

time, place, and manner of our waitings are infinitely various.

Different kinds of waiting must be taken each on its own merits. For waitings in our own house there should be certainly some resource which is our "waiting work." For other waitings there should be always the prompt question, "What *can* I do?" to be followed by the equally prompt execution of the decision, once it is arrived at. Often a conversation can be entered into, with some other waiting one; and it is wonderful how soon a conversation may be made interesting and pertinent if we give our minds to that end, instead of to desultory chat. Often there is something to be observed and learned from our surroundings, and scarcely an observation or a fact can be stored away in our minds but is sure to come out again some day, and to make itself useful in a way we cannot now dream of.

#### A SERMON TO SEAMEN.

The *Century* for June gives the following as the substance of a sermon by Chaplain Jones at Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island. "Let go that stern line" was the text.

I once stood on the wharf watching a brig get ready for sea, began the Rev. Mr. Jones. The top-s'ls and courses were loosed, the jib hung from the boom, and the halyards were stretched out ready to run up. Just at this moment the pilot sprang from the wharf to the quarter-deck, inquiring as he did so of the mate in command:

"Are you all ready?"

"All ready, sir," said the officer.

Then came the command:

"Stand by to run up that jib! Hands by the head-braces! Cast off your head-fast, and stand by aft there to let go that stern-line! Let go! Man the top-s'l yards—run 'em up, boys—run 'em up! Does the jib take? Haul over that starboard sheet!"

"She pays off fine—there she goes, and—"

"Hilloa! Hilloa! What's the matter? What's fast there? Starboard the helm! Starboard!" shouts the pilot. "What holds her? Is there anything foul aft there? Why, look at that stern-line! Heave it off the timber-head! Heave off that turn!"

"It's foul ashore, sir!" says one of the crew.

"Then cut it, cut it! D'ye hear? Never mind the hawser! Cut it before she loses her way."

By this time there was a taut strain on the hawser. A seaman drew his sheath-knife across the strands, which soon parted, the brig forged ahead, the sails were run up and trimmed to the breeze, and the brig Billow filled away.

So, too, when I see men who have immortal souls to save bound to the world by the cords, the hawsers of their sins; then I think of that scene and feel like crying out: Gather in your breast-lines and haul out from the shores of destruction. Fly, as Lot from the guilty Sodom! O, let go that stern line!

#### HANDLING A CHOIR.

Many years ago I was pastor of a church where there was a large, efficient choir, but they were sadly frivolous. There were frequent whispers, merriment, and note-writing; they gave me much thought and anxiety. I was sometimes tempted of the devil to reprove them openly; they deserved it; but I said, "This will repel them; my desire is to win them first to myself and then to Christ." And so I studied the case, and looked to God for wisdom; and here came in my rule to

treat with special attention those persons by whom I was annoyed. I called upon each one of them. Without allusion to their trifling, I spoke to them of my love of music and of my connection with an academic and collegiate choir. I spoke to them of my high appreciation of their singing, and of our obligation to them on this account. I soon after arranged a series of evening prayer meetings in the chapel. I then called upon the choir again, invited them to our meeting, and requested them to sit together in a forward seat and conduct the singing. A large number of persons soon after united with our church; among them was every member of that troublesome choir, and without ever suspecting my annoyance they were for many, many years my help and my joy.—*Dr. W. W. Newell.*

### British & Foreign News.

#### ENGLAND.

THE KESWICK CONFERENCE.—Keswick has become the Mecca, not only of the many tourists who flock to the English lakes year after year, but of a growing company of earnest Christians from distant and different parts of the kingdom. In organising the Keswick Convention 10 years ago that sainted man of God, Canon Battersby, laid the foundations of a work that not only promises to be a lasting memorial of his worth, but seems destined to leave no inconsiderable mark on the religious history of his country and his generation. The Convention of last year was clouded in some measure by the death of the Canon, the funeral service taking place on the closing day. This year there has been no unwelcome event to detract from the unalloyed enjoyment of the occasion.

There was a perfect galaxy of speakers, and the addresses on the whole were of such excellence as one seldom meets with at any single series of meetings. It was the opinion freely expressed by many that for force, freshness, point, and practical power they threw the addresses at the recent Mildmay Conference quite into the shade. It is not well, perhaps, to institute such comparisons, but I am simply repeating what was said to me by several experienced listeners. Probably the greatest mark was made by the addresses of Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, of Onslow-gardens. In one of his addresses he alluded to the fact that Evangelicals had recently been taunted with the evidences of decay in their system of thought as a vital force in the religious life of the world. His aim seemed to be to thoroughly arouse his hearers to a sense of the fact that no ground must be given for this accusation. Time after time he sounded forth the declaration that the first business of a Christian is not to secure comfort, and ease, and rest of the soul for himself; he has to get right in the sight of a holy God, and if he seeks personal blessing, it is that he may be made the channel of blessing to others. His closing address on the third day of the Convention, was one of remarkable impressiveness and represented the Christian in threefold his aspect of a soldier, a competitor in a race, and a husbandman. Woe betide the inexperienced and unhappy phonographer who attempts to transfix on paper the utterances of Mr. Webb-Peploe, delivered as they are with lightning speed. He is the terror of religious reporters in London, and has been heard ruefully to remark that there is only one man in the whole Metropolis, who can "take" him *verbatim*. From painful personal experience the present writer can well believe it.

