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OLD TESTAMENT HOLINESS.

A WELL-KNOWN work has been written by Dr. (now Bishop) Peck of the United States, entitled, "The Central Idea of Christianity," in which the proposition that the production of holiness in man is that idea, is demonstrated and unfolded with great power of argument and forcefulness of diction. If the previous dispensation was to the Christian as morning twilight is to noonday glory, or as the undeveloped bud to the perfect flower, then we may expect to find an identity of spirit and aim in the two dispensations, differing only in the relative clearness and fullness with which that spirit is embodied, and that aim defined and made evident. And if Dr. Peck's argument be valid, we may expect to find his "central idea" in the dispensations prior to Christ's advent, as it is largely evident in the institutions and teaching of the dispensation which bears his name.

We think this idea is emphatically asserted in that unique and remarkable composition, the 119th Psalm. For our present purpose it matters not whether David or Ezra is the author; it is enough that it is amongst the number of those writings that are "given by inspiration of God." The whole psalm is occupied in extolling the word of God. By ten separate terms, if not more, is it described and specified. They are: Law, Statutes, Precepts, Commandments, Testimonies, Judgments, Truth, Word, Way, Righteousness,—words ever recurring throughout the whole composition, and ever in connection with some expression of praise, or indication of the psalmist's estimate of their supreme excellence. But in our opinion the promi-

ment idea of the four first verses is intended to be the ruling idea of the whole psalm. Most literary compositions give the key-note of their intended melody in their first sentences or paragraphs, if not in a formal preface or introduction. Many of the psalms illustrate this remark very decidedly; and most intelligent readers of the Bible have noticed how Luke, both in his gospel and in the book of Acts, tells in his first verses what he designs to do in the whole composition. If we claim, therefore, that the psalmist had the thoughts of holiness as a human realization, and the means of its attainment as the dominating consciousness of his soul while writing, we do not fear the charge of forcing the text out of its connection, or even of bringing a pet theory to the record, and accommodating the words of inspiration thereto. The portion already alluded to reads as follows:

1. "Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.
2. Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and that seek Him with the whole heart.
3. They also do no iniquity, they walk in His ways.
4. Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently."

We premise, first, that the psalmist contemplated a certain class of beings in the words of the first, second, and third verses, who possessed certain attributes of character, attributes that are described in very positive and distinct language. We remark again, that these beings were neither angels nor glorified men, for the writer of the psalm identifies himself too closely with them for the maintenance of any such supposition. They were therefore human persons, in this present life, down here in the midst of crowding temptation, living the physical and social life of their fellows, with appetite, passion, taste, prejudice, sensibility, like the race in general. But what is this that is said of them?

1. They seek God *with the whole heart*, verse 2. Let the personal experience of the twentieth verse illustrate the emotional part of this whole-hearted seeking, "My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto Thy judgments at all times." This earnestness is in perfect accord with common sense, with experience, and with the New Testament. If men would attain or obtain true holiness, they need not expect that it will fall like a snowflake upon their almost unconscious heads, or that they will imperceptibly glide along the river of life and experience into it as into a convenient haven,

or that it will be the necessary outcome of involuntary forces resident within the character, or even of the exercise of a conventional watchfulness of the outgoings of life. Read the biographies of the eminent exponents of holiness in modern times, and see if the priceless gift came without a wrestling exercise, or a keen concentration of emotion and desire. Listen to the intensive words of Jesus: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able." "Labour . . . for the meat which endureth unto everlasting life." Think of the intense feeling, the whole-hearted searching of the disciples at Jerusalem, from Ascension to Pentecost, and then ask if it is reasonable to expect great blessing without great desire. No! there will be a painful longing, a "hunger and thirst," an agony of spirit, an all-absorbing desire, a breaking up of the depths of the soul's feeling, ere the blessing is grasped or received. Such all-mastering desire there will be, spread over a greater or concentrated intensely upon a lesser space of time, as the mental light or temperament varies in each individual. We are quite aware that this human antecedent is not in the nature of things an absolute condition imposed by God. He asks a yielding and a trusting; but man's nature is sunk so low, the fetters of the soul are so heavy and hard, the bolts and bars of chronic unbelief are so many and so strong, that struggle, intense energy and effort are needed to bring the ordinary soul to believing ground when so great a salvation is the gift sought for.

2. It is said of them in the third verse, that "*They also do no iniquity.*" No iniquity! Read it ye who "hug your chains, for sin and Satan plead; and say from sin's remains you never can be freed." These persons were, in a proper and a distinct sense, saved and *free* from sin. Will it be said that the moral requirement of those days related only to the external, that Christ first laid the claim of God on the motives, and therefore that "doing no iniquity" was simply keeping the letter of the divine law as then existing? We answer that in that law is contained the great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."—Deut. vi. 5. A lower standard than that of the third verse certainly did not satisfy the psalmist himself, for in the eleventh verse we find him reaching after it, and indicating the only means of its attainment. "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee." This is the

negative side of moral perfection, the low-water mark of holiness, which is, the entire absence of rebellious feeling towards God. When we in the noon-tide light of Christian privilege sing, "Scatter the last remains of sin," do we ask for any more than these persons experienced?

3. But the first verse describes them as "the undefiled in the way." For "undefiled" the margin reads "perfect, or sincere," and Dr. A. Clarke tells us that "perfect" is the proper meaning of the original word. This adds emphasis, endorsement, and added fullness to the freedom from sin already spoken of. The word "perfect" contains a hint of the positive side of the matter to be by and by developed. The inspired penman was not mentally moulded by any scheme of metaphysical theology which would damp the ardour of his desire for holiness, or clip the wings of his soaring faith for full salvation, or compress the expanding of his soul to a dwarfed consistency with the doubting axioms of some "great" divine. No! the inspiration that favoured and guided his pen was that of the Spirit of Holiness.

4. We have also within the compass of those verses language that brings the *positive* side of holy character fairly into view. The first verse tells us that they "walk in the law of the Lord," the third verse "they walk in His ways." "Walking in" indicates that they are inside God's territory; the boundary of sin's kingdom is, as it were at a distance from them. By that parallelism of structure which prevails so much in Hebrew poetry, we apply the gauge supplied by the former member of the verse to this expression. The idea of *perfection* is applicable therefore to the "walking," and indicates, in addition to the purity of motive and freedom from sin just presented, the positive one of active obedience to the law of God. The "law" prescribes the things to be done, the "way" indicates the "how" and the manner of doing them. He, therefore, who walks in the law and the way of the Lord will lack nothing of that perfection of obedience which is the ideal of a religious life. He will jubilantly sing, in the words of another psalm, "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." All this is anticipated by the psalmist himself in the 32nd verse, when he says, "I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart."

5. Lastly, the fourth verse indicates the divine obligation to this holiness of heart and life. "Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently." For "diligently" Dr. Clarke reads "superlatively," "to the uttermost." "Diligently" is a quality of effort, "superlatively" is the quality of the result. So we have here the command of Jehovah that men should be *perfectly holy*.

Recapitulating in brief: we find the psalmist describing a class of persons who had sought holiness with the whole heart, had found it, and when found its characteristics were, *first*, Freedom from sin; *second*, Active and exclusive working for God; *third*, Acknowledged divine obligation to such experience and practice. This therefore is "Old Testament Holiness"—before Christ 535 years. Twenty-four centuries have laid their tribute of revelation and religious history at our doors since this psalm was written, since this standard was then erected. How many of God's people can measure up to this standard now? The way of being blessed has been mapped out with greater clearness since that time. Jesus has smitten Satan with paralysis and shewed how abundant victory may be gained, and the Holy Ghost has been given to supply with an affluence of moral might the needs of the weakest pilgrim. Promises whose terms have a God-like positiveness and definiteness, have been set in the record of God's love, that a witness, constant through all the ages and impartial to all races of men, might be borne to the unfailing steadfastness of His covenant; and with all this additional aid, where are we in relation to this most serious of requirements? The men of that age had for a Bible a collection of books not one half as large as ours, and not one-tenth so luminous. For the full satisfaction of earnest souls resort was had to the feasts at Jerusalem, the burnt sacrifice, or the prayers and revelations of the seer. Will the men of that age "rise up in judgment" to condemn, by their higher attainments, the feeble piety and halting faith of those upon whom "the ends of the world are come?" Nay, brethren! but the rather, "having therefore these" many and mighty "promises, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting *holiness* in the fear of God." B. SHERLOCK.

God's comforts are no dreams. He would not put His seal on blank paper, nor deceive His afflicted ones that trust in Him.

EGYPT AND THE PENTATEUCH.

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THE history of a country is usually associated with the course of its principal rivers. This is pre-eminently true of Egypt, whose very existence depends upon the Nile. Any reference, therefore, to the monuments of ancient Egypt, as throwing light upon the Pentateuch, would be incomplete without some account of its grand and mysterious river.

In the region of Central Africa, directly under the equator, and in latitude 33° east from Greenwich, lie the now celebrated twin lakes, Victoria and Albert N'yanza. The Victoria may be briefly described as a fresh water sea, three thousand five hundred feet above the ocean level, fed by the almost incessant equatorial rains. Its southern boundary is some three degrees south of the equator, from which point it stretches northward a distance of two hundred and eighty miles. About midway of the northern shore the waters find an outlet, where they break in miniature cascades over the rocky barrier. These rapids mark the spot where the "strange, long wandering Nile" begins its journey of three thousand geographical miles.*

During the first half of its journey the Nile receives many tributaries, chiefly from the west; but between 16° and 18° north latitude two powerful rivers flow in from the east, carrying with them the principal drainage of the high table-lands of Abyssinia. The second of these rivers—the Atbara—forms a junction with the Nile at Berber, and from thence the entire drainage is conveyed to the Mediterranean, without any further tributary, through a course of nearly fifteen hundred miles.

The current of the Nile is broken by several rapids, the last of which occurs in latitude 24° , and only about half a degree north of the Tropic of Cancer. At this spot the bed of the river is traversed by a ridge of rose-coloured granite, from whence came the rich materials for the statues, columns, and obelisks, so abundantly

* I am aware that recent discoveries throw doubt upon the statement that the Victoria Lake is the absolute *source* of the Nile. But assuredly this is the highest point to which the stream itself has yet been traced.

produced by Egyptian art. About three miles below the cataract is the island of Elephantine, and it is at this point that Egypt proper begins. Syene, its frontier town, now called Assouan, stands on the right bank of the river, and is noted for its splendid granite quarries. At this point the valley has a width of only two miles. On the east lies the Arabian Desert, divided from the Nile valley by a range of limestone hills. On the west, beyond another rocky chain, stretches the Sahara, or Great Desert of Libya. In the depression between these ridges flows the Nile. Sometimes there is a space between the river and the hills of several miles, sometimes of only a few yards. Immediately above the blue waters of the river—blue by contrast with the darker colours around—rises a bank of black mud, which, after the inundation, is clothed in the brightest verdure, "like an emerald set in the bosom of the desert." That strip of verdure, with an average width of seven miles, is Egypt; and to have lived below the cataracts, and drunk the waters of the Nile, was to be an Egyptian.

From Assouan to Cairo, a distance of six hundred and twenty-nine miles, the valley is limited to an average width of seven miles, forming a strip of verdure drawn across the desert, like a ribbon, with the Nile for a central thread. Under the Pharaohs the upper valley was known as the "Southern region," and formed a distinct government from the "Northern region." The Greeks and Romans divided the upper valley into the Thebais and the Heptanomis, nearly corresponding to the modern divisions of Upper and Central Egypt. Upper Egypt is the most southerly portion. Its capital, Thebes, that magnificent city of whose hundred gates Homer sang, was the No or No-Ammon of the prophecies. Middle Egypt was anciently called Heptanomis, because divided into seven *nomes*, or districts. Its capital, situated at the apex of the Delta, was Memphis, the Noph of the Prophet Jeremiah, whose prediction, "Noph shall be laid waste," has been fulfilled to the very letter. On the right bank of the river stands the modern city of Cairo; and nearly opposite, on the left bank, a salient angle of the Libyan hills serves as a pedestal to the eternal Pyramids, whose gigantic shadows the setting sun flings far over the groves of palm-trees that now cover the space where Memphis stood.

The civilization of Lower Egypt is more ancient, as shown by the monuments, than that of Upper Egypt. This proves that the

lower portion was first colonized ; and as the country formerly bore the name of Mizraim, the grandson of Ham, there can be little doubt that it was settled by the immediate descendants of that patriarch. After the confusion of tongues at Babel, and the consequent dispersion of the race, the family of Mizraim left the plains of Shinar, crossed what was afterward known as the Arabian Desert, skirted the southern extremity of Palestine, crossed the desert of Shur, and entered the valley of the Nile by way of the Isthmus of Suez. There they founded an empire and a civilization which has excited the admiration and the wonder of succeeding ages.

Egypt is emphatically the land of monuments. Next to the Nile, they form the chief feature of the country, as they stand in long procession on the banks of the river, witnesses of an unknown but profound antiquity. They are more abundant and more perfect than in any other country. "India, the battle-field of countless generations, has nothing to compare with them. Babylon and Nineveh wrote their history in perishable brick or alabaster ; but Egypt, attaining to a greater superiority in art, was provided at the same time with a material well-nigh indestructible, and a climate which could bid defiance to the ravages of time." Its monuments, constructed of granite, serpentine, or basalt, are of gigantic proportions, ornamented with sculptures and the most brilliant paintings. "With no frosts to splinter, no storms to batter, no moisture to nourish mosses and creepers, the ruins remain as new in appearance as if they were but of yesterday." The monuments are found throughout Egypt, and its former dependencies in Ethiopia and Libya. Besides statues, tablets, and obelisks, they consist of ruined temples, palaces, and especially of sepulchres. In the latter we find the richest treasures of Egyptian lore.

