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Editorial.

THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

The noble savage! Where is he? We have read about him in story books, and in recent works of a science that is falsely so called, but real specimens of noble savages are few and far between. If indeed, men in their savage wilds can attain to virtue and eternal happiness without the Gospel, as some are fond of maintaining, then one would conclude that Africa must be a very virtuous and happy country. That vast continent, which has stood for so many centuries closed against the Gospel of our Lord, is now being opened to the gaze of Christendom, and what do we find? The scenes recently opened up to our eyes in the heart of Africa by adventurous travellers, by laborious missionaries, and by daring soldiers of our Queen, show us with sorrowful clearness what man becomes without a written revelation from God and a dispensation of the Spirit. Shut up in the heart of a trackless continent, and shut out from the Bible, the natives of Central Africa had abundant opportunity, during these long centuries, to show us how high man can raise himself without that Book and its glorious Christ. How high have these native tribes risen? To what have these savages attained in knowledge, in virtue, in happiness and in fitness for entering that kingdom beyond the grave into which nothing impure can come? The answer to this question is of such a character as to force us to cast out for

ever from our vocabulary the designation given as the heading of this article, and to cast out for ever from our creed the wicked fallacy that the heathen can be saved without the Gospel.

Before the steps of Livingstone, and of Sir Garnet Wolseley, the noble savage has fled until no place is any more found for him in sober history. The noble savage is a myth. He never had any existence except in the brains of fools and romancers. Paul the Apostle, who was as unwearied and as adventurous a traveller, in his way, as Livingstone, who was a man of observant eye, and great candour, never met with a noble savage, as far as we can gather from his writings and sermons. He exhorts his converts not henceforth to "*walk as other Gentiles (or heathen) in the vanity of their mind, having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God because of the blindness of their hearts, who being past feeling, have given themselves over unto lasciviousness to work all uncleanness with greediness.*"—Ep. iv. 19.

Long ago India brought us the sad truth that since the days of Paul heathenism has made progress only in the direction of greater degradation. "At the base of the Himalah mountains," says one of its missionaries, "is a belt of land called Terray; it has been designated the 'Valley of Death.' At periodical seasons the heavy rains from the mountains convert it into a swamp and

the tropical heat covers it with the rankest vegetation. Dense vapors are exhaled from the corrupting mass. The atmosphere thus created is charged with every element of death. Instinctively the very animals depart from the deathly scene. The few inhabitants fly to other regions. It is said that in the seasons subsequent to the rain not a sound is to be heard in the dreary regions. The forest utters no echo of a living creature. All is awful silence—the stillness of death. Were we called to represent the spiritual state of India by a physical emblem we would choose this scene. The Hindu mythology is distinguished by an unparalleled licentiousness. It desecrates the pure, degrades the lofty, and makes everything wanton and filthy. The stars of heaven, before its desecrating touch cease to shine. The sun is extinguished, the moon gives no light. It attaches to all that is beautiful and gorgeous in nature, abominable myths or filthy analogies. Hindu mythology leaves no spot in the wide world pure, no space in the blue heavens clean. Within its sphere all beauty becomes hideous, all glory base, all purity defiled. Never was a curse more withering, never a blast more pestilential than that of this foul demon, first-born of hell. Its horrible abominations dare not be uttered."

As stood the Roman heathenism in the days of Paul (described by him in the 1st chapter of Romans) so stood India when first laid open to the Gospel. And as stood India so now stands Africa, slowly unfolding itself to our gaze with a heathenism that degrades men to the level of brutes, and horrifies us with its unclean and bloody rites, casting to the four winds of heaven all the romantic notions about the natural native dignity of man, and the possibility of salvation without the strong hand of God.

For let us remember that the question to be considered by us as Christian Churches, is not the speculative one whether men that never heard of Christ

can be saved by living a good life. Leave that question with theological debating clubs. The point that stares us plainly in the face is this, that a good life without the Gospel is an unknown thing under the sun. Let us suppose that *only* twenty yards lay between a man and his own fireside on a stormy night wherein it was death to be abroad: but if the man has not strength to walk these twenty yards it is all the same to him, practically, as if his home was twenty miles away. Let us suppose that, by leading a good life, the heathen who never heard of Christ, could find favour with God. Where is the good life? Where, or when, or how has it been reached without the Gospel? America says it is not in me; and India and Africa say it is not in us. It is not simply that there is no heaven without the Gospel, but there is not even decent morality. The Churches of Christ will never feel and pray and work as they ought for the heathen world, till they get rid of the false sentiment about noble savages, and till they are profoundly impressed that heathenism always has been, is and will be, a state of hopeless and helpless moral degradation, without God and without hope.

