

one man in ten is fighting, and where every nine men out of ten are stragglers, or lying in their tents?

What we want is *Life* in the Church; it does not depend so much on the vast size of the army as on the spirit and discipline of the troops. Indeed in an army the luke-warm and the faint-hearted are an encumbrance; and in the Church the idle and the indifferent afford chiefly the occasion for scandal to the world. The larger the army the better—for the theatre of the war is the world—if every man will do his duty; and if the great Christian army could all be mobilized, and every man *would* do his duty, right speedily "the kingdoms of this world would become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ." *E.T.*

### THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

There are two ways of teaching—by precept and example. Teaching by precept says, "Climb up the mountain;" teaching by example says, "Place your foot where I put mine and follow me." Teaching by precept is common to saints and philosophers; teaching by example is the high prerogative of the saints. Teaching by precept begins with the understanding, and may reach the heart; teaching by example begins with the heart, and can hardly fail to reach the understanding. Our Lord Jesus Christ uses both methods. Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, as men could bear it; but side by side with the precept He gave the example, and all through His life He enforced His precepts by the eloquence of His conduct, until at the last He gathered up all into one appeal when He stretched out His hands upon the Cross. And what was the lesson on which He laid most stress? Chiefly the passive virtues, but He did not overlook the more active virtues, which found a place in the seven last words from the Cross.

But, secondly, Jesus Christ, with His hands outstretched, appeals to the sense of what He has done for us. Why is He there? Not for any demerit of His own, not only or even chiefly to teach us virtue. He is there because otherwise we must have been lost; He is there to reconcile us to God; He is there because He has taken our nature upon Him, and in this capacity he must suffer the punishment which, in virtue of the moral laws by which the universe is governed, is due to sin. It is in obedience to no arbitrary will that He is there, but as the parent represents the family, so He suffers as the parent for the child; and as we claim our share in His representative nature, so we have by faith our share in these representative acts, and He ratifies our participation by His grace and by His sacraments. Thus when He suffers we suffer too, when He dies we share His death. This is that unveiling of the heart of the All-merciful which it was one of the objects of the Atonement to make.

Thus when Jesus Christ stretches out His hands on the Cross, He says, by this silent but expressive act, "Come unto Me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden." This is the appeal of the most tender, the most practical, and the most disinterested love. Most tender it was, for surely "greater love hath no man than this, that he should lay down his life for his friends." But it was also most practical; it was love in deed and in truth, not merely in profession and feeling, but after the fashion of all true love, He gave of self, and the best that self can give, even His life. But it was also the most disinterested love, because to Him we can give nothing we have not first received.

By this love, so practical, so disinterested, so tender, He appeals to us, and surely He will not appeal in vain. Why has God given us life and made us, when we could do nothing for ourselves, His children, members of Christ, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven? Why has He taught us to think of Him? Or, if otherwise, if we have only learnt to know Him in later life, why has He singled us out and roused us from the dream of the world, or of sin, by striking down some near relation, perhaps a wife or child, or by bidding us see the lightning of His judgment scorch some sinner at our side, not worse than ourselves, or by telling us to gaze on another, ripe with the lustre of His glory, who has not enjoyed greater blessings than have been ours, or by guiding us, like

Augustine, to some sentence in His word, or by the voice of a friend whose word has made life a different thing to us? What is all this but the stretching out of the Saviour's hands? what but the incessant appeal of the uncreated mercy to the creature in his ruin?—*Canon Liddon.*

### A STORY OF TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Mr. B. was a great merchant in Baltimore. One morning he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf; he stepped upon the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro, whose dejected countenance gave sure indication of distress. He accosted him with:

"Hey! my man what is the matter!"  
The negro lifted up his eyes and looking at Mr. B. replied:  
"Ah! massa, I'se in great trouble."

"What about?"  
"Kase I'se fatched up here to be sold."  
"What for? What have you been doing? Have you been stealing? or did you run away? or what?"  
"No, no massa; none o' dat. Its becase I didn't mind de audas."

"What kind of orders?"  
"Well, massa stranger, I will tell you. Massa Willum werry strict man, and a werry nice man, too, and everybody on de place got to mind him, and I brake frew de rule, but I didn't tend to brake de rule, doe; I forgot myself and I got too high."

"It is for getting drunk, then, is it?"  
"Oh, no, sah; not dat nother."

"Then tell me what you are to be sold for."  
"For praying, sah."

"For praying! That's a strange tale. Will not your master permit you to pray?"

"Oh, yes, sah, he lets me pray easy; but I hollers too loud."

"And why do you hallow in your prayers?"  
"Kase the spirit comes on me and I gets happy 'fore I knows it; den I gone, kan't trole myself; den I knows nutting 'bout massa's rule."

"And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?"  
"Oh, yes; no help for me now. All de men in de world couldn't help me now—Kase when Massa Willum says one thing he no do anoder."

"What is your name?"  
"Moses."

"What is your master's name?"  
"Massa's name is Colonel Wm. C.—"

"Where does he live?"  
"Down on the Easin Shoah."

"Is he a good master and does he treat you well?"  
"Oh, yes; no better in de wuld."

"Stand up and let me look at you."  
And Moses stood up and presented a robust frame; and as Mr. B. stripped up his sleeve, his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.

