

England's Bibleo.

Thou hast thy mighty bulwarks,
Thou Island of the brave,
Who sittest on thy sea-girt throne,
The empress of the wave,
Stretching thy sceptre o'er the sea
With proud imperial smile,
Waving the banner of the free
O'er ocean and o'er isle.

Thou hast thy bristling ramparts,
Where thundering cannons roar;
Thou hast thy stately walls of oak
At vigils round thy shore,
And a hundred gallant Argosies
Toss proudly ocean's foam,
And stream thy pennon on the breeze
That waft thy treasures home.

As y' spears would rise like forests,
Around thy peaceful bowers,
Ere the banner of a foreign foe
Shall float from England's towers;
The strong would man thy battlements,
The weak would scorn to flee—
Yet these are not thy true defence,
Dear Island of the free.

Thou hast a mighty bulwark
To guard thy hallowed sod—
A praying people lifting up
The banner of their God;
A people, weak in carnal might,
Yet strong in faith and love,
Drawing supplies of life and light
From treasures far above.

Thou hast a dauntless people,
Right loyal to their Lord,
Whose tegs is the shield of faith,
Whose hand, the "Spirit's sword,"
And valiant is their noble strife
'Gainst wrong and grief and sin,
Their battle-field the path of life,
Their warfare all within.

Ah! thou hast matchless treasures
(Though some may prize them not),
Bibles in queenly palaces,
Bibles in hall and cot;
With Christ's own testament of "peace"
For every grief and wound,
And "jubilees of full release"
For souls whom sin hath bound.

Oh, England! haughty England!
Thy towers may mock our trust,
Yet battlefied wall and bannered height
May crumble into dust;
But Christ shall be our sure defence
And God's own truth shall be
For bulwarks and for battlements,
Dear Island of the free.

Methodism and the Missionary Problem.

[From the Rev. Dr. Eby's soul-stirring lecture on this subject, which rings like a trumpet-call summoning the Church to duty, we make the following extracts.—Ed.]

Seven or eight hundreds of millions of our fellow-men are still pagan and under pagan governments. Four or five hundred millions are under Christian, or so called Christian governments, of whom two or three hundred millions are still pagan. Of nominal Christians, the majority belong to a paganized form of Greek or Roman Catholicism. Of the apparently small remnant left, the majority stand aloof from the Christian Church, either as avowed unbelievers or practical neglectors of religion. And in all these lands, so full of gospel light, iniquity abounds. Does this gloomy outlook appal? Has God's plan to save the world failed, and are His promises and prophecies false? God forbid. God's part never fails; but in His inscrutable wisdom He made the success of His plans for humanity largely dependent on voluntary human co-operation—and our part often fails. Ages of preparation have been leading up to the present crisis of the missionary question we are called upon to face. We are inheritors of the riches of the past; upon us devolve the responsibilities of the grandest opportunity ever known to man for the salvation of nations and the infusion into

human affairs of the divine salt of God's love. Upon the Church has been laid, with promise of divine help, the salvation of mankind. The long history of the Christian Church, from the Acts of the Apostles to the present day, indicates men's conception of the undertaking, giving instances of success or failure, leading to the crisis of today, which gives to the whole subject a vastly different aspect from that seen by our fathers of even one short generation ago. The heroism of the pioneers, the work accomplished by the moderate efforts of the last half century or so, have brought upon us a burden of responsibility which demands immensely increased effort and enlarged plans to be at all commensurate with the opportunities of the hour, and failing in which the ever vigilant powers of darkness will soon have stolen a march on Christendom that a century will not recover.

From the very first God indicated that His gracious purposes towards man should be carried out by the union of the divine and the human, the co-operation of God and man. The seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head; in Abraham and his posterity all the nations were to be blessed; the Son of David and His kingdom should unite the allegiance of all the earth. In the Old Testament the promises of God in this regard and indications of His purposes emphasized the divine side, for men were not yet able to appreciate the real nature of God's reign over the world in a spiritual kingdom, much less able, voluntarily and consciously, to unite with God in bringing into existence and extending such a kingdom. It was only when the God-man came, uniting in Himself all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, giving a perfect illustration of the union of the divine and the human, that the larger duties and responsibilities of the man of God towards humanity were made clear. The universality of the fatherhood of God, of the atonement of Christ, of the brotherhood of man, was unfolded, and the central injunction unifying all was placed upon the infant Church—"Go ye; therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you; and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Methodism arose in a time of spiritual torpor and moral stagnation—arose to awaken all the churches, and to lead Christendom to a profounder spiritual revival and grander moral uplifting than had ever been known in the world's history. It was born, not in struggle or alliance with temporal powers, as the Papal Church; not as a revolt from the domination of a foreign hierarchy, as the Episcopal Church; not in a revolt of the intellect against the tyranny of a corrupt ecclesiasticism, as the German Churches of the Reformation; not in a revolt of conscience against narrow and bigoted attempts at compulsory uniformity, as the Puritan Churches; but in an unappeased hunger of the human soul for a conscious, practical union with the divine nature—a thirst after the living God and His holiness. The conflicts of other ages had prepared the way for a new and larger development, and God gave the men, as He always does—just the men needed for the times. John Wesley and John Fletcher freed theology of its