Pastor Theodore Monod, of Paris, is a striking contrast both in style and address, and in cast of thought to Mr. Webb-Peploe, but he ran him a close race at Keswick, in the popular esteem; to some indeed the renowned French Pastor is first favourite. His great gift as a speaker is that of charming simplicity—the seeming absence of art which is the finest and profoundest art. One day he made an observation which implied that some of his brethren on the platform had supplied the confectionery of the Conference; he was content to furnish it with plain bread and butter. He is fond of recurring to first principles and reducing subjects to their elements, while his English is so choice, and his illustrations are so striking, so vivid, and so quaintly put, that they are firmly fixed in the memory. "In the beginning God," His force addresses of "Stand still—go forward," "Martha's faith," and "By Grace are ye Saved through Faith," will not soon be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear them.

One of the notable features of these four days was the daily morning Bible reading, by Rev. Hubert Brooke, of Liverpool. This young clergyman is rapidly coming to the front as a deeply taught and skilful expositor of Scripture. He seems to have his Bible at his fingers' ends. Day after day he enchained the attention and interest of large congregations as he unfolded his subjects, which showed a progressive and beautiful harmony, as well as a fine individual symmetry. The subjects were, "The Glory of God as Seen by the Church"; "The Church in its Relations to its Members"; "The Church in its Relations to the World," and "The Glory of the Church as God's Peculiar Treasure." While full of Scripture teaching, set forth in terse and striking language, the readings were also pregnant with practical truth and suggestiveness. They were by no means the least profitable part of the crowded programme.

Out of regard for your space I must refrain from further detail. Suffice it to say that the fervid and somewhat poetical deliverances of Rev. C. A. Fox, the blunt and earnest exhortations of the Rev. W. Haslam, the calm, clear, and concise exhortations of Rev. E. H. Hopkins, and the addresses of Revs. E. W. Moore, Dr. Elder Cumming and J. A. Jacob, all combined, with those already mentioned, to make up a body of teaching that could not fail deeply to impress the sympathetic and expectant audience that crowded into the tent from early morn till dewy eve. A bye-meeting on the last day was allotted to Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, when he pleaded the claims of mission work in heathen lands, and especially in China. The daily programme included an early prayer meeting, Bible reading and three general meetings. At the afternoon meeting questions on knotty points that had been sent in were read and answered by various speakers with more or less lucidity and success. The last afternoon meeting was entirely given up to testimony, both from the platform and the audience. Special gatherings for ladies took place each day, and these were attended with much profit. On Saturday morning a thanksgiving meeting was held—a fitting termination to a memorable week.

A very remarkable service was recently held in Lichfield Cathedral, when several hundreds of converts from the black country—men, who for years have been regarded by the most sanguine reformers as insensible to religious influence, except in the disguise of the coarsest excitement—not only trudged miles "from their coal-pits to the Cathedral, but behaved with the utmost reverence during the service, and listened with rapt attention to the Bishop's sermon, which every now and then evoked a deep, yet subdued response from these poor, rough colliers. Every member of the Lichfield Church Mission is expected to be a regular communicant, and a total abstainer, and hitherto the mission work has been carried on in the quietest and most unobtrusive manner, without parade or excitement.

Most encouraging, has been the success of the Mission to Sailors, begun twenty years ago, single-handed, by Miss Weston, and now so extensive as to be brought under the notice of an influential meeting at the Mansion House. Through the indefatigable labors of this lady, there are 12,000 sailors in the queen's service who belong to the Temperance Society, and there is no single ship on which there are not some workers among the men themselves. In every large port she has established, in the face of the most savage opposition, Sailor's Homes, replete with every comfort, and provision for rest and wholesome recreation. A deeply interesting monthly letter is published by Miss Weston, for the benefit of her "boys," and of these, 240,000 were distributed last year.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons upon Mr. Leatham's Bill for the Abolition of Church Patronage agreed to recommend legislation to prohibit the sale of next presentations to Church livings, and also to advise the abolition, under certain restrictions, of the sale of advowsons.

In Westminster Abbey, on Friday, the Rev. Dr. Boyd Carpenter was consecrated Bishop of Ripon, in succession to the late Dr. Bickersteth. The Archbishop of York officiated, assisted by the bishops of London, Durham, Lichfield, Liverpool, Newcastle, Rochester, and St. Albans. The sermon was preached by the Rev. A. Boyd Carpenter, vicar of St. James, Hull, brother of the new bishop. Taking for his subject the compassion of the Head of the Church for the multitudes, the preacher argued that a great part of the duties and obligations of Christianity lay in the present life and among the masses of the people, and that there was nothing too secular, transitory, or human for the