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# Monthly Messenger.

Edited by Rev. T. HALL, Congregational Minister, Queen's Road Chapel, St. John's.

NEW SERIES. VOL. III. No. 5.

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PRIOR FIVE CENTS.

## THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Newfoundland branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society took place on the 16th March, in the Free St. Andrew's Church. The attendance was miserably small. It is painful to observe from year to year the diminishing interest in the important work of the Bible Society in this island. The committee do their duty very faithfully. The lay members labour arduously to sustain the funds, and through their exertions, and the Ladies' Auxiliary, no falling off is permitted. But the enthusiasm appears to stop here. It is true a faithful colporteur is employed during several months of the year, and a Bible-woman in St. John's. But how few care to hear of the success of either! A few collect the annual subscriptions, a few contribute, and a few attend the public meeting. But what are we to think of the rest—the mass of our Protestant congregations? Is the Bible not to them a precious book? Are they not anxious to hear how it is winning its way into every language, and land, and home? Trifling excuses, or no excuse at all, keep them from the meetings, and those who are toiling in the work of the Lord are left to speak to empty pews.

Are we in St. John's a Bible-loving people? I cannot admit that a skating-rink, a tea or whist party, would be preferred to a meeting to speed on the Old Book, wet with the tears and stained with the blood of our forefathers.

We may as well admit the truth. It will not mend matters in the least to make excuses for the wide-spread and deep-rooted apathy that exists on this as well as upon all other spiritual subjects.

We have too much reason to fear that the Bible is a much-neglected book in many, many homes—that days, even weeks, pass away without an hour being given to secret and prayerful perusal of the Divine chart. Is it not so? Ah, those unread Bibles will rise to witness against, and to condemn us, in that awful day!

It is the greatest delusion to suppose we are Christians if we habitually neglect the study of God's Word. The dislike that is felt to that book is an infallible proof that the heart is still carnal. Yet how prone are many to lay the flattering unction to their souls, that because they condescend to listen occasionally to the preacher, they are numbered among the heirs of glory! Eternity will correct some sad mistakes, and undeceive a great multitude. And what if a famine should soon be upon us, a famine for the Word and the bread of life! We have no guarantee that it will not. God may withdraw His much-abused Word. Yes, He may shortly remove His Church and people from this scene of conflict and suffering. Then how long would the foundations of society stand? How long was Sodom spared when righteous Lot was removed?

There can be little room for controversy upon the point that we are nearing some crisis in the world's history. All students of prophecy agree in this. The universal Church has been long praying for the Lord's return and the coming of His kingdom, and never more earnestly nor with stronger faith than now. It shall be well with the righteous, but woe unto the wicked, for it shall be ill with him.

My reader, sit down—or better still, at once kneel down—to the study of God's blessed book. Bow to its authority. Believe the record which God has there given of His Son. Conform your walk, your life, to its teachings. Let your influence be given to promote the glory of your God, and your every passing hour be consecrated to the service of your gracious Redeemer. There will be no regrets but eternal honour and happiness to follow a life thus spent.

## THE CHILDREN'S CONCERT.

A select choir of the Queen's Road Sabbath School, under the direction of Miss M. K. Chancey, gave a very pleasant entertainment on two successive evenings to large and appreciative audiences.

The choruses, solos, duets, trios, etc., were all well executed, when we take into account that some of the performers had only seen four short summers. It is very charming to listen to their sweet voices, and to observe with what confidence they take their places and do their work. Their seniors may learn important lessons from the little innocent, artless, prattling warblers. The proceeds of those annual concerts assist the mission work in which the church is engaged, and very much credit is due to Miss Chancey for her perseverance from year to year to afford a pleasant evening to the audience and help the mission cause.

We sincerely trust that the early training of the Sabbath-school, the family, the children's service, and all the other important advantages will yield much fruit in ripper years. We have reason to expect the happiest results. But we must be alive to the perils to which our youth are exposed. Temptations surround them every day, and many a well trained boy becomes a wreck—is lost to virtue and to God. Our work is not done when we have gathered them into the Sunday school, and taught them the history of the Bible and sacred songs. Our young people are not secure till they are truly converted by the Spirit of God—till they are gathered into the Church and take their place in holy work, and worship with their parents and friends.

Let us labour to bring them into the fold of Christ. It is heartrending to look around and see so many once-promising young men drifting down to ruin.

May the Lord revive His work, and gather in these children of many prayers!

## THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

A very strenuous effort has been put forth by a few men interested in the liquor traffic in this city to amend the License Act of 1873, to give the vendors longer hours and other facilities in their dangerous business. This was the thin end of the wedge. The new Act was framed in the interest of the public. In one short year it has effected much good. No better proof of its utility need be asked for than the desire to have it amended to suit the publican—not the public. But we are glad to record the fact that the representatives of the public in the House of Assembly, by a very large majority, rejected the proposed amendments; and we believe we never will have a House of Assembly in Newfoundland that will pander to a business fraught with so much evil. The temperance movement has assumed large proportions in the country. Its adherents can be reckoned by thousands, and it numbers among its various branches the best men of all religious denominations. The time is at hand when it must take another step. This time we must be satisfied with nothing less than total prohibition. We are strong enough to demand this. Let us have faith and courage to go on and seize the prize. Our work must be done in humble dependence on Divine aid. The enemy is strong. Drink and the drinking customs are the devil's most destructive weapons. He will not yield them without a terrible struggle. But God is on our side. We can bow before His holy Throne and ask Him to remove this curse. Can the advocates of the liquor traffic ask Him to build it up and perpetuate it? They know they cannot. It would be blasphemy to do so. With God and the voice of an approving conscience, and the prayers and sympathies of all the good and holy with us, what have we to fear?

## THE WANTS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

### No. I.

Complaints are heard on all sides of hard times and failing resources. Scheme after scheme is proposed to lift the country out of its poverty and isolation. It is not our province to discuss these topics. We can sympathise with all who are labouring to promote the well-being of our countrymen, and raise this long-neglected colony to its true position. But our business is solely with the moral and religious wants of the land. With these we propose to deal in this and subsequent articles in this journal. The first want we would call attention to is

### A GENUINE REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

This is a want felt by all. There is too little earnestness on the subject of a personal salvation. The great majority appear satisfied with a "form of godliness," while the conduct of many professors but too clearly proves that they are the enemies of the Cross of Christ. More zeal is manifested in the interest of sect or party than in the cause of Christ and the salvation of our perishing friends. We give more attention to the externals of our worship than to the spiritual state of our hearts. We are comparatively unconcerned about the awfully perilous state of the unconverted around. There is not the burning earnestness that should be felt, and that always characterises revival times. We want a revival. It is the greatest want of the country. Not a revival of fanaticism or sectarianism, or of prosely-

tism, but a revival of love to God, and love to our neighbour, in the heart of every professor of religion.

This must or should commence in the hearts and lives of the Lord's workers—ministers, deacons, leaders, Sabbath-school teachers. They should humble themselves before God, confessing their sins, their shortcomings, and laying hold upon the Divine compassion for forgiveness, restoration to his favour and image, and the anointing of the Holy Ghost.

The Lord employs human instrumentality in accomplishing His Divine work. We must use the means. Our address to the unsaved must be of an awakening character. Sinners are in a profound slumber. The voice must be loud that will awake. The men and the churches that have been signally prosperous in revival work have lived for this alone. They have had a passion to save souls. We have read of one who cried to God, "Give me souls, or I die." Look at Whitefield. He spoke, and thought, and wrote, and even dreamed of saving souls. Seven hours were spent some days prostrated before the Throne pleading for the eternal life of his fellow-men. Whole nights were spent in the same way. His motives were high and worthy—not to swell the ranks of his followers, or to promote the glory of a denomination. "Let Whitefield be forgotten and Christ known and loved." Oh for his mantle to fall upon ten thousand men and women in Newfoundland.

A genuine revival of religion would do more to draw Christians of various creeds together than all the human arguments and reasoning in the world. It would do more to promote the temporal happiness, and upraise our country than all the other schemes together. Indeed, it would infuse life and harmony into all.

All around us God is blessing His people. He has not passed us by. He is waiting till we call upon Him, till we prove him, when He will open the windows of heaven and pour us out a blessing.

Each has a duty to perform in this great work. Let us begin by giving ourselves unreservedly to God, by spending a portion of every day in earnest supplication, by speaking to one another, and stirring each other up to earnest action, and by faithfully and lovingly pressing the undecided to accept of Christ as the Almighty Saviour.

O Lord, thy work revive,  
In Zion's gloomy hour;  
And make her dying graces live  
By thy restoring power!

Recall, the very fact that you have troubles is a proof of God's faithfulness; for you have got one-half of his legacy, and you will have the other half. You know that Christ's last will and testament has two portions in it. "In the world ye shall have tribulation"; you have got that. The next clause is, "In Me ye shall have peace"; you have that too. "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world"; that is yours also.

Old Dr. Johnson said that "mankind did not so much require instructing as they did reminding." Have any of us ever failed in our duty to our Maker, our neighbour, or ourselves for lacking the knowledge of it? Who is ignorant of what is right? No one. We have been imbued with the principles of truth till the knowledge of it appears like intuition; and yet how often do we require to be reminded of our duty?

Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may not preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remain firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering.

## OUR CHILDREN.

BY REV. W. WINSOR.

WHEN I was in Andover Theological Seminary, a canvas was made of the students, and it was found that out of the one hundred and eight in the institution, all candidates for the ministry, ninety-eight had had early religious training. Revivals largely tell the same story. From a little work, entitled "Sunday-School (Gleanings)," I gather such facts as these. In a revival at Barre, Vt., out of fifty converted, all had been more or less in the Sabbath-school.

In Hatfield, Mass., in a revival lasting three months, sixty-five members of the Sunday-school were converted, and not a single child or youth out of the school was known to have been converted. In Northampton, about the same time, out of fifty conversions, there was scarcely a case outside of the Sunday-school.