THE THREE GREAT HERESIES.

The revival of religion, of which we have often written in these pages, has one distinctive feature that ought to be noticed with joy by all good Christians. That feature is the place and prominence that is given in this work to the Spirit of God. The meetings are opened, carried on and closed under the over-awing belief that the Spirit of God is necessary to all Gospel worship, and all Gospel preaching, that His presence is promised in all assemblies of His people, and that in our day as of old, He fills His own house often with His glory, so that men may say as Jacob on the memorable night at Bethel—"How dreadful is this place."

It is a hopeful sign of our times to see the Holy Spirit thus exalted and glorified. The first great heresy into which the Church of God fell was to deny the glory due to the Father. Displacing Jehovah from His throne and exalting nature and men to a level with Him, "worshipping and serving the creature more than the Creator," the Church sunk into miserable idolatry, "changing the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things." But of this great heresy the Jewish Church was delivered by frequent chastisement, and by the coming of our blessed Lord. The Jews have never been known since their captivity to worship idols, and it is now seldom a Christian Church falls hopelessly and fully into unmitigated idol-worship, although a dangerous approach to it is found in the Church of Rome.

The next great heresy was the denial of the glory due to the Son. Before the Apostle John left this world, this heresy began to work, for even then men were to be found in the Church who "denied the Lord who bought them." The Arian heresy, as it is called, which reduced our Divine Redeemer to the level of a creature, spread over the face of the Church to such an extent that it became a proverb that Athanasius alone of all Christian preachers dared oppose it, as we find in the phrase, "ATHANASIUS AGAINST THE WORLD"—(*Athanasius contra mundum.*) But by the goodness of God in raising up men like Athanasius, Augustine, Luther and Calvin (men who with regard to Christ's Divinity went through the experience of Peter—to whom can we go?) By the goodness of God in raising up these true defenders of the faith, who in their writings are with us till this day, it has so happened that the Arian Heresy is now well nigh extinct as an influential creed in Christendom. The Unitarian body, who make the denial of Christ's

Divinity the leading tenet of their system, are all over the world losing heart for their own system and losing hold of the people.

But what of the third great heresy, the denial to the Holy Spirit of the glory due unto Him. This is the great heresy of our day, showing itself in four forms: (1) By denying the inspiration of the Bible, men thus refusing to listen to the Holy Spirit speaking through the holy men of old who wrote that book; or (2) By rejecting the solemn change wrought by the Spirit in men's hearts called conversion and regeneration, and classing it as among the mental imaginings of weak-minded people; or (3) By misunderstanding the Christian experience of the heart in which the Spirit dwells, and where there is going on a spiritual warfare, the Spirit against the flesh and the flesh against the Spirit, in many respects more impressive because of eternity than the wars of earthly ambition: or, (4) By quietly overlooking the necessity of the Spirit's work to give success to the preaching of the word, preachers thoughtlessly imagining that by logic, and rhetoric, by a clear method and a faultless style, which are good things in their place, they could storm the citadel of the human heart and bring down its lofty imaginations.

As in the Arctic regions, men sitting round their dingy rush lights in their dreary winter night discussing whether there be a sun or not, are awed into silence when his beams break forth on them, so the Church of this century, beginning to doubt whether there be a Holy Ghost, is startled by His coming; and quickened into life it knows not how. In every country and in every denomination, men are uniting in prayer for a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit. In many places that baptism has come, filling the mind with sacred truth and opening lips that had been during life sealed as to divine things. Hard-headed and hard-hearted men acknowledge His