Still, these monuments enwrap themselves in mystery. They have a language as well as a story of their own. Strange characters are carved upon them, known to conceal a history which has perished from every other record. It is only within the present century that the key has been found to these mysterious archives, and their long-hidden annals are still being slowly and painfully deciphered. The way in which this key was discovered deserves at least a passing notice. During the occupation of Egypt by the French, in 1799, the troops were engaged in constructing a fort on the Rosetta branch of the Nile. In the course of their excavations an oblong

slab of black basalt, covered with inscriptions, was brought to light, and taken possession of by an officer of the expedition. By the fortunes of war it afterward fell into the hands of the British, and was sent to England, where it arrived in 1802. This was the now celebrated "Rosetta Stone," and its value consists in the fact that it contains what had never before been discovered—a hieroglyphic inscription, with a translation in Greek. It was engraved in three sections, the uppermost in hieroglyphics, the lowest in Greek, and between these another in characters then entirely unknown. The Greek inscription was found to contain a decree by the high-priests, etc., assembled at Memphis, for the coronation of Ptolemy Epiphanes, B.C. 196. With the slender clew thus afforded, English and French scholars set patiently to work, and at length succeeded in unravelling the mystery of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Space will not allow me to dwell at present on the history or topography of Egypt. My object is to show how the Egyptian monuments confirm the truth of the Pentateuch, and rebuke the objections of modern infidelity. A common objection to the inspired narrative is that it contradicts the facts of Egyptian history, and displays an entire ignorance of Egyptian habits and customs, and, therefore, it must have been written by some one who never had been in Egypt, and at a period long subsequent to that assigned to Moses. To decide this point we question the monuments, and, lo! the stone cries out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber answers it. The Pyramids open their secret chambers; Memnon becomes vocal with a more significant melody than of old; the obelisks point their stony fingers to the records of a bygone age sculptured on their granite sides; while the tombs reveal in their rocky chambers histories written in brilliant colourings, apparently as fresh as when laid on four thousand years ago; and all these witnesses testify with one voice, "The word of God shall stand forever."

When we begin to consider the history, religion, and customs of the Egyptians in their bearing on the truth of the Pentateuch, the subject becomes inseparably interwoven with the history of the Israelites. We shall therefore employ the leading incidents of that history as *nuclei* around which to group the testimony of the monuments.

We take up the thread of the narrative at the time when Joseph was sold to Potiphar, the captain of Pharaoh's guard. On the first point—the selling of Joseph—we have the testimony of Herodotus, that the purchase of slaves was common in Egypt. The same author informs us that the kings of Egypt had a guard, who in addition to the regular income of the soldier, received separate pay. In the paintings of marches and battles on the monuments they are represented as employed in protecting the person of the king, and are distinguished by a peculiar dress and weapons. In Genesis xxxix. 4, 5, we are informed that Potiphar placed Joseph over his house and substance. We must not regard this as a sample of the way in which the Egyptians usually treated their slaves. In this case a special reason is assigned for Joseph's exaltation, "The Lord was with him." The appointment of a head servant, or steward, illustrates a peculiar feature in Egyptian life. Among the operations of husbandry and tillage portrayed in the Egyptian tombs we often see a steward, who takes account and makes a registry of the harvest before it is deposited in the store-house.

The kindness of Potiphar to Joseph continued for nearly ten years, when a disastrous change occurred, and Joseph was cast into prison. During his imprisonment two of Pharaoh's servants, the chief butler and the chief baker, incurred their master's displeasure, and were put in guard, and placed by the keeper of the prison in Joseph's charge. On a certain night the two men dreamed each a dream, which, on the following day, they related to Joseph. First, the chief butler tells how, in his dream, he stood before Pharaoh, and pressed the juice of the grape into the wine-cup, and gave it to Pharaoh to drink. Here we have an illustration of Egyptian life. It has been said by objectors that the vine was not cultivated in Egypt at the time here referred to, and hence the statement ascribed to the chief butler is manifestly inaccurate. But what say the monuments? In the tombs of Beni-Hassan are to be found representations of the culture of the vine, the vintage, the bearing away and stripping off the grapes—in short, the whole process of wine manufacture. And these pictures are to be found not only in the monuments of later dynasties, but in those of the earliest Pharaohs. Besides this there are pictures of feasts, in which the guests are represented as overcome with wine.

Next comes the dream of the chief baker. "Behold," says he, "I had three white baskets on my head, [literally, 'baskets full of holes;' that is, baskets of wicker-work,] and in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of bakemeats for Pharaoh." What say the monuments to this? They say, first, that flat baskets, made of open wicker-work, for carrying grapes and other fruits, were very common; they say, further, that among the Egyptians the art of baking was carried to a high degree of perfection. They were accustomed to prepare many kinds of pastry for the table, which they kneaded in various shapes. Lastly, the monuments show that the custom of carrying burdens on the head was peculiarly Egyptian. Herodotus also mentions this as distinguishing the Egyptians from other nations.

A. SUTHERLAND.

(To be continued.)

JOHN ASHWORTH.

THE year 1875 had only commenced, when news reached Canada that John Ashworth was dead. Many wept when they heard the sad intelligence, as only a short time before he had visited America, and gladdened the hearts of thousands who had long known him by reputation, as they had often been deeply affected while reading the graphic pencillings which he had given to the world, under the cognomen of "Strange Tales." If prayers and wishes could have prevented any one becoming an inhabitant of the better world, we are sure that John Ashworth would have been toiling in the Master's vineyard for many years to come.

He finished the work which had been allotted him. For, though he had only been an inhabitant of earth for 61 years, he had long been known as one of the most earnest labourers in the cause of suffering humanity. The Master had put great honour upon him, and we doubt not but that he now has many stars in his crown, for certainly he turned many to righteousness.

Since we heard of the death of Mr. Ashworth, we have read all his works again. The volumes of "Strange Tales," "Simple Records," "Walks in Canaan," and "Back from Canaan," have all been gone through with a melancholy interest, seeing that the pen

which wrote them will write no more. How strange, we have thought, that God should thus remove a man from the Church militant, when he has become so well qualified for the great business of life.

The two last named books are of a most interesting kind, and are especially useful to those who have not had the opportunity of reading "Robinson's Researches," and Dean Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," and similar large works on the Holy Land; but it will be by the "Strange Tales from Humble Life" that their sainted author will be the longest known. These have been sold by tens of thousands, both in Britain and America, and have not only cheered the heart of the labourer and the artizan, but have found their way to the abodes of the wealthy, where they have done incalculable good; even Queen Victoria has been captivated by the simple tales of sorrow which John Ashworth has told in his own artless manner.

The author of "Strange Tales" is not ashamed to narrate many things respecting his own life, which not a few who have risen in the social scale would use every means possible to conceal. John Ashworth was not the descendant of some noble lord, neither had he the advantages of a collegiate education. His parents were extremely poor, and when he was yet a grown lad, he was often without shoes and stockings, and at times had but one shirt, which his mother would wash and mend during the night when he was asleep. He acknowledges his indebtedness again and again to his mother, who was not only an industrious woman, who laboured hard for her husband and children, but was also an earnest Christian, who prayed much for her offspring, and did not fail to mention them by name when she addressed the Throne of Grace. The good woman lived to see her son John not only a Sabbath school scholar, but also superintendent, and even a useful lay preacher. His father did not become religious until late in life, but he gave good evidence that he was a sinner saved by grace, and died trusting in the Saviour.

To some who may read these lines, it may appear strange that the distinguished man whose name stands at the head of this paper "could not tell how he learned to read." He remembered while yet a child having a halfpenny book lent him, entitled, "Babes in the Wood," with a rude picture of two children lying dead under a tree,

and the robin-redbreast bringing leaves to cover them. Some other little books of a similar kind were lent him, but, like children in general, he was most interested with the pictures.

A kind friend who was a sort of book-worm, seeing him interested with books, aided him in many ways to acquire useful knowledge, which caused him to read with increasing avidity. This friend was a sort of patron to him, but he always said that the most of his knowledge was received at the Sabbath school. He has written a graphic paper on "My First Book," which was the first he bought, viz., Johnson's Dictionary, which for many years he consulted daily. He was so poor when he made this purchase, that he could only obtain it by paying a small sum weekly to a book peddler, and he earned the pence by doing errands for some neighbours. In this way he acquired a little money, which he always took care to spend on books, the reading of which laid the foundation of that noble character which the world now admires.

Our space forbids quoting numerous incidents in the early career of Mr. Ashworth. He advanced to manhood, but he was never too much of a man for the Sabbath school. Having entered, he dwelt there. Never was he known to violate the fourth commandment as many do. And through life he always gave it as his opinion, that young people who have gone astray might attribute their ruin to their leaving Sabbath school, and violating the fourth commandment. When they have gone thus far, they are sure to fall into bad company, and be found at taverns and such places as lead down to hell.

No sketch of John Ashworth's life would be complete, by whomsoever written, unless his connection with "the Chapel for the Destitute" in Rochdale, is stated at length. Our readers may be interested to know that Rochdale is a large town in Lancashire, in which the renowned John Bright has long resided. It is a manufacturing town, and though the factory people in general earn good wages, yet many of them spend large sums in drink, and the consequence is that their homes are often the abodes of misery. Besides, in England there are usually great numbers of persons tramping from town to town, not always in consequence of their improvident habits, though it must be admitted that drink is the great cause of their being out of employment. These are what make up what is often termed the dangerous classes. Those who have not been in the Old

Country can form no idea of the multitudes who earn their living by mendicancy. Such persons take up their abode for the most part in lodging houses, and often herd together in a manner which decency forbids us to describe.

It is not likely that such outcasts from society will find their way very often to any place of worship, and it must be admitted that they are seldom spoken to on spiritual things, except when town missionaries may pay them an occasional visit. It might almost be said that "no man cares for their souls." John Ashworth had often thought about those poor people. He saw, as many have seen, that in all the large towns in England there were hundreds who never attend a place of worship, and often did his soul yearn after these lost ones, for whom so few were disposed to care. He proposed various plans for their relief, but met with little sympathy. At length, when laid on a bed of affliction, he resolved that if spared he would attempt in the name of God to preach to these destitute ones.

When he recovered he did not forget his vow, but at once rented a small room, got some bills printed, and went to all the lodging houses in the town, and made known the fact that "the Chapel for the Destitute" would be opened on the following Sabbath evening. There were no collections, and all were invited to attend. At the appointed hour there were some 27 persons in the room, and they were certainly a motley company such as are seldom seen, but all listened attentively to the story of God's love. This was the beginning of that remarkable work which has now been carried on for nearly twenty years, and has been the means of reclaiming many from the downward road. Fallen daughters have been led to see the error of their ways, and have gone back to their parents. Prodigal sons have returned home to their father's house, and not a few who were looked upon as irreclaimable have been elevated to respectable positions in society, and have not been ashamed to acknowledge their attendance at "the Chapel for the Destitute" as the turning point of their history.

To carry on the Christian work which was thus so auspiciously begun was a great trial of faith. Many professing Christians doubted the utility of the enterprise. Some ministers thought it was a rival place of worship, to which lovers of cheap religion would be sure to repair, as there was no collection. Then, too, not a few of those

who came to the chapel expected that the preacher would be sure to help them in pecuniary matters, and when they were disappointed or did not get all they expected, they went no more, and even spread false reports amongst the denizens of the lodging houses. Again and again the good man was imposed upon. The articles of clothing which he would give to some destitute persons would be pawned for drink. Some who would promise to do well, and would leave the town under pretence of going to their friends, would be found in a state of greater destitution than before, and all their money gone for drink.

With such a host of discouragements, had Mr. Ashworth given up his "Chapel for the Destitute" it would have been no marvel, but he persevered, and as months and years rolled away, he saw that he had not laboured in vain, nor spent his strength for nought. He did not accomplish all that he had set his heart upon, but he had the pleasure of knowing that many happy homes had been created, and how many had been prevented entering on a downward course it would be impossible for him to tell. He soon found the work to enlarge on his hands to such an extent that it was impossible for him to do all that was requisite; hence he pressed for volunteers, whom he organized into companies for conducting cottage meetings, distributing tracts, and in various ways helping on the good work. He also employed Scripture readers and Bible women, who gave all their time to the work of visiting the poor and starting Sabbath schools in needy districts.

The result of the labours at "the Chapel for the Destitute" began to be made known through the newspapers; and as the chief actor in the movement had been accustomed from the first to keep a record of the proceedings, he sent forth again and again little leaflets giving accounts of some cases of reformation which had been effected, not knowing whereunto this would grow. The author never anticipated that his tracts would command the attention which was soon awarded them. As the demand increased he sent forth others, and every succeeding issue only seemed to augment the desire for more of the same kind, until now it seems that some three millions have been sold in England alone.

As the demand continued, the tracts were collected and sent forth in a volume entitled "Strange Tales from Humble Life," by John Ashworth, and many have remarked, as they have perused

this volume, that "truth is stranger than fiction." The sufferings of the poor are detailed in an affecting manner; scenes of degradation are depicted until we are ready to wonder how much lower it would be possible for poor humanity to fall. Crimes are enumerated of such enormity as to excite our marvel that such occurrences could really transpire in Christian England. Then we have trials of faith which some poor Christians have endured, entitling them to belong to the class of whom the world is not worthy. Tears will occasionally start in our eyes as we read of the cruelties of parents to their children, occasioned by drink. Again and again we see that young women are ruined by their love of dress, and that young men who stand in the way of sinners are sure to come to a bad end; while instances are given, in great variety, of the safeguards which are thrown around those who delight in the law of the Lord. The hardened infidel has been reclaimed by the prattling Sabbath school scholar, who has sung "Jesus loves me!" The power of religion is exemplified in the death-bed testimonies of men, women and children, who have been enabled to triumph in the hour of nature's dissolution. Many have been plucked as brands from the burning, their exemplary lives declaring that they had passed from death unto life.

No wonder that the circulation of "Strange Tales" should cause the religious community to desire to see the man whose graphic writings had afforded them so much interest; hence, applications were made for him to visit various towns in England and Scotland for the purpose of detailing his plans for the reformation of the poor. He was ready to run at every call, and for years before he died he would spend several days in London, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and various other places, preaching and lecturing, and visiting Sabbath schools. He was instant in season and out of season, and was ready at every call to run to and fro, telling the wondrous story of the cross. He paid great attention to young men, and warned them against habits which he knew would bring moral ruin upon them, as he knew from painful experience. Thus John Ashworth, like a true son of John Wesley, was never "unemployed, nor was he ever triflingly employed." He was in labours more abundant, and spent his strength in doing good to the bodies and souls of men.

Such exhaustive labours as Mr. Ashworth endured could not but produce lassitude. A few years ago he spent some time in the Holy Land and countries adjacent, the result of which is given in two small volumes previously named. In the summer of 1873, he visited America, but not to rest, for he was still about his Master's business, and, whether in health or sickness, his only ambition was to work for Christ; hence we find him preaching in churches and visiting Sabbath schools, and ever and anon inspecting prisons, and speaking a kind word to the inmates.

During his American tour he came to Canada; and those who were present at the meeting of the Provincial Sabbath School Association which was held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, will not soon forget the cordial manner in which he was welcomed, though the clock had struck ten. He only spoke a few words, but they were words of cheer, which tended to encourage his fellow-labourers in the vineyard of his Master. His health was then very feeble, and it was hoped his visit to this western hemisphere might somewhat invigorate his system. Probably it would have done so had he been less prodigal of his strength, but here he was, just arrived from New York, and must speak. The next day he spoke at three mass meetings of the children, and at the farewell meeting in the evening. Then on Saturday night he delivered a powerful address to the working men, in Shaftesbury Hall; and on Sabbath he was engaged all day visiting Sabbath schools, some five or six of which he addressed, and preached in the evening to a crowd in Richmond Street Methodist Church.