Now these results of success are perfectly legitimate and to be looked for. They do not prove that those outside of the Sunday-school will not be converted, but they prove that Sunday-school labour brings forth fruits. And at this point may I not ask whether we have faith enough in early conversion? Why should not a child become a disciple of Jesus as soon as he can understand that Jesus died for and loves him? Must he needs go through a process of several years, expansion of the reasoning faculty? Are we saved by reason or faith? To trust is the child's instinct where trust is invited. We can trust in Jesus. What shall lead him to faith? The sight of it in others; our evident love for the Saviour whom we cannot see any more than he can. I believe the seed of truth and faith, carefully nurtured by Christian love and patience—nurtured, not vitiated, by bad example, will ripen into early conversion. Nor must we prescribe an age for the Divine Spirit. Let us be assured that the limitations come chiefly from the parent, or the Christian teacher. We may well ponder the words of the Master, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

A good woman who had been to church was met by a friend on the way home. Said the friend, "Is the sermon done?" "No," replied she, "it is said, it has got to be done." So with us, our teaching waits for our doing.

Yes, the child is nearer Christ than the sinful man. The face of conscience is not yet covered with the electrolyte of guilt, coppered over with hardness. Piety is to be looked for in the child under Christian training, cultured in by the Spirit's help.

It is a greater success to convert a child than a man. We judge wrongly in this matter often. We are misled by that which is immediate. The child has no long years of evil life to undo; no rooted habits of sin to waste grace upon, if I may so speak. He starts for Immanuel at the beginning of life. How much sin is saved! How much evil influence prevented!

Watch for him, then. Take the willing hand, and Christian tenderness and sympathy will win the heart. And when a child's heart is won for Christ, you know not what power you have set in motion.

A wicked father sat by the bedside holding the hand of his little boy, who lay dying. Said the weak, trembling voice, "Father, I am going to heaven, what shall I tell Jesus why you won't love him?" and the feeble voice and life grew still together. There was no space for reply. The father sat clasping the still hand for a moment or two in stony silence, and then his hard heart broke. Friends, preachers, all had failed to move that stubborn soul, but the little child led him to Jesus.

We estimate the power of any child at too little. The power for good of a child trained in Christian love, is greater than one not so trained, but the power of a converted child is greatest. Whatever, therefore, shall quicken the interest of the church in children, will hasten the day of the Lord.—*Sunday-School Worker.*

Warn the boatman before he enters the current, and then, if he is swept down the rapids, he destroys himself. Warn the man before he drinks the cup of poison; tell him it is deadly, and then if he drinks it his death lies at his own door. And so let us warn you before you depart this life; let us preach to you while as yet your bones are full of marrow, and the sinews of your joints are not loosed.

## CAN I BE A CHRISTIAN AND BE IDLE?

BY D. M. H.

THIS is a question that is not hard to decide. Everyone who professes to be a Christian has a work to do; those who stand idle, and leave this work undone, will be held responsible when they come to render up their final account. Dear reader, are you employing the talents that God has given you or are you standing idle. There is no one that has not a chance given to improve the time and talents God has bestowed. If we desire to be followers of Christ, we cannot see our fellow man rushing headlong down to eternal burning without trying to save him. Yet how many professing Christians shun opportunities of doing good, especially to those who are given to strong drink, or those who blaspheme the name of God, for fear of being persecuted for it. O reader, remember that all such feelings are the device of the devil, to keep you from reclaiming these souls for whom Christ died. Will you stand and see your brother, your neighbour, or anyone going down to eternal death, and for fear of this world or Satan, refuse to speak to them? Remember, reader, if you do not try to arrest them now, their blood will be on your skirts, and be for a testimony against you at the bar of God.

Oh! friend and brother, I beseech you in the name of your Master and mine, do not stand idle until the eleventh hour shall come. You know not how soon it may come. I warn and beseech you to work while it is day, and be prepared to meet your God in peace. If it comes before you are prepared for it, you cannot say like those of old, "no man hath hired us," for God says, "go work in my vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you."

Can I be a Christian, and stand idle in God's vineyard? is a question that each one should consider for himself. Are you trying to reclaim any lost souls? Remember, though we are called to suffer loss or shame for His cause, that He groaned, and bled, and died on the cross for us.

Dear reader, will you not resolve now to bear the cross, and endure the shame, that you may wear a crown at God's right hand? It may be that you will not have to bear these things long. My earnest prayer is, that the Holy Spirit may seal these truths on the heart of every reader.

## LITTLE CROSSES.

CHRIST comes to us morning by morning, to present to us for the day then opening, divers little crosses, thwartings of our own will, interferences with our plans, disappointments of our pleasures. Do we kiss them, and take them up, and follow in His rear, like Simon the Cyrenian? Or do we toss them from us scornfully because they are so small, and wait for a great affliction to prove our patience and our resignation to His will? Ah! how might we accommodate to the small matters of religion generally those words of the Lord respecting the children: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." Despise not small sins; they have ruined many a soul. Despise not little duties; they have been to many a saved man an excellent discipline of humanity. Despise not little temptations; rightly met, they have often nerved the character for some fiery trial. Despise not little crosses; for when taken up, and lovingly accepted at the Lord's hand, they have made men meet for a great crown, even a crown of righteousness and life, which the Lord has promised to those that love Him.—*Home Guardian.*

It is a thankless task to check insensibility into feeling when the patient loves his paralysis. It is weary work to climb up over men's prejudices when they have been accustomed to look upon them as religious principles. It is not pleasant to take some hoary folly by the throat, when a crowd of respectable people are standing by and crying "Murder." Yet these and other unpleasant things must be done, and it only behoves the teacher to see to it that his work is done conscientiously, with delicacy, reverence, and love.—*Golden Rule.*

## THE JEWELS IN THE CUP.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

THERE was a fine touch of poetry as well as of Christian philosophy in the cheerful words of a young servant of Christ who was near his last hour. "When I have the most pain in my body," said he, "I have the most peace in my soul. I do not doubt but that there is love in the bottom of the cup, though it is terribly bitter in the mouth." It was at the *bottom* of the cup that God had placed the precious blessing; and it was needful that he drink the whole bitter draught in order to reach it.

"The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink of it?" This was the submissive utterance of the Man of Sorrows in Getsemane. Thousands of His followers have faltered out the same words through their tears, when a heart-breaking trial was trying their faith to the utmost. But the "sweet breath of Jesus has been on the cup," and made it more palatable. And the lips that tasted the draught of sorrow have uttered such prayers as they had not made, and could not make in seasons of prosperity.

The richest jewels of grace often lie at the bottom of sorrow's cup. Jesus could not push from Him the bitter agony of Calvary: redemption was at the bottom of that cup. He could not save Himself and yet save a guilty world of sinners. Either He must drink the cup of suffering, or we must drink "the wine of the wrath of God."

Looking down into the draught of sorrow which God mingles often for His children, what precious jewels glisten in the depths! Promises are there, sparkling like pearls:—"As thy day, so shall thy strength be." "Whom I love, I chasten." "My grace is sufficient for thee." What afflicted child of God would fling from him a cup which contains such priceless gifts as these?

Graces sparkle too in the goblet of grief which Divine love mingles for those who are to become more "perfect through suffering." How lustrous shines the grace of Patience! I used to go occasionally, and read the Bible to an invalid who had been tortured for forty years with excruciating pains; and her sweet words of submission were the *commentary*. I used to go home ashamed of my own impatience under paltry vexations. She never asked God to take her cup of suffering from her: in it were her jewels,—patience, meekness, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Experience of the love of Jesus is another of the pearls dropped into the draught which is mingled for His chosen ones. Christ has His *choice* ones. Dr. Arnot says that the true meaning of the text "Many are called, but few are chosen," is this, "many are called Christians, but only a few are *choice*." Only a portion of all the flock are "called and *choice*," and faithful." This is certainly a truth, whether it be the true meaning of the Bible text or not.

These *choice* Christians are often chosen for the affliction, and become more choice and excellent through the regimen of severe trial. There is an experience of the love of Jesus which they gain in their hours of bereavement, or poverty, or hardships, which they never could have acquired in any other way. The "love in the bottom of the cup" was only to be reached by drinking the sorrows which held the jewel. The school of suffering graduates rare scholars. To the disciples in that school it is often given to "know the love of Jesus which passeth knowledge." Suffering Christian! be not in haste to quit the Master's school; thou art "waiting for the *High School* of Heaven. Push not away peevishly thy cup of sorrow; for the sparkling diamond of Christ's love for thee is in the draught He gives thee to drink.—*Thoughts for Heart and Life*.

CLINGING TO JESUS.—I carried my little boy, sick and weary, one night over a back-way to a neighbour's house, where we were to take tea, and I had him climb on a chair and get on my back; then his mother threw a shawl over him, so that he was completely covered up, and I started out. The ground was covered with ice, and you may be sure I walked very carefully—I had that boy on my back, and I said to him, as I walked slowly along in the darkness, "My son, are you not afraid?" "No, papa." "Why are you not afraid?" "Because you have got me." Said I, "My precious boy, all this dark life hold on to Jesus, and He will hold on to you; cling to Him." He said, "Yes, papa, I'll try."

## SLIPPERY PLACES.

IT appears that in New York, the week ending March 11th, was unprecedentedly cold, and as a consequence the streets were simply like sheets of ice. In his usual impulsive and telling style, Dr. Talmage, in his "Christian at Work," thus "improves the occasion":—

Last Sabbath night, in this latitude, we had an opportunity of finding out what the old Bible writers meant by slippery places. In these warmer climates they may never have seen a sheet of frozen rain covering the earth, as we on the occasion aforesaid saw; but they might have had a general idea of it. As the audiences that night adjourned, some went flat down, some fell headforemost, some gracefully sat down; but the more part struck out indefinitely, and swung round, and slipped about, and caught after things. We never saw such a spectacle. Neither sliding or skating seems appropriate on your way from church, but there was nothing else to do. Walking was abolished. Elders, deacons, and clergymen, after singing the doxology, took to field sports. We saw one good man, of undoubted sobriety, getting down into the gutter as though he intended to stay there. A modest woman, without introduction, threw her arms around a lamp-post as though it were a friend from whom she had been parted for fifteen years. A sedate and inoffensive man went round like an unmanageable ship at sea, and ran the boom of his umbrella into a lady's head-rigging. Tides of travel from different churches met each other, unable to stop: Presbyterians and Methodists, Baptists and Pedobaptists, who had been quarrelling for some time, suddenly and convulsively embracing each other. It seemed to us incongruous that so many people should have taken their prayer-books along with them when they went anti-sliding. As we went creeping along home, holding to iron fences, and balancing ourselves against door-steps, and listening to the thump, and crash, and sprawl, and scabble and emphatic exclamations of unfortunate pedestrians on all sides, we fell to moralising. We thought how easy it is to sit in church and sing "Rock of Ages," and preach about duty and heaven, not realising there is a cold, slippery world waiting for us outside. The tug and strain and self-poising comes after the doxology. First the benediction, then the ice. That is the reason so many who pray, and sing and preach splendidly go down as soon as they get out of doors. They imagine it is going to be Antiuch and Mount Pisgah and Coronation all the way. The reason that so many good men fall, is because they do not take heed to their steps. David seems to feel his feet going from under him on an uneven cake of ice, when he cries out, "My steps had well nigh slipped."