presence and cry out, "What shall we do to be saved?" Preachers who could preach only from manuscript now preach from the heart, in language it may be less stately and stilted, but in language that comes home to the understanding and the conscience of the listeners with *demonstration* because the Spirit is there. "In listening to sermons that have been largely blessed," says a recent writer, "we have been conscious that beside the appropriate truth clearly presented and suitably applied, there was a mystic and indescribable yet cogent force giving it tensivity and power to the utterances. For want of a better name it is designated 'unction.' Some men possess it in a remarkable degree, and indeed it is an essential element in a soul-winning sermon. It seems to be generated by a vivid apprehension of eternal realities, a due sense of responsibility, implicit faith in the power of the truth, full and prayerful reliance upon the Holy Spirit, and an intense yearning for the salvation of immortal souls. This is our great need as ministers of the word, and for this should we earnestly seek. It will temper our most indig-

nant reproofs of sin with a holy sorrowfulness. It will give an incisiveness to our arguments and an impressiveness to our appeals. It will give a sweetness and tenderness, a pathos and glow to all our utterances, and pervade them with a holy, winsome power. When we speak of the just demands of the law, and the doom which awaits the ungodly, it will render our words, though condemnatory, yet not repulsive; when, after that, we point to the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and close with a loving and earnest appeal to flee from the one and embrace the other, our words will thrill and vibrate in the hearts of men, they will strike new chords of sensibility which we never supposed to exist, and, softened and subdued by the melting tones, men will be led with broken hearts and contrite spirits to put their trust in the saviour of mankind."

"Glory be to God alone,
 God whose hand created all!
 Glory be to God the Son,
 Who redeemed us from our fall!
 To the Holy Ghost
 Equal praise and glory be,
 When the course of time is lost,
 Lost in wide eternity!"

Practical Papers.

THE NUMBERER OF THE STARS, AND THE HEALER OF THE BROKEN-HEARTED

By REV. WM. COCHRANE, M.A., BRANTFORD, CANADA.

[It gives us much pleasure to welcome each good addition to the yet slender stock of native Canadian Literature. Every age must have its own books as every summer has its own leaves, and so must every country have its own literature, as every climate has its own vegetation. So far our native Canadian books have been mainly theological, as is always the case in a Christian country's earliest literature. The volume of Sermons, published by Adam, Stevenson & Co., Toronto, by the esteemed pastor of Zion Church, Brantford, from which we extract the following sermon, is a beautiful specimen of book-mak-

ing, equal to the very best issues of the London Press; and its matter, rich in instruction, beautiful in style, and extremely practical in its ultimate bearing.]

In the account of creation contained in the Book of Genesis, we are told that God made two great lights—the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night. Then it is added, "He made the stars." To the unassisted eye these twinkling stars seem small and insignificant, contrasted with the sun and moon, that flood our earth with light and beauty. And in order to counteract that feeling in the human mind, which refers to God's care and interest only the more grand and glorious

objects in creation, the inspired penman would have us remember that in God's eye there is nothing which has sprung from His hands unworthy of His sustaining power. The smallest star, dimly recognizable by the telescope on the very verge of the horizon, is the product of Almighty power as much as the mightier orbs and planets that revolve in space. And in order still further to deepen our sense of God's omniscience and perfect knowledge of the host of heaven, the Psalmist David says, "He telleth the number of stars, He calleth them all by their names."

Another thought that rises simultaneously in the mind, on a survey of the heavenly bodies, is the vastness of creation and the comparative insignificance of this earth and man. The Psalmist, living in an age when astronomy had but begun her discoveries, was struck by this solemn thought: "When I consider the heavens the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?" Such language was not produced by any feeling of scepticism as to God's providential care over man, and His love for the human family; but when he looked upward to these stars—beheld their number and splendour, and thought of the vast army of worlds stretching into space—all moving harmoniously in their appointed orbits, and constituting part of the domain over which the Almighty maintains a constant government, he felt how infinite must be the guardianship which embraces man within its sphere of exercise, and how unworthy man is to share in such regard of Heaven!

Such thoughts cannot but recur to many minds at the present day, when the knowledge of other worlds and planets has been so greatly enlarged, and their numbers so indefinitely increased. It need hardly be stated that the sun and moon and planets which

circulate around the sun and constitute the solar system, are but a small portion of the Creator's handiwork. Beyond these are stars and systems of stars, not like our earth deriving light from the central sun, but shining in unborrowed splendour, and revolving round other suns equally grand and glorious as our own. To the naked eye, these appear but specks of light upon the brow of night, many of them at such a vast distance—hundreds of millions of miles—that even to the most powerful telescopes they remain but shining points, though in reality much larger than our earth, and it may be larger than the sun. Nor is this the end of our researches in the starry world. Beyond these myriads of telescopic stars, are patches of light which do not at first sight seem stars at all. Like the finest dust or sand of ocean's shore, they seem but a golden band of light encircling the extremities of space. But on further investigation, we find that these are separate stars, and central suns, around which whole planetary systems revolve.