In a few weeks after Mr. Ashworth returned to England, having made arrangements for the publication of his travels in America, which he was then engaged preparing for the press. On reaching home, applications for sermons and lectures crowded upon him more than ever. He responded to all he could, but, alas! his work was done. The strong man could not endure the toil of former years. He was confined to his room, from which he sent many loving epistles to friends in various parts of the world. In a letter to Daniel McLean, Esq., Toronto, bearing date Sept. 11, 1874, he says, "After a long and doubtful sickness, from which I am slowly recovering, the doctors call it exhaustion, and say I ought not to have held out so long in labour. None but cowards give up until they are compelled, especially in so glorious a work

as pointing sinners to the Saviour. Blessed work, blessed work; for this alone I ask the Lord and Master to let me still live."

But, alas! he did not recover. His strength declined until the end came. The Master whom he had served so well did not leave him when his strength failed. Many friends visited him; among others may be named the Right Honourable John Bright, and the Rev. Dr. Molesworth, both of whom also attended his funeral. He assured his visitors that while he knew he was in the valley, he could see the light beyond. He died as he had lived. Nobly had he fought against the powers of sin, and now he reigns in triumph, having left us a noble example of patient toil in the work of suffering humanity. May his illustrious example cause thousands who are now loiterers to work while it is called day.

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy lov'd employ;
The battle's fought, the victory's won--
Enter thy Master's joy."

E. BARRASS.

THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."—Ps. xxxiv. 19.

START not, dear reader, at a text as the heading of this article, as though a sermon of the usual orthodox pattern—with exordium, divisions one, two, three, or more, and application—must needs follow. No, we wish but to record the triumphant experience of one of the Saviour's tried ones, as illustrative of this Scripture. The letter is before me detailing her experiences during a recent illness prolonged through many weeks. Stricken down by that fearful scourge, typhoid fever, and hovering on the confines of the grave for months, racked erewhile by the weariness and pain incident to such a disease, she might well be pardoned if her words painted the sick-room with all its attendant gloom; but no, such is not the case: she reverts to it as an unmixed good, as one of the great mercies of her life. It is not thankfulness for present health that is the burden of the letter, but rapturous exclamations for the deliverances experienced in the chamber of sickness, making the pæan of victory ever conceal the moan of suffering, until she could

echo St. Paul's triumphant words, "Now, thanks be to God, who always causeth us to triumph." The pain and bodily discomfort of the affliction were great, intensely severe, but the additional grace given—the privilege of gazing on the beauties of her beloved, of intimate union and communion with Him that is altogether lovely, were so blessed, that, taking the two together—the sickness with its discomforts and the intense sweetness of her communion with Jesus—they constituted, in her opinion, an unmixed good. Her thanksgiving is not that of a wanderer brought back to Christ by the chastening hand of her heavenly father, but of a ripe Christian brought into still nearer and dearer fellowship with Him for whom her soul was longing, through the baptism of suffering. Nor was it that of patiently enduring, with set teeth and tense nerve, the present pain, solacing herself with the thought of future good as the result, but it was that of present pain and present joy commingled, the latter overpowering the former: the furnace was heated seven-fold, but the constant presence of the Son of Man made the fire forget its power to burn. She thus writes: "I often thought during the many weeks of wakeful weariness and distress of body, at the same time feeling most consciously the presence and sustaining power of an in-dwelling Christ, of a conversation I had with you last summer, little thinking then I should so soon be called to experience it. It was something like this: that God almost invariably caused his children to pass through affliction or suffering of some kind when about to bring them into a closer and more intimate communion with Himself. I also recollect the illustration you made use of, that if a very dear friend, whose company we highly prized, should ask us to take a ride with him in order to enjoy happy converse, but we could not accept it without exposing ourselves to the scorching rays of a vertical sun, which should we prefer, to take the pleasure and profit of our friend's conversation with the attendant suffering, or otherwise. It was so expressive of my experience. I did pass through a severe ordeal; but I never could have known how near and consoling, how exceedingly precious and supporting a God of love could prove himself to be if I had not been brought into such circumstances. It would be a sad blank in my experience were it possible to obliterate those precious seasons with all their attendant suffering, when He drew so near, filling every want my spirit felt. He did not upbraid me

with past unfaithfulness, though He might so justly have done so; no, He filled my heart with praise. Blessed be His name forever. And may not this experience be the happy lot of all Christ's sorrowing ones, a present deliverance even while undergoing the suffering, sorrowful yet rejoicing, bearing the yoke and yet finding it rest to the soul; in short, counting it all joy when they fall into divers temptations, taking joyfully the spoiling of their goods—health, friends, reputation, as well as property. O, if Christians would ponder these and kindred scriptures till they became an experience, how it would take away the dread of coming evils, and enable them to walk with as joyous tread in the cloud as in the sunshine, to glory in tribulation as easily as to glow with thankfulness on account of creature good received. Let us, then, bear in mind that although the afflictions of the righteous are many, the Lord sends present deliverance. The *righteous*, not those who deserve such deliverance on account of their labours for the Master, but they who, flinging aside their own righteousness by faith, accept Christ as their full Saviour, and are clothed with His righteousness—these may, in the strength of the promises of a covenant-keeping God, proclaim with Paul, "Most gladly, therefore, will I suffer affliction, that the power of Christ may rest upon me; for when I am weak then am I strong."

N. B.

ONE OF THE FATHERS OF METHODISM.

A MEMOIR OF BY-GONE DAYS.

III.

A VISIT TO MADELEY—THE CHURCH, &c.—FLETCHER—SERMON ON CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

THOUGH the two friends have ridden upwards of ten miles, they have arrived at Madeley in good season for morning service; and having a full quarter of an hour to spare before church commences, let us take a quiet turn with them around the spot, now so sacred to Methodism. The church, with its central tower and outstretched wings to east and west, and its two small vestries to the north and south of the tower, has evidently been built, as have most other old English churches, on the ground

plan of the cross. The roof of its main wings is double ridged, presenting two gables at either end ; and its walls are pierced by Gothic windows. It everywhere bears the marks of antiquity, and, in many places, of decay. Surrounding it are the graves of many past generations ; we literally walk over the dust of the former worshippers in approaching the little porch of its main entrance. A high stone wall and large iron gates divide the parsonage grounds from the church-yard. The vicarage is a handsome and somewhat modern brick mansion of three stories, surrounded by garden and lawn and outbuildings, and the whole presents an attractive appearance. Groups are gathering together in the yard, some talking with evident seriousness, others trying to trace out the almost obliterated lettering on moss covered tombstones. The vicarage gate opens ; Mr. Fletcher, accompanied by Mrs. Fletcher, emerges and hastens toward the vestry ; and the bells now ringing the hour of service, we hasten to the crowded little portal with its quaint porch. Nor have we entered too soon. See how rapidly the church is filling. It is evident that the congregation will be very large. We have but a moment's leisure to glance around us. The altar at the far east end, lighted by the two windows in the gables ; the pulpit, with its reading desk, not in front of the altar, but half-way down the church ; the high straight backed pews, with their aristocratic occupants ; the free seats crowded by the poorer parishioners. The minister's pew, where now sits the saintly wife of the vicar. She has been married scarce four years, yet she is nigh fifty years of age. When she consented to marry him she promised to marry his parish too, and nobly has she redeemed the pledge ; never was a saintly minister blessed with a more saintly companion. Her maiden name was Bosanquet. But the bells cease ringing, the clerk is in his desk, and Mr. Fletcher has quietly entered the lower pulpit, and is bowed, with his face buried in the sleeves of his surplice, in silent prayer. He rises, and for the first time we look upon Fletcher of Madeley. His form, tall and erect ; his countenance almost feminine in its comeliness. The unparted hair combed back, flows down upon his shoulders in becoming wavelets. The forehead, with a clearly marked indentation running from the scalp to the eyebrows ; the upturned countenance ; the eyes that seem to be gazing upward toward the unseen shekinah ; the aquiline nose ; the parted

lips ; the closely shaven but full features and double chin—all attract attention. A seraphic influence seems to surround him. None can now gaze upon him and doubt that that man holds converse deep and constant with the Triune God. He seems to have come from the verge of heaven, ay, from the throne of the Highest, to deliver his message to man. His very aspect is a refutation of infidelity ; and he has won many hearts before he has spoken a word.

“When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive,” says the preacher. How deep ! how solemnly pathetic ! how earnestly persuasive are the tones of his voice uttering this first sentence of the morning service. We think many a one has felt it as they never felt the truth before, and eyes not wont to weep are wet. Ay, and a tear rolls down the preacher’s cheek, as slowly he says, “I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.” But we cannot go through with the whole of those introductory clauses in the Church prayer book. We had often heard them repeated, and they seemed meaningless and formal. Now they have glowed : they have moved our hearts with strange contrition, and we are weeping too, in hallowed penitence and joyous hope. As the service proceeded, we never caught ourselves wishing it would come to a close. There was an infection in the preacher’s spirit. It was not the power of studied oratory that held that vast audience, but the simplicity of a sincere and fervent offerer of prayer. Prayers over, a hymn sang, and the preacher has ascended the upper desk ; the white surplice has been exchanged for the black gown. A short but fervent prayer offered, and Mr. Fletcher announced his text—“Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.”—Matt. v. 48.

Of the sermon which followed we can only give a few extracts : “Christian perfection !” said the preacher ; “why should the harmless phrase offend us. Perfection ! Why should that lovely word frighten us ? Is it not common and plain ? Did not Cicero speak intelligibly, when he called accomplished philosophers *perfectos philosophos*. Did Ovid expose his reputation when he said that Chiron *perfected* Achilles in music ? Is it wrong to say that fruit grown to maturity is in its *perfection* ? We use the word perfection exactly in the same sense ; giving that name to the maturity of

grace peculiar to established believers. And if this be an error, we are led into it by the sacred writers. While the word predestinate occurs but four times and predestination but once, the word perfection and its derivatives occurs as frequently as most words in the Scriptures, and not seldom in the very sense in which we take it. And shall we be ashamed of it? 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me *and of my words* in this sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of His father.' Now, the words of our text being Christ's own words, we dare no more be ashamed of them than we dare desire Him to be ashamed of us in that great day.

"Christian perfection is the brightest and richest jewel which Christ purchased for us by his blood. It is the internal kingdom of God ruling over all. It is Christ *fully* formed in our hearts, the *full* hope of glory. It is the fulfilment of the promise of the Father, that is, the Holy Ghost given unto us, to make us abound in righteousness, peace and joy through believing. In a word, it is the shekinah filling the human temple with glory. You cannot find one word in all the Scriptures against the pure love of God and our neighbour—against perfect love, which is the perfection we encourage believers to press after. The law and the gospel, the Old and the New Testaments are equally for it, and all who are 'filled with the Spirit' sweetly experience it. By Christian perfection, we mean nothing but the cluster and maturing of graces which compose the Christian character in the Church militant. It is a spiritual constellation made up of those gracious stars—perfect repentance, perfect faith, perfect humility, perfect meekness, perfect self-denial, perfect resignation, perfect hope, perfect charity for our visible enemies as well as our earthly relations, and above all, perfect love for our invisible God. And as this last star is always accompanied by all the others as Jupiter is by his satellites, we frequently use, as St. John, the phrase 'perfect love' instead of the word 'perfection.'

"Not only does our Lord command us to be perfect, but his Apostles also teach and plead for it. It has been said that St. Peter pleads against Christian perfection. Is it where he says: 'As He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation;' or is it where he says, 'Seeing ye have *purified* your souls, &c., see that ye love one another with a *pure heart* fervently;' or is it where he prays, 'The God of all grace, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you *perfect*;' or is it where he declares, 'That exceeding great promises are given us, that by these *we might be partakers of the divine nature*, having escaped the pollution that is in the world through lust.' Is there indwelling sin in the divine nature? Or is it where he describes Christian perfection, and exhorts Christians to rise higher in it, 'by adding to their faith

virtue,' &c. (2 Peter, i. 5); or is it where he bids us to be diligent, that we may be found of God in peace, without *spot and blameless*. It is said St. James teaches that we cannot become perfect. But what does he say? Turn to his epistle, ye that thirst after holiness. To your comfort you will find that in the first chapter he shows himself a bold assertor of Christian perfection. 'Let patience,' says he, 'have her perfect work, that ye may be *perfect and entire, wanting nothing*.' 'Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.' And again, 'If any man offend not in word, the same is a *perfect man*.'

"St. Paul is brought forth by the advocates of Christian imperfection as a witness for them. But it is without his consent for Peter and James did not plead more strenuously for the glorious liberty of God's children than did St. Paul. Nay, he professed to have attained it. 'Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded,' (Phil. iii. 15). He addressed the fathers in Christ as persons who were partakers of it with himself: 'We speak wisdom among them that are perfect.' (1 Cor. ii. 6). He did not fancy that Christian perfection was to be confined to the apostolic order; he wanted all believers to be like him in this respect; hence he exhorted the Corinthians 'to perfect holiness in the fear of God (2 Cor. vii. 1); to be perfect (2 Cor. xiii. 11); and to be perfectly joined together in the same mind.' (1 Cor. i. 10). He shewed them the perfect or more excellent way (1 Cor. xiii). He told the Ephesians that God gave them pastors for the perfecting of the saints, till all came in the unity of the faith—unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. He taught every man that he might present him perfect in Christ Jesus. He wanted the Colossians fully to put on charity, which is the bond of perfection, that they might stand perfect and complete in all the will of God (Col. iii. 14; iv. 12). He would have the man of God to be perfect (2 Tim. iii. 27), &c."

In explanation of St. Paul's language (Phil. iii. 25), "Not as though I were already perfect," Mr. Fletcher showed that there were different sorts of perfection; that absolute perfection belongs to God alone; that Christ himself, with respect to his humanity, fell short of infinite perfection. He was not omniscient. His happiness is not yet absolute, for it daily increases as he sees his seed, and is more and more satisfied. "God alone," said the preacher, "is supremely perfect. All beings are imperfect when compared to Him. Archangels are perfect as archangels, but imperfect in comparison of Jesus Christ. Angels are perfect as angels, but imperfect in comparison of archangels," &c.

There was a Gentile perfection; a Jewish perfection; an infant Christian perfection, called the baptism of John; and lastly, an adult Christian perfection, which is consequent upon the baptism of the Holy Ghost, administered by Christ himself, and described in the Sermon on the Mount, &c.

