

ST. JOHN—FIRST SABBATH AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.

This holy day, and sacred feelings come, Tinged with the gloom of deepest agony; In vain aspiring thoughts to heavenly things, The drooping spirit wringles seems to-day.

OLD WINE.

LUKE V. 39.

THE SCRIPTURES. THEIR IMPORTANCE.

I am a creature of a day, passing through life, as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God: just hovering over the great gulf, till a few moments hence, I am no more seen!

THE CHRISTIAN RULE.

The Christian rule of right and wrong is the Word of God, the writings of the Old and New Testament; all that the Prophets and "holy men of old" wrote "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" all that Scripture which was given by inspiration of God, and which is indeed profitable for doctrine, or teaching the whole will of God; for reproof of what is contrary thereto; for correction of error, and for instruction or training us up in righteousness. 2 Tim. iii. 16.

This is a lantern unto a Christian's feet, and a light in all his paths. This alone he receives as his rule of right or wrong, of whatever is really good or evil. He esteems nothing good, but what is here enjoined, either directly or by plain consequence; he accounts nothing evil but what is here forbidden, either in terms or by undeniable inferences.

And if it be directed thereby, in fact, then hath he "the answer of a good con-

science toward God." "A good conscience" is what is elsewhere termed by the Apostle "a conscience void of offence." So, what he at one time expresses thus, "I have lived in good conscience before God until this day." (Acts xxiii. 1); he demonstrates at another by that expression, "Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and man," chap. 24; 16. Now in order to this there is the Word of God, of his "wholly and acceptable, and perfect Will" concerning us, as it is revealed therein. For it is impossible we should walk by rule if we do not know what it means.

Standing Revelation is the best means of rational conviction; far preferable to any of those extraordinary means which some imagine would be more effectual. It is therefore our wisdom to avail ourselves of this; to make full use of it; so that it may be a lantern to our feet, and a light to our paths. Let us take care, that it be the constant rule of all our tempers, all our words, and all our actions. So shall we preserve in all things the testimony of a good conscience toward God: and when our course is finished, we too shall be "carried by angels into Abraham's bosom."—WESLEY.

COMMON-SENSE VIEWS OF A WIFE.

"Juno," in New York Graphic, says: "I have for many years been deeply interested in the question of marriage in all its different phases. Possibly, like many others, I have thought much more than I have spoken. I have been five years a wife. As a wife I suppose I have endured an average share of a wife's trials and disappointments. Unquestionably there is in marriage a certain disappointment to nine wives out of ten, possibly to 999 out of the 1,000. Because lovers are not husbands, nor husbands lovers. Nor do I believe it possible for the husband to remain the lover. It is not so much the husband's fault, as is charged by so many wives. It is, in my estimation, but a natural result. The lover has novelty and scarcity to spur him on. The scarcity I refer to is that of his adored's presence. When it is his privilege to see her at any hour of the day without the formality of a visit, that presence must lose a certain charm. The first shad and strawberries in the market are rated at a high figure. The appetite is whetted for them by a long fast, but when they become very plentiful they lose value. This same principle extends to every department and working of human nature. It is of no use to shut our eyes to this. Better open them wide, acknowledge the corn, and see if some way cannot be devised to improve matters. It is a mistake to suppose that the husband's comparative indifference implies the actual lack of the husband's love. Only the vigilance and anxiety, of love is toned down by a sense of perfect security and possession. The man may never acknowledge this even to himself, but he feels it all the same, and his acts are based on such feeling. Make the man pay some price for his wife's presence, and there would be a change. The fruit that hangs over every wall is not deemed worth the plucking. Wives have themselves much to blame for the husband's indifference. They hold themselves too cheap; and I may say also too exclusive. If these are conundrums aggrieved wives can spend an hour or two profitably in studying them."

