

## Whiter than Snow.

BY HERBERT G. PAULL

THE snow had fallen, and on the earth the immaculate mantle was spread, covering with its garment of white the homes of the living and dead, when from the Windsor Castle there looked upon the beautiful scene a little child, and one of the sons of Britain's beloved Queen.

And the Prince looked merrily on the scene, and laughed with the little child; but the child was sad with the gallant Prince, and little the maiden smiled, till she sweetly looked to the Prince and said, "O her voice was modest and low! Will your Royal Highness tell me, please, if there's anything whiter than snow?"

Then the Prince, he laughed right merrily, as he looked at the solemn face of the lovely child who looked at him, and thought for a little space; then kissed the tiny lips that spake, and said, "I scarcely know, yet stop again, now sure am I, there's nothing whiter than snow."

Ah! then the maiden looked at him, her blue eyes moist with dew, as she sadly said, "O Prince, I thought your Royal Highness knew; but since you say you do not know, I'll tell you what I know—*The blood of Jesus Christ can wash you whiter than the snow!*"

What was it made the Prince turn pale, and brush the tear away? A vision came before his eyes of the dreadful judgment day, where four-and-twenty elders stand, and praise God's holy Son, and countless hosts with robes of white, but he alone has none.

Give praise to God, O all ye hosts! for the hisping lambs who know the blood of Jesus Christ can wash them whiter than the snow. "Except ye be as a little child, ye cannot come to Me;" then teach us, Lord, that we may be as a little child should be.

TORONTO, Feb. 23th, 1863.

T<sup>e</sup> Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.

NO better evidence can be afforded of the respect which the English people entertain for the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose portrait we give, than the fact that the *London Spectator*, whose religious opinions are far from agreeing with those of Lord Shaftesbury, and whose political inclinations have no leaning toward a Republic, remarked not long since that, if it ever became advisable to abandon the monarchy and set up a republic, Lord Shaftesbury would run any second candidate for the presidency very hard.

Nor has Lord Shaftesbury won his deserved popularity among all classes, and especially among the workingmen, by any species of demagogism, or by any base appeals to class prejudices or class interests.

He is in truth a Christian statesman in the best sense of that term, and his wide-spread popularity proves that riches and honour are with true wisdom now as well as in the days of Solomon, and that godliness has no less to-day, than in the days of the apostles, the promise of this life as well as the life to come.

Anthony Ashley-Cooper, K.G., is the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, and a baronet. He is Lord-Lieutenant of Dorsetshire. He was born April 28, 1801, succeeded his father in 1851; was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a first-class in classics, and was made D.C.L. in 1841.

A hundred years ago England was a country chiefly of rural industries, and, except London, there were few

great towns. The immense development of cotton and other manufactures caused a complete social revolution. Villages grew into towns, and towns into cities. The temptations of urban life, and the precarious nature of much of the employment to be found there, fostered a spirit of recklessness and improvidence which is rarely, if ever, found in agricultural communities; and the result was that a vast population grew up steeped in poverty, misery, and ignorance. Everybody is acquainted with what is familiarly termed "a rough," and the "rough" is the product of a state of society which, in its feverish desire to grow rich, has neglected to care for the bodies, and minds, and souls of those by whose labour its riches have been acquired. It is Lord Shaftesbury's great merit that his Christianity has been of a thoroughly practical type. Instead of contenting himself with bewailing the existence of this perilous state of things, he set himself resolutely to try and effect a cure, and he has worked chiefly by two instruments, namely, by legislative enactments and by society organization. With regard to the former class of reforms, he has always acted on the principle that self-interest is not a sufficient safeguard against tyranny and oppression. Self-interest ought to prevent the carman from beating and starving his horse, or the factory owner from overworking the women and children in his employ; and so it would, if it were self-interest of a high and enlightened quality; but, unfortunately, with many persons, self-interest is only another term for the grossest selfishness. Lord Shaftesbury clearly perceived, especially in the case of the young and the feeble, that the law must intervene between the master and the servant. This principle led him, in his younger days, as Lord Ashley, to advocate the abolition of boy chimney-sweeping, as it leads him in the present session of Parliament to endeavour to restrain the employment of young children by circuses and shows in dangerous feats of agility. The same principle induced him to support the Ten Hours' Bill, and he declined to join Sir Robert Peel's ministry in 1841, because that statesman refused to lend his aid to the measure.

But Lord Shaftesbury is still more distinguished by the reforms which he has effected through society organizations. He saw, for example, crowds of neglected children playing about the streets. They ought to be at school, the moralist would say. But decently dressed children will refuse to sit on the same benches with these shabby, unkempt creatures. What was Lord Shaftesbury's practical inference? Start Ragged Schools; and after awhile the thing was done. To the school honest employment was added, for these poor lads are almost all anxious to work, if they can get work; and, as Lord Shaftesbury observed that all the old shoe-blacks had died out, and that no one had taken their places, he determined to organize a shoe-black brigade, and a very useful body they are.

