

ON THE LORDS PRAYER.

BY W. L. T.

Our Father which art in heaven! Glory, praise and love be given. That thou hast shown the way, The way that leads to heaven on high, Beyond this earth beyond this sky, To everlasting day.

Taught us to love thy hallowed name, That thou a world of sin o'er came, By dying in our stead, And raising up love's banner high, Which tells to man he need not die, For Jesu's blood was shed.

O, that thy kingdom here may come, And be an everlasting one, Of union, love and peace, And that this love of peace, Be shed abroad in every soul, And evermore increase.

That thy blessed will may here be done By every soul beneath the sun, And God be glorified, Throughout this world of sin and shame For which the Lord of glory came, And in our stead be died.

Give us this day our daily bread, The savour of our living Head, Our Jesus crucified, To bear the sins of man away, And open out a brighter day, And homes in heaven provide.

Wilt thou our trespasses forgive, That we may here divinely live, And live to God alone, By bearing with each other here, And for each woe to shed a tear, Though it be not our own.

Into temptation lead us not, For feeble seems our common lot, The lot of all mankind, Forshouldest thou here withhold thy hand, Against the foe we could not stand, Though we might be inclined.

From evils that on every hand Show discord over all the land, Wilt thou deliver us, By opening up thy kingdom here, And on our hearts stamp filial fear, Known only to the just.

Thine is the kingdom and the power, Earthly kingdoms wane and lower; But thine forever stands, And when this earth has passed away, Thine will stand out in bold array, The fairest of all lands.

Amen to what our Lord doth say, Amen to souls found in the way, Glory and praise amen! Amen to angel choirs who sing, Hosannah to our Heavenly King, Will evermore ascend.

Amen to the white robed who stand, Day without night at God's right hand, And holy! holy! cry, All glory be to God in heaven, That free from all unrighteous leaven, They never more shall die.

Now who can tell the joys that wait, To greet the saints at heaven's gate, When faith is lost in sight, Or paint the scenes that meet the eye; Or look thereon until they die, And wear those robes of white.

WESLEY THE METHODIST PATTERN.

PROF. J. P. LACROIX, PH. D.

Such was the spiritual equipment, such the devotion of mind and heart, with which Wesley began his work of calling sinners to God. What wonder that he succeeded! What wonder that when excluded from stately cathedrals, the multitude thronged out to him in the streets and fields! What wonder that sinners were converted by scores and hundreds; that preachers were awakened and brought to his aid; that societies were speedily formed in every city and county in England and Ireland; that the work soon spread to the West Indies, to America, to the Islands of the seas! What wonder that at the close of his life he could thank God for superabundant success, and look out upon devoted followers to the number of 137,000, faithfully served by 540 self-denying itinerant preachers! And what wonder that a work of God founded by such a man and in such a spirit was based upon solid foundations, and that, after his death, it grew and extended just as before, so that it belts the entire globe, and embraces over 3,000,000 members, teaches over 4,000,000 Sunday school scholars, besides influencing over 6,000,000 of non members who attend its ministry! Thirteen millions of souls brought into constant weekly contact with the pure word of God,—surely this is an achievement well worth the temporary sacrifice of any amount of personal comfort and ease! Was not Wesley right in his thorough self-consecration to God? When hundreds cried out upon him as an insane enthusiast and fanatic, was not he the only one that was sane among them?

Let us now pause and ask: What was his personal character as a man that Wesley evoked by his peculiarly devoted life? A sufficient answer has already

been given or implied; we have space but for a few additional thoughts.

First, we note his masterly calmness. Amid all the wild storms of persecution, personal assault, misrepresentation, slander, ridicule, pharisaic malice and devilish conspiracy, that dashed upon Mr. Wesley, none was so calm and cool and steady in his purpose as Wesley himself. And well might he be calm so long as the bright pole star is clearly seen in the sky: what cares the ship for all the storms and billows the ocean can raise against it below? John Wesley had taken his bearings. He knew that his cause was God's cause. And if God was for him who could prosper against him?

Hence his absolute freedom from anxiety. Alone, in the midst of a surging, raging multitude inflamed by the devilish spirits of brandy and of fanatical hate, Wesley never blanched, never quailed; but, Stephen-like, calmly proclaimed his message of truth, and, with more than Stephen's success, disarmed the storm of its rage, and controlled the multitude at his will.