But alas for those who have nothing to hold on to as they pass on their way! Their feet will slide in due time. The pond of sin is smoothly frozen over, and they venture on it only to fall through; and the litany to be chanted over their demise, as most appropriate, is Psalm lxxiii. 18: "Surely Thou didst set them in slippery places; Thou castedst them down into destruction."

We noticed, however, on the icy night spoken of, that many who slipped did not fall. There was some one's arm to take hold of just in time to prevent a serious casualty. Because a Christian makes a bad slip do not conclude that he has fallen. Laying hold of an arm omnipotent, he may recover himself and get safely through. But it is a fortunate thing, if Christians must fall at all, that they fall on their way home, as was the case with hundreds of people on the glazed pavements of last Sabbath night.

I have seen a plant with tendrils fitted to seize on any object within its reach, that, lying prostrate on the ground, had its leaves and flowers all soiled with mud, and its arms twined, and twisted, and tangled into each other—like a rope of many strands; and near by was another of the same species, with its arms flung lovingly around a tall and friendly tree, whose stem they held in close embrace, while they lent it, in return for its support, a robe of great leaves spangled all with flowers. Lying basely in its own embraces, the first was an image of selfishness; but in that which clothed and adorned the object to which it fondly clung, and from which no storm could tear its arms, I saw the love which, queen of the graces, "suffereth long, and is kind; seeketh not her own; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."—*Dr. Guthrie*.

## THE MAGIC OF KINDNESS.

BY JOHN W. KIRTON.

DOWN in the East-end of London there are several streets and courts in which multitudes of people live, or rather exist. In one of these narrow courts, up two flights of creaky stairs, a man and his wife with three children managed to eat, drink, and sleep. There was scarcely an article of furniture in the place, while an apology for a bed consisted in a bundle of straw and rags, collected together in a corner. Chairs were unknown, and even a table had to be constructed of a rough piece of wood, supported by a few bricks piled one upon another. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a more complete picture of wretchedness and want, than was presented to the eye of anyone who might have looked in, early on a summer morning a few years ago.

Nor was the room the only wretched part of the matter. Father, mother, and children were all more or less suffering under the same sad signs of ruin and neglect, each one blaming the other in turn for the want they were enduring, and now and then bitterly lamenting that they had ever known each other. Yes, sad to say, a mother can and does under such circumstances forget her sucking child, and will often say that she "wishes she had never known the brat."

It had not always been the case with the family referred to; for it was not very far back in their history when Frank Bennett was known as a steady, industrious man, and Emma, his wife, was a smart, active servant in a respectable family. The day they were married, all their friends prophesied that they would live very comfortable together. But, alas! the bright days were gone. The neat furniture and the clean cottage had to be exchanged for a place which at one time would have been scorned by both without a moment's hesitation.

Nor did this sad change come about all at once. For six or seven years everything went as smooth as could have been wished. Frank was a good workman, and had plenty to do, and though he sometimes after the day's labour would now and then drop into the "Brown Bear" to have a glass, to discuss the questions of the day, yet he always made his way home at an early hour, however much his companions might press him to stay. However, it came to pass that when his family had been increased by the addition of a boy and girl, and there was daily a prospect of another being added before long; his master, for whose he had worked for some years, died. The business passed into other hands, and he, with a few others, were discharged.

It has been said that "troubles never come alone." Well, it sometimes so happens, and in Frank's case, it certainly was the case; for one of the children was taken ill at the time he was on the point of leaving his situation, and to add to his anxieties and expenses, his wife was laid aside, having just added another child to their number. No wonder, under such a combination of trials, Frank's heart was troubled. In vain did Emma urge him to keep up his spirits, and hope for brighter days; he settled down into a kind of blank despair, from which it seemed impossible to deliver him.

Al! it is a sad thing when trouble thus overtakes any one, if they have not made provision for the "rainy day." Such was the case with Frank and his wife. They had spent all he earned week by week, never thinking that the time would come when they might need a few pounds to fall back upon; and, worse than all, they had never made it the habit of their lives to put their trust in God. It therefore followed that without money, they soon found themselves without friends, and never for a moment thought of Jesus, the "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother," and who was in all points tried like as we are, and therefore able to succour those who are in trouble.

It is a grand thing to have a fixed principle which will guide us, whenever we are placed in any circumstances of trial or danger. Such a principle is *true religion*. It matters not where we go, or what we may have to do, or the number of the trials or difficulties through which we may have to pass. God has antioipated every one of them, and to all who put their trust in Him, the promise is clear, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Such help as this, however, could not be given to Frank or his wife, for the simple reason, *they never sought or desired it*. The result was that, hopeless and prayerless, they drifted out on the cold world to ruin.

He wandered the streets many a day seeking for work, but found none. Everybody complained that trade was so dull. Wet and weary he returned home day after day with a heavy heart to his family. To meet their pressing wants, one article of furniture after another was sold, hoping that something would turn up, but the dark days and long nights of winter set in without the hope being realised. At length he grew somewhat reckless, and when he met with some old shopmates, gladly availed himself of their offer to "stand a glass," though strange to say, they never offered to "stand a loaf" or "a joint of meat." Step by step he abandoned all hope, and like a vessel at sea without a rudder or chart, drifted headlong like thousands more down the stream of life, dragging wife and children with him, all the time saying that "there was no one in the world so unfortunate as he was."

After a long struggle he succeeded in getting a situation, but the loose habits which had grown upon him while he was idling about, became an additional difficulty in his way of regaining his lost ground, and once more he lost his place, but through neglect occasioned by his now confirmed dissipated habits. So step by step they sank, until they were obliged to take the room in the court already named, as being the only chance of saving themselves, as they thought, from going into the workhouse. But they little thought that "man's extremity" is often "God's opportunity," as it proved in this case. What prosperity and comfort failed to teach, poverty and want was to do, and that also by what appeared a very unlikely process, but so it was, as the result will show.

At the bottom of the court into which they had thus been compelled to remove, a few earnest Christian young men and women had started a school into which they gathered such boys and girls of the locality as they could persuade to come. The place consisted only of a small ground-floor room which they rented. But it was large enough to sow Divine seed, the fruit of which was to cheer the hearts of many, notwithstanding the scoffs and jeers with which they often had to contend, from those who did not care either that their children should be taught to read, or to learn the blessed truths by which alone all sadness and sorrow can be fully met.

Among the children whom the teachers succeeded in getting to attend was Frank's eldest boy, a sharp lad of about eight years of age, his mother saying that "It was better for him to be there, than rambling about the streets," and when the teacher called one day to ask if she would allow the little girl also to come, she gave a kind of reluctant consent, thinking it the easiest way to get rid of an unwelcome visitor.

Thus the weeks and months rolled by; the boy and girl learning to read, while the father and mother were, at the same time, learning the way to ruin more completely, inasmuch as they had formed the acquaintance of some of the neighbours, who gladly hailed their company with all the rude pleasure they could express, and soon made them feel careless and indifferent about everything decent, much less religious, for, if it is true that "evil communications corrupt good manners," it is no less true they "corrupt bad habits"; and so it proved, for Frank went from bad to worse, while Emma, also, was losing everything worthy of a woman, by her keeping company with those in the court whose habits were of the worst kind.

It is not needful to describe the wretched life thus endured. During the day both the boy and girl were sent out to beg, or get what they could to keep the family from real want. Sometimes they were successful, at others returned without a penny, and even without a stray crust which they had saved from the gift of some kind-hearted, but often mistaken, person. One morning the boy complained of feeling too weak to get up from his wretched bed of rags, and the father, maddened with passion, dragged him up, and said—

"If you don't start off at once, and bring us home something before long, I'll kill you!"

"I can't, father; indeed, I'm ill."

"Don't talk to me about being ill; we are too poor to be ill."

"But I'm ill because we're poor, and can't get bread to eat."

"Then go and steal, or"—and clenching his hand and raising it, he added, "or I'll knock the life out of you!"

The poor lad crept downstairs, every limb aching, but, when he reached the bottom, he fainted away from sheer exhaustion. How long he lay there he did not know, for when he came to himself, he found he was lying in the well-known corner of the room, with his mother bending over him with some of the same kind of interest that he remembered she used to show, before they came to live in the court.

"Oh, mother, I'm so ill," the poor lad whispered as best he could.

"Yes, I fear you are, my boy," she replied; "your father's gone for the doctor, and I expect him back every minute."

"Do you think I shall die, mother?" he asked.

"I don't know—how should I? And perhaps if you was, it wouldn't matter; there would be one less to keep," was the unfeeling reply.

The poor boy burst into tears, and then relapsed into a state of unconsciousness again, during which time the doctor arrived. After examination, he pronounced it to be a serious case, which would require great care, or death would result. Giving orders what to be done, and promising to send medicine without delay, he left the wretched place.

"I wish he may die," said the father, as soon as the doctor had gone. "He'll be one out of the way."

"That's what I told him just before you came in," replied the mother, "but it sent him right off into a swoon."

"Well, I don't see what's the use of being bothered with children," said the father; "indeed, I begin to feel that poor people shouldn't have children at all."

"Well, we've our share of trouble, and no mistake; and to have this boy ill as well, it's a great bother."

Such was a sample of the unfeeling conversation of these parents, out of whom everything human was nearly gone, in consequence of their mode of life. However, there was one who had said, "When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up"; and again was the blessed truth to be proved in all its fullness, to the joy of one and the astonishment of others, and it occurred in the following manner: The teacher, observing that the boy had not been at school for two or three nights, made a visit to know the reason. To his surprise he found the lad in bed, alone; and the door of the room being partly opened, and no one answering to his knock, he entered. The lad was moaning in his sleep, and very restless, muttering words which were quite unintelligible. The teacher, whose name was Andrew Worker, quietly withdrew, and lingered about the stairs, hoping to meet the mother. In this he was correct, as she soon put in an appearance.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Worker, "are you the mother of the lad who is ill up stairs?"

"Yes, I am," she replied.

"I hope he is not seriously ill, and that he will soon be well again," responded the teacher.