"Amongst perfect Christians some will be more perfect than others, as among tall men some will be taller than others. The highest adult Christian perfection will necessarily be inferior to the perfection of glorified disembodied spirits, who are thus described: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours' (not *from their sins*—this they did before death), &c. And this perfection is inferior to the complete perfection of glorified saints, 'whose corruptible bodies shall put on incorruption, and whose mortal shall put on immortality; whose bodies, sown in dishonour and weakness, shall be raised in glory and *power*,' &c., &c.

"Do we not see a similar promotion even among the basest classes of animals in the natural world. Consider that beautiful insect which exults to display its crown and expand its wings to the sun. Will you not say it is a perfect butterfly? Nevertheless, three weeks ago it was a perfect aurelia, quietly sleeping in its silken tomb. Some months before it was a perfect silkworm busily preparing itself for another state of existence, and spinning and weaving its shroud. And had you seen it a year ago you would have seen nothing but a perfect egg. Thus in one year it has experienced three grand changes, each change perfect in its kind, and nevertheless the last is as far superior to the first as a beautiful flying butterfly exceeds a black crawling worm, and such a worm the invisible seed of life that lies dormant in the diminutive egg of an insect."

After showing that St. Paul was a perfect Christian, and St. John was a witness for the same high and glorious privilege, the preacher showed the mischievousness of the Calvinistic doctrine of Christian imperfection:

"1. It strikes at the root of salvation by faith. Does not that which abridges the salvation we obtain by faith equally strike at Christ's power and glory?"

"2. It dishonours Christ as a prophet. As such he came to teach us to be meek and lowly in heart, but this imperfect gospel teaches that we must necessarily be passionate and proud in heart till death.

"3. It disgraces Christ as the captain of our salvation, having weapons mighty through God to the pulling down of Satan's stronghold, &c.; but this represents the Devil's stronghold as absolutely impregnable. No weapons of our warfare can pull down Apollyon's throne. Inbred sin shall maintain its place till Death strikes the blow.

"4. It affronts Christ as a king. So that believers must call on the King of Terrors as well as the King of Saints for deliverance from the remains of sin; and where is the difference between saying 'O death, help us,' and 'Oh Baal, save us.'

"5. It insults Christ as our priest. He now pours his all-prevailing prayer before the throne that we may be cleansed from all unrighteousness and perfected in one; but by saying that believers must necessarily remain imperfect till death comes to the Saviour's assistance, we place our Lord's cleansing blood and powerful intercession, and in consequence his priesthood, in an unscriptural and contemptible light.

"6. It discredits Christ as the fulfiller of the Father's promise.

"7. It makes believers despise 'the exceeding great and precious promises given unto us, that by these we might be partakers of the divine nature.'

"8. It defeats the end of gospel precepts, which is 'to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself.'

"9. It has a tendency to unnerve our deepest prayers. How can we pray in faith that God would help us to do his will on earth as it is done in heaven, if we disbelieve the very possibility of having the petition answered?

"10. It soothes lukewarm and unholy professors; it greatly discourages willing Israelites who want to lead feeble believers in the land of promise," &c.

The eloquent preacher closed his discourse by an earnest appeal to believers "to perfect holiness." He quoted from Wesley's sermons on the faith which sanctifies, and he addressed sanctified believers, showing them that they would still have temptations and be liable to fall, and exhorting them to humility and meekness.

The sermon concluded, the apostolic preacher lifted up his hands to heaven, while every head bowed, and poured out such a pleading prayer—a prayer that breathed such humility and yet such power with God—that the impression made by the sermon was greatly deepened, and in silence the great congregation began to leave the church and wend their way homewards. It was some time before our friends spoke to one another. At last as they were joined by their Madeley friends,—“How singular,” says Mr. B., “that Mr. Fletcher should have preached upon that subject to-day. It was the one above all others that I was most desirous of hearing him on, and I am very glad that we came to-day.” “I should not wonder,” says Mr. H., “if we hear from that sermon again. It is hardly likely that the Calvinists will allow it to go unchallenged.” B. “But what can they do or say. Did he not clearly prove that the

doctrine is sustained and taught both by the prayers and homilies of the Church as well as by the Scriptures?" H. "Unquestionably he did, but they might for all that cite him before the bishop." B. "I hear that they have done that before now, but they got very little satisfaction, the bishop even inviting Mr. F. to dine with him. There are some points pertaining to this great blessing upon which I should like to have some further light." H. "So would I. We can call upon him after dinner, and I am sure he will gladly converse with us."

JAMES HARRIS.

HEART-WRITING.

THE human heart is a tablet upon which lines of truth should be indelibly written. We are surrounded in life with various impressive influences, some of a beneficial character, others injurious. Among these, we should ever cherish and encourage the good, but repel the evil. Those associations that aid our moral nature, that elevate and purify the mind, should be ever sought and cultivated. Above all, communion with our Maker through his works, his Word, and Spirit, should be constantly enjoyed. This is the glorious privilege of man as an intelligent and immortal being. The impressive soul of man receives its grandest pencillings in contact with the divine characters, as manifested in nature and in grace. The facts of the universe and of redemption are grounds from whence we are to date constant advancement in knowledge and happiness. We must write those facts on the heart, assured that they are the lines of God's power—the expression of his thoughts, to influence our thinking and guide us to practical success for both worlds.

The laws of the Creator guide, sustain and impel the whole circle of his works. His moral law is applicable to the entire realm of intelligent and responsible agencies, but especially to man in this probationary state. By the pure testimony of God, given to the conscience through his Word, we are to rule our life. His sovereignty is to fill us with reverence, his unity with adoration, his omniscience with respectful fear, his omnipotent lordship with faithful submission, and his redeeming mercy with ceaseless and grateful devotion.

Our highest and most profitable impressions we receive from the thoughts of God. Human traditions and opinions are vain if they do not harmonize with the counsel of the Most High. By that counsel we read the eternal mind and catch the halo of an abiding glory. The sacred heart is revealed only in the sublime work of a world's redemption. The history of that scheme is the heart-writing of the Almighty—His testament of love to wandering men.

That writing, impressed upon human hearts, forms the "living epistles" of whom the Apostle Paul speaks so commendably as the genuine work of God; who, in generating a spiritual people, had far surpassed the giving of the law at Sinai, written by His own finger upon tables of stone. In the latter case He had produced an impression upon hard, dead matter, in the former the counsel of His heart was engraved in the fleshy tables of precious hearts—hearts that now yearned with Christly pity over the moral ruin of a world, and that moved with earnest activities in love to gather in the outcasts of Israel and to redeem the waste places of the Gentiles, to repair the desolation of many generations.

The blessed work of writing upon the hearts of men still advances in the world. God is the same faithful friend to our poor humanity as in the Pauline age of his Church. His word is still mighty,—almighty to arrest attention, to convict souls, to justify and hallow the penitent believer. Upon how many myriads the divine seal was set in apostolic days. Since that season of grace millions have been brought to know redemption's power. The kingdom of God and the power of His Christ still widens in the zeal and activity of his Church, and the salvation of mankind by his preached gospel.

The heart upon which God has written possesses a greater witness than that of man. It needs not any man now to assure it of the things of God. It knows the things which are freely given to it of God. It glories in the blessedness of a living religion. Christ is formed in the heart. His epiphany has become a personal inward reality, fair as the roseate dawn of summer day and resonant with the melodies of heaven. His resurrection has brought its efficacy to the spirit, which is raised by its power into newness of life. The faith of the heart realises a complete Saviour, the living and abiding One, whose promise gives cheer, whose word is a well of refreshing, and whose inspiration is the earnest of immortal blessedness. Such a soul carries with it the light and comfort of

God through all change, conflict and trial. When opposed and persecuted it is not forsaken, but even rejoices in hope when its outward horizon is dark. Its judgment of God's ways is not by sense but of faith. The cross and the dying of Christ are borne in view of the richer life to be manifested. It can glory in tribulation because of the perfection to which it conduces. It finds a real sufficiency in Jesus its Saviour to meet all the losses of life—to shelter in all its storms, and to comfort in all its afflictions.

No tongue of man or angel can express the blessedness of those who bear the divine impress. The highest joys are theirs: peace, hope, love are but poor terms by which to talk of what they know. The Word is theirs with all its promises; the Church, with all its ministrations and charities; life, with its high purposes and moral conquests; death, with its rending power, in prospect of the glories to which it leads the separated spirit—

“There on high with Christ to dwell,
By his hand in glory placed,
Greater bliss than tongue can tell
For evermore to taste.”

There a new inscription will grace the “living epistles,” to be read and known of the angels for ever. The golden fretting of heaven's gorgeous firmament will but dimly contrast with the splendour of the redeemed. To him that overcometh shall be given the white stone, the tessara of everlasting friendship, with a new name written thereon, and the name of his God and of the heavenly city shall be engraved upon him, and he shall go out no more, but shall be an abiding pillar in the temple of his God. Oh, let us ever remember that in order to realize such felicity, we must be wholly-given to God now. We must bear the impress divine, “Sealed by that Holy Spirit of promise unto the day of eternal redemption.” We must be “living epistles,” “read and known of all men,” as just, sober, honest, holy souls. The Word of God demands this. The purchase price of our souls demands it. Our own souls cry out for it; the Spirit wills it and urges us to it; the Heaven above us is calling us to prepare for our heritage by conformity to its character. The Church is yearning in the birth-throes of a sublimer era. Let her marshalled millions stand against all sin and against the Man of Sin as “the children of the word;” “begotten again,” not by baptism or by tradition, but “by the word of truth, which liveth and abideth for ever.” With the heart-thoughts of God written upon our hearts, we shall be “the workmanship of God created anew unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.”

“Oh, let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see—
Thy bright unclouded face.”

T. CLEWORTH.

ITALY AND THE PAPAL CHURCH.

ON the door of the Church of St. Zeus, at Verona, are reliefs remarkable for their age, but detestable for their profanity ; for He before whom angels veil their faces with their wings is there imaged in bronze as a very ugly man drawing Eve out of Adam's side. In St. Maria Formosa, at Venice, there are on the dome and above the altar two portraits of elderly gentlemen, both intended for the Eternal Father. In St. Georgio Maggiore is the same divine person caricatured as a man with a grey beard, dressed in red, and wearing a black cloak. Instances are unhappily too abundant, and the subject appears to be a favourite one for artists ; and they seem as free and easy in the blasphemous work of portraying the great God, whose very name is to be had in honour, as a sign-board dauber in sketching the Marquis of Granby or a red lion. From the mention of the horrible idolatry of Rome, the mind of the believer turns with disgust and trembling to seek the aid of the Holy Ghost, that it may recover from the impurity engendered by the sight of such iniquity.

It is further worthy of remark, that neither nature nor revelation sets up rival objects for human worship ; they both bid us worship God alone. As the grandeur of the mountains and the plenty of the valleys are alike due to the Almighty Lord, so both alike proclaim *His* praise. Creation has no altars for creature-worship. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory, O God, and they have no vacuum to be filled with the glories of Mary, or the honours of St. Mark ! "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handywork." There is not so much as a corner left to declare the glory of Dominic or Francis. The inspired book is equally monopolizing. It has not a line on which adoration or worship is rightly offered to any but the one Lord. Gabriel cries to Mary, "Hail, thou that art highly favoured !" but beyond this cheerful congratulation of one who, like other favoured sinners, had learned to rejoice in God her Saviour, nothing was uttered which can be forced into the service of Mariolatry. In every inspired book the Lord only is exalted, and as clear as the sun at noonday the truths are that the Lord alone is to be worshipped as the only God, and that Jesus only is to be sought unto as the propitiation for sin, and the Mediator with God. How different is

Popery! We have seen this week, hundreds of times, big dolls dressed up in tawdry finery, holding smaller dolls in their hands, actually worshipped as the Virgin and Child. We have seen votaries kiss an ebony, ivory, or tortoise-shell cross, and press their lips to the feet of images supposed to represent the Redeemer. We have been present when thousands bowed before a wafer, and have seen skeletons, old bones, and rotten rags exposed as objects of reverence.

The most shameless of all Popish idolatries, practised everywhere—in the corners of the streets, by the canal side, on the highway, and in churches and chapels innumerable—is the worship of Mary. She sits enthroned as the papist's goddess; miracles are professed to be wrought at her shrines, and the many silver hearts which hang before her altars as votive offerings show how numerous are the admirers of this feminine idol. What would the apostles say to the worship of her to whom the Master said, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." If Mary had created the heavens and the earth, and had redeemed men by her blood, she could not have more reverence and worship paid to her than is given by papists. To her they impute all the glories which we are wont to ascribe to the Son of God; she is their consolation, joy and hope; the tower of David, the lily among thorns, the ark of the covenant, the anchor of the soul, the queen of heaven, and a thousand other things; but time would fail us to utter a tithe of the sounding praises with which Mary has the misfortune to be dishonoured by popish idolatry. She is adored as conceived without sin, and as caught up to heaven; neither of which fables has the slightest scriptural foundation. She is pictured as crowned by the Father in heaven, and having the moon under her feet, and the stars about her head; in fact, there is no limit to the honours lavished upon her. Saints and saintesses without number we observed in our wanderings, many of whom we have not the pleasure of knowing much about. St. Lucy, St. Pantaleon, St. Rocco, St. Bruno, St. Cosmo, and a host of other ladies and gentlemen, have chapels and shrines to themselves; and there is one female named St. Katherine who is infamously represented in the Palace of the Doge, at Venice, as being married to the infant Jesus, who is painted in the act of putting the ring upon the finger of His bride. If Rome *believes* in one God, she openly worships a thousand others

with far more visible devotion. Whatever her creed may be, the spirit of her outward performances and displays strikes the beholder at once as polytheistic. If Paul were now at Antwerp, or with us at Lugano Verona, or Venice, his spirit might be stirred within him as at Athens; for he would see cities wholly given to idolatry. To us, Romanism seems as unlike God's universe as it is undoubtedly unlike God's Word. We think every candid observer might see that it is so. We are content to leave this question with any man of common sense, and we are mistaken if he can see any resemblance between the glorious unity of homage paid to the great and only wise God by His works and His Word, and the adoration to the many objects of reverence set up by worse than heathen superstition in popish lands.

