

offenders. Of course this discipline should be at first mild, and always kind and adapted to recover and save rather than to drive off and punish; but the mind of the whole Church needs to be directed most positively to the purification of the lives of its membership, and to the elevation of the entire moral and spiritual tone of our people. We need revivals in the Church.

TRY IT.

When S. T. Coleridge was asked, Can you prove the truth of Christianity? he answered, "Yes; try it." We do not underrate the other evidences of Christianity. To many, they are altogether convincing. But the evidence which is always convincing, is simple experiment. Let a man honestly try the power of religion in his own life, and the result will always be satisfactory. Did any man ever live a truly religious life, and afterwards regret it, or doubt the power and truth of religion? There is no such case on record. Men often have doubts about the truth of religion because they do not fairly weigh the evidence. Bishop Butler well said, "If there are any persons who never set themselves heartily and in earnest to be informed in religion; if there are any who secretly wish it may not prove true; and are less attentive to evidence than to difficulties, and more to objections than to what is said in answer to them, these persons will scarce be thought in a likely way of seeing the evidence of religion though it were most certainly true and capable of being ever so fully proved." There is profound wisdom in these words. No man ever had a more correct knowledge of human nature than Joseph Butler. In the words we have quoted he gives the true explanation of much of the unbelief in the world, but he does not account for all. There are honest minded men, who are never satisfied about the truth of religion because they look for a kind of proof that it does not admit of, and overlook evidence which is quite satisfactory.

It may be just as true that a certain medicine will cure a certain disease, as that the three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles. But it cannot be proved in the same way. To know that the medicine will cure the disease, you must try it. So a man may satisfy himself of the power and truth of religion. Let him try it. Christianity is the cure for sin. The man that fairly tries it will be satisfied. The evidences of religion are many, and when taken together are conclusive; yet the truth of religion cannot be demonstrated by the mathematical process. The subject does not admit of this kind of proof, but it does admit of proof quite as satisfactory; proof as convincing as that food will satisfy hunger, and sustain strength and life. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God."

When a man has honestly and thoroughly tried religion and found it worthless, let him discard it. Such a man has nowhere been found.—*Exchange.*

ANOTHER REFORMATION.

FROM "RELIGION AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS," BY REV. R. J. LAIDLAW, OF HAMILTON.

"But the demand for Reformation which includes all others is, that mankind have need to be taught what true religion is,—that it does not now prevail in any country in the world; that men are mistaken when they suppose that the religion we call ours, and which is truly ours, is the religion of the Bible. We have not copied from the Bible. We have copied from our fellow-men. Men who were only awaking from the dreadful nightmare of heathen superstition have been our models;—men whose voices were the first to be heard as the dreary winter of Romish tyranny was passing away—blessed voices they were; yet hoarse as that of the first raven in spring which only tells that the time of the singing of birds is near. Yet we who come after them and should be the birds of song, have been content to copy their notes, instead of going still farther back to learn the sweet notes of the turtle dove of the former spring. . . . We do need another Reformation; yet not another man as a Reformer. We have had enough of men. We have had enough of external methods of every kind. We can-

not be redeemed by appliances that are only human and earthly. It is unsafe to ply us with these. We fall down and worship them. We place them between ourselves and God. Moses must be buried out of sight and where no man shall know of his sepulchre. Even Jesus must not remain long on the earth, lest men take to worshipping His manhood alone. And even so, men have exalted a frail man to be His representative, and have called him 'Father' contrary to the Saviour's word, and have bowed down and kissed his feet. And those who refuse this homage are still unable to lose sight of men. They too have their Pope—one who never needs a successor, seeing he never dies, but is already dead and sainted; yet who rules the Church and whose word is law to the utmost corner of the world. With some his name is Luther, with others Calvin, with others Wesley, with others other saints who would weep even now did they know how men have deified them and taken their word as the Word of God. We have had enough of men—and men have had enough of us! However the world may treat its saints after they are gone, it treats them cruelly enough while here. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? Our next Reformer must be one whom we cannot stone, nor saw asunder, nor nail to any cross, 'One whom we can worship, but worship only with the heart, in spirit and in truth.' Hark! It is the Saviour's voice! 'It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.' And as Jesus speaks, all the voices that have been slumbering for ages among the hoary Old Testament hills, awake and proclaim anew the coming of *the World's Complete Restorer, the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of the Father and the Son.*"

A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

A minister of the gospel was asked to visit a poor dying woman. The messenger being ignorant, could give no account of her state, except that she was a very good woman and very happy, and was now at the end of a *well-spent life*; therefore sure of going to heaven. The minister went, saw she was very ill, and after a few kindly enquiries about her bodily condition said: "Well, I understand you are in a very peaceful state of mind, depending upon a well-spent life." The dying woman looked hard at him and said: "Yes, I am in the enjoyment of peace. You are quite right; sweet peace, and that from a well-spent life. But it is the *well-spent life of Jesus; not my doings, but His; not my merits, but His blood.*"

Yes. Only one man has spent a life that has met all the requirements of God's holy law, and on which we can rest before God. Yet it is also true that they who most absolutely rest thus through life on the merits of Christ alone, are those who, by His grace, so live as to have the testimony of the conscience to their sincere aim to "live holily, righteously, and godly in the world," and often, as in this case, to win the testimony of others to their "well-spent life."—*British Messenger.*

LET friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fuller.*

THE Christian is not one who looks up from earth to heaven, but one who looks down from heaven to earth.—*Lady Powerscourt.*

WHAT I admire in Columbus is not his having discovered a world, but his having gone to search for it on the faith of an opinion.—*Turgot.*

AS a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of God.—*Jacobi.*

WHEN men persistently thrust themselves behind the veil and presume to snatch away the unrevealed secrets of the world beyond, they are often permitted to fall into wild delusions and to believe a lie.—*Zion's Herald.*

LET us say with Asaph, "I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High; surely I will remember His wonders of old." Many of our failures, especially in thankfulness and confidence, are to be traced to a bad memory.