TURKEY.—Very great suffering and wretchedness are everywhere experienced in the Turkish empire. Demoralization and anarchy, from present prospects, must become universal. The missionaries are suffering greatly. One of the most successful native preachers writes to the missionaries at Constantinople a most affecting letter, in which he refers to the retrenchment, and pleads for sympathy and help. We quote briefly from his letter, found in the Missionary Herald:—

"I have with joy continued to labor at Zaharia village, with the cordial consent of the brethren, who, although very poor, have yet maintained a separate congregation unitedly. But the ceasing of your kind assistance astonished me and grieved the brethren, as their petition sent to you testifies. Nevertheless, I continue my labors, hoping that you, who love the Lord's work, will not leave unconsidered both the request of the brethren and my tearful cries. O brethren, you who love Christ, why do you leave me thus, at such a time as this, when I can get nothing from any one? O kind brethren, do not leave your poor brother in his old age, who has been a laborer under the pleasant yoke of Christ from his youth, who is still in the work, blessed be God! Imagine, once, in what a pitiable state I am! "Seeing the necessities of my poor children for food and clothing, wrings my heart with anguish, and for resting my perturbed spirit I often implore, weeping, my faithful Creator, that He may care for us. Then, O respected brethren, have pity, as the honored instruments of divine guardianship, and be pleased quickly to quiet our hearts by writing to me the promise of continuing your kind aid, that the blessed work may be continued!"

THE UNVEILING OF THE BLISS MONUMENT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Yesterday was a great day in Rome. I do not mean the "Seven Hilled City" of Italy, known to the world by her centuries of splendid achievement and history, but the quiet, and until recently, unheard of little village of Rome, Pennsylvania. This Rome has, in a day, leaped into almost as great notoriety, and has been almost as gloriously immortalized as its great name-sake of historic fame. In this Rome no battles have been fought, no kings have been crowned, no triumphal processions have been witnessed, as in old Rome; but in it was born the saintly, kingly P. P. Bliss, who for many years swayed the sceptre of song over the Christian world—whose sweet hymns and inspiring melodies are sung around the globe to-day, and will be sung as long as sacred song sits upon the tongues of men. In the cemetery of this smaller, younger Rome, about fifteen thousand persons, from all parts of the country assembled yesterday, to witness the monument erected by the Sunday-school scholars of this and other countries, to the memory of Mr. Bliss and his wife, who perished in the terrible Ashtabula disaster.

On the stand were Messrs. Moody and Sankey and Whittle—intimate friends and co-laborers of the deceased—besides many other eminent men such as Dr. Vincent of New York, Dr. Peltz of Chicago, and Dr. Pearson, of Detroit. There too, were the mothers of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, the two little orphan boys, together with many other relatives and friends. The immense throng, pressing on all sides about the stand, was quieted and brought to order by the singing of "When Jesus comes," led by Prof. McGranahan of Boston. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. Moody announced the purpose of the meeting. We were gathered together to pay a tribute of love to the memories of dear brother and sister Bliss, who had been so suddenly taken out of the world. They walked with God, and were not, for God took them. They did not die; theirs was as veritable a translation as that of Enoch or Elijah. Mr. Bliss had been to him the dearest, most hopeful friend he had ever known. In his hours of discouragement he had been cheered and strengthened by his hopeful words and wise counsel. The dear man who had gone had all the nine graces enumerated by Paul in his Epistle to the Galatians—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance. Never had he known one in whom these graces were more uniformly and rapidly developed. They were deeply rooted, and kept constantly growing in his heart. On his (Mr. Moody's) return from Europe, he was surprised at the rapid growth and ripening that had taken place, during his absence, in these graces of his friend. In him love was especially developed. This was why all loved him. Love beget love. He had other fruits of the Spirit, because there was planted in his heart the tree—Christ. Because these abounded in him and his dear wife, who was not a whit behind him

in anything, they were neither barren nor unfruitful in the work of the Lord.