Men of understanding tell us that God's universe has in it no superfluities, no unnecessary existences, which have no purpose but ostentation. For the tiniest animalcule, as sure as for the eagle and the horse, there is a use and a purpose. France was on the verge of famine because her peasants so industriously murdered the small birds, that hordes of caterpillars and insects invaded the land and threatened to devour the crops. When the dodo and dinoris had been exterminated in the islands of the South Sea, men wreaked a horrible revenge upon themselves for outraged nature, by playing the cannibal with one another. The universe wastes nothing upon mere display; it is ever lovely and sublime, but never shadowy and pretentious. Glorious as is the tempest, it has its end and purpose, and is as much bound to the chariot of utility as the ox to the plough of the husbandman. The thunder is no mere rolling of drums in the march of God's armies, and the lightning is no vain flashing of heaven's sword of state. The tints of flowers cannot be said to be given only to please the eye, but they may enable the plants to absorb that part of light which is most useful to them; certainly neither rose nor violet bear any appearance of having been painted for effect. They wear their charms as part and parcel of themselves, and not as laid upon them by trick of art. Forms of beauty, varieties of perfumes, melodies of sound, and delicacies of taste, have all a purpose above and beyond that which lies upon the surface; at any rate, they are not like the gilt in the saloon of a cafe, intended simply and only to attract attention. If Judas himself should ask of wisely provident

nature, as he saw her seemingly lavish expenditure, "To what purpose is this waste?" she could account for every farthing, although her sons have not yet learned to do so for her. The same truth strikes all Bible readers. We have in sacred writ no superfluous miracles; no wondering for mere wondering's sake; no language studied for effect of pompous oratory and the glitter of elocution; no doctrine taught without a practical end and aim. Jesus is ever the Prince of economists, and when His bounty is largest, He commands His disciples to gather up the fragments which remain, that nothing may be lost; He did not create so much as a crust for the purpose of show; there was a needs-be for all. His honoured servant, the Apostle of the Gentiles, could say to the Corinthians, "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching *was* not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." He could truly say, "Seeing then that we have such hope, we use great plainness of speech."—SPURGEON.

RED-HOT RELIGION.

WE have plenty of stale, insipid, lethargic, half-and-half religious life. The Church needs more caloric. The stove must have the damper open, and the grate shaken; and the dull heap of darkness must become a bright illumination.

Let us begin by more earnestness in *Bible reading*. How many years is it since you learned the shortest verse in the Bible, at your mother's knee, "Jesus wept?" "I have become familiar with the parables and miracles," you say; "it is almost impossible that I should find anything startling or surprising in that Book." It has become like an old fable. It ceases to make that deep, profound, and rousing impression upon our soul which it ought to make. Are you not aware of the fact that we need in the perusal of God's Word

an earnestness of soul we have never before felt? What is the Bible? It is a prescription for the worst of all illness. Suppose you had been sick for years and years, and all medical treatment had failed in your case, and some skilful one should come along and examine the symptoms of your disease, and write a prescription, saying, "I go by the next steamer into a far country, you will never see me again; do not lose that prescription. I am sure if you take the medicine there prescribed you will get well." How you would hold on to that prescription. You would say, "Everything depends upon my getting that prescription before the apothecary in the right shape, and my getting the right medicine." We are stricken by the leprosy of sin. The world comes and tries with its pleasures and honours to heal us, but it has always failed. Here is a divine prescription. Take it, and live; refuse it, and die. How we ought to hold on to it, and with what earnestness we ought now to take it. It is more than that. Suppose a captain is awakened in the night. The men who have had the management of the ship have been asleep and not minding their business. The vessel is among the breakers. The captain comes on deck with the chart. With what earnestness he looks at it now. Here is a rock and there is a rock; there is a lighthouse; here is a way of escape. So here is a map setting forth the perils of the sea in which we are voyaging; there are dangers all around about us. If the following of that chart does not get us out of the breakers, nothing will. With what earnestness we ought to examine it, and feel that it is a matter of heaven or hell whether or not we read it, and whether we read it right or wrong.

We need also more earnestness in the matter of *Prayer*. In childhood we begin with, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and we learn the Lord's Prayer, and then in after life we get a few formulas of prayer, and go on with the same thing year by year, as though we did not have every day new sins to confess, and new blessings for which to thank God. What is prayer? A doctor in the army said he was going over a battle-field after a great conflict. He had but few medicines, and there were enough men wounded to occupy twenty or thirty surgeons. He could only attend to a small part of the wounded. It was doleful, he said, to hear the cries of the wounded men. One cried out, "This artery is bleeding me to death, doctor; won't you bind it up?" And some one else cried,

"Doctor, can't you give me an anodyne to soothe this pain?" Hundreds of voices crying out all over the battle-field. Ah! that was prayer. We are wounded from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot—hurt with wounds that will be our death unless we have the divine surgeon come to our relief. Are we holding up these gashes of soul before Christ, our divine physician? Are we anxious for Him to come? That is prayer, and anything short of it is no prayer at all. We saw in one of the English journals a picture of the destruction of the "Northfleet" some time ago. You know how that vessel was anchored because of the rough sea—not venturing out very far. The afternoon went by, the evening came down, and in the darkness a steamer crashed into the "Northfleet," and she sank. Amid the excitement they got out the lifeboats; but the most of the passengers perished, three hundred going down to a watery grave. But a few got into the boats. We saw a picture representing a boat shoving off, and one man hanging outside the vessel, holding on, and begging that they would take him in that boat. Oh, it was a distressing picture! We could almost hear the man cry out, "Let me in; I won't be heavy; I can't die here! Let me in." Ah! that was the prayer of a dying soul for life. And if we could realize the position we occupy before God, going down in our sin and wretchedness, while the gospel lifeboat without is pulling away, with two oars and two wounded hands, for the beach, we would, from the depths of our anguish-stricken soul, offer up a prayer to God for mercy, and pardon, and life.

Further, we want more earnestness in the matter of *Christian work*. A brother comes into a prayer-meeting, and he stands up to speak a word for Christ. How tremulous he is! He says, "I wonder if the people will hear me." His heart is not thoroughly enlisted. He wonders who will criticise him. He wonders if such and such a person is present. Before he begins to speak for Christ he looks all around, to be sure such an one is not in the room. How he trembles! After a while he gets through, and he wonders whether he has made any mistakes, and he goes away asking his friend, "How did I do to-night? Did I get along well, or did I make a baulk?" He is not in earnest. There is another young man beside him. What does he care for rhetoric? He says, "Here are people that I must meet before the throne of God, and I have but three minutes to talk to them. I don't care what people say. It is between God and my soul, and their soul."

A Sabbath school teacher sits down before her class. She is not in earnest; she has no appreciation of the great work to which she is called. She thinks it a fine thing to be a Sabbath school teacher. She comes in and says to the class, "Fine day." Then she arranges her apparel; then she gives an extra twist to the curl, and looks at the apparel of all the children in the class.

A minister of the gospel comes on the Sabbath day into the ante-room of the church. He is not in earnest. He has just happened to get into the ministry. He says, "I wonder what the newspapers will say to-day. I wonder how many critics there will be in church. I wonder if that sharp-looking man that sat before me last Sabbath, looking at me through those spectacles, will be there to-day? I wonder if my hair is parted straight? I wonder how my cravat is tied? I wonder if my shoes have the 'right polish? I wonder if that gesture made a while ago is graceful?" The Sabbath goes by, and the people disperse to their homes; no saving impression is made, the Sabbath is dead, and will not live again until the resurrection.

Another man of God comes to the anteroom of the church. He says, "Now there will be two, or three, or four or five thousand people here this morning. What shall I say to them? I may be dead before next Sabbath. The people who will be in church to-day will never all be there again. It is my last chance at them. O God, help me now; if Thou never didst help me before, help me to-day." And then he comes before the people and looks out upon the audience, and says, "All these in fifty or seventy years will be gone. They will have heard their last offer of mercy and salvation. The trumpet of judgment will sound, and they will stand before the throne, and I will be there to. Alas! if on that day any of them can point to me, and hiss at me, and say, 'You didn't tell me the whole truth; you hid the fact that I was a sinner; I didn't know there was any hell. I hardly knew I was an immortal. You told me not of the judgment; and here I am, and the heavens are flaming, and the throne is set, and the doom is being pronounced, and I am lost, and it is your fault.'" Oh, how different then the preacher feels. How little he cares for what the world says of him. How his soul goes up to God in any agony of earnestness. How little he cares for the gesture or style of his apparel, or what the critics may say. It is a matter between himself and his God, and his hearers.

We were going from Camden to Philadelphia some years ago, very late at night, after a meeting. It was a cold winter night, and we stood on the deck of the ferry boat, impatient to get ashore. Before the boat came to the wharf, a man who stood on the outside of the chains slipped and dropped into the water. He was the only man that we ever saw overboard. It was a fearful night. The icicles had frozen on the wharf, and they had frozen on the steamer. The question was how to get the man up. The ropes were lowered, and we all stood with fearful anxiety, lest the man should not be able to grasp the rope; and when he grasped it and was pulled on to the deck, and we saw he was safe, although we had never seen him before, how we congratulated him. A life saved! Have we the same earnestness about getting men out of spiritual peril? Do we not go up and down in our prayer meetings and our Christian work, coldly saying, "Yes, there is a great deal of sin in the world; men ought to do better. I wish the people would become Christians. I think it is high time that men attended to their eternal interests;" and five minutes after we put our head on the pillow we are sound asleep, or from that consideration we pass out in five minutes into the utmost mirthfulness, and have forgotten it all. Meanwhile there is a whole race overboard. How few hands are stretched out to lift men out of the flood; how few prayers offered; how few earnest importunities; how little earnest Christian work. We do not know how this suits your case; we know it suits our own. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."—TALMAGE.

HINDRANCES.

NO one who endeavours to make himself acquainted with the subject can fail to know that multitudes in all sections of the Church of Christ are coming into the possession of the fulness of grace. Such a revival of the experience of holiness has never been since the world began. No single Church can claim that it is within its communion that witnesses to this doctrine are chiefly found. Whatever might have been the case in past years, that

time has for ever gone by. Ministers and people of all sections of the Church are pressing into the enjoyment of full salvation.

And yet there are other and far greater multitudes who retain their connection with the Church, and are looked on as consistent and valuable members, many of them holding office, who fail to go up and possess the inheritance of perfect love. In many instances these persons are not indifferent to the matter; but in others we fear there is, if not indifference, at any rate too little concern respecting it, and more than ordinary attention is needed that they may be roused to duty.

We know that many are hindered from attaining full salvation from sin by the doctrinal standard being placed too high. It may have been, in some cases, so placed by their instructors, but oftener they have placed it too high themselves. They hold very extreme opinions on the subject, and then think that their opinions must be the truth. Now, whenever the doctrine of full salvation is made to imply absolute holiness, freedom from fault, freedom from temptation and care, and from the ordinary trials of life, it is placed too high, and we do not wonder that sincere minds, feeling the impossibility of reaching such a standard, become hopeless, and shrink from the bare idea of professing such a state of grace. This shrinking cannot be condemned, but it is a calamity when sincere minds are hindered from attaining their privilege through misconceptions like these. If we diligently search the Scriptures of truth, we shall find that the amplest provision has been made for our salvation from sin, but shall be led into no absurd or impossible position by accepting what God has to offer us.

Probably some have been hindered from attaining holiness of heart through injudicious statements on the part of honest but unwise advocates. Or it may be that the seeker has thought of pains and penalties attached to the reception of holiness, and then elevated his own notions into the region of undoubted truth. Sometimes, with the sternness of the law of the Medes and Persians, we are told that if holiness of heart is to be obtained we must at once and for ever renounce this and that and the other thing. Now it cannot be doubted that God sometimes places a test before a seeker of full salvation. He is deliberately asked, "Can you forego this?" We would no more press upon the conscience of a seeker an immediate settlement of such questions as have impressed others,

than we would tell a seeker of pardon that he must take his rings off his fingers, or she must take the flowers out of her bonnet, before obtaining God's mercy. We would encourage them to come just as they are to Jesus, and leave them to act afterwards in accord with their enlightened conscience. The seeker of full salvation should not be troubled by questions about minor matters of practice in life. If he can be induced to accept God's gift of full salvation from sin, light will be given as needed upon other questions as they arise, and he will know what is best for him to do, and, if faithful, will do it, at whatever cost.

But we fear it is true that many are hindered from attaining full salvation because they are not clear in their enjoyment of justifying grace. There are many who will speak of some degree of Christian light and enjoyment, of appreciation of the sanctuary services, and of earnest Christian work, but who if pressed, would confess that they do not know just now that their sins are pardoned ; they have not the witness of the Spirit ; they have no victory over sin, and do not find heart-rest when they go before God in prayer.

There are two reasons for this experience.

Some have never been converted. We do not mean that they never had such powerful experiences as others when they came to the Saviour, but that they do not exercise a definite trust in God for acceptance through Christ. When we come to God for pardon, there must be a free, hearty full consent to all the terms on which salvation is offered. There must be a yielding up of ourselves to God in a hearty, unconditional surrender. There must be a simple acceptance of mercy, not as a gift of God to us in our misery and sin. Many have stopped short of this. They have become alarmed for their safety, have begun to read the Bible and to pray, have gladly listened to pious exhortations, and when solicited joined the Church, but without obtaining the assurance of conscious reconciliation with God. Some degree of comfort they have obtained, but not the sense of pardon. And there they rest to-day. It can be no wonder their religious duties do not afford them the help they desire, that prayer is a burden, and communion with God unknown. The only thing for such to do is to humble themselves before God, and to seek, by faith in Christ, reconciliation with Him.

Others, again, who once obtained justifying grace, have lost it. They ran well for a time, but were hindered. Reproach broke their

spirits, or opposition made them give up the struggle. They yielded to the temptation to do some questionable thing, and have continued the practice ; or they have adopted the maxims of the world, and following too closely its customs, have brought a cloud upon their souls, which has not been removed. Or they neglected communion with God, and left God's own book for others that were to them more attractive, and thus room was made in their hearts for evils that have never been repented of. We dare not say that they have no interest in divine things, but these backslidden Christians are a sad stumbling-block to others, and are not in a state in which the truths relating to full salvation will be at all welcome.

These are some hindrances out of many to the attainment of holiness. We urge all to whom our words shall come to allow nothing to hinder them from obtaining all that God offers for their acceptance. The most thorough dealing with all our soul matters is the way to true peace of conscience. Let us know where we stand, and henceforth be satisfied with nothing less than complete deliverance from sin, and the heart and life filled with love to God.

W. G. PASCOE, *in King's Highway.*

The Home.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

EXTRACTS FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS, BY JOHN MATHEWSON.

THE Word of God is the only book that conveys any idea of the sanctity and meaning of BLOOD. In God's eye blood was a sacred thing. We marvel not at this. By the instrument of blood Jehovah was to unfold the Divine character, illustrate His moral government, and achieve His miracles of mercy in behalf of fallen man, in a way so wonderful and resplendent as the intelligent and unintelligent universe had never beheld. That one thing—blood—was to fill the world with His glory, heaven with His redeemed, and eternity with His praise. Hence the sacredness and value of blood in God's view.

