

It was for the same reason that the manna had fallen in the sight of their fathers, to show them that they lived by the Word which proceeded out of the mouth of God, and not by any necessary fertility in the soil, or special exemption from the plagues of Egypt, or any strength in their hands or in their wit. There might come in the latter days of the nation, even a harder and more desperate condition than that which is the result of men's natural inclination to trust in things seen, and in the work of their own hands. A stiff religious formalism, a comfortable conceit that they were going on with suitable decency through a round of appointed services, or were acquiring merit by acts of voluntary supererogatory devotion, might make the heavens brass and the earth iron in another sense. All real communication might be cut off between them; the Lord of all might be exhibited as a tyrant to be won only by presents and bribes; the heart which should receive his grace might become utterly impenetrable. In such a period of the history of the Jews, our Lord appeared among them; at such a time, the voice from Heaven said, "This is my beloved Son," and the voice from hell, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." At such a time he claimed to be the Son of God, not because He could make stones bread, but because He could stand on the old promise, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And having thus asserted his own filial dependence and filial faith, and having claimed the privilege of dependence and faith, not for Himself but for man; He, who came as the first son of many brethren, could say to the band of fishermen, His disciples, "After this manner, therefore, praying: Our Father—give us this day our daily bread." That childlike petition was the fruit of his Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation."

THE CHRISTIAN FATHER'S PRESENT TO HIS CHILDREN.

By the Rev. J. A. JAMES. New York: Carter and Brothers. Hamilton: Sold by D. McLellan.

He who is a mere religious bookmaker is almost sure to give to the public a great deal of what is "flat and stale" if not "unprofitable." He who is so writes for a name or for money; but, if he has got a literary name, he writes on the credit of it, in the spirit of avarice. James has been blamed as a bookmaker, and various persons have attributed mercenary motives to him, for little minds will never ascribe a good motive if they can hunt up a bad one. Had Mr. James been a young man we might have suspected vanity or some other base motive actuating him in his multiplied authorship; but when we reflect on his age, and the many subjects he has discussed in his ministry, we need not wonder at the proficiency of the press with his works. He is not making now, but only transcribing, arranging, and correcting for the press, the tomes of laborious study of former years. Ministers who serve God with what costs them nought, who neither study nor write their sermons, have nothing to fall back upon either for themselves or the public; but the hard student, with his manuscripts of earlier years, can, in his old age, show the world with amazing rapidity, not what he can do, but what he has done. He can bring his treasures to the light. Dr. John Brown is an instance in point. Mr. James is one of the same class, and the Christian Church is indebted to him for many a valuable volume. The one now mentioned we commend to youth, and many parents would be the better of reading it too.

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND LABORS OF THE REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D. By FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D., President of Brown University; 2 vols. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. Toronto: A. H. Armour & Co.

These are two handsome and cheap volumes, doing credit to the publishers. Dr. Wayland, like everything he puts his hand to, has done his part in a masterly manner. There is no concealment of facts, no overcharging of character, no vain and pompous eulogium, but a plain narration, so far as authentic data could be gathered, of the history of a very remarkable man.

This is a memoir most worthy of perusal by every minister of the Gospel, that his heart may have more burning love for his work, and for his Master; that he may be more inspired to labour, and more brave to encounter difficulties. It ought also to be in every Congregational Library, and also in that of the Sabbath School; for, to the young, Dr. Judson is a noble pattern of moral courage, energy, and sanctified ambition.