And when we still further reflect, that stars may have been created thousands of years since, *whose light has not yet reached us*, and that stars may have been extinguished thousands of years since, though still visible by their light which has not altogether died away; surely with the Psalmist we are forced to say, "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth, who has set Thy glory above the Heavens * * * What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him."

If once more, leaving the solid facts of astronomical discovery, we give play to our imagination, the paltry insignificance of this lower world will appear all the more conspicuous. That amid such a multiplicity of worlds we should receive so much attention is wonderful,—that God should so constantly provide for our welfare, and supply our wants, seems marvellous—still more so that His

Son should die to redeem from sin and recover from ruin. Yet all this we can believe, on the supposition that this world, though similar in size, is vastly more important than other worlds—"The summit and crown of God's material workmanship." But what if this world of ours be but one of an infinite number, the centres of animal and rational existence? What if these other worlds are peopled by intelligent creatures, possessed of reason and will? What if their inhabitants belong to a higher order of existence than man—pure and perfect as when first they came from their Creator's hands? Can we in such circumstances believe ourselves of so much importance that the Almighty should single us out for a special display of His long-suffering, and should make this corner of the universe the theatre of such a glorious display of love. Again, with the Psalmist, we are forced to say, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

Overwhelmed by such speculations, which have for ages filled the mind of man, how full of sweet assurance do the words of the text fall upon the ear—"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds—he telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names."

Consider then God's power and guardianship, as displayed in the *continued harmony and order of the heavenly host*. "He telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names." "Where wast thou," said the Almighty to Job, "when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? Or who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God chanted for joy." "Lift up your eyes on high," says the prophet Isaiah, "and behold who hath created

these things, that bringeth out their host by number; He calleth them all by their names." It does not demand an extensive acquaintanceship with the science of astronomy to be filled with wonder and admiration at the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God. None but an atheist can contemplate the majestic order of the heavenly bodies, and the wise adaptation of means to ends that reign throughout, without feeling impressed with a sense of the infinite knowledge that is everywhere evident. To reason as to the necessity of a Great First Cause and the continued exercise of Almighty care, seems madness. For granted, as the Philosopher tells us, that there are laws and combinations of laws, in virtue of which our earth and the other myriad stars and planets revolve, what are these laws but new evidences of a master mind, and a supreme directing power, that keeps watchful guard over the creatures of His hand? And what but a Divine mind could at first fashion and arrange the order of the universe, and continue its silent harmony unbroken to this hour!

"He telleth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by their names." His power was not expended at creation. His wisdom was not exhausted in the mere creation and arrangement of the heavenly bodies. Before a single atom of matter had been resolved into star and planet, its orbit was appointed and its circuit measured. As a general upon the battle-field marshals his battalions and directs their movements, so are the elements of unconscious matter in their Maker's hand. The sunbeam that shines upon the monarch's crown, and streams in upon the darkened chamber of the mourning widow, and the star that directs the pathway of the mariner over tempestuous waters, all alike receive their commission from His hands. In all these we see

"The signature and stamp of power divine."

"Stars countless, each in its appointed place,
Fast anchored in the deep abyss of space—
These are Thy glorious works, Thou source of
good,

How dimly seen, how faintly understood !
Absorbed in that immensity of space
I stand abased and yet aspire to Thee."

He that numbereth the stars and calleth them all by their names, is also the healer of the broken-hearted. "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." God's character cannot be fully known in nature—not even in the sublime study of the starry hosts. These may declare His power, and wisdom, and majesty, but they are silent as regards His love, and tenderness, and consideration.