When great flood-tides of the most malicious and most cunningly invented slanders burst upon him as unexpected and sudden as a thunder-clap at noon-day, so that his friends were thrown into consternation, and his followers into doubt, and when ordinary wisdom would suggest that he pause in his work and pursue his slanderers into their remotest hiding place, Mr. Wesley usually smiled at the impotent rage, asked his followers to pray for his enemies, and himself continued without a moment's interruption his labour of gathering souls for God. For said he: My cause is God's cause; and to God I shall leave the keeping of my good name.

Secondly, we note his noble modesty. Mr. Wesley was one of the most unassuming of great men in all the annals of history. None more child-like, none more respectful to his opponents, none more free from pretension. Mr. Wesley sincerely believed in the attainableness of Christian Perfection this side of death; and he was ever ready to credit the evidence of such as claiming that they had actually reached it. But as for himself he hesitated. His eagle eye saw too clearly the waverings and possible self-deceptions of his own heart. Hence he paused and reflected; and he even bore with serenity the presumptuous exhortations of those who, in comparison with himself, were but children in Christian experience. And to the hour of his death we have no evidence that he claimed actually to have reached the full stature of the Christian ideal.

Lastly, we note his Christian liberality. Wesley's heart and mind were of too heroic type to admit of bigotry or sectarianism. To him the kingdom of God was not shut in by petty shibboleths or priest-made creeds. But it was as wide as human history and as broad as humanity. He had no more doubt of meeting Marcus Aurelius in heaven, than he had of his humblest class-meeting saint. Calvinists, Roman Catholics, narrow ritualists were among his most esteemed friends. Wherever there was a sincere desire to conjure sin and to attain to a pure heart, there Wesley recognized a real presence of the kingdom of God.

Such was John Wesley; such was the founder of Methodism; such was the work he did, and the spirit with which he did it; and such was the character, such the manner of man he was.

How strikingly he stands in contrast with most of the eminent men who began the race when he did, and who worked more or less with him!

John Cennick was equal to Wesley in holy zeal. He had a lion's courage and a martyr's piety. But his brain becoming entangled in a narrow predestinarian creed, he broke off from his old friend, crippled his own career, and dropped out from history.

Thomas Walsh had the learning of a Benedictine, and the flaming love of an apostle. But the uncurbed energy of his soul soon broke down his body, and he sank into his grave before a fourth of his work was done.

James Wheatley had greater magic of eloquence than Wesley. Whole cities flocked to the music of his words as to

a voice from heaven. But he fell into the Antinomian delusion; he made too much of "grace alone" and too little of the commandments; and putting his loose views into practice, he undid the work of his life, was expelled from the church for gross immorality, and sank away into darkness.

Thomas Maxfield, for 20 years one of Mr. Wesley's most faithful helpers, let his brain be turned by delusions on the subject of sanctification, became Mr. Wesley's bitter enemy, succeeded, and spent the remnant of his days in comparative feebleness as pastor of a single congregation.

George Whitfield was superior to Wesley in fervid eloquence, and his equal in missionary zeal. But as, narrow fatalism trammeling his thoughts, and a lack of system undermining his labors, he passed through the world like a momentary messenger, like a dazzling meteor from the skies, but left comparatively little permanent results.

John Fletcher was Wesley's peer in logical reasoning and in holiness of heart. But he shut himself up in a country parish; but for the writings he prepared under the advice and in defence of Mr Wesley, his name would almost have fallen out from Methodist history.

Charles Wesley was the equal to his brother in early missionary labors, and his superior in poetic fire. But a bigoted high-churchmanship cooled the ardor of his later years; and but for his unsubsiding hymns, he would occupy but a subordinate place beside the founder of Methodism.

Only John Wesley, of all the holy laborers on the great Methodist temple, is entitled by right to be called the founder and finisher of the structure.

Only he had the strength to keep his head clear and cool amid all the dangers that beset him on the right and on the left. Only he had the heart that was never daunted, never discouraged, and that kept its youth to the end. Only he it was upon whom all others leaned for support, and who himself had absolutely no one to lean upon but himself and his God.