"Where is your master?"  
"Yander he is, jes' comin' to de waif."

As Mr. B. started for the shore he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that Mr. B. was a trader and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him so unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Colonel C. did. He introduced himself and said:

"I understand that you want to sell that negro man yonder, on board the schooner."  
Colonel C. replied that he did.

"What do you ask for him?"  
"I expect to get seven hundred dollars."

"How old do you reckon him to be?"  
"Somewhere about thirty."

"Is he healthy?"  
"Very; he never had any sickness in his life except one or two spells of the ague."

"Is he hearty?"  
"Yes, sir; he will eat as much as any man ought, and st will do him as much good."

"Is he a good hand?"  
"Yes, sir; he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew."

"Why do you wish to sell him?"  
"Because he disobeys my orders. As I said, he is my foreman; and that he might be available at any moment I might want him, I built his hut within about a hundred yards of my own house, and I have never rung the bell at any time of the night or morning that the horn did not answer in five minutes after. But two years ago he got religion and commenced with what he terms family prayer—that is, praying in his hut every night and morning, and when he began his prayer it was impossible to tell when he would stop, especially if (as he termed it) he got happy. Then he would sing and pray and halloo for an hour or two together, and you might hear him nearly a mile off. And he would pray for me and my wife and my children, and our whole family connections to the third generation, and sometimes, when we would have visitors, Moses' prayers would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of the whole company. The women would cry and the children would cry, and it would get me almost frantic, and even after I had retired, it would sometimes be almost daylight

before I could go to sleep, for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after he had finished. I bore it as long as I could, and then forbade his praying any more—and Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed, and my rule is never to whip, but whenever a negro becomes incorrigible, I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection, and is less trouble than whipping. And I pardoned Moses twice for disobedience in praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him, or every negro on the place would soon be perfectly regardless of all my orders."

"You spoke of Moses' hut. I suppose from that he has a family?"

"Yes he has a woman and three children, or wife, I suppose he calls her now; for soon after he got religion he asked me if they might be married, and I presume they were."

"What will you take for her and the children?"  
"If you want them for your own use, I will take seven hundred dollars; but I shall not sell Moses or them to go out of the State."

"I wish them all for my own use and will give you the fourteen hundred dollars."

Mr. B. and Colonel C. then went to Mr. B.'s store, drew up the writings and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel; and Mr. B. approached the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, wrapped in meditation of the most awful forebodings, and said:

"Well, Moses, I have bought you."  
Moses made a low bow, and every muscle in his face worked with emotion as he replied:

"Is you, Massa? Where is I gwine, massa? I gwine to Georgia?"

"No," said Mr. B., "I am a merchant here in this city. Yonder is my store, and I want you to attend on the store, and I have purchased your wife and children too, that you may not be separated."

"Bress God for dat; and, massa, kin I go to meetin' sometimes?"

"Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on Sabbath and every night in the week, and you can pray as often as you choose, and as loud you choose; and every time you pray, I want you to pray for me, my wife and all my children; for if you are a good man, your prayers will do us no harm, and we need them very much; and if you wish to, you can pray for everybody of my name in the State it will not injure them."

While Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro's eyes danced in their sockets, and his full heart laughed outright for gladness, exposing two rows of as even, clean ivory; as any African can boast; and his heart's response was, "bress God, bress God all de time, and bress you, too, massa; Moses neber tink 'bout he gwine hab all dese commodationers; dis make me tink 'bout Joseph in de Egypt." And after Moses had poured a few blessings on Colonel C. and bidden him a warm adieu, and requested him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, the children and all the servants, he followed Mr. B. to the store, to enter upon the functions of his new office.

The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

Early the next spring, as Mr. B. was one day standing at the store door, he saw a man leap upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel, and walk hurriedly towards the store. He soon recognized him as Colonel C. They exchanged salutations, and to the Colonel's inquiry after Moses, Mr. B. replied that he was upstairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up and see him. Soon Mr. B.'s attention was arrested by a very confused noise above. He listened and heard an unusual shuffling of feet, some one sobbing violently and some one talking very hurriedly; and when he reflected on Colonel C.'s movements and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed and went up to see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs he was startled at seeing Moses in the middle of the floor down upon one knee, with his arm around the Colonel's waist, and talking most rapidly, while the Colonel stood weeping audibly. So soon as the Colonel could sufficiently control his feelings, he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses' prayers and that during the past year he and his wife and children had been converted to God.

Moses responded: "Bress God, Massa C., doe I way up hea, I neber forget you in my prayers; I olles put de old massa side the new one. Bress God, dis make Moses tink about Joseph in de Egypt again."

The Colonel then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that was out of the question, for he could not part with him; and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at forty, and his children at thirty-three years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold into Egypt God overruled it to his good, and he obtained blessings that were far beyond his expectations; so with Moses, he eventually proved the instrument in God's hands of saving the man's soul who sold him.

Old Moses is still living, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own, and is doing well for both worlds.

The "Fortnightly Review" judges that it would indeed be unpleasantly like hypocrisy, after excluding Byron from a grave in Westminster Abbey, to make room complacently for a Napoleon, whose name has been for ninety years the European symbol of retrogression, fraud, lawlessness, and bloodshed.