

He calleth to me out of Seir: Watchman, What of the Night?

"WHAT of the night?" the watchers said; "What of the night?" the echo sped Swift as the sound of a sentinel's call Answering back from wall to wall. Who are these with their lamps atrim, Waiting the Bridgroom's far-off hymn, Watching and waiting for the day, Who are the watchers, who, I pray?

Out from the heat of the torrid zone, From the buried heart of Livingstone; Out from the tropics far and wide, Over the land, and over the tide; Out from the frozen Arctic's reign, Quickly the answer came again, "We are the watchers: help, we pray, Lo, there are signs of coming day!"

Send them an answer deep and low, "We are watching and waiting too;" Send them an answer loud and long "We are coming a million strong,— Coming with lives, and coming with gold, Coming with treasures yet untold, Coming with shout, and coming with psalm, Coming to win the victor's palm."

Should we withhold a daughter's hand, If sought by the Seir of a far-famed land? Should we the strength of sons withhold, If the lead they followed was rich with gold? Would ease or pleasure our motto be, If a crown were waiting for you or me?

Lo, there are signs in the Eastern sky, And the hill-tops flame afar! See how the frightened shadows fly From the light of the Morning Star! But there are caverns deep and lone, Wild jungle and beasts of prey, Paths that are flinty, and pillows of stone, And no ladder adown the way.

But the path was trodden and made complete Full many a year ago; And the centuries followed with laggard feet, For the pulse of the world was low. But now it quickens; and into birth A nation springs in a day, And thought goes flashing round the earth And quick as the lightnings play.

The hearts of the nations are closer now, The serf is nearer the throne; And we at a common altar bow, For the children of God are one.

But the hosts of right, and the hosts of wrong, Are marshalling quick and sharp and strong; And though the battle is fierce and long, We shall yet join in the victor's song. For truth is mighty and truth will win; And the Son of the Highest shall enter in; And the world shall be ransomed from death and sin.

—Selected.

Two Kingdoms.

AN ADDRESS BY WARRING KENNEDY, ESQ., OF TORONTO.

THE following is part of an excellent address delivered by Warring Kennedy, Esq., at the laying of the corner stone of the Methodist Church at Lucknow:

We are interested in the prosperity of two kingdoms—one that may be moved and shall finally pass away "amid the wreck of matter and crash of worlds," the other "that cannot be moved," but "abideth forever." As to the first, we rejoice in being subjects of the greatest empire on the face of the globe to-day. We bless God for our civil and religious liberty; truly "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage." We have unequalled protection both to life and property under the mild reign of Queen Victoria.

"God bless our noble Queen, God save the Queen."

Queen Victoria sways a sceptre over 310,000,000 of a population, or six times that of the population of the United States. The area of her empire is ten millions of square miles, or four times that of the United States. Her Australian colonies alone have as large an area as that of the United

States. The English tonnage is more than sixty per cent. of the tonnage of the world, or three out of every five ships on the seas fly the "old red cross flag."

"Britannia rules the seas."

England spends for charitable and missionary purposes more than that contributed by all the rest of the world. London, with its five millions of people, is the greatest city in the world to-day, and is the greatest city the world has ever seen. As to our own Dominion, few have any conception of its vastness and grandeur. Newfoundland is as large as Denmark and Hanover; Nova Scotia is as large as Switzerland; New Brunswick is as large as Holland and Belgium; Quebec is as large as France, and Ontario is as large as Prussia proper; and what shall we say about the province of Manitoba and the North-West territory, embracing an area of 300 millions of acres. Our volunteers are to-day two thousand five hundred miles from where we are now assembled, and still they are an immense distance from the western boundary of that territory, and beyond that there is the province of British Columbia. The River St. Lawrence is celebrated for the purity and plenitude of its waters. It sweeps along for a distance of 2,390 miles, and at last gladly throws itself into the embrace of the ocean. Lake Superior covers 40,000 square miles, and is the largest fresh water sea in the world. Lake Huron covers 16,000 square miles, and is said to contain thirty thousand islands. Lake Ontario embraces a circuit of 600 miles, and Lake Erie a circuit of 700 miles, descends at the Falls of Niagara and empties into the River Niagara 700,000 tons of water every minute. The total area of fresh water lakes is 100,000 square miles.

So much for the earthly kingdom of which we are subjects. We shall now direct your attention to another—one "that cannot be moved."

TRIUMPHS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Some say that the Church of God is in full retreat, and that the way is strewed with arms, haversacks, etc. We can bring before you overwhelming statistics accurately gathered to prove to the contrary. We know that one man leaving the ranks of Christianity and going over to infidelity can make a great noise and cause great attraction, just as a man who leaps overboard causes great commotion, when perhaps little notice is taken of the 500 passengers who keep to the good old ship, and reach the haven in safety whither they would be. Let us glance rapidly at the spread of Christianity. In the third century there were three millions of Christians; in the fifth, fifteen; in the seventh, twenty-four; in the tenth, fifty; in the twelfth, eight; in the fifteenth, 100; in the seventeenth, 155; in the eighteenth, 200; and when the nineteenth century is made up it will show 400 millions of Christians. "He must reign till all enemies are destroyed," and angels and redeemed men will again repeat the message brought to Joseph and Mary, but with a wider range of application, "For they are dead that sought the young child's life." At the beginning of this century there were of all evangelical denominations only 150 missionaries in the field, now there are 25,000. The Nazarene has prevailed. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." Archimedes