THE devoted Israelite, as he entered the temple to worship, would see blood upon the altar, blood upon the sides of the altar,

blood upon the bowls of the altar ; and in that blood, so profusely shed and so minutely applied, his penitent heart would confront the truth—"Without shedding of blood is no remission."

AMONG all precious things of God there is not one so precious, so inestimable, so influential, as "the precious blood of Christ:"

ALL salvation, all purity, all peace, all holiness, all hope, all heaven, is bound up in the atoning blood of Immanuel.

THERE is no acceptance for the sinner, nor cleansing for the guilty, nor pardon for the penitent, nor sanctification for the believer, but in the vicarious sacrifice of the Son of God.

WE should have Scriptural, spiritual, realizing views of this great truth,—the necessity of the application of it (the blood) to the conscience. How few there are who are walking with the blood upon the conscience. "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep."

THE blood of the sacrifice was of no avail until it was applied,—brought into contact with the object. That object, then, whether a person or thing, became relatively holy. Touched by the sacrificial blood, it was regarded as sanctified, as set apart for the Holy Lord God ; but until the blood was applied it was a common thing. How glorious a type of the gospel is this! The believing soul must come into contact with the atoning blood of Christ. Realizing our high calling of God, there must be the constant application of the blood in order to maintain holiness and closeness of walk with God, the essence of true religion.

A WOMAN, when dying, said to a friend who stood by:—"A blood-washed soul is the whitest thing in God's universe," and so it is. The most glorious object in creation, if examined closely, will be found to contain some flaw or defect,—some blemish. Not so, however, with a soul washed in the blood of Christ.

WHITER THAN SNOW.—What could possibly be whiter than snow? We are almost ready to say—there is nothing. Yet there is something that is whiter than snow. It is the heart that is washed in the blood of Jesus. "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean ; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—(Psalm li. 7.)

IF all the sins of the whole world were resting upon you, yet that blood, trusted in and applied, would in an instant wash them

all away, and render you fit for the presence and society of God. Nay, my friend, doubt anything, doubt everything, rather than question the efficacy of that blood.

THERE is but one way to heaven, and that is through the blood of Christ. You may be amiable, moral, affectionate and loving, yet if you are not in Christ by living faith,—if you have not sought pardon through his blood,—all your amiableness and morality will be of no avail, and will never secure you a place in heaven. Are *you* washed in the blood of the Lamb?

WONDERS OF ANIMAL GROWTH.

THE student of nature wonders the more and is astonished the less, the more conversant he becomes with her operations; but of all the perennial miracles she offers to his inspection, perhaps the most worthy of admiration is the development of a plant or of an animal from its embryo. Examine the recently laid egg of some common animal, such as a salamander or a newt. It is a minute spheroid, in which the best microscope will reveal nothing but a structureless sac, enclosing a glairy fluid, holding granules in suspension. But strange possibilities lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid, and yet so steady and purpose-like in their succession, that one can only compare them to those operated by a skilled modeller upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel, the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules not too large to build withal the finest fabrics of the nascent organism; and then, it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column, and moulded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at the one end and the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due salamandrine proportions in so artistic a way, that after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skilful manipulation to perfect his work.—*Prof. Huxley.*

THE blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odour, and no man can tell what becomes of its influence and example, that roll away from him and go beyond his ken on their mission.

A HASTY temper should be curbed; it hath often brought its possessor trouble, of which he hath repented at his leisure.

GREAT-GRANDMAMMA.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM furnishes to the *Christian World* the following touching stanzas :

She sits in the snuggest corner,
 And has many a word to say,
 To the women and men who labour,
 And the young who can only play.
 We say she is getting childish,
 For she laughs at the children's fun,
 But I think she is mostly merry
 Because of her life-tasks done.

Sometimes in the glow of the fire-light
 Her face has a happy smile ;
 We watch and we often wonder
 What pleasures her thoughts beguile ;
 But she thinks of the long-departed,
 The while she is musing thus ;
 And she whispers words fond and tender
 That never were meant for us.

O the flowers that have bloomed and faded,
 Since first in the " Lover's lane,"
 She gathered the blue-eyed blossoms,
 Making her meaning plain !
 O the snows that have come and melted
 Since the winter of long ago,
 When she plighted her troth to another,
 To love him for weal or woe !

O the miles that her feet have travelled !
 O the tasks that her hands have done,
 And the pain she has had to suffer
 Ere the rest and the peace are won !
 I look in her face with wonder—
 It is very serene and calm ;
 And sometimes, when she thinks none listen,
 She quavers a trustful psalm.

And I say, " Are you never weary
 For the heaven that comes so late ?
 Can you bless the delaying angel,
 And the Master who bids you wait ?

For me, I am oft impatient,
 Though the years of my life are few,
 And I cannot be glad to labour
 And wait for my rest, like you."

She smiles as she speaks her answer :
 "Sometimes I am weary, dear,
 And often my heart is lonely,
 For my darlings no longer here;
 But be sure that the loving Master
 Will choose for us both the best—
 The length of the day for labour,
 And the hour for evening rest."

So she waits in the snuggest corner,
 Away from the sharpest cold ;
 She is ever content and patient,
 She is dearer to us than gold ;
 But though we shall weep to miss her
 Whenever she goes away,
 We shall say, when the Master calls her,
 She is happy indeed that day.

LUCK AND LABOUR.

Last week two boys left their country homes to seek their fortunes in the city.

"I shall see what luck will do for me," said one.

"I shall see what labour can do for me," cried the other.

Which is the better to depend upon, luck or labour? Let us see.

Luck is always waiting for something to turn up.

Labour will turn up something.

Luck lies abed wishing.

Labour jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competency.

Luck whines.

Labour whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labour on character.

Luck slides down to indolence.

Labour strides upward to independence.

Which is likely to do most for you, boys?

DRIFTING.

UPON the walls of the Temple of Delphos was this motto : "Know thine opportunity." We sometimes meet people who appear to have been made for broad, heavy work, yet who seem to accomplish very little. They have failed to comprehend the needs of the hour, or else they have not understood how to make the most of their opportunity. Patient, snow-white souls, their entrance into the City of the Great King must certainly be sweet and restful ; yet it cannot be abundant, so feebly have they taken hold upon those around them to turn them heavenward. Swept into an eddy by the current, they have quite given up the idea of getting on any further. They will let the light of a pure life shine on the path of any who pass their way, and, somehow, in the better world the disappointments of this will be made up to them. They are rich in spiritual thought, for the lack of which the world is perishing. God has whispered to them things stronger and more helpful than what we hear in pulpits. While we listen to them we feel like shaking them out of their seclusion. Why are they idle—hoarding their wealth of knowledge and experience, while men and women are dying in ignorance and despair ? They shake their heads. "The Lord has hedged us from strong, high work. We are so proud and selfish and ambitious, He has found nothing safe for us but discipline and chastisement." But, good friends, worse people than you have their hands on the enginry of power. It is to be presumed that their souls are worth as much as yours. Why does not God put them under discipline also ? These stubborn good people will not reason. They have made up their minds, as resolutely as any fatalists could do, that the Lord is responsible for their small chance of usefulness, and it is all they can do to keep sweet under the trial. The fact is, they have failed to trust Christ to save them from the evil of their own hearts. They are trying by asceticism, in a mild form, to accomplish what can be wrought only by the blood of the Atonement. They believe, as all true believers in His Word must do, that God will direct their paths. They have had a severe struggle with preference and self-will. It has been like death to give up the world, and take Jesus only for friend and counsellor and guide. They have reached the point of submission, and of trust for divine guidance ; and now, instead of understanding

the paradox that Christians are never so much alive for the work of God as when they are "dead, and their life hid with Christ in God," they are drifting indolently upon the current. They are so afraid of the old snare of self-guidance, they forget that the Lord guides His children through their consecrated reason and judgment, and it is their duty to use their mental powers to their very utmost for His work.

Probably there is no greater danger to thoroughly consecrated people than this quietistic tendency. God sets one before an open door, through which he may pass to broad usefulness. He "commits" this "way" to the Lord and asks for divine guidance, as he is not sure the thing is of God. Now, I suppose, the best method would be to trust Christ to purify his motives, as they are quite out of his own reach, and strengthen him for what this may mean to him—this new work; then, claiming the promise of wisdom, instead of waiting for signs or wonders, impressions or special texts marvelously discovered, let him use his own good sense in determining his course. While he is waiting a special revelation of the divine will, the chance may go by. As he plods along in the old, narrow lines, he may console himself that providence hindered him from entering upon the arena of strong endeavour. Not so. God meant that work for him, but he lacked the energy and courage and faith necessary to entering upon it.

Probably God guides his children by a preternatural enlightenment of their judgment. He means them to use their own powers as far as they go, and when they are at their wits' end He is ready to supplement their ignorance by His infinite wisdom. We may cry for bread till we starve; God will not put loaves on the trees for us while we know enough to make them for ourselves and have the means within reach. Our judgment is His gift, and it is best for us to be obliged to use it, and thus develop its power. It would be no trouble for the Lord to decide all questions for us and let us know His decisions, but what strength would we have if he treated us thus? How much would a child learn if his mother did all his work for him? or a student, if his teacher wrought all his problems? This submitting our judgment completely to God and yet using it to its utmost in deciding our course, makes for us close work. We have to walk upon a line as narrow as the bridge upon which Mohammed's followers must pass into paradise; but for the all-sufficient grace it would be useless to make the attempt.

God's work loses much from the wilful self-guidance of some of His children. Perhaps it loses quite as much from the indolent shirking of responsibility, the drifting, the waiting for something to turn up that shall save the trouble of a decision on the part of others. "God helps those who help themselves." According to an old story, a poor fellow whose cart was stuck in the mud, called lustily for Hercules to help him out of his trouble. "Thou fool!" was the response, "put thy shoulder to the wheel, and whip the oxen."

God has promised to give wisdom liberally if we ask Him, and He will not upbraid our stupidity; but it is when we "lack." As long as we have any of our own, we must put it to the best use. We shall ordinarily find the supply short enough. The world's harvest is great, and the labourers few. Let us purpose to use our very best thought and strength, that we may garner a few sheaves for our Master.

LIFE IN ITS RELATION TO GOD.

To Him we are under immense and perpetual obligations. He gave us our life originally—forming our bodies, and endowing us with that capacity for thought and affection which so signally elevates us above all the creatures which have ascended from the dust into animal existence. He restored to us our life after that we had sinned it away in the great primal lapse—surrendering His own Son for the achievement of the momentous restoration. He prolongs our life from day to day—conferring each moment the essentials of existence which that moment demands; and bestowing with lavish liberality the benefactions which brighten our skies, and illumine our ways and carry rapture to our hearts. He has, therefore, an unquestioned right to the use of our life. Any claims He may levy on it are evidently righteous and appropriate. And He does levy on it. He demands our separation from sin—that our thoughts and affections and hands and feet, divorce themselves from all that is unclean. He demands our consecration to His service—that all our studies be in His fear, all our worship be laid on His altar, all our talents be at work in His vineyard, all our monies be circulating in channels of His appointment, all our beauties be flashing forth His praise, and all our tides of music be moving to the honour of His name. Are we meeting these claims? Are we conformed to His will? Are we abounding in His service? Are we exulting amid indisputable indications of acceptance and heirship? Is God our God? Filled, thrilled with His presence, can we sing

"All my capacious powers can boast
In Thee most richly meet;
'Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Or friendship half so sweet."

REV. DR. HOLMES.

CALVINISM DYING.

THE decay of Calvinism among the Calvinistic Dissenters of England is one of the most remarkable religious phenomena of the age. The Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, one of their most distinguished ministers, on Feb. 14 began a series of five lectures on the annihilation of the wicked—which he opposes, as well as the “mediæval dogma of eternal punishment:”—in the Brixton Independent Church. In the first discourse he uses this language :

Let me say an earnest word to those who cling tenaciously to the ancient doctrine, which seems to them to be consecrated by the belief of ages, and which they take for granted, without much thoughtful study of the matter for themselves, is the doctrine of the Divine Word. To cast a doubt on the orthodox belief, that the Creator and Ruler of men has chosen by his sovereign will to elect an uncertain but limited number of men to eternal life, to make them by his grace holy, and happy for eternity, while the rest, the great multitude of men, are, I will not say doomed, but left to bear the penalties of sin in the shape of eternal tortures—I say to cast a doubt on this orthodox belief is, with many whom I am addressing, equivalent to denying the truth of the gospel, and handing over the ark of God to his foes. I would that my words were strong enough to induce them to believe that such a gospel of the God who “is love,” has become incredible. Man in these days, and still more in the future days, *never can* believe it. How it was possible that he ever should believe it, I hope to explain in some measure next Sunday evening. But belief in it is no longer possible. To persist in preaching it, and to insist that your teachers shall preach it, is to drive men—the great world to which you preach, into open infidelity. How far the world has been already driven into infidelity by the preaching of such a gospel, look around you and see. The attitude of science with relation to religion, which is one of the vital, spiritual questions of our times, is simply, at heart, the inevitable protest of the honest, human intellect, fairly awake and energetic, against a narrow, selfish, exclusive, and therefore wholly incredible, theology. The ideas of the character and methods of the Creator and Ruler of all these worlds, which our theology has proclaimed, have been found impossible of belief, in the light of free intelligence, and human sympathy and charity. The result has been a strong current of thought and feeling against religion in any form, as a narrowing and blinding doctrine, putting a veil between man’s eyes and the truth. So long as we persist in fighting for, and promulgating incredible dogmas, so long will this antagonism to religion in any shape widen and deepen.

HOW little of the sea can a child carry in his hand! As little do I take away of my great sea, the boundless love of Christ.

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

PART II.—UNFAITHFUL.

CHAPTER VI.

TOO LATE.

WHAT a sight that room was when I went in! I told you there were more locked-up boxes and drawers there than anywhere else in the house, which no one had ever seen opened; but now all their contents were strewed and scattered about the floor. Well: the old master's mother must have been as fond of hoarding as he was, only she had hoarded clothing; and there were all her old satin dresses and petticoats, and high-heeled slippers, and laces and linen, all faded and mildewed. There was also good warm clothing that might have kept many a poor creature from dying of cold, but now it was moth-eaten and useless. I saw packets of yellow letters and a miniature portrait or two lying amongst them. But I could not wait to look well at these things. I pressed on to the head of the bed, drew the old tattered curtain aside, and looked down on the master's face.

Was he dead? The poor withered face lay on the pillow, with its mouth fallen half open, and its filmy eyes staring with a look of terror such as I never saw before or since. I spoke to him softly, then loudly, and laid my hand upon the bent and crooked fingers which seemed to be grasping at something. After that I knew it was true. He was dead!