trammels, infused into it new life, opened up its vastest possibilities, translated it into the language of the common people, so that, as the poorest were saved, they could tell coherently what they had realized, and could lead others to like precious faith. Charles Wesley and other poets of the time put the renewed evangel into song, and the potency of the word preached was multiplied by the power of heart-stirring hymns of penitence and praise. Those men had also a genius for organization and thus preserved the fruits of a revival which otherwise would have been ephemeral, so that instead of its dying out in forty years, which Luther gives as the limit of every great revival, it not only stirred the hearts of the masses in its earlier days and aroused other churches to spiritual life, but it moves on wherever worldliness has not sapped its vigour, a perennial revival. So that within the last twenty-five years Methodism has doubled and now stands at the very head of all the great divisions of Protestantism in number of members and accredited ministers. Although much of this growth is amongst the poorer classes of Anglo-Saxondom, the poorer classes of a few years ago are largely growing into wealthier classes to-day, and the sons of illiterate parents are having all the advantages of education, so that the capital of material, intellectual and moral wealth within the Church is increasing by enormous strides and puts into the hands of Methodism a leverage of stupendous power with which to work for God and man, if rightly enlisted and directed.

All things move on now with accelerated speed. We progress more in five years than formerly in fifty. Every General Conference opens a new world for us to take possession of, and rapid changes must take place that will astonish staid conservatives who are still living in the memory of other days. Methodists of to-day must be as heroic as our fathers in laying large plans and putting new machinery, if needed, into operation to do our part in the moulding of our nation, in the uplifting of the world.

"'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of legendary virtue carved upon our father's graves,
Worshippers of light ancestral make our present light a crime;
Was the Mayflower launched by oarwads, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks towards Past or Future that make Plymouth Rock sublime?"

They were men of present valour, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's,
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be:
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's old rusty key."

For what is it to thee, whether that man be such or such, or whether this man do speak this or that? Thou shalt not need to answer for others, but shall give account for thyself. Wherefore dost thou entangle thyself? St. Thomas.

The Only One out of Seventeen.

It is related of Gen. Harrison, by one who knew him well, that while he was a candidate for the Presidency, he stopped at the old Washington House in Chester, for dinner. When the General offered his toast he pledged it with water. A New York gentleman, offering a toast, asked:

"General, will you not favour me by drinking a glass of wine?"

The General politely declined. Once again he was urged to drink a glass of wine. This time he rose from the table and said in his grave, dignified way:

"Gentlemen, I have refused twice to partake of the wine-cup. That should have been sufficient. Though you press the cup to my lips, not a drop shall pass the portals. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink, and I have never broken it. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated, and the other sixteen filled drunkards' graves, all through the pernicious habit of wine-drinking. I owe all my health, happiness, and prosperity to that resolution. Will you urge me now?"—The Clarion.

Only Mother.

BY ELIZABETH SHYDER ROBERTS.

"HARRY! where are you?"
"What do you want?" said a very cross little voice.

"Why, Harry, my dear, where are you?"

"I am up here in the barn hunting for eggs! What do you want now?" the childish voice asked louder and more harshly than before.

"I want to see you, Harry; won't you please come here a minute?"

"No, I won't!"

"Don't you know who I am, Harry? I'm Miss Thomas."

"Oh, Miss Thomas, is it you? I'm so glad you're come. I'll come down just as quick as I can."

Now the little voice was so sweet and loving you would have been sure if you had been there that two little boys had been in the barn.

Harry came down, his pretty face dimpling and smiling. He ran up to Miss Thomas, and put his soft pink cheek against hers.

"You were so nice to come and see me," he said; "you'll tell me a long story, won't you?"

"Why, Harry, you frightened me. I didn't know you could ever say such cross words. I thought a little bear was up there growling. Who did you think I was, Harry?"

"Oh, I thought it was only mother."

Only mother!—could words be more cruel?

"Oh, Harry Summers, what can it be that your mother has done?"

"Way, nothing—nothing—only she is my mother, you know."

That was a year ago or more. Harry can never say "only mother" now. His kind, good mother has gone away for ever, and people say that one of the chief causes of her death was sorrow over the ungrateful conduct of her boy.

ALCOHOL in beer is the same as alcohol in whiskey, and is just as harmful, only it takes more slops to wash it down.

ALL the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as intemperance.—Lord Bacon.