said, "Give me a fulcrum on which to rest my lever, and I will move the world." We have found the fulcrum and found the lever. "The cross on which He bowed His head shall lift us to the skies." Is the Bible an obsolete book? Wherever you find a judge's bench or a clerk's desk you find a Bible. What book is it that the mother puts in the trunk of the young man as he leaves the home of his childhood for city life? the Bible. What was that little book that my wife put into the knapsack of our boy the morning he left his home with his regiment for the North-West? a copy of the New Testament; as she added the words, "Read that, my son, and play the part of a man." What do we find in nine out of every ten houses in Christendom?—the Bible. Voltaire prophesied that the Bible in the nineteenth century would become extinct. The century is gone all but fifteen years, and there have been more Bibles published in the latter part than in the former. The room in which Voltaire wrote that prophecy, not very long ago, was crowded from floor to ceiling with Bibles for Switzerland. Sir Walter Scott, when dying, said, "Give me the Book." "What book?" was the enquiry. "There is only one Book," said he, "that is the Bible." Yes, mighty in its own strength, it stands forth the friend of universal man, the enemy of none. Uninjured and unobstructed, it pursues its sublime and glorious mission, throwing its shield over the nations, influencing the cabinet, cheering the spirit of the soldier by the silent watch fire, pointing him to nobler laurels, a more enduring crown and more permanent resting place than earth can afford, wiping the tears from the eyes of the widows and orphans, and assuring the bereaved of every country of a reunion "Where saints of all ages in harmony meet."

The erection of places of worship is an evidence of the spread of Christianity. The Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States erects a church for every day, or 365 in the year; and it is estimated that there are 1,000 new churches erected in the United States each year. What institution stands nearest the hearts of the people in village or church? Is it the city hall, the post-office, or the hotel? No, it is not. It is the Christian church. How appropriate are the lines of our poet:

"These temples of Thy grace,
How beautiful they stand,
The honours of our native place
And bulwarks of our land."

When disease stalks abroad, and sweeps away our children one by one, whom do we send for? Is it the tavern-keeper? Is it the post-master? Is it the reeve? Is it the Attorney-General? No, no. You send for a minister of this Bible religion.

Colonel Allan, a famous infidel in his day, had a consecrated woman as his wife. The mother instructed her daughter in the truths of Christianity. The daughter sickened and died, but immediately before her death she said to her father, "Shall I take your instructions or mother's? I am going to die, and must have this matter settled." He replied, "My dear, you had better take your mother's religion."

GROWTH OF METHODISM.

I may be pardoned, on such an occasion as this, for dwelling for a few minutes upon the success of Methodism:

We speak not by way of self-glorification as Methodists, but with thankfulness to Almighty God that He has owned the labours of Methodism in its efforts to bring men to Christ. We recognize the labours of other Christian Churches; and surrounded as I am here to-day by many who are members of the great Presbyterian Church, we thankfully call to mind their triumphs for Christ, both at home and in foreign fields. The grand galaxy of names that adorn the pages of Church history, from Knox down to Chalmers, Duff, Guthrie, Candlish, and Cook, with many others, are before us. You will not, therefore, consider me sectarian if I dwell for a little on Methodism.

As the work was of God, so the agents thereof were chosen and qualified by Himself. The profound convictions, the cheerful piety, the fearless courage, the glowing fervors, the disinterested benevolence and the restless spirit of the Wesleys and Whitefield wonderfully fitted them for that mighty movement which aroused the Church and the world in the 18th century, the vibrations of which are felt to the most distant parts of the world. Methodism was not born of faction or party, but was the result of the revival of primitive Christianity. Chalmers said, "Methodism is Christianity in earnest." Wesley said, "We are friends of all and enemies of none." Methodism partakes of the nature of both a revival and a reformation, but more of revival. It is rather truth vitalized and diffused than error exploded. It proposes not to reform existing creeds but to save men's souls and to reform their lives. From the moment John Wesley went out into the highways and hedges as an itinerant preacher he bade farewell to earthly fame. Few gave more away. When his income was £80 a year he lived on £28, and gave £2 for charity; when £60 he lived on £28, and gave £32 for charity; when £120 he lived on £28, and gave £92 for charity.

In the year 1775 the Accountant-General sent him a copy of the excise order for return of plate, etc., saying "the Commission cannot doubt, sir, that you have plate for which you have hitherto neglected to make an entry." Mr. Wesley replied, "I have two silver tea-spoons at Bristol and two at London, and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread." On one occasion, while dining with a friend near Blackfriars, London, an eminent artist offered him ten guineas as a bribe to induce him to allow a cast of his face to be taken. "No," said Wesley, "keep your money and don't urge me further." "Sir," said the artist, "I will not detain you more than three minutes." Wesley consented; the cast was taken, and so also was the money, but no sooner was Wesley out of doors than he saw an agitated crowd, surrounding an auctioneer, who was about to sell the furniture of a poor debtor, including bed and bedding. Wesley rushed into the throng, seized the arm of the auctioneer, and cried, "What's the debt?" "Ten guineas," was the answer. "Take it," said Wesley, "and let the poor man have his furniture." Then turning to John Broadbent, who was with him, he quietly observed, "I see why God sent me these ten guineas."

Mr. Wesley continued abundant in itinerant labours for over fifty years. Geo. Whitefield flew like a seraph through England and America with the everlasting Gospel. What results do