"How do you know him, and why are you so concerned about him?" she asked, looking at Mr. Worker with an inquisitive gaze.

"Oh, he comes to our school in the court, and I am his teacher," was the quick reply. "I missed him for a night or two, and wondered how it was, so came to see."

"Indeed! Well, you might have spared yourself the pains, for I fancy he won't be here long," was the mother's reply.

"I trust you will be mistaken, and that he is not so bad as you think. However, I will speak to one of our visitors, and see what we can do for him. I am sorry I cannot stay just now, but I will try and call again soon."

Leaving her, Mr. Worker went in search of one of his fellow-labourers, to whom he made known the boy's condition, and soon the poor little fellow was visited by Mrs. Baker, the Bible-woman, who had often witnessed such scenes of sorrow and want, and therefore was ready for every difficulty with which she might have to contend. And well was it that she went, for it required all her courage and tact to allay the feelings of anger with which her well-meant efforts were met. However, being a woman of earnest piety and strong faith, she persevered, and at length was allowed to bring little articles which were very needful to the sick boy. Days passed by, while the life of the lad seemed to hang upon a single thread, which at any moment might snap. Both the father and mother seemed to take little or no care of the issue, whether it was for life or death. At length the disease seemed to be arrested in its course, and the doctor ventured to express the hope that perhaps after all he might live, though of that he would not be sure. The news was received with a sullen silence by both of the parents, as if they were rather disappointed, but the doctor took no notice, feeling he had done his duty.

During the evening the mother sat watching the boy, and from time to time giving him his medicine and the little delicacies which the Bible-woman had left in her charge, when all at once she heard, in a kind of whisper:

"Mother! mother!"

"Yes," she reluctantly replied.

"Mother, how long have I been ill?"

"A good many days."

"Does the doctor say I shall get well, mother?"

"Perhaps you may, he said to-day, but he's not sure."

"I don't think I shall, I feel so very weak, mother."

"Well, we must wait and see," she replied; "lay quiet and go to sleep again."

For a few moments he lay as still as death, and again he said, "Mother!"

"Well, what now do you want?"

"I should so like just to see my teacher, mother, before I die, to thank him for what he has taught me. Will you send someone to the school and ask him to come?"

"What do you want to see him for, and what good can he do you?" asked the mother. "He's been to see you once."

"But I want to see him, mother, to thank him for telling me about Jesus, who came into the world to seek and save lost and wicked boys like me, and to tell him that ever since he told me about Jesus being able to give rest to all who go to Him in trouble, I've found it true."

"Nonsense, you don't know what you're talking about, boy."

"But I do, mother; and if you and father would only let my teacher tell you about Jesus, He would make you as happy as I am."

"It's all rubbish, I tell you. Your teacher's no better than other folks, I know."

"But he is, mother, if you only knew him."

"I do know him, for he's called nearly every day or night to ask after you ever since you've been ill."

"I thought so, mother; and doesn't that prove he must be good, or he wouldn't feel so kindly to a poor boy like me."

"Perhaps so," she replied, not knowing what else to say.

"I know it, for I always began to feel better directly I went near him."

"Here, that will do, you mustn't talk any more, and I'll go and see if he'll come in to look at you."

Away she went, wondering what kind of special virtue there was in any young man who preferred teaching ragged boys to spending his time in folly and sin. But she soon learned that it was the possession of the Master's spirit who went about doing good which constituted the charm, and had changed the current of her boy's life. Of course Mr. Worker was only too glad to come and see the sick boy, and give him a cheering word, which the mother afterwards said "did him more good than the doctor's physic." Whether it was so or not, the boy gradually recovered from that very night. Nor was this the only influence for good which Mr. Worker had upon the family, for his mother felt that if her boy could find rest from his little troubles, by trusting in Jesus, why could not she also. The result was that one evening when the little fellow was sitting up and feeling that he was getting strong, the stubbornness of his mother's heart gave way, and she burst into tears, saying:—

"Oh, my boy, would to God I knew how to get the peace and joy you and Mr. Worker have."

"Why, mother, it is as easy for you to have as for us, for Jesus says, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"But I'm so wicked, He won't have me, will He?"

"Yes, for he says, 'I am come to seek and save the lost.'"

"Oh, pray for me, my boy, and I'll pray, and perhaps He will hear and save me."

Just at that moment a knock was heard, and who should it be but Mr. Worker. In a few minutes he heard all that had taken place, and taking out his Bible he read several portions calculated to make the way of salvation clear to the sorrowing mother, and then kneeling down, asked God to bless and guide her into all peace. To his joy, she found peace in believing ere he left that night. She then began to feel anxious about her husband, and next day asked him to listen to the boy's story about Mr. Worker. Frank soon began to see what a mistake he had made in trying to carry his own trouble instead of asking God to do it for him, and ultimately, after a few visits from Mr. Worker, he also decided to make the Word of God his guide, and to serve the Lord with full purpose of heart.

It was not long before he proved the truth of the saying, "A little that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches of many wicked"; for he found that

with a "sober, godly, and righteous life," he was able to make better use of his earnings; the result was his children soon began to have better clothes, and better food. Decent furniture also found its way into the once wretched home, and ere long he discovered that the room and the court was not decent enough for them to live in at all, and thus it came to pass, that the lessons taught in the ragged school, by God's blessing lead to the saving of souls, the making of a happy home, and giving a fixed principle to guide a family through life. And all this turned upon a young man's efforts to do good, and illustrated very clearly THE MAGIC OF KINDNESS.

## TRUE RICHES.

BY S. A. HUMES.

TRUE riches are a sure evidence of God's favour. He will not trust a careless Christian with much familiarity, love, joy, or peace. These are the true riches. These enable the true Christian to pass through deep waters, to sleep in the lions' den; to bear the test of furnace fires, suffer persecution for righteousness' sake, have the name cast out as evil, and willingly be of no reputation for Christ. A Christian that is ready to call to account a whole neighbourhood, to prove himself innocent of some slander, that one of Satan's band has reported, is not one to whom God will commit much of true riches. If reputation is dearer than the charity that never faileth, he will never be chosen for an especial work of faith and trust. A Christian that flares about the community when the Devil is at his heels, instead of hiding in the secret of God's pavilion, knows no better defence than his own weak reputation. He vainly thinks it his passport to heaven. Such a religion never gets beyond the human, where it must take hold of the Divine, is never so hotly pursued by the enemy as to fly to the sheltering rock, the fortress, or strong tower; and he who can meet all the vicissitudes of life in his own strength, and never feel the need of such places of security is on dangerous ground. God's people will be driven into these retreats sometimes. They are prepared for their use, and if they are overtaken, if any are slain, it is because they ventured beyond their own limits. Perhaps they played with the wine cup, or entered the charmed ball room, or sought forbidden pleasure on the Sabbath, where Satan holds full sway, and no open door is near to rush in and be safe. Such riches are corrupted, such garments are moth-eaten, and whosoever is deceived by such a religion, is not wise. They who seek for the pearls of the Bible, must not expect to find them in the pleasures of this world. Mid the glare of earthly jewels, the pearl of great price shines but dimly. In the festive dance, the garment of salvation is laid aside, "for the pride of life." "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," are the conditions upon which God bestows His true riches.

A man's heart has only enough life in it to pursue one object fully. Ye must not give half your love to Christ and the other half to the world. No man can serve God and mammon.

There is no fairy gift which the good mother needs pray for like the gift of cheerfulness. A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. How few people seem to remember that it is right and proper to have fun at home; not simply a dead level of contentment, but real frolic and play. It would be a benison to some families if they could have once a week an evening devoted to enjoyment. For this the brothers and might plan a little beforehand. They might practise a duet or two; they might think of a conversational game, or manage in some way a surprise; as, for instance, if in the weekly paper or magazine there were a specially interesting short story or poem, it might be saved and read on this occasion. We would advise some little distinction of dress for this at-home festival. We honour ourselves by treating our exterior persons as though they were worthy of honour. So the brothers might don their best jackets and coats, the sisters put on their fresh ties and hair-ribbons, and the house be made inviting with extra lights. The dying GOETHE cried with his last breath for "Light! more light!" Many a living man, woman, and child might echo his call in a most liberal way. People have often some pet frugality, and there are multitudes who, generous enough in other regards, are parsimonious concerning light. The evening cheer and pleasure of a household is greatly helped by having the house itself radiant.

## OUR ELDER SCHOLARS.

BY THE REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

AMONG the many important questions which crowd on a Sunday-school people in their discussions, is the too-much-neglected one, "How shall we keep our elder scholars?" It is one which thrusts itself forward in convention, institute, teachers' meeting, and, in fact, in all the operations of Sunday-school work. It is often dropped into the question-box of an institute, and dismissed in a moment with some such answer as, "Why, by keeping them interested, to be sure." In some instances, the sage who has given the answer seems to think the matter is thus settled beyond controversy.

"Keeping them interested" is good, as far as it goes; but the work of interesting a growing boy or girl is more of a science than most people are disposed to consider it. The teacher who succeeds in holding the attention of a boy eleven years old, may entirely fail to engage the interest of the same boy when he reaches the comparatively mature age of fifteen. It often happens that, while the boy has grown four years in mind and body, the teacher, who did all his growing years ago, has stood still. When this is the case, the boy has gone beyond him, and both parties know it. What suited the boy of eleven may fail to profit the boy of fifteen. When the boy realises that the teacher is unable to meet his wants, it is by no means unnatural that he should leave. A class of large boys recently stampeded, in a body, from one of our prominent Sunday-schools. When they were taken to task by an elderly and somewhat austere brother for their hardness of heart, in leaving the privileges of the school, their spokesman remarked, in reply, "Well, give us something worth staying for, and we'll stay." Their teacher had not been in the habit of studying his lesson, and the boys know that. He failed in his attempt to pass off his platitudes on them for Scriptural wisdom.

We cannot, in our Sunday-schools, compel the attendance of our scholars, as in weekday schools. We may grieve over the loss of our older scholars; but if we severely insist that they shall and must come back, and that they are bad and wicked children if they do not, they are apt to stand outside and laugh at us. It is our duty to try to master the art and science of teaching them, and of holding their attention, so as to compel them to come—not by any rude or merely legal process of compulsion, but by the exercise of the same kind of love "that sweetly forced us in" to the Gospel feast.