The vastness of creation does not prevent the most minute oversight on the part of the Almighty. This is what distinguishes the infinite Jehovah from man, whose knowledge is confined to the present moment. The greater the breadth of our survey in this world but increases our ignorance of details. Those who by reason of their genius lay hold of the deep things of nature, are, in proportion, unfitted for the common business of life. They cannot stoop to the level of common humanity; they dwell apart, occupying a different platform and moving in a different sphere. But with God it is far otherwise. Things great or little have no existence in His eyes. From His lofty standpoint all the events of life are on an equality. The formation of the dew-drop, and the opening blossom of the wayside flower, are His care, and engage the exercise of His wisdom as much as the grander events that convulse the world and shake its kingdom !

His rational creation are objects of the most intense and constant interest. The splendours of immensity, the glory of His Throne, and the praises of angelic orders, neither absorb His attention nor cause forgetfulness of man. "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" again we exclaim with the Psalmist. What is this world but an atom amid

countless worlds, brighter and more magnificent? What is man that he should influence the thoughts and actions of the Almighty? What is this globe, which we regard as the centre of creation, but a speck in the eye of Heaven? For aught we can tell, man, with all his wondrous powers and faculties, may be the least in the scale of intelligent being! But notwithstanding all, the facts remain none the less true that God is mindful of this world, and that while He exercises a general providence over all His creatures, and supplies their wants, He regards man as a far nobler work than the planets or sparkling stars, and visits him accordingly. For, after all that has been said concerning the glory of the heavens, what are stars, and suns, and systems in themselves—ignorant of their Creator and unconscious of their existence—as compared with man, endowed with intellect and allied to Divinity itself? What is matter in its grandest combinations compared with souls that shall live forever? Surely then we can believe that the very hairs of our head are all numbered; that God, who knows the fall of every sparrow, who feeds the fowls of the air, decks the lily of the field, and clothes the grass in its robe of green, has a much greater regard for man, endowed with reason and immortality.

Amid all the ranks and conditions of intelligent Creation, *those that are broken in heart are the special favourites of Heaven.* Hear this, ye suffering saints, who sigh and cry in the loneliness of despair. "Thus saith the High and Lofly One, that inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the High and Holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the hearts of the contrite ones." "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." That there

are broken hearts in the world all around us, is but the every-day lesson of life. The record of burning tears that fall from blood-shot eyes—deep-drawn sighs and bleeding souls—constitutes a large chapter in the history of our fallen world. Some hearts are broken by oppression at the hands of their fellow-men; others, through misfortune and disappointment; others by the cruel slanders of wicked men. How many wives have broken hearts through the infidelity and cruel treatment of their husbands! How many fathers go down with sorrow to the grave because of the misconduct of their beloved children! How many young hearts are crushed, at the very outset of life, through the crimes of parents—pining to the grave in homes of wretchedness and woe! And how many hearts are broken by mysterious providential calamities! Yon widowed wife, clad in weeds of mourning, tells of the sudden wreck of hopes and joys that now lie buried in the new-made grave, while the mother wrings her hands in agony and cries aloud in sorrow over the now empty cradle of her first-born child;—“Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted, because they are

not.” Ah! how good for us that the scroll of lamentation and woe, which lies open to the eye of God, is hid from human vision.

Now, above all this tumult of human misery God sits enthroned—not an unmoved spectator, as represented by heathen fable, but a sympathising friend. He has a heart to feel, and comfort to bestow. He is known as the God of comfort and consolation. Our great High Priest can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, for, having Himself suffered, He is able to succour and save to the uttermost His afflicted brethren. There is no grief of which He is not cognizant, and no heart history, however sad, with which He is not acquainted. “He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.”

“Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the Mercy Seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish,

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
heal.

“Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the desolate, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
cure.”

Poetry.

TRUE GLORY.

By A. N.

The soldier exults to march forth with the glory
That haughtily flaunts with the banners of war,
And welcomes his death with the bleeding and
sore,

That victory may blazon his name with a star;
On the pathway of blood, triumphantly riding,
His heart is inspired by the valourous aim,
That Mars on the crest of the war-cloud presiding,
May pluck him a plume from the pinions of
fame.

But ah! as the war-cloud has drifted asunder,
And sunlight from heaven shines pleasantly
through,

A dire vision opens, of horror and wonder,
For mortals to ponder and angels to view;

Oh, fair field of nature! how sternly and vastly,
Has razed here the death-tempest, leaving
behind

These wrecks of humanity gaping and ghastly,
The tribute ambition demands of our kind.