In brief, wherever there is a worthy work to be done, a poverty-stricken, miserable class to be raised into comfort and Christianity, Lord Shaftesbury's name and aid are sure to be given. Nor need we dwell here on the more purely religious organizations, such as the Bible Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, and the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, with which

Lord Shaftesbury is prominently connected; it is sufficient to observe that the shallow reproach which blames men for ministering to the wants of foreign heathendom while neglecting home misery, is utterly inapplicable in this case, for while his hand is stretched as far as the South seas, his ear is always open to the complaints of the poor of London.

## Havelock at Lucknow.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

WE read of the wonderful things that were wrought by prayer among God's ancient people. There is power in faith now as there was then, though it may not be made manifest by the same means and in the same way. God's promises remain unchanged, and they who rely upon his word still find it firm and unailing.

"Put thou thy trust in God,  
In duty's path go on;  
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done."

It was an hour of anxiety and horror in the English residency at Lucknow—the sun had gone down; the sombre shadows had gradually hid the cupolas, minarets, and palaces; the stars hung low, like flames, in the deepening gloom of the Indian night. All through the long summer the garrison in the Residency had been besieged by the mutinous Sepoys; sickness had wasted the soldiers; famine threatened them, and if the English army that had been fighting its way into the heart of India should fail to relieve them in time, the death of every resident was sure.

There were praying women in the Residency, mothers schooled in the faith of Scottish kirk, who, day by day and hour by hour, through all the months of trial, had looked to God for help.

Summer had died out of the sky, and the burning gold of autumn cast its shadowy sheen over the airy palaces, winged zenanas, billowy domes, and fluted minarets of the central Indian city. Fever had come with the autumn, and the stores in the Residency were insufficient for a protracted siege.

The English body of relief under Havelock—a small body of men as compared with the enemy—was approaching from Cawnpore. Under the feathery palms of the Ganges, over the hot sands of the Oude, threading long jungles, in every bush of which seemed to lurk a murderous foe—it had fought its way to the Alum Bagh, a position overlooking Lucknow, amid whose sharp minarets and glimmering domes the Residency was hid.

The garrison was in extreme peril when the army of relief reached the Alum Bagh, but a pious company of men, women, and children continually prayed to God, and were sustained by faith of deliverance through prayer. An officer one day said to one of these, a pious old Scottish mother, who had been schooled in the ancient faith of the covenanters:

"Fifty thousand Sepoys are massing themselves for the defence of Lucknow. If the army of Havelock is driven back we shall all perish."

"I will say of the Lord," answered the woman with sublime faith, "He is my refuge and fortress, in Him will I trust."

Shortly after she was told that the fever was increasing in the Residency.

"Surely," she answered, "He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the winsome pestilence. He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust."

As it became evident that the army of relief intended to reinforce the Residency, the city became more and more tumultuous, and the nights wild and fearful. But in these perilous hours the old Scottish company cheered the praying company with God's strong promises:

"Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

While prayers were continually made in the Residency for deliverance, the commander of the army of relief was as confidently relying for success on the strength of God. He had learned to pray in boyhood, and had been accustomed to hold religious meetings with his intimate companions in his sleeping rooms at school. He consecrated his life to God in early manhood, while crossing the ocean to India, and had been brought into sweet communion with heaven, in a warm and wonderful experience. Before every battle he called upon God, and returned thanks to God after victory. "Trust in God and pray for us," he wrote to his friends at home, as the army began to move from Cawnpore; "the chances of war are heavy at this crisis—thank God for my hope in the Saviour," he wrote as he penetrated the Kingdom of Oude. Such was Havelock, the Christian soldier, as he marched on to victory, against human probabilities of success.

What an interesting spectacle—a praying garrison and a praying general marching to its relief; and between them the strong city, defended by the finest army and the most military of all the Indian races.

Havelock determined to reinforce the Residency under the cover of the night. To do this he must lead the column of relief through the very streets of Lucknow, and the march would be one of fire and death.

His heart was uplifted to God in prayer, and in this confidence he gave the order to the troops to advance. From every house-top the swarming enemy poured volley after volley of shot upon them, and the palaces, as the soldiers swept past them, streamed fire. All the swift way was stained with blood, and was strewn with the bodies of the mangled and the dead.

Victory crowned that march of faith. The red stars died out of the watery fringes of the morning twilight, and the rising of the fine Indian sun revealed the miracle that night's work had wrought. The praying hero, safe within the walls of the Residency, stood amid the praying company. He looked upon the accomplishment as the Providence of God. He felt that there was in it more than he himself would ever have been able to have performed, and the full experience of his heart found vent in the words of the ancient conqueror, whose victories were wrought by faith, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name, give glory!"—*Religious Intelligencer*.

TEACHERS! Strive to enlist your scholars in a loyal and loving support of your pastor.