Surely this is genuine human greatness. Surely its masterliness of character, heroism of life, knightliness of devotion deserve the homage of mankind, here is the place for its ample bestowal. How in the day of eternity will all the feats of military prowess, all the laurels won upon the bloody fields of human carnage, all the plaudits of literary achievements, pale before the spiritual achievements of men like John Wesley!

We have but space for a concluding word. We have traced the sun in its Orient beauty and its noon-day glory. How now did it set? Were there any clouds in that evening sky? Were there any falterings, any shadows, any regrets? In labors abundant, in faith unflinching, and in the burning zeal of his manhood's strength,—such was the way in which this patriarch of God descended to his sepulchre.

Up to the very week of his death he continued engaged in the one work of his life. During this last week he was arranging for his usual laborious March tour through the northern counties; and he had sent word as to when and where he expected to preach and to meet the classes for a whole series of weeks to come. Thus was he unconcerned for his own future, but solely intent on doing the work of the hour while the lamp of life should continue to burn.

But this lamp was now ready to go out. It was from no disease, but simply from the exhaustion of his physical frame, worn out in the service of God, that this venerable man went down to his grave. In his last months he had frequently to be supported while preaching, by the strong arm of a friend. But still he persisted in the well beloved work. Seven days before his departure, he rose at four in the morning, drove out eighteen miles from London, and preached to a circle of friends on: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."

This was his last sermon. A slight cold now entirely prostrated him. He lingered six days, until March 2, 1791, when he gently expired at the age of 68. Those six days were spent, in their lucid intervals, in prayer and song, and in giving a parting hand to his friends. Frequent in his very last hours were

the oft quoted words: "The best of all God is with us." His favorite hymn,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath." was often taken up, until his faltering lips refused to do their service. Finally at the hour of ten, when the dim London day was feebly lighting up his weary face, he uttered his last word "Farewell!" and expired, without a quiver or a groan, in the midst of his friends.

Fitting close to a matchless life! How like the setting of the orb of light after the majestic course of the day! What lessons in such a life! Nor are they lessons of discouragement. It is true few Christians can have the outer success of a John Wesley, or win his place in the annals of the world. But all can have his spiritual success. And in the day of eternity the single mite of the poor widow, or the single well-used talent of the humblest child of God, will shine with the same lustre as the diadems of the very Princes of Israel. —Pitts. Adv.

DAVID ALLISON, LL.D.

On the death of the late Rev. A. S. Hunt, Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, considerable anxiety was felt by the friends of education in that Province concerning the selection of his successor. And rightly so, for there are few offices within the gift of the Provincial Governments of such importance as this, inasmuch as the incumbent has practically charge of the education of the people, his policy being, as a matter of course, adopted by the authorities and enforced by his large staff of inspectors and teachers throughout the country. When it was first rumored that the President of Mount Allison Wesleyan College, Sackville, had been offered the appointment, the anxiety was changed to hope that he would accept, and the official announcement of his induction to the office was hailed with a chorus of congratulations. It was universally felt that the Government had made a wise choice, and had selected a gentleman capable of managing the educational affairs of the Province with zeal and ability. The secular and religious papers were for once unanimous in their approval, and President Allison entered upon his duties with welcomes from all quarters.

The new Superintendent is just forty-one years old, having been born in 1836, at Newport, Hants County, N. S. He received his early education at the grammar school in his native village, and proceeded thence to Dalhousie College, at that time, 1852, conducted as a Provincial Academy. From Dalhousie he went to the Wesleyan Academy at Sackville, N. B., to which he was to return in later years as President of the College and other institutions of education. Having thus prepared himself for college, he followed the Arts' course at the Wesleyan University, Middleton, U. S., taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1859, and Master of Arts in 1862. His career at the University attracted the attention of the Sackville authorities, who appointed him in 1860, Professor of Classics in the Academy, and two years later presented him to the classical chair in the College, a position he held for seven years, discharging its duties so efficiently, and proving himself so able a teacher, that he was elected to the Presidency of the College in 1869. Victoria University, Cobourg, Ont., conferred upon him in 1874 the degree of Doctor of Laws, and when the appointments to the Senate of the University of Halifax were made, he was chosen one of the twenty-four original Fellows. In the Senate he had a further opportunity of showing his powers, and he proved himself a hard worker in this new sphere of usefulness.