Mr. Moody then requested Mr. Sankey to sing "Watching and Waiting for Me,"—the last hymn he had heard Mr. Bliss sing, and the one that had done more good than any other in his (Mr. Moody's) meetings.

Major Whittle, the author of "The Life and Work of P. P. Bliss," who had labored for three years side by side with him in Gospel work, was then introduced. He knew the dear brother thoroughly, and loved him completely. He was gentle, tender, loving as a woman. He was one of those deep, grand natures rarely found. He esteemed it the greatest privilege of his life that he had been acquainted and associated in God's work with such a man. Never had any one so completely won the heart of Chicago as had Mr. Bliss. In that city he was universally beloved. When the news of his tragic death came the whole city was in mourning. "Hold the Fort" was then sung. All the pieces, with one exception, that were sung, were composed by Mr. Bliss.

Dr. Peltz then came forward. He looked upon the monument, standing yonder, not so much as a memorial of Mr. Bliss, as the monument of the faith of over one million persons, who had contributed towards its erection, in the grand doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. There it stood declaring, "Thy brother shall rise again." Mr. Bliss needed no marble monument to keep alive his memory. The sweet hymns he had written and sung, the deep impression he had made upon the heart of the world, and the noble work he had done, were a more enduring monument than that now to be unveiled—a monument that would keep his memory fresh in the hearts of men forever.

When "I Shall be Remembered Only by What I Have Done" had been sung, Dr. Vincent was introduced. He said that Mr. Bliss was a many-sided man. He might be considered as a singer, as a musical composer, as a writer of hymns, or as a preacher of the Gospel; for he was all these and even more. He preferred speaking of him as a friend. Genuine, large-souled friends were rare. Mr. Bliss was one of these rare friends. He was your friend, and he told you so by look, and word, and action. The most casual contact brought out the rich friendliness of his nature. Mr. Bliss reminded him of a bell he once saw, which, when struck with the heavy hammer, sent forth and far away loud, sweet tones—filling the whole air with music. But he had heard the sweetest harmonies evoked from that bell by the casual touch of the child's hand, or the accidental brushing of the robes of the passer by. Mr. Bliss was friendly, not only in a grand way, but he was sensitive to the most casual touch, the slightest approach. He was so full of genuine Christian friendliness that its sweet harmonies gushed forth spontaneously, cheering and blessing all who came near him.

Here Mr. Granahan sang with wonderful effect, "I will sing of my Redeemer." After which Dr. Pearson said that they had not come together to glorify Mr. Bliss, but the Master whom he had so faithfully served. Much had been said respecting his natural graces and virtues. He did not believe in the Gospel of Manhood so much preached in these days. The natural graces were by some eulogised into the heavens. Natural humility, natural generosity, natural benevolence, was, with a kind of triumphant challenge, held up as all that a man needed to make him all that he ought to be. The truth was that these natural virtues were very easily changed into unnatural vices. There was but a step between virtue and vice. Natural generosity, and natural benevolence had done more harm in the world than almost anything else. The natural graces needed regenerating—they needed to be made into spiritual graces. It was not that Mr. Bliss had so many natural graces, but that these graces had been thoroughly regenerated and sanctified, that he was the glorious man that he was. He was a man of the most genuine simplicity, sincerity, and humility. He had done much towards revolutionizing and reforming the service of song in God's house. His hymns, unlike those of Cowper and others, were all hopeful. He never sang of the "blessedness he knew when first he saw the Lord"—the blessedness of his Christian's babyhood; he was full of a present blessedness, and had not to go mourning over such a strange thing as "an aching void." He had given a death blow to the "idolatry of art" in professedly Christian singing. He had made unpopular and absurd the notion that a congregation of worshippers can praise God by proxy—that an operatic quartette can acceptably praise God for the whole worshipping assembly. Mr. Moody had compared his work to that of Charles Wesley, but he put it far beyond that. Mr. Moody had for once told only half the truth. Mr. Wesley composed hymns but did not sing them as Mr. Bliss. Mr. Bliss composed hymns and music and sang them in such a way as almost to

