

(a native of Labrador), spoke out rather loudly, "I do, sir," and others showed by their smiles and good desires that they also loved the Saviour. We must say, Mr. Editor, that the work accomplished by this Mission, and its good results, can only be revealed at the judgment day.

Then, again, at 6.30 p.m., we also tried to lift up a "bleeding Saviour" to nearly a full church of about 107 sailors, beside native members of the church. After this came a "lively" prayer-meeting, which proved to be a most blessed time. Now, after all this "spiritual life" on Labrador, surely, Mr. Editor, we can say with the royal Psalmist, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The visit up the river to the Winter Mission was a most pleasant one, and worth alluding to; but I fear that I have already trespassed too much on your space. I will merely say, therefore, that I believe if the Rev. Mr. Butler's health was sufficiently good to allow him to visit the different other settlements, and to solicit subscriptions towards the funds, that with the love expressed towards him, much might be done to aid the Mission. We also found that the Rev. Mr. Carpenter's name was still fragrant.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN SQUIRES.

Congregational Parsonage, Smith's Sound, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, Aug. 2nd, 1881.

THE HOPE OF AGES.

Jesus, thou hope of ages past,
Hope of the lost to-day,
Oh, come, in all thy might, at last,—
Come, end the long delay!

When thou didst mount from Olivet
Thou saidst, "All power is mine;"
And thou dost wield the sceptre yet,—
A sceptre all divine.

But still, behold the nations groan,
And still thy foes are strong;
Ah! when shall earth its Saviour own,
When cease the reign of wrong?

Thy Church lifts up to thee her cry,
Hear thou her fervent prayer;
Give her thy banner lifted high,
Through all the world to bear.

Then triumph unto triumph add,
Till the great conflict end;
Till o'er the earth, redeemed and glad,
Thy reign of love extend.

—Dr. Ray Palmer.

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

In the seventeenth century, the minister of a retired parish in the Vale of Anworth, on the shores of Galloway, Scotland, was the celebrated Samuel Rutherford—the great religious oracle of the Covenanters and their adherents. It was, as all readers of his letters will remember, the spot which he most loved on earth—the very swallows and sparrows which found their nest in the church of Anworth were, when far away, the objects of his affectionate envy. Its hills and valleys were witnesses of his ardent devotion when living—they still retain his memory with unshaken fidelity. It is one of the traditions cherished on the spot, that on a certain Saturday evening, at one of these family gatherings, whence, in the language of the great Scottish poet, "Old Scotia's glory springs," when Rutherford was catechizing his children and servants, a stranger knocked at the door of the manse, like the young English traveller in the romance which has given fresh life to those hills in our own day, and begged shelter for the night. The minister kindly received him but asked him to take his place among the family and assist at their religious exercises. It so chanced that the question in the catechism which came to the stranger's turn was that which asks how

many commandments there are, and he answered eleven. "Eleven!" exclaimed Rutherford, "I am surprised that a person of your age and experience should not know better. What can you mean?" The stranger answered, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." Rutherford was much impressed by the answer, and retired to rest.

The next morning he rose, according to his wont, to meditate upon the services of the day. The old manse of Anworth stood—its place is still pointed out in the corner of a green field—under the hill-side, and thence a long, winding, wooded walk, still called Rutherford's Walk, leads to the parish church. Through this glen he was passing, and as he threaded his way through the thicket, he heard among the trees the voice of the stranger at his morning devotions. The elevation of the sentiments and of the expressions of the stranger's prayer convinced Rutherford that he could be no common man. He accosted him, and then the traveller confessed to him that he was no other than the great divine and scholar, Archbishop Usher, the primate of the Church of Ireland—one of the best and most learned men of his age, who well fulfilled the new commandment in the love which he won and which he bore to others—one of the few links of Christian charity between the fierce contending parties of that age; devoted to King Charles I. in his lifetime, and honoured in his grave by the Protector Cromwell. He it was who, attracted by Rutherford's fame, had thus come in disguise to see him in the privacy of his own home. The stern Covenanter gave welcome to the stranger prelate; side by side they pursued their way along Rutherford's Walk to the little church, of which the ruins yet remain; and in that small Presbyterian sanctuary, from Rutherford's rustic pulpit, the Archbishop preached to the people of Anworth from the words which startled "his host on the evening before—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you; that ye also should love one another."—Dean Stanley.

FAITH IN GOD AND MAN.

There is a wise and righteous caution born not of suspicion, but of justice and of love, which is widely different from distrust. But when this is said, we may not forget that caution and watchfulness in our dealings with our fellow men are one thing, and utter faithlessness in their truthfulness or integrity quite another. Have we ever realized that, if we seriously believed as some of us are willing to affirm, that all men are liars, that life would be simply unendurable? After all, the foundations of human society are laid in the cement of mutual trust, not of mutual suspicion. It paralyzes effort, it deadens aspiration, it destroys hope when we find that our own confidence in others evokes no answering trust from them. You come into the presence of a man whose graciousness of manner is as irreproachable as it is studied. There is no lack of deference in his tone, or of painstaking in his bearing. But you are straightway made sensible in a thousand nameless ways, that you are in the presence not of a friend, but of a critic. You are confronted not by an open and manly confidence, but by a guarded and chilling distrust. What can you do, what good end can you hope to serve, in such company? If you are very young, your first thought will be apt to be "How very bad the world must be—nay, how wrong somehow, I must be, to be met with a demeanour which would best welcome the neighbourhood of a contagious disease." And if one who is

young and inexperienced encounters much of this temper of habitual distrust, what is apt to follow but the speedy development of a like temper? a temper which, in a world where in a million homes life is daily brightened by love as unselfish, and faith as lofty, and devotion as heroic as ever martyr dreamed, believes at last that human goodness is a vanished myth, and that the falsehood of mankind is its distinguishing characteristic. O, the soured and embittered lives, that, whether early or late, have fallen into that dismal distrust, and who no longer bless or brighten the world, but only embitter it with universal suspicion!