President Allison will find abundance of employment for his administrative talents and varied achievements in the Education office. As Secretary ex-officio and member of the Council of Public Instruction he will have to act as the Government's adviser in matters educational, the duty being the more responsible that, in view of the constitution of the Council, it is possible there may, for a series of years, not be a single educationist, as the Council of Public Instruction is simply the Executive Council of the Province under another name. —Canada Church Journal.

THE GOD-MAN.

There is perhaps no more strikingly amiable trait in all that is taught respecting our Lord's human character than the strength and permanency of his personal affections. We see this beautifully illustrated in his relations with the family of Bethany. That household was evidently made up of devout Jews, having friends in Jerusalem of the better class religiously. They seem also to have been somewhat elevated in their pecuniary and social relations, as is shown by the character of the entertainment afforded to Christ and his disciples. Their house had probably been his temporary abode during some of his many visits to the Holy City and this intercourse had led to a close and tender friendship between the august guest and the favored entertainers. That this favor was mutual, and fully participated in by our Lord, is shown by the interjunctive remark of the evangelist: "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus." Here more nearly than anywhere else in Judea he found a home; and here were those who felt it to be their highest honor and most precious privilege to extend to him the fullest and heartiest hospitality. The incidents attending both the death and the resurrection of Lazarus very fully illustrate these things. His finite human knowledge allowed him to presume that "this sickness is not unto death;" but when the disease had occurred the divinity within him revealed that fact to his human understanding. His hasty return to Judea, his sadly tender greetings with the sorrowing sisters, and his sympathetic weeping at the sepulcher, all testify to his humanity as fully as his power over the grave attested his God-head.

His love for his mother, and also that for John, proved and illustrated this thought. In these we see human love sanctified and elevated beyond all earthly comparison. It was not simply because John was more devout and heavenly-minded than any other of the twelve that he was so treated by the Master as to come to be recognized as "that disciple whom Jesus loved." The two probably were nearly akin by birth and of about the same age, and with their natural casts of mind very much alike; and each of them being at once eminently loving and lovable, it was quite natural that a specially warm and intimate friendship should grow up between them.

The steadiness and amplitude of the Master's affection for the disciple were manifested in the closeness of the relations to himself into which John was taken, which secured him a place among the most favored three, in the scenes of the transfiguration and of the agonies of Gethsemane; which gave him the place of highest honor at the last passover, and which displayed itself—kindest of all expressions of love—in the confidence expressed by committing his own mother to the care of the beloved disciple, raising by adoption to brotherhood with himself. Of like character, but still more tender and intense, was our Lord's love for his mother, which manifests itself most unmistakably whenever the two are brought into notice in the Gospel. It is not, indeed, of the self-asserting kind of love that is sometimes seen in shallow natures; but calm, because it is deep; it was ever present and abounding. It was seen in the temple in his boyhood, and afterwards in his willing subjection in his youth and manhood. It crept out at the wedding at Cana. It is seen in her permitted association with him during his ministry, and it culminated in unspeakable fullness in his extreme hour upon the cross. His last act was to see to it that her dejection caused by his death should not be complete. To that mother so beloved by her divine son, and so worthy to be so loved, Jesus gave to her son there after his own best beloved personal friend, "the disciple whom Jesus loved;" and vividly both parties to the relation so constituted duly appreciated the favor done them, and joyfully responded to the obligations mutually devolved upon them. Such, then, is our Christ who verily took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore, in all things, it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." —National Repository.

From The United Presbyterian: "The Christian home that is without a religious newspaper is not likely to be one that will contribute much to Church work. It will, indeed, know but little about the work, for preach as the pastor may, they cannot so fix details and statistics in the minds of the people that they will not forget them before they get home. And in addition to this, there is a stimulus needed by most Christians to push them forward to the work they know to be right and necessary. This is what the family paper gives them."

GOLDEN TEXT: "God will help us, and to 32. 8. DOCTRINAL prayer. The next lesson."

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