Our big boys and girls do not care for "baby talk." Sunday-school orators, men old enough to know better, often commence a speech with, "Well, my dear little children, I am very glad to see you here to-day. I love little children. I was once a little child myself," and so forth, and so forth, and so forth. This may do for children who sit at table on high chairs. But put yourself in the place of the growing lad who only this morning surreptitiously possessed himself of his father's razor to scrape off the six silky hairs which appeared on his manly upper lip. What does that young person think of such an address? Or the sixteen-year-old girl, who is wearing at least as much finery as her mother, and who thinks a great deal more of it than her mother does of hers, what says she to "my dear little girl?"

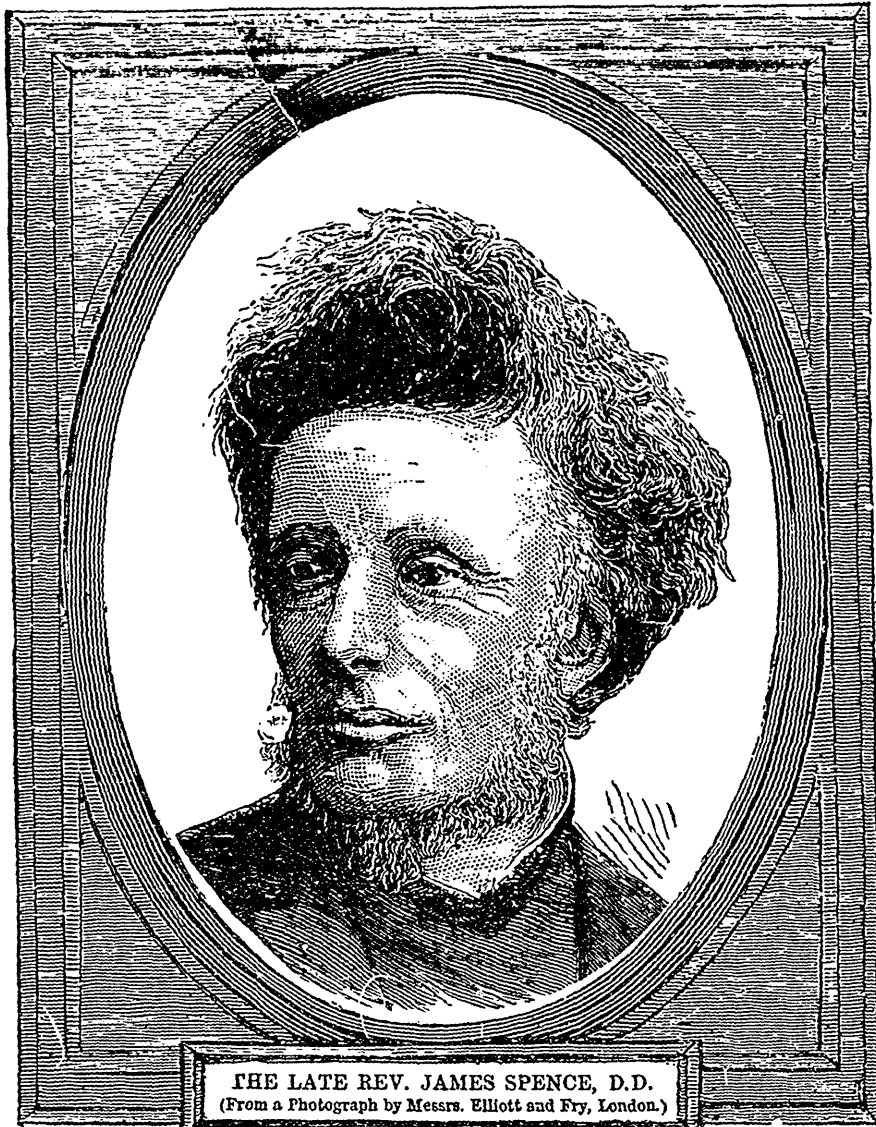
We may tell these young folks to be humble and childlike; but we ought to remember that they are just about as likely to be so as we were at their time of life.

And if we would teach these boys and girls anything calculated to give us a hold on them, we must know it ourselves in order to teach it. We must not only know it for ourselves, but be able to impart it to them. The empty teacher, who goes before a class of this kind of scholars with an unprepared lesson, will soon be found out and exposed by them. We can hardly blame the youngsters for making the exposition, either.

The faculties of these young people are wide awake. We must be as wide awake as they are. We must have no means untried to keep and hold them. After teaching and training them for several years, it is a pity to let them slip off just at the time when the most need faithful instruction.

Virtues in unregenerate men are nothing but whitewashed sins. The best performance of an unchanged character is worthless in God's sight. It wants the stamp of grace on it; and that which has not the stamp of grace is false coin.





THE LATE REV. JAMES SPENCE, D.D.  
(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, London.)

# CHRIST'S FIRST WORDS TO HIS DISCIPLES.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. JAMES SPENCE, D.D.

"And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus. Then Jesus turned and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye? They said unto him, Rabbi (which is to say, being interpreted, Master), where dwellest thou? He saith unto them, Come and see. They came and saw where he dwelt, and abode with him that day."—John I. 37, 38, 39.

IT is often interesting to trace things to their origin, so as to note their beginnings. This is true in relation both to the works of God and the efforts of man. You ascend the course of a river, with interest marking how its channel gradually narrows as you advance, until, at length, you find its source in some bubbling spring among the hills. You study with profit and pleasure the progress of some great human discovery, which has wonderfully added to our facilities of intercourse or our appliances of comfort—such, for instance, as the use of steam-power: and you go back and back, from one stage of its history to another, until you find it an idea first taking shape in the mind of a Watt or a Stephenson. More interesting, and more profitable far, is it to trace the progress of Christianity, as the grandest work of God in the history of the world. How vast now is the multitude of the disciples of Jesus: here you see Him begin with two. These verses record the first proof or illustration of the Saviour's influence among men. They report the first words of Jesus Christ in His public character to His first disciples. Thrice before His words are recorded. Once to His earthly parents while He was still a boy, regarding His Father's work—Luke ii. 49; a second time to John the Baptist, on the occasion of His baptism, as a word of consecration to His office—Matthew iii. 15; and a third time, on the occasion of his temptation in the wilderness, as a word of victory over the Tempter. Here first we have His word to men as their Saviour drawing them to Himself.

Some fishermen of Galilee, looking for redemption in Israel, had been attracted down the banks of the Jordan by reports of the wonderful preaching of John the Baptist. They came to hear and see for themselves. John saw Jesus on one occasion drawing near to the crowd of his hearers, and he said, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." The next day he repeated the same testimony, as he saw Jesus walking near. This renewed declaration stirred the souls of two of His disciples—two of these Galilean fishermen—and they left the Baptist and followed Jesus. The word that He spoke to them—His influence over them—and the privilege he afforded them, present a suitable and suggestive theme for meditation. May Christ Himself help us to understand its full and beautiful meaning in relation to ourselves, that those who have followed Him may follow Him more fully—that those who have not yet followed Him may begin from this hour.

I.—*A little real knowledge of Jesus Christ produces the desire for more.*

It was so in the case of these two disciples, and it ever is so. They had heard the testimony of John the Baptist regarding Jesus—evidently had heard it oftener than once, and they received it: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." It was a wondrous testimony; and they felt it exactly suited to them. They had sin to be taken away, and they resolved at once to seek the knowledge of Jesus, and to follow Him. They prized the Baptist's ministry, for it had done them good, but they felt that the Lamb of God was infinitely more to them than John could be. So now, my brethren, there is no one who really receives God's message regarding Jesus, although His faith should be at first but as a grain of mustard seed, who does not desire to know more of the glorious Son of God. This knowledge is so blessed and so beautiful, so sweet and sacred, so powerful and purifying, so hallowed and joyous, that he who possesses a little truth as his own by precious experience, will seek to possess more. This is the knowledge which makes wise unto salvation. This is the knowledge for the excellency of which St. Paul counted all things but loss. This is the knowledge in which above all others we are commanded to grow. And if we are not growing in it; if we have no desire for more, we may well doubt whether we have ever received God's testimony regarding His Son. There is no knowledge so pure,

so powerful, so joyous in its influence as this, and he that believes that Jesus is the Lamb of God will desire to know more of His transcendent excellency and glorious grace. To know Him is eternal life.

II.—*The true way of reaching and increasing our knowledge of Jesus Christ, is to follow Himself.*

This method the two disciples at once adopted. They might have stayed with John, and asked him for further and fuller information about the Messiah; but instead of this, they left the Baptist, and at once followed the Saviour. And this is the true way of obtaining knowledge of Christ. What can human teachers tell us about Him? They may present the testimony of God fully and faithfully, for our reception: but if we are to know Christ, we must follow Himself. Who can give us instruction about the Saviour but Himself? Who can unfold to us His glory, or reveal to us His beauty, or make known to us His grace, but Himself? Who can tell us what He is, in the glory and mystery of His person, and what He has done in the perfection of His work but Himself?

And how much is there in Him to be known? In this matter the most experienced Christian has not yet attained, or reached a full knowledge of the Saviour.

"Earth is too narrow to express  
His worth, His glory, or His grace."

So that we may be ever growing in the knowledge of His personal excellence, and redemptive glory. How much is there to be known of Him, as the majesty of His Godhead, and the mystery of His nature as Emmanuel, God with us? How much is there to be known of Him as the only Mediator between God and man, in the sufficiency of His sacrifice and the prevalence of His intercession? How much is there to be known of Him as the Prophet, Priest, and King of His Church and people? How much is there to be known of Him as the Redeemer of men, the glorious conqueror of Sin and Death and Hell, for all who follow Him? And how much is there to be known of Him as the man Christ Jesus, in all the lovingness of His friendship, and all the tenderness of His sympathy? He has unsearchable riches: and in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

How then can we increase our knowledge of the Saviour, but by applying to Himself, and following Him? Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord.

What is it then, thus to follow Him? We cannot of course follow Him in the sense that those two disciples did; but something of the same principle may be manifested.

There will be attraction. The soul in all its powers will be drawn out after Him and towards Him. These disciples sought the Messiah, and they were drawn to Him. So Christ draws men still to Him, and if we are following Him we shall feel this attraction.

There will be faith—a belief that He is what the testimony of God declares Him to be, and a trust in Him as the Saviour and friend that we need—able to take away all our sins and to save our souls. There can be no following Him without faith. Some followed Him while He was on earth without real faith, followed Him for a time from curiosity or carnal motive; but they were soon offended by His doctrine, and went back and walked no more with Him. There must be faith in order to follow Him fully, faith in Him as the Saviour of men.

