

Ireland. It might not be its desert, but it was its doom. He noticed, as corroborative, the controversies and disruptions in the English and Scottish Churches. The Established Church might be the first to fall, but, when the parish church fell, the surrounding churches would be laid on its ruins. He looked on all church policies as merely provisional committees till the true Church should descend from Heaven, and that was the best Church which most efficiently did the work of winning souls to Christ. Then the great Babylon was to come into remembrance before God. He traced the shocks Rome had sustained since 1848. Her adding a new article to her creed had only precipitated the impending catastrophe. But before Babylon fell there was to be a voice from Heaven, "Come out of her, my people." He believed the present crisis was that when God from Heaven was calling to the nations "Come out of her," and every newspaper recorded the fact that thousands are answering, "We come, we come." The great "hail upon men" meant the northern invasion, the weight of the stones signified its strength, and the blaspheming of God the misimprovement of the judgement by men. Then were to be "voices, and thunders and lightnings," strange unearthly sounds and theories starting up. The *Times* said "the electrical condition all over Europe was something startling, then there was a prediction that men were to run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Was not the present a literal response to this prophecy? In knowledge diffusion had now taken the place of concentration, cheap volumes were being multiplied, the position of authors and schoolmasters was raised, and the last tax on newspapers was likely to be abolished. Some translated the words "and knowledge shall be darted like lightning," which was literally fulfilled by the electric telegraph. "Men shall run to and fro," This was the age of travelling, and some had regarded the railway as a subject for special prophecy. Sir Isaac Newton had from the study of prophecy predicted some such invention, and events had blunted the satire of Voltaire. The Atlantic was becoming an inland lake; the Pacific was beaten by steamers; Britain and America, he believed, would soon sit and talk to each other, like an old man and his wife over the chimney-piece. And lastly, the Gospel should "be preached as a witness among all nations," though not for the conversion of all nations. This was fulfilled in facts of the present. The Gospel was being preached from the tropics to the poles. "Then shall the end come." He did not believe that the earth was to be destroyed, but only that there should be "a new heaven and a new earth, and that this earth should, like the human body, have a purification and a resurrection-morn, and in the end bloom a fairer paradise than when it began.

The lecturer was repeatedly applauded, and an enthusiastic vote of thanks was paid to him on the motion of the Rev. Dr. Hill.

**AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.**—In the adjacent county of Devon, and in one of its sequestered parishes, with a few cottages sprinkled over it, mused and sang AUGUSTUS TOPLADY. When a lad of sixteen, and on a visit to Ireland, he had strolled into a barn where an illiterate layman was preaching, but preaching reconciliation to God through the death of His Son. The homely sermon took effect, and from that moment the Gospel wielded all the powers of his brilliant and active mind. He was very learned. Universal history spread before his eye a familiar and delightful field; and at thirty-eight he died, more widely read in fathers and Reformers than most academic dignitaries can boast when their heads are hoary. He was learned because he was active. Like a race-horse, all nerve and fire, his life was on tiptoe, and his delight was to get over the ground. He read fast, slept

little, and often wrote like a whirlwind; and, though the body was weak, it did not obstruct him, for in his extatic exertions he seemed to leave it behind. His chief publications were controversy. Independently of his theological convictions, his philosophizing genius, his up-going fancy, and his devout, dependent piety were a multi-form Calvinism; and, by a necessity of nature, if religious at all, the religion of Toplady must have been one where the eye of God filled all and the will of God wrought all. The doctrines which were to himself so plain, he was perhaps on this account less fitted to discuss with men of another make; and betwixt the strength of his own belief and the spurning haste of his over-ardent spirit, he gave his works a frequent air of scorning arrogance and keen contemptuousness. Perhaps even with theologians of his own persuasion his credit has been injured by the warmth of his invective; but on the same side it will not be easy to find treatises more acute or erudite—and both friends and foes must remember that to the writer his opinions were self-evident, and that in his devoutest moments he believed God's glory was involved in them. It was the polemic press which extorted this human bitterness from his spirit; in the pulpit's milder urgency nothing flowed but balm. His voice was music, and spirituality and elevation seemed to emanate from his ethereal countenance, and light, immortal form. His vivacity would have caught the listener's eye, and his soul-filled looks and movements would have interpreted his language, had there not been such commanding solemnity in his tones as made apathy impossible, and such simplicity in his works that to hear was to understand. From easy explanations he advanced to rapid and conclusive arguments, and warmed into importunate exhortations, till consciences began to burn, and feelings to take fire from his own kindled spirit, and himself and his hearers were together drowned in sympathetic tears. And for all the saving power of his preaching dependent on the Holy Spirit's inward energy, it was remarkable how much was accomplished both at Broad Hembury and afterwards in Orange Street, London. He was not only a polemic and a preacher but a poet. He has left a few hymns which the church militant will not readily forget. "When languor and disease invade," "A debtor to mercy alone," "Rock of ages, cleft for me," "Deathless principle, arise:" these four combine tenderness and grandeur with theological fullness equal to any kindred compositions in modern language. It would seem as if the finished work were embalmed, and the lively hope exulting in every stanza; whilst each person of the glorious Godhead radiates majesty, grace and holiness through each successive line. Nor is it any fault that their inspiration is all from above. Pegasus could not have borne aloft such thoughts and feelings; they are a freight for Gabriel's wing; and, if not filigreed with human fancies, they are resplendent with the truths of God, and brim over with the joy and pathos of the heaven-born soul. However, to amass knowledge, and give out so rapidly not only thought and learning but warm emotion, was wasteful work. It was like bleeding the palm-tree; there flowed a generous sap which cheered the heart of all who tasted, but it killed the

palm. Consumption struck him, and he died. But during that last illness he seemed to lie in glory's vestibule. To a friend's inquiry with sparkling eye he answered, "Oh, my dear sir, I can not tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that He leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul." And within an hour of dying he called his friends, and asked if they could give him up: and, when they said they could, tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added, "Oh, what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and part with me; for no mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul."—*From the North British Review.*

**THE SABBATH.**—The Sabbath is God's special present to the working man; and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation-pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity and vigour which the last six days have drained away, supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence it answers the same purpose as the economy of income is answered by a savings' bank. The frugal man who puts aside a pound to-day, and another pound next month, and who in a way is always putting-by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds beside. And the conscientious man who husbands one day of existence every week, who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up, the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in the length of days and a hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings' bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—*North British Review.*

#### MISSIONARY FRUITS.

##### THE BIBLE MAKERS OF EIMEO.

We have all heard of the beautiful island of Tahiti, and its no less beautiful neighbour, the small island of Eimeo. Seven and sixty years ago the first missionaries to the South Seas landed on Tahiti, and for fifteen years worked hard and prayed much ere the blessing came and the Gospel triumphed. Then, however, great good was done. Many confessed themselves believers in Jesus. Idolatry lost its power, and a great longing for more of Gospel truth was felt. It now became necessary to give the people the Bible in their own language, and a printing-press—the first in the South Seas—was set up at Eimeo. The curiosity thus awakened was very great. Such a thing as a machine to make books was quite unknown, and people flocked from far and wide to see it. The King went every day into the office, and watched the setting-up of the types, and the working-off of the sheets. The Chiefs begged to be allowed to do the same; while the people thronged the doors and windows and every place through which they could get a peep at what was going on. Multitudes came from every district of Eimeo, and from all the neighbouring islands. For several weeks the place where the printing was carried on was like a public fair. The beach was lined with canoes from the distant ports. The houses were filled with visitors. The fields were covered with tents set up by those who could not get a lodging in the town. And the school-room and the chapel, though capable of seating 600