"ACCIDENT OR MURDER?"

"BARNESBY.—This afternoon an inquest was held here touching the death of John Ives, forty-seven, a shoemaker, who fell into a water-wheel at Barrough Corn-mill on Monday while intoxicated, and was literally dragged to pieces. A verdict of accidental death was returned."—*The Daily Telegraph,* Oct. 17, 1878.

The perusal of the above paragraph carried my mind back to an event which happened five years ago. It made a deep impression upon me, and helped materially to form the convictions I now hold upon the temperance question.

I was staying in a village on the south coast of England, with the twofold object of enjoying the society of some friends and recruiting my health, which was very much impaired by labour and anxiety, arising from family trouble. The inhabitants of the place, I was informed, numbered upwards of five hundred, but the cottages were so scattered, that I did not at first give it credit for possessing half that number. In consideration of the surviving relatives of the persons who will appear in this short sketch, I give the village a fictitious name; feeling assured that any investigation into the truth of the narrative would, while affirming all I state, only tend to reopen old wounds, and awaken a sorrow which I trust is slumbering in the breasts of some good, honest, simple people. For the same reasons the names of the people are given by myself as substitutes for the real ones.

Among the labouring people none were more respected than Stephen Daker and his wife. Stephen was a man with a mind more active than one usually finds among his class, and in his young days had been rather wild and restless in spirit—not dissipated, but unsettled and dissatisfied with things around him—and in common with many like him entertained wild views of equality, and wealth and prosperity for all, hoping, as others did, to obtain all these by a political movement which was to uproot the whole constitution of England and its society, and put the untried and ridiculous idea of equality to work in its place. He joined the Chartists, and would have figured prominently in the miserable disturbances of 1848, if he had not fallen in love with a good sensible girl, who afterwards became his wife. It was her sound sense that checked him in his foolish career, and sent him back to his work to prepare a home for her, instead of poverty, and perhaps a prison, for himself.

He was ever after thankful that he had been guided to take the advice of his wife, and, unlike many men, was never ashamed to own the fact.

At the end of the first year of his married life his wife gave birth to twins, both boys. They were named Mark and Luke respectively, and both were healthy, and stronger than the general run of infants. It needed no mother's eye to see how really fair and sturdy they were, and it is of these twins I am about to write.

They grew up in form and feature so exactly alike that nobody but their parents could tell them apart, but in disposition there was a wide difference. Mark had the wild, turbulent nature which marred his father's youth; and Luke the mild forbearance and the sober good sense of his mother. Their affection for each other, as is generally the case with twins, was stronger than that of ordinary brotherhood.

But deeply as Luke undoubtedly loved his brother, he had within him a wilful disposition, a perversity which that brother could not often guide or govern, and what Luke failed to do the parents found out of their power to accomplish.

In boyhood Mark gave a great deal of trouble, was a bad attendant at school, playing the truant, and now and then inducing the quiet Luke to follow him in his wicked ways. When punished for their misdeeds Luke bore it quietly, but Mark was often rebellious, which brought upon him further castigation.

As in boyhood so in youth. Mark and Luke worked on the same farm, and mixing with men, began, as youths are fond of doing, to ape men's ways. Mark set the example in smoking and drinking, and in time Luke, notwithstanding the promptings of his conscience, followed him. This falling off was marked with pain by their parents, who admonished and besought in vain. Mark was immovable, and Luke, linked to him by the twin tie of birth, continued to follow the teachings of his brother, even to leaving the parental roof.

"We are earning good wages," said Mark, "and we can lodge out, like men."

They were about nineteen then, and were two of the finest young fellows in those parts. Mark was the favourite, for he was the gayest; but Luke—quiet, gentle Luke—had plenty of sober people who were his friends. After leaving their home they only saw their father once a week or so, as he worked on the other side of the village, but the mother who yearned over them came nearly every night. Sometimes she found them at home, but that was at the end of the week. Up to Wednesday they were generally at the inn, where Mark drank with the best or worst of them, and Luke hesitatingly followed in the same track.

Luke, I was told, was always urging his brother to give up his wild companions, but Mark either did not heed him when he spoke, or with a few kind words and a smile which Luke could not resist, asked him, "Not to preach," but "be a man, as he was."

"A little drink cheers us," Mark would say, "so have your mug filled again, Luke, and be merry with the rest of us."

At last the time came when Luke would drink no more, and his reformation came about in this way. Stephen Daker a total abstainer since his marriage, came down one night to the public-house to see if he could not help his unhappy children. It was not the first attempt by many he had