There will be submission—a readiness to do what he desires or commands, just as these disciples unhesitatingly and joyously obeyed when in reply to their question, "Master, where dwellest thou?" He said, "Come and see." So we must surrender ourselves to His guidance and influence if we would truly follow Him. To know Him, we must follow Him, to follow Him we must trust Him and obey Him. There is no other way of reaching that knowledge which is the true light and liberty here, and which will be life eternal hereafter.

III.—*The Spirit of devout inquiry always meets with the Saviour's sympathy and smile.*

"Jesus turned and saw" these two disciples following Him; but why did He turn? They ventured on no address, nor any introduction of their own, and were following in silence. But Jesus was conscious in His Spirit that they were following, that the hour was now come when He was to begin to draw men around Him; and He turned and looked upon the two as the first given to Him of the Father. He opened

His mouth in affectionate words, "What seek ye?"—not "Whom seek ye? Wherefore come ye thus after me?" There was nothing forbidding in the inquiry. He put it to them that He might search their hearts, awaken their consciousness, and invite their confidence. The Divine and the human beautifully mingle here. In the consciousness of His Godhead He knew that the hour for beginning His work was come, and that these two men were following Him in the naturalness of a human action. He turned and asked them why they followed Him. His question and influence were alike full of approval and encouragement. So still, and so always to those that follow Him. Mark the influence as suggested by the fact here recorded.

He awakens consciousness. This is the first thing that the Saviour does to those that truly follow Him. Men never really know themselves till they know Him. Like a true master in this case, He did not speak words of instruction to these disciples, but sought to excite their reflection and awaken their consciousness. What a wondrous hour is that in a man's life when first he yields to the influence of the Son of God! When first he feels that Christ in the Gospel speaks to him. A new consciousness dawns upon his soul; he finds a reality in his being that he never felt before: new ties encompass him, new hopes dawn upon him: he is another man. He is conscious of a majesty in his manhood that he never thought of before; and all that Christ has done and can do for the soul rises up in wonderful fulness to its view. "What seek ye?" There is a latent fulness of meaning in the inquiry, conveying essential truth which is applicable to all who ever come to Him. The whole consciousness of our being is excited by contact with Christ, and goes forth in desire, gratitude, and hope. Nothing so lifts up the soul, nothing so lights up the countenance, which is the index of the soul, with intelligence and joy.

He invites confidence. "What seek ye?" He asked the question that the disciples might have an opportunity of unobscuring themselves to Him, of telling Him all their feelings, and desires, and hopes. As if He had said, "What can I do for you? What interest in me, what hope, what desire leads you to follow me?" So the Saviour will have no coldness, no reserve, no distance between Himself and his followers. He invites their fullest confidence that they may tell Him all. This, my brethren, is for you and me. We may pour out our hearts to Him: we may tell Him all our anxiety and all our desire; and if we may do so at the very outset of our discipleship, so assuredly we may do so afterwards. This will be for our relief, always for our help and our encouragement. And then the quickening inquiry, "What seek ye?" glides into the invitation "come."

He offers a welcome. When Jesus thus tenderly drew them on to open their hearts to Him, they replied with the question as to where He dwelt, or as to His abode for that night. "Where dwellest thou? Where loigest thou?" "They would not trouble Him on the way; they wished to speak with Him alone." But in their words they breathed the desire to be near Him, to be with Him, to learn of Him; and instantly He gave them welcome—"come"; "come and see." He invited them to accompany Him. There was more than mere persuasion, more even than invitation, there was gracious command in this word "come." They were welcome to Him, and in the word *come* we have the key note of His whole ministry and mission. So it has come down to us, this gracious, ever-present and pressing welcome.

Thus, my brethren, He encourages His disciples and followers still, quickening their consciousness, inviting their confidence, and offering them a welcome to go with Him. He never sends any away empty. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—the resting place of human desire and hope.

*IV.—In following Christ the believer finds more than he expected or imagined.*

The disciples readily obeyed the Lord, and cheerfully followed Him. They went and saw where He dwelt, and they did more—they remained with Him for the remainder of that day. This was a privilege they did not look for. They tasted and saw something of the grace and glory of the Saviour. They had fellowship with Him. The two first disciples with Jesus for the first time! What a day must that have been for them! What they saw or heard on the occasion is not recorded: we know only that they made the grandest of all discoveries, and reached the conviction that they had found the true refuge and resting-place of the human soul.

So, my brethren, Jesus gives to all who seek Him more than they can ask or think—a Divine peace—a purer joy, and a brighter hope than they could have conceived. Is it not so? Is it not true that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived what God hath prepared for them that love Him?" What has Jesus been to you, to many of you in your pilgrimage hitherto? You have followed him sometimes with weak faith and cold affection, so that your following has been afar off. Yet His language has ever been gracious to you. "Come;" "come and see," and in your coming what have you found? More than you could have anticipated, more than you can tell—a peace which passeth understanding—a joy that is unspeakable—a hope that maketh not ashamed. What would life be to you now without fellowship with Christ? There is no strength for the soul, no blessedness, no consolation, no prospect like that which fellowship with Jesus Christ supplies. "I will come to Him and sup with Him, and He with me."

The pursuits of the world often disappoint. You have gone to some scene of pleasure with high expectations, and you have come away mortified that your expectations were foolishly so high. You have looked for large things in the interest and influence of some friend in your behalf, and you find that he has forgotten his promise, or that his word can do you little good. But if you follow Christ there will be no disappointment. If you go with Him, you will find in fellowship with Him, an enjoyment which nothing earthly can yield, a repose which nothing earthly can disturb, a possession which no material calamity can injure, and a prospect which no worldly discomfiture or discouragement can darken. I asked a poor man the other day, a man who has known the pinchings of poverty and the cravings of hunger, and the penalty of sin, but who is now clothed and in his right mind at the feet of Jesus, "Could £10,000 have done for you what you feel Christ has done?" I shall not soon forget the eagerness and earnestness beaming in his countenance, as he replied with instant and remarkable decision, "No, sir, no, the world could not have done for me what Jesus Christ has done." This is gloriously true. Oh! come and try. Follow Christ, that you may know Him, and in knowing Him you will find that He can do exceedingly abundantly more than you have asked or thought. To know Him is life and blessedness for evermore.

## FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

**LITTLE READERS:** There are many things which we would like to learn, but one of the first things we should learn about is ourselves.

If we were going to be travellers, we should first travel in our own country, and afterwards in foreign lands; so before we talk about the flowers, the shining stones, the rolling ocean, or the winds and rain, we will learn something of ourselves.

I asked a little girl what her eyes and ears were made for, and she said, "I see with my eyes, and hear with my ears." "And what are your hands and feet good for?" I asked. "I work and play with my hands, and run with my feet," she replied.

"The other day I saw a little baby. It was very white and cold. It had eyes, but it could not see; it had ears, but it could not hear; indeed, it could not stir a finger. Can you tell me why?" I asked.

"Was it dead?" asked Lillie.

"Yes, it was dead. Its soul had left its little body."

"Little Jennie had a canary which sung and flew around its cage in great glee whenever she came home from school as much as to say, 'Oh, I am so glad to see you! It has been very still without you,' and then it would 'tune up' and sing its loudest and sweetest song."

One day, when Jennie came home from school, Dickie—that was the bird's name—did not come to the door of his cage and chirp. "What is the matter with Dickie?" said Jennie, as she climbed into a chair and looked into the cage. "Poor birdie!" she said, and cried most violently, for its little, happy, cheery bird was lying cold and lifeless on the bottom of the cage. It had eaten something which made so sick that its life could not stay in its body. It could not move. It did not hear or see because its life, like the baby's soul, had gone out of its body.

You learn by this that the soul cannot stay in the body when it is dead, and that our bodies are for the soul to see with, to hear with, and to work and play with.

## JOHN WYCLIFFE.



THE most conspicuous name in the religious history of England during the fourteenth century is that of John Wycliffe.\* He was born about the year 1320, near Richmond, in Yorkshire; and died at Lutterworth, on the last day of the year 1384. His life is closely connected with the University of Oxford, in connection with which he held in succession various important offices—in 1356 he is Seneschal (or steward) of Merton College, in 1361 Master of Balliol, in 1365 Warden of Canterbury Hall, a foundation afterwards merged in that of Christ Church. In 1374 we find him at Bruges, one of the commissioners sent by the king, Edward III., to treat with the Papal Nuncio on the subject of "reservation of benefices," an encroachment by which many of the livings in England had been drawn into the hands of the Pope. In the same year he was presented by the king to the rectory of Lutterworth, which preferment he retained to the close of his life. His last years were troubled by persistent attacks from the enemies whom his uncompromising resistance to the abuses of the times had aroused against him. In 1377 he is summoned before Convocation, at St. Paul's, to answer charges of erroneous teaching; in the following year he appears before a synod at Lambeth; three years later the Chancellor of the University of Oxford condemns opinions on the Eucharist which were ascribed to Wycliffe and his followers. Amidst these assaults, occasioned by his faithful teaching, and his vehement opposition to the "begging friars" (whom he pronounced to be the "cause, beginning, well, and maintaining of perturbation in Christendom, and of all evils of this world"), he pursued to the last his course of unremitting devotion to the work of teaching and preaching. The powerful patronage of John of Gaunt and others of high station and great influence saved Wycliffe from the fierce persecution which overpowered many of his adherents. Nicholas de Hereford was excommunicated and imprisoned, and seems to have regained his liberty at the sacrifice of his collar opinions. Ashton gave way for a time; Repeyngton was excommunicated, and became a persecutor of his former friends.

\* Or Wyellf, or Wic'if. The name is written in twenty or thirty different ways.

John Purvey, who was Wycliffe's associate at Lutterworth, suffered imprisonment in 1390; in 1400, terrified by the fate of Sautre, who was burnt alive as a heretic, he publicly retracted his obnoxious tenets; the record of a second imprisonment in 1421 affords evidence that he rejoined the party of which he had been the leader.

[The above is an excerpt from that admirable and practically exhaustless work, "The Bible Educator," (published by Messrs. Cassell) - a series of volumes that everyone would do well to possess.]

## IN BONDAGE.

BY D. L. MOODY.