Oh, forms of the brave! in this harvest of
slaughter,
Though mangled and bleeding, you're dear to
the heart.

Of many a widow, and mother, and daughter,
Who'll many days mourn you, forlorn and
apart.

Were all that bewail you, ye dead and ye dying,
To stoop by your couches, blood-splattered
and gory,

Two nations in anguish were sobbing and sigh-
ing:
And this foolish mortals denominate glory.

Begone from my bosom, the cruel ambition,
That leads to its goal through such pathways
of woe.

Lord grant me content with my humble condition,
A heart to love Thee and Thy creatures below.
The fair flag of Jesus ! oh, boldly surround it,
Ye lovers of goodness, ye lovers of men ;
The blood of its foes never curdled around it,
It comes with no terrors, no sorrow, no chain.

The hearts of the wretched rise free and un-
daunted,

As boldly that banner flaunts forth on the
wind,
Inscribed with the motto, which angels have
chanted,
"Ere peace to the earth and goodwill to man-
kind."

It comes with the death-blow of fiendish oppres-
sion,
Restoring the vicious to virtue and love,
And sparing the soul from the doom of trans-
gression,
It cleanses and fits it for heaven above.

Oh, soldier of Jesus ! march faithfully, boldly,
Before thee true honour, before thee the prize ;
Ne'er answer the trumpet-call slowly or coldly.
Win souls for thy Captain and thou shalt be
wise.

Oh, wield thou with courage the sword of the
Spirit.

For keenly it cuts, and while cutting it heals,
The cross be thy watchword, the foeman shall
hear it,
Opposed to thy armour, he staggers and reels.

In deeds of compassion and goodness abounding,
The steps of thy Captain with vigour pursue ;
Ne'er yield to the foe nor temptations sur-
rounding,

The prize is for all that are faithful and true ;
Tears wiped away by thy hand in compassion,
Transmuted by love, shall be gems in thy
crown,

The triumphs of grace over turbulent passion,
Shall bring every soldier to endless renown.

Let love to thy Master impel thee to action,
And one with thy Master and one with His
cause,

Ne'er yield thou thy soul to the baneful detrac-
tion,

That springs from a fondness of human
applause.

Resembling thy Master, in love to thy brothers,
Be firm to the friendless, and guide to the
blind ;

The good that thou dost, rejoicing in others,
Shall ne'er cease to work for the good of man-
kind.

WHEN TO TRUST JESUS.

"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."—
PSALM LVI. 3.

Oh trust thyself to Jesus
When conscious of thy sin—
Of its heavy weight upon thee,
Of its mighty power within.
Then is the hour for pleading
His finished work for thee ;
Then is the time for singing,
"His blood was shed for me."

Oh trust thyself to Jesus
When faith is dim and weak,
And the very One thou needest
Thou canst not rise to seek.
Then is the hour for seeing
That He hath come to thee ;
Then is the time for singing,
"His touch hath healed me."

Oh trust thyself to Jesus
When tempted to transgress,
By hasty word or angry look,
Or thought of bitterness.
Then is the hour for claiming
Thy Lord to fight for thee ;
Then is the time for singing
"He doth deliver me."

Oh trust thyself to Jesus
When daily cares perplex,
And trifles seem to gain a power
Thy inner soul to vex.
Then is the hour for grasping
His hand who walked the sea ;
Then is the time for singing,
"He makes it calm for me."

Oh trust thyself to Jesus
When some truth thou canst not see,
For the mists of strife and error
That veil its form from thee.
Then is the hour for waiting
On Him to guide thee right ;
Then is the time for singing,
"The Lord shall be my light."

Oh trust thyself to Jesus
In bright and happy days,
When tasting earthly gladness
Or winning human praise.
Then is the hour for hiding
In the shadow of His wings ;
Then is the time for singing
Praise to the King of Kings.

Oh trust thyself to Jesus
When thou art wearied sore,
When head or hand refuses
To think or labour more.
Then is the hour for leaning
Upon the Master's breast ;

Then is the time for singing,
 "My Saviour gives me rest."

Oh trust thyself to Jesus
 When thou art tried with pain,
 No power for prayer, the only thought
 How to endure the strain.
Then is the hour for resting
 In His perfect love to thee ;
Then is the time for singing,
 "He thinks, He prays, for me."