revolutionize the service of song in the sanctuary. Referring to the manner of his death, he said, that to him, however others might view it, was simply horrid. He could not understand why such noble workers should suffer such a death, unless it might be explained in some such way as this: In Europe great events, and the name and deeds of great men, are in many places cut in the pavement. In a few years the constant wear of feet almost obliterate them. Every now and then they have to be re-cut, so as to attract attention. God wanted in a peculiarly emphatic way to call attention to this wonderful man and his work—and so by this tragical death he had cut the memory very deeply into the mind and heart of the world.

"What Shall the Harvest be," was sung by Mr. Sankey, the audience joining in the chorus. After this the most touching scene of the day occurred—the presentation of the two little orphan boys, Paul P. and George Bliss, by Mr. Moody. Taking them, one at a time, in his arms, he held them up before the immense audience—his eyes streaming with tears—in choked utterances, requesting the prayers of every one present, that these little orphans might be kept from the evil that is in the world, and made even a greater blessing to humanity than their parents had been. He then put his hands upon them, blessed them, and passed them back to their friends. There were few dry eyes, or unsympathetic hearts in the vast throng at the close of this Christly scene. Everyone present could not feel other than lying out, "God bless the little orphans, and God bless Mr. Moody." After the singing of "The Ninety and Nine," by Mr. Sankey, the beautiful monument was lovingly and tenderly unveiled by Messrs. Moody, Sankey, and Whittle. This act closed the exercises of the day, and the multitude dispersed, believing that indeed it was good to be there.

I have given you but a meagre outline of this memorable gathering. No report, however full and minute, can convey to those not present, a just impression of the interest and blessedness of the occasion. I will not weary you by endeavoring the impossible, but will close at once, my already too lengthy letter.

Yours, &c., S. C. FULTON. Main St., Nichols, N. Y. July 11, 1877.

OBITUARY.

MAURICE SWALLOW.

Maurice Swallow died at Tor Brook, March 15th, 1877, in the 38th year of his age. In a revival of religion under Rev. J. J. Teasdale, Bro. Swallow gave his heart to God. He had a great battle with the enemy of his soul before he could lay all upon the altar. Through Jesus he conquered. Calm succeeded the storm—light followed the darkness. He retained the sense of acceptance with God to the last, witnessing a good profession before He world. A few moments before death relieved him from his sufferings, he called his sorrowing wife and child to his bedside, and with the friends who had called in to see him die, assured them all that death was gain. We miss him now, but soon we shall meet where parting is no more.

Middleton, July 18th, 1877. G.

MISS JESSE CHESLEY.

Died at New Germany on Sunday, July 1st, Jesse, youngest daughter of Mr. Israel Chesley, in the 16th year of her age. Our young sister was called from this world somewhat suddenly. She was taken sick with measles about a fortnight before her death. While she was recovering from this sickness, tempted by the beautiful weather she went out of doors to sit awhile in the sunshine. She took cold, and in going to her bed became unconscious, in which state she remained from Tuesday evening until Sunday morning when she passed away. Her death so sudden and unexpected has cast a feeling of sadness upon us all. Jesse was a regular attendant upon our sanctuary services and was one of our Sabbath school scholars, she was also one of a number of young people who since our special services of last winter had been meeting in a young people's class here. Dying as she did, no dying testimony could come from her lips. But we look back upon the services of the few months past, and even now we see her as she was then broken down with penitential feeling and looking for deliverance. We look with thankfulness to the evening when we asked her, Do you feel that your sins are pardoned and that Christ is yours? and her quiet reply that she did so feel, cheers us now that she has gone hence. We wonder why one so young and so full of promise should be taken so soon—but our trust is in God and we feel— His purposes will ripen fast. Unfolding every hour.

God is his own interpreter, And he will make it plain. A. H.