the river of life.

"When our stormy voyage is o'er,
Shall we meet and cast the anchor,
By the fair celestial shore?"

Money, wealth, influence, position did not save from that terrible wreck. What a striking illustration of the truth of that wonderful lesson two Sabbaths ago, from the lips of "Him, who spake as never man spake," viz., "The rich man and Lazarus." There the rich man was not lost because he was rich, and Lazarus was not saved because he was poor. He had the love of God in his heart and a firm faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and the indwelling and presence of the Holy Spirit. This will save you and me, this will anchor us safely on the right side of that terrible gulf which separates the saved and the lost: nothing to fear from crashing timbers, crowded decks, or boats going to pieces. This one life-boat is all we need. It will carry us safely into the harbour. No need to beg or plead for three minutes' time to be borne on the shoals for safety. The Captain of our salvation says, "Come every one. Whosoever will may come." No possible danger from over-loading. Oh! be sure you take passage. Do not miss this boat. The last words of poor Orville Smith in parting with his sister forever in this life were, "I am ready to go." What a depth of meaning in the words, "ready to go." Where? To be with Jesus, which is far better. What a world of comfort these few words gave his sorrowing relatives. If the call or summons should come to you so suddenly, can you say "I am ready, I am ready." If not, then I beg of you to flee to Christ now as your only refuge. Like Lot out of Sodom, "Escape for thy life, stay not in all the plain." What an heroic death was that of Mr. Millman, found in the water with one of his children clasped tightly under each arm. Our hearts warm and our eyes fill with tears in admiring such heroism, sacrificing his own life in the hope of saving his children. How much he loved them. Christ died to save you and me. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish." Ah! this word, "perish" reveals to us the difference. Mr. Millman and his darling children perished in the river, but we shall never perish. Jesus says, "Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." "Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast." The two little girls taken home by Fathers O'Mahoney and Tiernan were heard speaking with great feeling, "I was sure we were all going to drown when the water came over us, so I took little Mamie in my arms and said we can pray anyway." What precious words of wisdom to you and me from these babes in Christ, feeding on the sincere milk of the Word. What an illustration of last Sabbath's lesson on our Lord's parable on prayer, "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." How soon the answer came to the prayer of these little girls just as it did to the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The same loving Father is waiting, longing to hear and answer you. With such encouragement, let us come with boldness unto His throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in every time of need. From the school, the play-room, the home, and the street, the mere thought, not even framed into words, is wafted up and brings heaven down to us or us up to it. Oh! how very near God is to us, though we often fail to realize it, even with such startling evidence before us as that of last Tuesday. How strikingly the words of Jacob would come home to those rescued from that terrible wreck: "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not." Turning from it, as I have already occupied too much time, we ask, in closing, what lesson has God designed for us? why was it permitted? As we listened to the tolling of the funeral bell from early morning until late at night on Thursday last, we asked, what does it all mean? Just what I have feebly