I WAS with General Grant's army when they went into Richmond. I had not been in the streets of Richmond more than a few hours before we heard that the poor slaves were just coming into liberty, and upon whom the light of liberty was just shining, were going to have what they called a jubilee meeting. The meeting was only for coloured people; but I managed to get in. There was a crowd of 3000 men and women. The bright light of liberty was just shining upon them, and they were rubbing their eyes and looking round to see where they were. Liberty had come upon them so suddenly that they did not realise their position. They had some chaplains of some of our Northern regiments for speakers. We had coloured chaplains to coloured regiments. I have heard a great many orators in our country of America, but never any like I heard that day. One coloured orator stood up and said, "Mothers, we bring you good news to-day. You are for ever free. That little child has been torn from your bosom and sold to a distant state for the last time." And those mothers just believed the glad news, and wept, and shouted, "Glory to God in the highest." It was a very enthusiastic meeting. They believed the Gospel, and there was a shout went up from them. It was glad tidings; they were for ever free; they were no longer bondsmen. Then, turning to the young men, the orator said, "Young men, rejoice to-day; you have been put on the auction block and sold, you have heard the crack of the slave-driver's whip, for the last time. You are free for ever, and your posterity. You are never to be sold again as cattle; you are never to be sold as horses. You are for ever free." And the young men believed it, and they clapped their hands and shouted for joy, and the tears run down their cheeks. They just believed the good news. They believed Abraham Lincoln's proclamation he had proclaimed true, and they freely believed it. I want to have you believe the Gospel to-night, that Christ is able to set every bondsman free to-night. Then the orator said, "Young maidens, you have been sold at the auction block for the last time. You and your posterity are for ever free. You are no longer slaves to any one. You can go where you please, and do what you please. You are for ever free." And those young maidens clapped their hands and shouted for joy. What made them do that? Because they believed it. It was Gospel to them. They had been slaves for a long time, and had never expected liberty; but their fetters were broken, and they were free for ever.

But let me tell you, my friends, that no slave in the Southern States of America ever had so hard a master as you have got. You have a harder master than any Southern slave ever had. You are serving the devil. What does he pay you for it? Did you ever see a man serving Satan who was satisfied? The longer you go on in his service, the harder it will become; and by-and-by, after he has done with you here, he will take you to his place of torment. You may laugh at it, and make light of it now; but I pity the man who is

## A SLAVE OF THE DEVIL.

I come to-night to tell you you can be free if you will. God sent Christ into the world not only to heal the broken-hearted, but to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the recovery of sight to the blind. I do not think it would take more than five minutes to prove that the world is blind to their own interests. What downright blindness, what madness for a man to reject salvation, to reject the Saviour of the world, God's gift; to reject eternal life, to reject pardon, to reject the offer of mercy! But, my friends, Christ came to open blind eyes. May He open many a blind eye here to-

night. May the prayers of God's people be answered; may the scales fall from many an eye, and may many behold Christ as their Lord and Saviour to-night. Christ came to open the prison doors, to set the captives free, to give sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. That means this is the time when God says, "I am not imputing trespasses and sin, but am seeking to forgive men. I want to forgive sins now."

"There is

#### THE BLOOD ON THE MERCY SEAT,

and while the blood remains there, I will save every one that will come." There, sinner, is the door wide open. God says, "I will look to the blood; I am not looking to the sins now. I will look to the blood shed by My beloved Son." Oh, sinner, make haste to-night, and press into the kingdom while the blood is on the mercy seat. When once the Master of the house has risen up and shut to the door, there will be no hope then. Seize the kingdom now, while the gates of heaven are wide open, and the blood is on the mercy seat, and God says, "I am coming to forgive men." It is a Gospel of reconciliation and forgiveness. God is shouting down from the heights of glory, "Sinner, I will forgive you. Will you not be forgiven?" "I will pay the debt," says Christ. "You owe God a debt you cannot pay," says Christ. "I will pay it."

Oh, sinner, come to Him now. God loves you and wants to save you. Believe the Gospel now. He so loved you that He sent His Son out of heaven to die for you. What more could God have done for His people than He has done? He sent the prophets, and we killed them! He sent His beloved Son, and we murdered Him; and then He sent the Holy Ghost. O, sinner, will you not have Christ to-night?

May God help you to come, just as you are, to a loving God, and be saved!

## OUR SECRETS.

**B**ETWEEN man and his fellow man there are many secrets; and it is well that there are. What a lamentable and loathsome sight would be presented to the mortal gaze—what a degrading and destructive influence would be brought to bear on the mortal mind if we each knew all about the other—his sins—sorrows—words—thoughts—plans—purposes—and principles! Only a Divine Being could bear the sight without contamination and injury. And between that Holy One and man there are no secrets on *man's* side. No cloak can hide from the Infinite gaze. The softest and most silent footfall of the traitor He hears. The most cunningly-contrived plot He descries. The most burnished falsehood He determines to be counterfeit. The minutest departure from the line of right He detects. Whilst, on the other hand, the deed of charity—never trumpeted before the world,—the cup of cold water given to a disciple, the sympathising word, the tearful look, and the voiceless desire to do good, which is never permitted to bud into action, He recognises and remembers. The upraised sigh has its echo, and the falling tear drops into His bottle. Though the night be dark, the curtains drawn, and the lights extinguished, yet His bright eye is riveted upon us. Though Adam may hide himself behind the thicket, yet God sees him. Though Sarah mockingly laugh behind the door, yet the Lord observes her. Though Jacob is alone at night by the ford of Jabbok, yet the Holy Presence is with him. Though Joseph is lost to his parent, yet the eye of the Heavenly Father follows him. Though Achan buries the wedge of gold, yet the Just One knows the spot where it is secret. Though Gehazi lies and thinks his master knows it not, yet the Divine Master is cognisant of it. Though Jonah flees from duty and conceals himself in the vessel's cabin, yet God can meet with him there. Though Christ is bodily miles away from the Bethany home, yet He knows of the death of Lazarus. Though Judas plots in secret, yet his base barter with the priests is not concealed from Jesus. Though Peter denies Christ in the hall of the court, yet Jesus, by one look of injured love, shows the frail disciple that He knows all about it. The Jews covered the face of the Man of Sorrows before they buffeted Him and smote Him with the palms of their hands. They thought to conceal the guilty actors; but Christ knew who struck Him. Yes: the acquaintance with the inmost feelings and outward actions which the Saviour displayed in relation to the obscure Samaritan woman, is just the acquaintance He possessed with

all men with whom He came in contact during His earthly ministry—and just the knowledge He *now* has of all the millions dwelling on this globe. There is no tenant of the lower sphere who may not truthfully assert with Hagar, "Thou God seest me," or with Job—"Thou knowest the way that I take," or with David, "Thou hast searched and known me."

Such a thought is surely very encouraging and consoling to the true follower of Christ. In this world, where our vision is contracted, our understandings are so limited, our desires so warped, and our idiosyncrasies so angular, the child of God, like other men, is not infrequently misunderstood by those with whom he associates. His good works may be espoken of. His holiest and most self-denying motives may be misconstrued. His words may be so distorted as to be made to imply what was as far from his thoughts as the north from the south pole. His wisdom may be pronounced "craft"; his kindness may be called "stupidity"; his justice may be denounced "cruelty." When he is liberal, men may say—"He has a selfish motive in giving, he expects repayment in another form." When, on the principle of being home before he is generous, he feels bound to decline giving, they may say, "He is stingy, niggardly, mean." Thus men amissread and misrepresented. How comforting, then, is the thought that God knows our secret desires and hidden principles! He will not mistake the shadow for the substance—the appearance for the reality. History says that Cyrus had a memory so strong that he knew the name of every soldier in his army. Oh, Christian, the Saviour knows every name only—but every thought of every heart. He knows when the shadow of fear flits across our spirits, and when the first inclination to good or bad stirs within our breasts. He numbers all the waves of trouble, to us innumerable, and knows which of them bear on their crests the sparkling phosphorescence of spiritual good. What a blessed antidote is this to every earthly sorrow! There can be no season of loneliness when we feel God is watching us—no hour of darkness so long as we realise that the glorious radiance of the Eternal Sun of Righteousness falls upon us.—*Rev. J. Miles Hitchens, in "Bible Waters."*

## THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER AS A REVIVALIST.

**I**T is a fact of history that the conversion of sinners has generally been the result of special visitations of God's grace to His people. However any may decry "revivals," as being mere manifestations of nervous and mental excitement, evanescent in their nature and results, yet a very significant fact is, that the great majority of experimental Christians were brought to Christ in times of special religious interest in the Church. It is, however, to be admitted that special interest has manifested itself differently in different ages, countries, and communities. God is unchangeable, but in nowise is He compelled to repeat Himself in revivals of religion.

Another fact of recent Church history is, that a very large proportion of conversions have occurred in the Sunday-school, and still another, that many, if not most, revivals either commence in, or gather their first fruits from the Sunday-school. From this, it follows that the Sabbath-school teacher may be not simply a teacher, but also a *revivalist*. This, in the proper sense of the term, we conceive to be his or her real calling; for the highest design of Sunday-school teaching is the conversion of the scholars.

Doubtless other results are also to be sought in such instruction, but at most they should be but the intermediate considerations, while the all-absorbing purpose of every teacher ought to be nothing less than the speedy conversion of the unconverted who are committed to his care. The teacher is not only to instil truth into the mind of the scholar, but is to patiently and persistently try to press the truth down into the heart. Said Jesus, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." It is the duty of the teacher to bring, if possible, this living word into contact with the heart of the pupil.

The Sunday-school teacher is a preacher. To be sure, he is not ordained; neither Presbytery or Bishop has laid hands upon his head, but God has laid the truth upon his heart, and he is to "preach" it, i.e., teach it to those under his care.

Thus teaching, he may become a revivalist, as is shown by the following suggestions :

1. By his relation to his own class. We need not write concerning the teacher's possible influence upon the hearts of the members of his class ; it is sufficient to say that he may live very near those hearts, and that it is therefore, his great privilege to lead most, if not all of them, to Jesus.

2. He may be a revivalist in his relation to the entire school. It would be well-nigh impossible for him to promote special religious interest in his own class, without influencing teachers and members of other classes. Let him be assured that if there be a flame of revival spirit kindled upon his own class altar, other altars, also, will begin to glow with spiritual fire.