There was no one in the room with me, for there had been a little scuffle with the thieves, and they had been dragged by our neighbours into the room beyond. But at my sudden cry one of them came running in quickly. He saw in a moment what had happened; and quietly, as if awe-struck at the terrible face of the corpse, he drew me away out of the room, and himself locked the door, and said he would carry the key at once to the police station.

How it was I cannot tell. Neither he nor I spoke a word of it; but whether it was from our faces, or from him locking the door so silently, but the truth seemed to flash upon all the rest. The thieves themselves were struck dumb for a minute, and then one of them cried out with a loud and terrified voice,

"We never laid a finger on him," he said; "aw swear 't, by God A'mighty. Rebecca, speak for me! Thou knows aw could na' have th' heart to kill an ou'd man like him. Rebecca, doesn't thee know me? See! Aw'm Robin Cherrick, thy sweetheart i' th' ou'd time, as th' ou'd measter persuaded thee to turn off. Eh! lass, if

thee had been true to me, aw should never ha'e come to such a pass as this !"

I turned about to look for Rebecca, and there she stood, with a face like death, only her dark eyes were fastened upon the man that had spoken, and her lips moved as if she were speaking, though no sound came through them. All at once, before any of us could run to her, she fell down on the floor like one dead.

Some of them carried her upstairs and laid her on her bed, and I was left alone with her to bring her back to her senses. I could hear many strange sounds down in the house below : voices and footsteps echoing through the desolate rooms, and such a stir, and noise, and confusion all about him, as would have brought the old master back to life again if there were any way of stepping back over the threshold he had just crossed. My own mind seemed to be wandering, as if I were passing through a frightful dream : only there was Rebecca's face, white and rigid, with lips close set, under my very eyes, and her heart scarcely beating when I laid my hand upon it.

I almost thought she was dead too ; but after a long while I saw her eyelids quiver a little, and a deep, heavy sigh came through her parted lips. I had no light save a small farthing candle, such as had been burning in the master's room ; and her face looked ghastly with the hair all ruffled about it. I did not speak to her, but I bathed her forehead again with some cold water.

"Mrs. Transome?" she whispered.

"Ay, it's me," I said : "you're very ill, Rebecca. Lie quiet, my dear."

She lay still as I bade her for a few minutes ; but she was busy thinking and remembering what had happened. All at once she started up, and clung to me like a child that had been scared and frightened.

"Was there anybody robbing the master?" she asked, in a hurried but faint voice.

"Hush, my dear!" I said. "Yes, there have been thieves in the house, but they're taken away now."

"Did any of them say his name?" she asked again.

"Ay," I answered.

"Tell me what it was," she said eagerly ; "don't be afraid to tell me."

"Robin Cherrick," I answered ; "who is he, Rebecca ? Tell me all about it, my poor dear !"

She had fallen back again upon the bed, and had hidden her face in the pillow, but all her body was shaken by her heavy sobs. It was a long, long time before she could speak to me again.

"You're a kind woman," she said, "and poor old Transome was a good-hearted man. He knew Robin, he did. He was my sweet-

heart, and we were going to be wed on Whit-Monday, only master persuaded me to give him up. Eh, and I had promised to be his wife scores and scores of times! Master said he'd give me a thousand pounds; and it seemed such a mint of money; and Robin did not get a good wage, for he was only a letter carrier; and I never thought master 'ud live so long. So I told Robin to wait a while: and he got into bad ways, and he stole a letter with money in it, and he got five years for that. I was fond of him—as fond as you were of Transome, I'm sure. Often and often I've wished I'd married him, if we'd been as poor as Job. And I went myself to fetch folks in to catch him! Oh, if I'd only known as it was Robin! He'd have hearkened to me, maybe, and left the house quietly; but now he'll go to jail, and I must bear witness against him. Let me get up. Perhaps I could persuade master to let him off. He ought to let him off, for it's all through him and his money that Robin took to bad ways. Oh, it's a curse to have anything to do with a rich old man, when you're waiting for his money!"

She pushed me away with all her might, and was getting up to go and beg of her master to have pity on Robin Cherrick, but my next word stopped her.

"It's too late, my dear," I said, "he's taken to jail already."

"Oh, Robin; Robin!" she cried, in such a lamentable voice as made me tremble, "it's years since I saw him: and now it's me that has given him up to go to jail. If I'd only kept true to him when master tempted me with his thousand pounds! He'd have made a good man, I know; as good as your old Transome was. But I'll make the master do all he can to get him off as light as possible. If he doesn't I'll leave him to-morrow, and lose the money after all."

But I was silent, and my face was very sorrowful. She looked at me closely, and drew my head down closer to hers, and whispered in a very frightened voice,

"Has anything else happened?" she asked.

"Rebecca," I said, "our old master is gone where he can do nothing for himself or you, with all his riches."

She stared at me for a few moments with glaring eyes; and after that she screamed again and again like a maniac, till the doctor came up from the floor below to see what was the matter with her. It was a long while before he could control her; and then he gave her a draught, which present'ly threw her into a sound sleep.

I was now free to go downstairs. Through the long, narrow window on the staircase I saw the dawn breaking, in clear grey light, with rosy clouds floating across the east, already bright from the shining of the unrisen sun. It seemed strange to me just then to have the idea of heaven come across me; with Transome dwelling in the light of God's presence, and me here in the dark world,

amidst sin, and misery, and death. It was Sunday morning when Christ rose from the dead; and close behind this thought of death came the thought of the resurrection. But how should he arise, the dead soul in the chamber below, who had passed away in terror and affright, taking nothing with him of all his riches, and having no treasures laid up for him beyond the grave?

CHAPTER VII.

A STRANGE SABBATH DAY.

DOWNSTAIRS there was a concourse of strange people about. Two or three policemen, a doctor, and Mr. Saunders, the lawyer. Mr. Saunders called me into the parlour as I passed the door.

"You are as likely as anybody to tell us where Philip Champion can be found," he said; "he is your master's next relative and heir-at-law, if he has made no will."

"But I thought you had made his will, sir," I answered.

"Not I," he said. "He was often talking about it; but I could never persuade him to give me the necessary instructions. It is possible he has made one himself; but we cannot find any in his cabinet."

Down, down sank my heart; for I knew nothing of law or inheritance. The old man had not kept his promise to me, or to Rebecca. Then I remembered that our Lord Himself never inherited money, and was a poor man all His life. Why should I desire the charge of riches for Philip, whose only wish was to be like his Master?

"If there is no will," said the doctor, "young Champion takes every penny, I suppose? A hundred thousand, some folks say."

"And half as much again added to that," answered Mr. Saunders. "Yes, yes, Philip Champion comes into it all!"

I think it frightened me to hear there was so much money coming to my Philip,—Pippin, my little scholar. I sank down on the nearest chair, so shaken I was. I had only reckoned on his getting a few thousand pounds; such as would provide comfortably for him all his life without his running into peril by the sea, as his father, Captain John Champion, had done. But a hundred and fifty thousand! That was more than my mind could take in. "Lord," I said in my heart, "give Thy blessing with it, and add no sorrow to it."

A strange Sabbath-day was that; so different from any other in my life, that even now, often of a Sunday morning, when I awake, the remembrance of it spoils and sullies all the peace and gladness that used to come with the dawning of that day. It seems to me as if I should never know it again, until I awake to the Sabbath of that home with God, where no worrying week-days come. I had been used to escape from the weary care of our master's dismal

house to the quiet of my own cottage, where I could gather strength and comfort for the week. But that Sunday I could not quit the house, with all those strange men about it. As for finding a nook for myself, where I could collect my thoughts a little, and have a quiet spell over my Bible, that was out of the question, save for a few minutes, by the side of Rebecca's bed, while she still slept. But she roused up soon after noontide, and gave me no rest with asking questions about Robin Cherrick, who by this time was fast bound in Lancaster jail, or in some secure place, maybe, nigh at hand. All I could tell her was that there would be a coroner's inquest early the next morning.

But after nightfall the place grew quiet. Mr. Saunders, who had been searching through every desk and drawer for a will, was gone; and the master's room was locked up carefully, as though it contained some precious treasure. One policeman alone remained to guard it. Then—but how can I tell you the awful stillness that seemed to gather and brood over the place which held the corpse of the poor miser? Rebecca, who had been wailing and weeping all day, fell into silence, as though she dared not hear the sound of her own voice. The wind moaned through the empty rooms in the other part of the house, and whistled through the keyhole, but there was nothing else to be heard; though we held our breath, and listened—listened as though we might perhaps catch the old man's footfall, or the jingling of his keys, in the locked-up room overhead. It grew fearsome at last—that silence like the grave.

"Rebecca," I said, "I'll read a verse or two up loud."

My voice sounded through the stillness as if I had shouted out the words. I opened my Bible at random, as I remember mother used to do when I was a girl, if she lacked special comfort or direction. I had never done it myself, but that night it came natural to me. Surely if my mother ever needed special comfort through the common troubles of her country life, I needed it more sorely in that trouble. But my eye fell upon these words, and I kept silence, and did not read them aloud to Rebecca:—

"The rich man shall lie down, but he shall not be gathered: he openeth his eyes, and he is not.

Terrors take hold on him as waters; a tempest stealeth him away in the night.

The east wind carrieth him away, and he departeth; and a storm hurleth him out of his place.

For God shall cast upon him, and not spare: he would fain flee out of His hand.

Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place."

Even when I nodded a little in my chair, slumbering for very heaviness of heart, I seemed to hear a voice repeating over and over again, "Hiss him out of his place!"

Missionary Department.

SOUTH SEAS, RAROTONGA.

THIS island is one of the Hervey group, and was discovered by the martyr of Erromanga, Rev. John Williams, in 1823. The natives were most debased, and for a long time none of the teachers could make any impression upon them. Since then, a blessed change has been effected. The entire aspect of society is changed, from the savage to the civilized ; and misery, and strife, and bloodshed have given place to the comforts and amenities of social life. Education is generally sought for, and the members of the Church adorn their profession, and the entire Bible is now translated into the Rarotonga dialect.

The London Missionary Society, under whose labours such glorious changes have been effected in Polynesia, are endeavouring, as far as possible, to make all the missions self-sustaining, and are now maturing plans whereby the native churches may become entirely independent of all foreign aid and control. An institution has been established for the preparation of a native ministry, which promises to be a great blessing. It is a matter to be deplored, that intoxicating drinks should have found their way to these beautiful islands, and produced scenes of a most demoralising description. The missionary, Rev. J. Chalmers, has established a Rechabite society, with a view to stay the progress of the evil. The death of a member of the royal family in a season of drunken revelry, caused several influential persons to aid the missionary in his temperance campaign, which has been productive of great good. A law for the suppression of the sale of liquor has been enacted, and the king insists that it shall be enforced ; so that it is hoped it may not be like some other laws—a failure.

There have been some happy deaths among the Rarotongans. A native preacher's wife died, to whom he had been married fifty-two years, and for forty years she was united with the Church. She said she was "going home." The night after her death, the old man never retired to rest, but spent the night in prayer. He refused to wear mourning, and said : " My one half has gone to heaven to be with Jesus, where I will soon follow her. Dress in white."

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

These islands contain a population of more than 80,000, and were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778. In 1820, the American Board of Foreign Missions sent their agents to labour among the people, and in less than 50 years, the whole population renounced idolatry and worshipped the true God. Much evil resulted to the native converts by associating with abandoned sailors and others from England and America. Thousands, however, gave evidence of the reality of their spiritual change, and the whole islands soon presented a different aspect to what they had done in the days of heathenism. "A new nation has been born into the family of Christian nations." To bring about this intellectual, moral, religious and social new creation of the Hawaiian nation, the American Board has expended \$817,383; the American Bible Society, \$41,500; and the American Tract Society, \$23,800; in all, \$882,683; less than it costs to build one line-of-battle ship, and keep it in service for a single year.

A Romanist mission was attempted in these islands in 1827, under the influence of the French nation, but it signally failed. In 1862, Bishop Staley commenced a Reformed Catholic mission. So extreme was the ritualistic development, that the Hawaiian people looked upon the "Reformed Catholic religion" as so much like the other, that they thought they might as well follow the latter religion if they should relinquish the one they had already embraced.

In the latter part of 1874, the United States was in a state of great excitement. Our neighbours boast of their republicanism, yet, when a scion of royalty visits their shores they become jubilant. So it was on this occasion; the King of Hawaii made a royal entry to Washington. He is the first reigning monarch that has ever visited the United States, and is said to be a good English scholar and speaks the language fluently; he is only 35 years of age, and is six feet in stature. He came to America partly to see the country, and also to form a treaty with the Government, so that there may be reciprocity between the nation of which he is the head, and America.

How grand have been the achievements made in these islands! Here are a people who half a century ago were deeply sunk in barbarism and idolatry, and now they form a nation among whom all the civilisations of life have been introduced. What has

made this marvellous change? Not science, not education, but the Gospel as preached by men who have gone forth knowing nothing among men but Christ and Him crucified. If the American Board of Missions had accomplished nothing but what has been done in these islands, it would have been worth all the labour of men and money which they have expended.

THE MORAVIAN CHURCH.

The Missionary Society of this Church is among the oldest in the world, having been established in 1732. The Church only contains about 21,000 members; yet, on an average one in fifty is a missionary; for every member at home, they have nearly three members in the foreign field. They have 16 missionary fields, many in the most difficult and dangerous locations—in frozen Greenland and Labrador, among the lepers in South Africa, in hot and pestilential Surinam, Demerara, and the West Indies, in Central Asia, Australia and among the North American Indians. They have 100 mission stations, with 3,767 labourers, 310 schools and 69,401 converts—over three times their home membership. Their missions are heavily in debt, while in addition, their two missionary ships were recently wrecked on the mosquito coast of Central America.

The missionaries of this Church have been renowned for their heroism. Twenty-two met an untimely end by shipwreck, *one* was murdered by the Esquimaux in Labrador, and *one* by the Indians near Guadenhutten, and *ten* were shot or burnt to death on the Mahoney, in North America.

An excellent writer says, the Moravian mission to Thibet is a monument of the patient perseverance of the men who first began and continue to labour in the mission. They occupy the advanced post of the Christian Church in the direction of Chinese Tartary and Central Asia generally.

THE JEWS.

There are several societies whose object it is to spread the Gospel among God's ancient people. The oldest of these is "the London Society for Promoting the Gospel among the Jews," which was formed in 1803, and at its recent anniversary the income

was reported to be \$186,585, being an increase of nearly \$10,000 during the year. The society employs about 100 missionaries, several of whom are converted Jews. Great good has been accomplished by preaching, circulating the Scriptures, and instructing the young. The missionaries labour chiefly in London, Germany, Russia, and other countries in Europe, besides Palestine, and Asia, chiefly in Smyrna.