Oh trust thyself to Jesus
 In days of feebleness,
 When thou canst only dumbly feel
 Thy utter helplessness.
Then is the hour for proving
 His mighty power in thee ;
Then is the time for singing,
 "His grace sufficeth me."

Oh trust thyself to Jesus,
 When thou art full of care,
 For wanderers whom thou canst not win
 Our blessed hope to share.
Then is the hour for trusting
 Thy Lord to bring them nigh ;
Then is the time for singing,
 "He loves them more than I."

Oh trust thyself to Jesus,
 When loved ones pass away,
 When very lonely seems thy life,
 And very dark thy way ;
Then is the hour for yielding
 Entirely to His will ;
Then is the time for singing,
 "I have my Saviour still."

Oh trust thyself to Jesus,
 When flesh and heart do fail,
 And thou art called to enter
 Death's dark o'ershadowed vale.
Then is the hour for saying,
 "I will no evil fear ;"
Then is the time for singing,
 "Lord, Thou art with me here."

Oh trust thyself to Jesus,
 As thy spirit takes its flight,
 From every earthly shadow,
 To the land of perfect light.
Then is the hour for shouting,
 "Christ hath done all for me ;"
Then is the time for singing,
 "He gives the victory !" K.

CHRIST THE BREAKER.

MICAH ii. 13.

Weary had men grown with waiting,
 Dumbly had they yearned for light ;
 They had pondered, prayed and striven,
 But no Saviour came in sight.

Faith had crumbled, prayer was silent,
 God had left the world alone ;
 And the embers of old worship
 Died upon the altar stone.

Vainly in her house of prison
 Strove the soul to find a door ;
 Wearied with her hopeless seeking,
 She lay down and strove no more.

Jewish seer had caught a vision,
 Which betokened light to him ;
 But it broadened not to morning,
 And the Hebrew hills were dim.

Came a man, wise, poor, and gentle,
 Cured the sick, the blind, the lame ;
 Passed along the dusty highroad,
 Passed to God from whom he came.

Silent comes the dawn forth springing
 From the fountains of the day ;
 Silent breaks the life of summer
 Upwards through the hard-bound clay.

Some men knew not, in His weakness,
 Him their Saviour, God concealed ;
 Knew not that the bars were loosened,
 Knew not that their hurt was healed.

Yet unknown, His Godhead wrapping
 In His flesh, the Mighty One
 Broke a way from out our prison,
 New and broad into the sun.

Broke a way by his great suffering,
 Which his people since have trod ;
 Broke a way to the Eternal,
 To the very heart of God ;

Breaks still through the things that bind us,
 Folly, passion, guilt, and wrong,
 That our want may turn to glory,
 That our silence may be song.

DUNDEE.

J. F. E.

"HE LEADETH US."

And so he leaeth us,
 Out of our way,
 Into the path of life,
 Bright with the ray

Of His unchanging love,
 Precious and sweet,
 Guarding us all around—
 Guiding our feet.

And so he taketh us
 Each by the hand ;

Forgets not the weakest,
Or least of the band.

And so he guideth us
Each with his eye ;
Safely he hideth us ;
Ever He's nigh.

And if a feeble one
Stumble and fall,
Oh with what gentleness,
Bruises and all,

He taketh unto Him
Such a one ever,
Raising him tenderly,
Chiding him never.

Whispering soothingly,
Wiping his tears,
Saying so lovingly,
"Have thou no fears :

"Nothing shall happen thee,
-Nought that shall harm,
I will watch over thee,
Lean on mine arm."

Or if a foolish one
Wander away,
He knows, till he find him;
Nor rest, nor delay.

And when He seeth him,
Wretched and cold,
Bringeth him back again
Into the fold.

No word of bitterness
For the sin done ;
No look of scorn or wrath,
None of this—none !

But with love beaming,
Gentle and sweet,
Gives him the kiss of peace,
Washes his feet.

Fills him with joyousness,
Chases his fear,
Tells him He cannot lose
One that's so dear.

And so He leadeth us,
By paths unknown,
Unto the promised rest—
Unto our home ;

Ever to be with Him,
Serving Him—blest ;
This—this is happiness !
This—this is rest !