3. The teacher's influence as a revivalist, will not be limited by the conversion of members of his class, or of the entire school, and he thus supplants the pulpit and social meetings of the Church. He stands very near the fountains of "refreshing," so near, indeed, that he may often be instrumental in setting in motion forces which shall submerge an entire Church with a flood of revival grace. This is not mere theory ; facts corroborate the statement. As already noted, the record of the modern Church shows that a large proportion of its revivals have originated in the Sabbath-school, and that the fruits of such revivals have been more enduring than of those which have begun and continued outside of the Sunday-school.

In order to achieve the highest success in his calling, the teacher must have certain qualifications. In the first place, in all truth essential to salvation, he must be theoretically right. He is not simply to try to inculcate moral principles, and to form moral habits, but he is to labour for the regeneration of the scholar. Hence all truths which are necessary to be taught in order to save men, must be earnestly and thoroughly believed by him. But again, as a matter of pre-eminent importance, he must have an experimental knowledge of saving truth. Concerning the truth, he must be able to say, "I speak that I do know, and testify that I have seen." In other words, he must be able not only to teach the young about Jesus, but also to teach them Jesus.

There are other necessary qualifications besides these to which attention has been called, but these are mentioned because absolutely indispensable to the highest success.

Fellow teachers, we see our work, our relation to our scholars, our privilege. Shall we not for this blessed work seek wisdom and power from on high ? The times seem full of expectation and of promise. The little cloud is rising and spreading. There is a "sound of abundance of rain." Now is our time. Let us enter with all our hearts into the spirit of our work. God will not disappoint our hopes, but with hearts overflowing with gratitude, we shall realise that "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall double-sow come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—*Zion's Herald.*

## THE PALACE O' THE KING.

[We cannot resist reprinting the following poem, which appeared in a recent issue of *The Christian* (U.S.A.). The poem is characterised by rare sweetness, and by a delicacy of sentiment, tenderness, and pathos which find felicitous expression in the beautiful idioms of the Scottish tongue.]

It's bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo,  
An' sunny is the lan' we aften traivel throo ;  
But in vain we look for something to which oor herts can  
cling,  
For its beauty is as naething to the palace o' the King.

We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry, merry tread,  
An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties wi' the  
dead :

For though bonnie are the snaw-flakes, and the down on  
winter's wing,

's nae to ken it daurna touch the palace o' the King.

hen, again, I've juist been thinkin' that when a' thing here's  
bright,

he sunn an' its grandeur, and the mune wi' quiverin' licht,  
he ocean i' the summer, or the woodland i' the spring,  
hat maun it be up yonner i' the palace o' the King ?

It's here we hae oor trials, and it's here that He prepares  
A' His chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner  
wears,  
An' it's here that He wad hear us 'mid oor tribulations sing,  
"We'll trust oor God wha reigneth i' the palace o' the  
King."

Though His palace is up yonner, He has kingdoms here  
below,

An' we are His ambassadors, wherever we may go ;  
We've a message to deliver, and we've lost anes hame to  
bring,  
To be leal and loyal-herted i' the palace o' the King.

Oh, it's honour heaped on honour that His courtiers should be  
ta'en

Frae the wand'rin' anes He died for i' this warl' o' sin an'  
pain,

An' its fu'est love an' service that the Christian aye should  
bring,

To the feet of Him wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King.

The time for sawin' seed, it is wearin', wearin' dune ;  
An' the time for winnin' souls will be ower verra sune ;  
Then let us a' be active, if a fruitfu' sheaf we'd bring  
To adorn the royal table i' the palace o' the King.

An' lat us trust Him better than we've ever dune afore,  
For the King will feed His servants frae His ever-bounteous  
store ;

Lat us keep a closer grip o' Him, for time is on the wing,  
An' sune He'll come and tak' us to the palace o' the King.

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie upon which the rainbows shine,  
An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi' a never-fadin' Vine ;  
An' the pearly gates o' heaven do a glorious radiance fling  
On the starry floor that shimmers i' the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven, and nae desolatin' sea,  
And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the free ;  
There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never-fadin' spring,  
Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' the palace o' the King.

We see our friends await us ower yonner at His gate,  
Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late ;  
Lat oor lamps be brightly burnin' ; lat's raise oor voice an'  
sing,  
Sune we'll meet to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the King !

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

There is more joy in enduring a cross for God than in all  
the smiles of the world.

CHARITY.—Besides those mistranslations which make our version of the Bible somewhat erroneous, but which are hardly in any case of the smallest practical importance, a few passages of Scripture are liable to misunderstanding, in consequence of the change of meaning which some English words have undergone in the course of time. We have an example of this in the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. He says, "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, that oftentimes I purposed to come unto you, but was let hitherto." Now, *let*, in modern language, means permitted ; but there, with its old meaning, it expresses the very opposite, *hindered*. Charity is a term now limited almost entirely to mean kindness bestowed on the poor. So by a charitable man we understand one whose name is a household word in their homes ; and who of his substance, be it great or small, gives liberally to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to instruct the ignorant, to house the homeless, and to supply the need of widows and orphans. This chapter itself proves that that application of the term does not exhaust, or at all come up to the meaning of the word as employed by Paul ; for he supposes, as quite a possible case, a man who, though very charitable in the common sense of the term, is yet destitute of charity—declaring, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

## LENDING TO THE LORD.



"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord"—  
Prov. xix. 17.

**T**HIS text speaks about pity. Now let us see what pity is, before we go any further. Pity is the feeling of sorrow we find in our hearts when we see a person in trouble or distress. For instance, it is a very cold day, and the ground is covered with snow; and as you go along the street with your nice warm clothes around you, you see a poor little girl with no shoes or stockings on. Her dress is thin and ragged. She looks half-starved. Hungry and cold, she trembles as she goes, and her teeth chatter as the wind sweeps by her. When you look at that poor child your heart swells, your eyes fill with tears, and you feel as if you would like to take her home and set her down by the fire to warm herself, and give her something good to eat, and get her some better clothes to put on. And this feeling is what we call *pity*.

There are two kinds of pity: there is a *wrong* kind, and a *right* kind. The wrong kind of pity makes people *feel*, without making them do or give anything. The right kind makes people do, or give, as well as feel. For instance, there was a poor man who got his living by hauling wood from the wharf. One day, as he was driving his cart along the street, his horse fell down and died. This was a great loss to him. That horse had been his only dependence. He had no money to buy another with. And when he thought of his family being left without bread in the middle of winter, he couldn't help crying. A crowd of people soon gathered round the poor man and his dead horse; and when they saw how much distressed he was—"Poor fellow," said one, "I'm very sorry for him." "So am I," said another. "I pity him very much," said a third. But still none of them gave him anything. This was the wrong kind of pity. It was *feeling* without *giving*. Presently, however, a gentleman stepped up to these persons, and said, "Here, my friends, I pity the poor man one pound; how much do you pity him?" That was the right kind of pity. It not only led the man to *feel*, but to *give*.

And this is the kind of pity that Solomon speaks of in our text. He says, "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord." This means that, if we have the right kind of pity for the poor, we shall want to do, or give, something to help them; and that what we do or give to them, God regards as done or given to Himself.

[The above article, with its illustration, is reprinted from "The Best Things," published by Messrs. Partridge and Co. The book is replete with instruction, and abounding in illustrations with pen and pencil, and would form a very appropriate Sunday-school prize.]

## BE CHEERFUL.

**F**RETFULNESS will kill anything that is not in its nature immortal. There is a large class of persons in constant trouble about their health, although the same amount of strength in a cheerful man would be taken as healthiness. Their digestion, being constantly suspected of unfaithfulness, finally refuses to serve such a master, and says, "Hereafter make way with your own lobsters!" and the suspected lung resign their office, saying, "Hereafter blow your own bellows!" For the last twenty years he has been expecting every moment to faint. His nerves make insurrection, and rise up against his head, saying, "Come! let us seize upon this armoury!" His face is perpetually drawn, as though he either had a pain or expected one. You fear to accost him with, "How are you to-day?" for that would be the signal for a shower of complaints. He is always getting a lump on his side, an enlargement of the heart, or a curve in the spine. If some of these disorders did not actually come, he would be sick of disappointment. If you should find his memorandum book, you would discover in it recipes, in elderly female handwriting, for the cure of all styles of diseases, from softening of the brain in a man, down to the bots in a horse. His bedroom shelf is an apothecary-infantum, where medicines of all kinds may be found, from large bottles full of headwash in diseased craniums, down to the smallest vial, full of the best preparations for the removing of corns from the feet.

Away! away with all forebodings as to the future! Cheer up, disconsolate ones! Go forth among nature. Look toward the heavens insufferably bright by day, or at night when the sky is merry with ten thousand stars, joining hands of light, with the earth in the ring, going round and round with gleam and dance and song, making old night feel young again. Go to the forest, where the woodman's axe rings on the trees, and the solitude is broken by the call of the wren sparrow, and the chawink starting up from among the huckleberry bushes. Go to where the streams leap down off the rocks, and their crystal heels clatter over the white pebbles. Go to where the wild flowers stand drinking out of the mountain-brook, and scattered on the grass, look as if all the oreads had cast their crowns at the foot of the steep. Hear to the fluting of the winds and the long-metre psalm of the thunder! Look at the Morning coming down the mountain and Evening drawing aside the curtain from heaven's wall of jasper, amethyst, sardonyx, and chalcedony! Look at all that and then be happy.—*Talmage*.

There is a fable of a tree, which, as it fell groaning to the earth, discovered that out of its own timber the woodman had felled the axe which entered its heart and felled it to the ground; and there is another of an eagle that, pierced by an arrow as it soared in the skies, discerned, while it lay dying on the ground, that its own wing had furnished a feather the shaft that drank up its blood. Well, sceptics, abandoning the weapons with which Hume, Gibbon, Tom Paine, and Voltaire vainly attempted to overthrow our faith, have thought to find in the Bible itself that which would feather their arrows or haft their axe. Because the Bible, in addressing itself to our self-love, appeals to the lowest principles of our nature cannot, they say, be Divine. An objection this that proves the darkness of their understandings, or the malignity of their hearts! Restrained within proper bounds, self-love is a right feeling; one that, divinely implanted, is not a vice but a virtue which—winning the drunkard, for example, practise sobriety and respect himself—would gladden many a wretched home.

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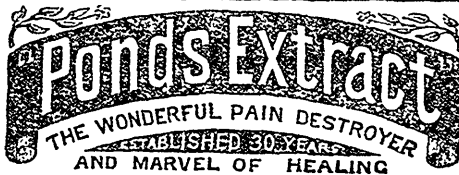
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