

is a permanent miracle. God at first hand—that is miracle. The gospel thus does not classify with other schemes of amelioration. They are good, but this is not simply better, but different, distinct, and better because distinct; it works in a new way, and works another work. Compare the wrought chains riveted on a demoniac, and the divine word working a new creation in the demoniac. It is all there. It is like the difference between the impotent Persian lashing the turbulent sea with chains, and the gracious Lord saying to the troubled sea, "Peace be still!"—*Rev. C. H. Parkhurst.*

WHAT A CONVERTED RUSSIAN NIHILIST SAYS.

Christ is one; the denominations are many; and the Master was hardly mocked by His crucifiers and the Roman soldiers more brutally than by his professed worshippers, who keep *separating* themselves constantly from one another, where He ever told them, "BE YE ONE!" The tears He may have shed on earth when the Roman brutes spat in His face were far less bitter, I am sure, than those He doubtless shed in heaven at the sight of the havoc theologians and dogma-mongers and heresy-hunters and denominational fetish adorers are now making in His vineyard. For, it is idle to deny it, never were the *masses* so near to the love of Christ as now; never were they as ready to enter the kingdom of heaven which Christ came to preach as now; never, indeed, was the harvest as plenteous as now. But it is also true, that never were so few true laborers; never were there so many scribes, and lawyers, and doctors standing at the gate, not only not entering themselves, but preventing others from getting in. Never was the terrible indictment of our Saviour against the ministers of *His* day so true as of the ministers of *our* day; and all this, because the ministers, instead of preaching the commandments of Christ, and urging folk *do as He bids*, teach folk, instead, opinions *about* Christ, and tell them constantly not what to *do*, but what to *think*; not what life to lead, but what opinions to hold.

And because what is now needed is not Christian dogma but Christian life, therefore this letter is printed in testimony of the true teaching of the forsaken Master. The disciples of the Master of nineteen hundred years ago were not the only ones, who betrayed Him and fled from His presence when

He was to be *tested*. The "disciples" of to-day do it likewise; only the disciples of yore, after denying Him, repented, and bore persecutions and suffering for the sake of afterwards preaching Him crucified. Perchance His present deniers may yet, by the grace of God, be turned likewise. Perchance it may yet be given us to behold some of the ten-thousand-dollar ministers of to-day, forsaking their palaces to go forth barefooted and empty-pouched to *rejoice* like Peter of old in being crucified, even head downwards, for the sake of the Master. Perhaps, perhaps.—*Ivan Panin.*

AN HEIRESS IN THE LONDON SLUMS.

In a recent letter to a missionary in New York, a Christian man writes: "In 1880 I visited London, called upon my uncle and his family and called for Cousin Carrie. In a sneering manner they told me she had made a fool of herself, and was now trying to convert the heathen in London. I was surprised, for I had only known her as a wealthy heiress, fond of the opera and gay society dances. I visited her three days before Christmas. How changed! she had forsaken the home of a rich English squire, and was working for Jesus in the district of squalor and wretchedness, 'Seven Dials.' I remember the tears came to my eyes as she told me how she became a changed woman. One day she accompanied a friend on a visit to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon—his wife had been her school-mate—and before they left he quietly asked her if she 'loved the Saviour,' and invited her to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. She went; that night she turned her back to the world. Her father, brother and sister, being Ritualists, spurned her, as she insisted upon spending her life and annuity for Christ. I accompanied her on one of her rounds, and as we wandered up dangerous old stairs, wended down alleys into filthy cellars, everywhere met with sickening odors, I wondered how anyone nurtured in the cradle of luxury could endure it. It made my head ache and brought on nausea. What scenes of woe and misery I witnessed. How the sick seemed to adore her very shadow. I said, 'Carrie, how can you stand it?' She replied, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Last week I got a letter from her, saying that she had now three lady and two male missionaries with her."—*Times of Refreshing.*