Who has not heard, long ago, of Dr. Judson, the celebrated Burmese Missionary, in the History of the Ava War by Sir Archibald Campbell, and in the Memoir of the first Mrs. Judson? At the period of his death, he was the senior Baptist Missionary in Burmah. He was a

New Englander, being born in Massachusetts, in 1788. He sailed, in 1812, as a Missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions; but, in the passage, was led to profess the subject of baptism, and changed his views, and henceforth was connected with the "American Baptist Missionary Union." Faithfully he laboured in that wide field for nearly forty years, nobly he endured, and great and glorious were his successes—successes which are not and shall not be, though he be dead, shall on record on his labors, till heaven itself shall be utterly overthrown by the Gospel. He died at his post, in 1850. We quote the following eloquent conclusion to the Memoir as worthy of the pen of Wayland, and as true as it is tributary to the merits and to the maturity of one of the greatest and most successful of missionaries:—

"Such was the man who is known throughout the East as the apostle of Burmah. He went forth alone, trusting simply in the promises of God, and buried himself in the thickest darkness of Buddhism, until righteousness came forth as brightness, and salvation as a lamp that burneth. Crucified to every desire for human applause, God has given him a name that is spoken with affectionate reverence by every household in Christendom. Driven with indignity from British India—he lived to receive the thanks of the governor-general in council for the services which he had rendered to the government. That his motives might be purified from any trace of ambition, he destroyed every line within his power that might minister to posthumous fame—and God has indubitably inscribed his name on every tablet of the future history of Burmah. He left behind him all that he loved in his native land, and only asked as his reward, that he might gather a church of a hundred members from the worshippers of Gaudama, and see the Bible translated into their language. All this, and more than this, was granted, and the Karens also were given to him, a people of whose existence no Christian had heard, whom he beheld by thousands flocking to the standard of the cross. He asked that he might redeem a few immortal souls from eternal death, and it was granted to him to lay the foundations of Christian civilization for an empire. When the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ; when every pagoda shall have been levelled, and every hill-top from the Bay of Bengal to the foot of the Himalaya shall be crowned with a temple to Jehovah; when the landscape shall be thickly studded with schools, scattering broadcast the seeds of human knowledge; when law shall have spread the shield of its protection over the most lowly and the most exalted; when civil and religious liberty shall be the birthright of every Burman, then will the spot where stood the prison of Oung-pen-la be consecrated ground; thither will pilgrims resort to do honour to the name of their benefactor and mothers as they teach their children to pray to the eternal God, will remind them of the atheism of their forefathers, and repeat to them the story of the life and labours of Adoniram Judson. Such honour doth God bestow upon HOLY, HUMBLE, SELF-DENYING, AND LONG-SUFFERING LOVE."

Miscellaneous.

LIFE OF BUNYAN.

BY THE REV. DR. JAMES HAMILTON.

Continued from last Number.

There was at that time a minister in Bedford whose history was almost as remarkable as Bunyan's own. His name was Gifford. He had been a staunch royalist, and concerned in the rising in Kent. He was arrested, and, with eleven of his comrades, was doomed to die. The night before the day fixed for his execution his sister came to visit him.—She found the guard asleep, and, with her assistance, the prisoner effected his escape. For three days he was hid in a field, in the bottom of a deep ditch; but at last he contrived to get away to a place of safety in the neighbourhood of Bedford. Being there a perfect stranger, he ventured on the practice of physic; but he was still abandoned to reckless habits and outrageous vice. One evening he lost a large sum of money at the gaming-table, and in the fierceness of his chagrin his mind was filled with the most desperate thoughts of the providence of God. In his vexation he snatched up a book. It was a volume of Bolton, a solemn and forceful writer then well known. A sentence in this book so fixed on his conscience that for many weeks he could get no rest in his spirit. When at last he found forgiveness through the blood of Christ, his joy was extreme, and, except for two days before his death, he never lost the comfortable persuasion of God's love. For some time the pious individuals in that neighbourhood would not believe that such a reprobate was really converted; but, nothing daunted by their distrust, like his prototype of Tarsus, he began to preach the Word with boldness, and, endowed with a vigorous mind and a fervent spirit, remarkable success attended his ministry. A little church was formed, and he was invited to become its pastor; and there he continued till he died. It was to this Mr. Gifford that Bunyan was at this time introduced; and though the conversation of this "Evangelist" brought him no immediate comfort, it was well for him to enjoy the friendship and sympathy of one whose own views were so clear and happy.

It is instructive to find, that, amid all the depression of these anxious days, it was not any one sin, nor any particular class of sins, which made