MAY MEETINGS.

The lovely month of May is the great anniversary season in London. Hundreds of Christians repair to the metropolis from all parts of the country to take part in those grand festive occasions. Somewhere about 70 societies, having for their object the proclamation of the Gospel among the heathen, present their claims before the public. The total amount raised for this purpose in the British Isles exceeds \$5,160,880, probably the largest amount ever obtained for foreign missions in one year in the kingdom.

The various branches of the Methodist Church are amongst the most liberal contributors. These include the Wesleyan, Methodist New Connexion, Methodist Free Church, Primitive Methodist and Bible Christians, which jointly raise about \$1,215,440.

It is indeed heart-cheering to find that nearly all the great philanthropic societies report progress, both in spiritual and financial matters. While we are not of those who are dissatisfied if successes cannot be tabulated, yet we are encouraged when they can be. The incomes of the different societies, large as they are, can be much greater, and no doubt next year they will show a greater increase than in past years. If they do not, we fear, after all, that the great revival has not done all it ought. The deeper the spiritual life the greater will be our pecuniary contributions.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

This Society aims to give God's Word, without note or comment, to the world. Its income amounts to \$1,110,310. Its issues have now reached 73,750,538. In almost all parts of the world the society has its agents and colporteurs. The anniversary, which is always held on the first Wednesday in May, is among the most numerously attended of all the May meetings, and usually the

speaking is of a very high order, and we feel sure that at the late anniversary the speaking would not be behind that of former years. Earl Shaftesbury occupied the chair, and the various resolutions were moved and seconded by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Revs. Dr. Punshon, Earl Fortescue, J. Richardson, M.A., Dr. Mullens, C. H. Spurgeon, and Dr. Lachlan Taylor. Such a galaxy of names are not often found in connection with one public meeting.

The *American Bible Society* is next in size to that of the British and Foreign, and held its anniversary in New York on May 13th. The receipts were \$577,569. The total issues in 9 years are 31,893,332.

The *Religious Tract Society* comes next to the Bible Society. Its anniversary was held the day following that of the former. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached the annual sermon from the words, "The leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations." From the report presented at the annual meeting, we gather that the total circulation of books, tracts and periodicals had reached 46,536,057, being 1,733,597 more than in the previous year. There was an increase of income of \$30,000. Among other excellent addresses which were delivered, we take pleasure in extracting the following from that of Canon Tristram, F.R.S., who said he supported the society for other reasons as well as for its evangelistic or Protestant tone. It was the best ally and helper of mission work over the world. Its periodicals, especially the "Leisure Hour," contained articles of the highest scientific and literary merit, and this without any departure from the old faith and revelation. Lastly, as a minister he found the society saved him much time and trouble, for he could accept and circulate without hesitation whatever bore their imprimatur.

From the report presented at the annual meeting of the *American Tract Society*, which has just been held, we learn that 164 new publications were issued during the past year, 39 of which were volumes. In 50 years the issues have been 5,624, of which 1,133 were volumes. The income amounts to \$652,872.

Thirty-four years ago the system of missionary colportage was inaugurated by the society, the statistical results of which is as follows: Time employed equal to the services of one man for 59,250 months; 10,503,696 volumes sold; 2,780,066 volumes granted;

376,298 religious meetings held or addressed; 11,495,780 family visits made; 625,870 families conversed with on personal religion, or prayed with; 1,568,495 Protestant families habitually neglecting evangelical preaching; 919,846 families of Roman Catholics, and 579,510 Protestant families destitute of the Bible; 95,363 families destitute of all religious books except the Bible; foreign grants during the year, 155,000.

REVIVALS.

Many years ago Dr. Chalmers was pleased to designate Methodism as "Christianity in earnest." The mission of the "people of God called Methodists" has always been to spread holiness, but in these latter days every Christian must rejoice that not only are Methodists labouring as evangelists to promote holiness, but all evangelical denominations are imitating the Methodists in this respect, that they do not seem to be content with using ordinary means to diffuse the Gospel, but they have recourse to special efforts in order that sinners may be converted, and the knowledge of the Saviour's name extended.

In our day we certainly see and hear of times of blessing. Take the following in illustration: Messrs. Moody and Sankey continue their evangelistic labours in the metropolis at the Victoria Theatre, at the Agricultural Hall, and at her Majesty's Opera House. The latter building is always full, and the long lines of carriages waiting in the neighbouring streets tell of the influence this work is exerting in West End circles. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Constance Gower, the Duke and Duchess of St. Alban's, and other representatives of the "upper ten thousand," have gone to hear for themselves. The other Sunday Mr. Gladstone attended Mr. Moody's service at the Agricultural Hall. In Leeds a fortnight's mission has been conducted by the Nonconformist churches, which has resulted in the conversion of thousands. At Gravesend 200 souls were converted at one church in two weeks. In Hull upwards of 500 souls were converted during a fortnight's mission conducted by the Wesleyans. In the same town Rev. G. Warner, Primitive Methodist, conducted a fortnight's service for the promotion of holiness, and many sinners were converted and many believers were sanctified. Most of the societies in Hull were favoured with additions of members.

The Rev. R. Pearsall Smith is carrying on his revivalistic movements on the continent. A Berlin paper speaks as follows of Mr. Smith's labours in the German metropolis: "It is hardly too much to say that he has produced so deep an impression on the religious life of the city as will make his name a household word in religious circles for years to come. He was summoned to the Imperial Palace, and his name was the subject of familiar talk in the artizans' cellars. When on the first two nights 2,000 persons crowded into a hall intended to seat little more than half the number, the Emperor was appealed to; and hearing what was going on, graciously granted the use of the garrison church—the largest ecclesiastical building in Berlin—for the services of the three last evenings." Ministers and laymen were invited to a free conference. High officials in the Church were there; Dr. Hegel, son of the great philosopher, and President of the Brandenburg Consistorium; Dr. Buchsel, general superintendent or bishop of several provinces, many other clergymen, with many country people in more humble circumstances. Dr. Buchsel made the following solemn declaration: "Brethren, we have of late been throwing ourselves with all our force into politics—secular politics, ecclesiastical politics—but we have neglected the politics of the heart. Let us listen to our brother's voice and practise these." On Friday five meetings were held, one of them being a private gathering at the house of his Excellency Herr von Bulow, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. On Monday, Mr. Smith spoke for the last time in Berlin, at the American Embassy, to about 100 persons, whom Mr. Bancroft Davis had invited to hear him. On Sunday evening, after his last public service closed, the benediction had been pronounced, and the closing lines sung, not a single human being of the great crowd moved, for the people were spell-bound, and only looked on in deep silence. When Mr. Smith was quite gone, a movement was made; but when it was known that he was in the vestry, hundreds of men and women, youths and maidens, boys and girls, hurried in, and many a tear was shed by these while bidding him adieu.

• For the last three weeks special religious services have been held daily at the Church of the Holy Trinity (Dr. S. H. Tyng's), in New York, in which clergymen of various denominations have taken part. These meetings have been profitable to the large congregations in

attendance. An amusing incident occurred one night. Mr. Bonham read a long sermon on "The Carnal Mind," which was followed by a hortatory address delivered by the Rev. G. J. Mingins, of the city mission. Dr. Tyng then stepped down from the platform to the broad aisle, and said: "We have had the testimony; now let us have the verdict." He held in his hand cards reading in this wise: "I take God the Father to be my God; I take God the Son to be my Saviour; I take God the Holy Ghost to be my sanctifier; I take the Word of God to be my rule; I dedicate myself to God now and for ever," etc. "Can you all write your names on the back of that card?" said Dr. Tyng, with fervour. "Let all who can, rise." The whole congregation got up save four or five young men at the very rear of the church. Dr. Tyng saw them, and paced up and down the aisle, remarking that there were four or five young men present who did not give their testimony. He would not wound their feelings by pointing them out, but he could not let the opportunity pass of admonishing and inviting them to come forward. He alluded to them as being in the vigour of manhood, and strong in mind and body; and, therefore, he exhorted them fervidly and pathetically not to wait until gray hairs crown their heads before declaring themselves on God's side. Still the hard-hearted sinners sat firm, the doctor meanwhile pacing to and fro, in anxiety of spirit. At last he exclaimed: "Let us pray for these hesitant young men." And thereupon the whole congregation kneeling, he made an earnest supplication in their behalf—one which ought to have moved a heart of stone. And still they sat, and nothing was left but to dismiss the penitent many and the impenitent half-dozen with the benediction. It only remains to add that, when the clergyman who sends us this account passed out, he was somewhat surprised to see that all the stony-hearted young men were students in the General Theological Seminary!

We have been greatly pleased and profited by what we have read respecting the "Conferences on Religion," which have been held by our Presbyterian brethren in the various synods in Canada. We have thus been reminded again and again of the conversations respecting the work of God, which regularly take place in the Conferences of our Fathers in England. Now that the Methodist Church in Canada has been divided into several annual conferences, we trust that, after this year at least, more time will be occupied in such conversations than has been wont

for some years past, owing in a great measure to the want of time, arising from the great press of business that must needs be transacted within a limited period.

Of late years, there has been much interchange between England and America, and it would seem that there will be still more. Dr. Parker, of London, in a letter to an American contemporary, says he hopes to have a succession of American ministers in his pulpit at the City Temple. He suggests that fifty men from each country might exchange pulpits for eight Sundays during this year.

We go to press too early to report the state of the work in the Methodist Churches of the Dominion. We will endeavour to give full particulars respecting all the conferences in our next. We may state, that as far as we can gather from the returns made at the various District Meetings, there will be a very gratifying increase in the membership of the Church. The union between the Wesleyan and New Connexion Churches is likely to prove a great blessing. During the first week in May, every day was occupied with Connexional Committees. We were pleased to find that there was a gratifying report from the Book Room, and that a branch has been opened in Montreal conducted by Mr. Coates, for many years connected with the establishment in Toronto. Rev. D. Savage was also appointed assistant editor of the *Guardian*, so that doubtless our noble *confrere* will be much improved by the addition thus made to its editorial staff.

There were a great many applications from the Eastern Conferences for transfers, but the transfer committee thought that, in view of the fact that there was likely to be an abundance of men in the London Conference, it would not be wise to increase the number at present, hence only a few transfers were granted to meet certain emergencies. The machinery of the Church has become so vast and ponderous, that great care will need to be exercised, lest there should be friction.

GENEROSITY during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

TENDER WORDS FOR WEARY MOTHERS.

BY MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee—
 Your tired knee that has so much to bear,
 A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
 From underneath a thatch of tangled hair :
 Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
 Of warm moist fingers holding you so tight ;
 You do not prize this blessing over much ;
 You are almost *too tired* to pray to-night !

But it *is* blessedness ! A year ago
 I did not see it as I do to-day—
 We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
 To catch the sunshine till it slips away !
 And *now* it seems surpassing strange to me
 That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
 I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
 The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
 You missed the elbow from the tired knee—
 This restless curling head from off your breast—
 This lisping tongue that chatters constantly ;—
 If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
 And ne'er would nestle in your palm again—
 If the white feet into the grave had tripped ;—
 I could not blame you for your heartache then !

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
 At little children clinging to their gown,
 Or that the foot-prints, when the days are wet,
 Are ever black enough to make them frown !
 If I could find a little muddy boot,
 Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor—
 If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
 And hear it patter in my home once more—

If I could mend a broken cart to-day—
 To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
 There is no woman in God's world could say
 She was more blissfully content than I.
 But ah ! the dainty pillow next my own
 Is never rumpled by a shining head—
 My singing birdling from its nest is flown,
 The little boy I used to kiss is dead !

[To those dear mothers and fathers who do miss the "little elbow," and cannot help weeping over these lines, familiar to some but not to all our readers, we would say, If the Good Shepherd has gathered your little lamb in His arms, and is now carrying it in His bosom, for "of such is the kingdom of heaven," will you not let Him also draw you to Himself, and satisfy your empty, bleeding heart with His own inexhaustless love ?]



CALENDAR

Prepared for *Earnest Christianity* by Rev. GEO. H. CORNISH.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

New Moon 3rd day, 0hrs., 7min., P.M. | Full Moon 18th day, 8hrs., 9min., A.M.
 First Quar. 10th " 5 " 22 " A.M. | Last Quar. 25th " 3 " 21 " P.M.

July, in the old Roman Calendar, was the fifth month of the year, and named Quintilis; but after the death of Julius Cæsar, it was in honour of him named Julius or July, because he was born on the fourth day before the Ides of this month.

1	Thu.	Dominion Day. Rev. Cyrus R. Allison died, aged 74 years	1869
2	Fri.	Rev. E. S. Washington, B. A., died, aged 26 years	1872
3	Sat.	Quebec founded by Champlain	1608
4	Sun.	Great fire in Brockville	1853
5	Mon.	Ka-ka-ge-bow (Geo. Copway), Indian Missionary, died, aged 59 yrs.	1869
6	Tue.	Rev. Seth Crowell died	1826
7	Wed.	Col. Simcoe, Lieut.-Governor	1792
8	Thu.	Great Fire in Montreal, 1,200 houses burnt	1852
9	Fri.	Importation of slaves into Canada prohibited	1793
10	Sat.	Rev. Robt. L. Lusher died at Montreal, aged 62 years	1849
11	Sun.	Blackrock taken by the British... ..	1813
12	Mon.	Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, Gov.-General.....	1816
13	Tue.	Richard Cromwell died	1712
14	Wed.	Detroit taken	1814
15	Thu.	Rev. Daniel Pickett died, aged 83 years	1854
16	Fri.	First through train from Montreal to Portland	1853
17	Sat.	Eastern Brit. Amer. Conf. formed. Rev. John Beecham, D.D., Pres.	1855
18	Sun.	Rev. John Nelson died, aged 66 years.....	1744
19	Mon.	John Wesley's Notes on the New Testament completed	1754
20	Tue.	First stone of Victoria Bridge, Montreal, laid	1854
21	Wed.	Spanish Armada defeated	1588
22	Thu.	Rev. Wm. Dignam died, aged 54 years	1864
23	Fri.	Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada united	1840
24	Sat.	Rev. Thomas Harmon died, aged 79 years	1862
25	Sun.	Battle of Lundy's Lane	1814
26	Mon.	Rev. Samuel Hume died, aged 28 years	1864
27	Tue.	Atlantic Telegraph finished	1866
28	Wed.	Lord Durham, Gov.-General, died	1840
29	Thu.	William Wilberforce died	1833
30	Fri.	Prince of Wales landed at Halifax	1860
31	Sat.	Battle of Beaufort Flats	1759