Nor is this the worst. It is a dreary thing to let go our faith in our fellow men. It is drearier yet to lose it in ourselves. We do not realize, I think, how readily distrust begets its echo in those who are distrusted. To be doubted and suspected,—this with the young is often a short road to ultimate recklessness. "What is the good of it," cries the young and sensitive nature, which has not yet learned to appeal from the judgment of its fellows, to the verdict of its unseen Master: "What is the good of any effort after right, if one is met at the threshold with a sneer and a suspicion? Is there no such thing as truth, after all? Is all life false and hollow and unreal? Well then, why should I try to be true and to hate what is false? Why should I revere what is good, and despise what is base and mean? No one believes in goodness any more. It must all be a game—this life that I am living, and cleverness, not righteousness, the aim of it. And thus is born the cynic and the sceptic—the unbeliever in truth and the scoffer at faith. And if there is any life more wretched and any character more unlovable, the world has yet to reveal it. We are wont to say that the acrid speech, the ungenerous innuendo, the sneer of distrust with which the lives and the speech of some persons are daily seasoned, is the fruit of their uncharitableness or want of love. But it is not charity that is at fault in such cases, it is faith. That thing in us which trusts and believes, has gone barren, and it is no wonder that, tossing feverishly upon this bed of doubt, the very dreams that we murmur are full of the echoes of our faithlessness.

Nor is it any wonder, either, that this faithlessness in our fellows reaches on, sooner or later, if it is not banished and driven out, and comes to be faithlessness in God. A man who has been looking at a landscape with a bloodshot eye, will not get rid of it by lifting his head to look at the stars. After all, man is the stepping-stone by which the mind climbs to the idea of God. A child learns to love its Saviour, by learning first to love its mother. Parenthood incarnates to its infantile mind those ideas of a Providence, a Law, and a Divine Compassion which the person and work of Christ have incarnated to you and me. And if it has come to pass that the child has learned to distrust its parent, it will find it just so much harder to believe in a good God who has placed that parent over it. And so it is with those of us who have done being children. The man or woman who sees in every fellow-being some base and mean motives as the inmost clew to their lives, will not be able to purge his vision of suspicion when he lifts it to the Being who is above him. He finds it far easier to distrust God just as he has distrusted man. He judges him rather by the sterner exceptions to the daily Providence than by its wonted ongoing. And then, like Job, when at length he had been ground between the cruel insinuations of his friends, and his own darker doubts born at last of those insinuations, he cries out, if he says anything at all, "God is only an unfeeling force, or a pitiless and unrelenting destiny."

THE HANDLE OF THE CIDER-PRESS THAT WOULD NOT TURN.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

It stood in the corner of Jerry Mullins's provision-store, that little cider hand-press, and at the end of the handle of the crank, operating the press, stood Hannibal Jones. Day after day, Jerry poured apples, pickle-sour, into the hopper of the press; day after day, Hannibal kept the handle turning; and day after day the cider gurgled down into the pail catching it. How many pails Jerry did sell!

Every day, though, that the cider was kept, it grew more and more sour. And it was just so with Hannibal's face; the longer he turned the handle, the more sour he looked. As for Jerry's face, that grew sweeter and sweeter the larger grew the stream of money flowing back into his drawer, all for cider. The difference was that Jerry's conscience was tough as the outside bark of an old oak; it did not feel; Hannibal's conscience was tender. He was a temperance boy, and he hated to grind those old apples. One day he stood motionless as a handsome statue of black marble by the side of the cider-press, and the handle was motionless also.

"What's the matter?" asked Jerry Mullins, who loved to hear the sound of the cider gurgling from the press into the pail below.

Hannibal was silent as a mummy.

"What's the matter?" shouted Jerry.

"It won't turn," answered Hannibal with a glum look.

"Won't turn?"

"No, sah."

"Stone got anywhere about the wheel and catches it?"

"No, sah."

"Rusty?"

"No, sah."

"Does it need iling?"

"No, no! dis won't turn," and Hannibal pointed at his arm very emphatically. "My arm ain't rustv. It don't need iling, and no stone dar."

"Why, what is the matter? Your arm turned away at the grindstone just now first-rate."

"Something 'bout dat old cider-press dat parlyzes my arm, and it won't turn." "Paralyzes it?"

"Yes, sah. People come here, boss, and buy your cider, and say, 'no tang to it.' Dey go home wid it, and keep it till it hab a tang. Dis bery day I heard a case ob a chile—dunno its name—who got its hands on a mug ob cider dat had been a-workin' some time, and he drank it, and when he begin' fur to be uneasy, he was standin' in a char near de winder, and he gab an unlucky kick out ob de winder. And, boss, dis arm won't turn any longer."

The hitherto sweet Jerry now looked sour as the sour, wormy apples he had thrown into the press. He was mad, mad clear down into his boots,—and as Jerry's legs were long, he was mad a good deal,—and he raised his foot to kick Hannibal.

"Home with ye! And here's something to help take ye home," said Jerry, raising his boot.

Hannibal was nimble as a coon in a corn-field, and he was out of the store in a minute.

"I had rader hab a good consheens dan all de cider-presses in de world!" he shouted.

Looking out of the door, Jerry saw Hannibal standing on his head, to express his satisfaction at the stand he had taken when on his feet by the cider-press.

"Dar! my granny told me not to stand on my head. Dunno what fur I can do, now I done lost my place," he said, inverting himself. Then he went to talk the situation over with his beloved granny, who was an authority in all neighbourhood matters. He was