

DIO LEWIS' MONTHLY for September (New York, Frank Seaman, 68 and 69 Bible House) is before us with its plain practical health giving counsels. The article on "Curious Fashions," really voluntary deformities, has a living interest to-day. The facts are common, too common, and the holding up to view these facts, divested of the fascination of fashion, ought to lead to a more careful regard of the laws of health.

THE CENTURY and ST. NICHOLAS came with ever varying stores of literary wealth. The October number of the Century is before us, with its admirable portrait of Longfellow, its story of out-door industries in California, and a timely paper on Martin Luther headed by a portrait of the great Reformer engraved 1546. This number completes the 26th vol. (iv of the new series) of the deservedly popular magazine.

THE YEAR BOOK is now ready, and has been sent to subscribers. Dr. Jackson has maintained his character as an incomparable editor.

We have before us the September number of the PULPIT TREASURY, published by E. B. Treat, New York, containing a portrait and brief biography and sermon of the Rev. Dr. Ormiston, expository lectures by Drs. Blackburn, Cincinnati, O., and Jos. Parker, London, Eng. Leading Thoughts of Sermons, and Addresses to a Graduating Class by President Porter. Questions of the Day, Helps in Pastoral Work, Prayer-meeting Service, Sunday School Course, Mission Field, Lights from the Orient on Bible Texts, and numerous other useful and interesting subjects for pastors, Sunday school teachers, parents, and all who are seeking instruction for their own edification, or help in their work for others. The various articles have the merit of brevity and freshness. The talent on this new evangelical monthly for pastors, Christian workers and families is of a high order, and the price is moderate. Yearly, in advance, \$2.50; clergymen, \$2.; single copies, 25 cents.

DR. MOFFAT AND THE BOER.

In October, 1816, Robert Moffat was ordained, in Surry Chapel, London, a missionary under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, and was appointed to South Africa. (John Williams, "the martyr of Errumanga," was ordained at the same time.) On the last day of the month he sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, being then just about twenty-one. At first he was engaged in the colonial territory, where he learned Dutch and preached to the Boers. A story of this period illustrates the spirit and ready wit of the man, qualities which stood him in good stead then, and more so in later life. At the house of a rough Boer where he had begged a night's lodging, the good frau asked him to preach. Moffat, knowing that over a hundred Hottentots were employed in the service of the Boer, was disappointed to find only his

host and hostess and five children as his congregation. "May not your servants come in?" he asked the Boer, modestly. "Eh!" roared the Boer. "Hottentots! Are you come to preach to Hottentots? Go to the mountains and preach to the baboons; or if you like, I'll fetch my dogs, and you may preach to them!" Moffat calmly proceeded to give out his text: "Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." It made no apparent impression so he repeated it. "Hold on!" cried the Boer, rising hastily from his seat. "I'll have no more of that. I'll bring you all the Hottentots in the place." And so he did; the barn was full; the people heard the Word gladly, and at the conclusion of the sermon the Boer, now mollified, asked the young preacher, "Who had hardened his hammer to deal such a blow on the head as that!" and declared that he would never again object to the preaching of the Gospel to Hottentots.

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

How should we rejoice in the prospect—the certainty rather—of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we love on earth, of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, with every tear wiped from the eyes, standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, in white robes and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice, Salvation to God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever! What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat and the labour of the way, and to approach, not to the house but the throne of God, in company, in order to join the symphony of heavenly voices and lose ourselves amidst the splendours and fruition of the beatific vision.—*Robert Hall.*

"KEEP UP, CHRISTIANS."

As I was riding along in the south of France one day, I saw a pair of fine birds overhead. The driver called out in the French tongue, "Eagles!" Yes; and there was a man below with a gun, who was wishful to get a nearer acquaintance with the eagles; but they did not come down to oblige him. He pointed his rifle at them, but his shots did not reach half way, for the royal birds kept above. The higher air is the fit dominion for eagles. Up there is the eagle's playground, where he plays with the callow lightnings. Up above the smoke and the clouds he dwells. Keep there, eagles! Keep there! If men can get you within range, they mean no good to you. Keep up, Christians! Keep up in the higher regions, resting in Jesus Christ, and do not come down to find a perch for yourself among the trees of philosophy.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*