London Christian.

E. L.

Christian Thought.

A REMARKABLE CHAPTER IN CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY.

(Continued from Page 63.)

[Here following, the reader will find the second and concluding part of the article, from the *True Catholic*, on the position, and prospects of Popery. The whole article is worthy a careful perusal, inasmuch as it weighs a difficult point with great clearness and moderation, and settles it with something like conclusiveness in the light of recent events in Europe. Ed. C. C. M.]

II.

We have taken notice of two broad facts, predicted by St. John, that

1. The Western Empire, at a certain time, to St. John quite future, should become "ten kingdoms," but should still be known as, morally, one empire. A

beast, or empire, should have ten horns, or kingdoms, and yet should be governed by one spirit—should be "Roman Christendom"—ridden by a church, and the seat of that church should be at Rome. So it fell out. From the days of Pope Gregory I. down to the year 1850 or thereabouts, there were always visible, on the map of Europe, ten kingdoms (in prophetic language, ten horns), obeying ten different sovereigns; yet all professing allegiance to one spiritual head—the Romish Church.

2. But this state of things had a limited duration. It was to last "until the words of God had been fulfilled." A period, 1,260 years, had been fixed; the commencement must date from the time when the ten horns, or kingdoms,

appeared; and we all know that the ten kingdoms had divided the Western Empire among them about the year A.D. 600. Their duration was declared and published—it was to be 1,260 years; consequently, somewhat within the last dozen years, this period must have expired.

All this has actually passed before our eyes. The predicted state of things, which did last for 1,260 years, has now vanished—it has terminated. The ten horns, or kingdoms, exist no longer: three of them, at least, have vanished; a wonderful, an unspeakably important fact.

This is one prominent feature in the history of our own times. But, although it is a striking, an important fact, it is but one of a series. All the events of the last ten or fifteen years have had one tendency; all have helped to trouble and to perplex the "ten kingdoms," and to induce them to fall upon "the woman" in their turn. Austria, "the right arm of the Church," was defeated and despoiled by France and Piedmont in 1859, and again by Prussia in 1865. Austria is now humbled, and she is separating herself from Rome. Already much of the Concordat of 1855 has been cancelled; and during the present year measures have been proposed to the Austrian Parliament for getting rid of the last links of that chain. France, "the eldest son of the Church," was first used in 1859 for Austria's humiliation; but very quickly her own turn came. She had made herself the Pope's protector; she had sent an expedition to Mexico distinctly on the Church's behalf; she was now so far infatuated as to be led into a war with Prussia, in which war she was entirely worsted. France is now unable, were she ever so inclined, to aid the Pope. Thus the two great powers which, in former days, placed their armies and their influence at the Pope's command, are now entirely paralyzed, and confess that they can give him no further help. Spain, mean-

while, which had been always servilely devoted to his cause, is utterly distracted by internal feuds, and can render to the Papacy not even the smallest aid.

This is a mighty change; but it is not all. A further prediction was vouchsafed to us, and its fulfilment is going on before our eyes. The ten horns or kingdoms, which should "agree, and give their kingdom" unto the woman-ridden beast, "until the words of God should be fulfilled," were to experience an utter change when that fulfilment had taken place—when the 1,260 years had expired. Then "they shall hate the woman, and make her desolate and naked, and eat her flesh and burn her with fire." (Rev. xvii. 16.) Men must be blind if they will not see that this process is now going on throughout the whole of the Papal kingdoms. In Spain, as Mr. Meyrick has described to us, this "stripping" and "making her naked" has been going on for some years. More than twenty millions-worth of church property has been seized and sold, and everything portends that soon all the rest of the vast possessions of the Church in Spain will follow. But in Italy, above all, is this process visible to all eyes. Rome, above all places, has been "the Holy City"—the city of the Church. All her convents and many of her churches are now being suppressed and sold. Mr. Parker, the eminent archaeologist, tells us in a published letter, that in this year, 1874, *one-half of Rome*—the convents and their appurtenances—will be sold by auction to the highest bidder! And the proceeds will be taken by the Government. Is this any ordinary or customary fact? Is it not a plain and palpable fulfilment of the prophecy, "They shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh."

Three great fulfilments of prophecy, then, are before our eyes; and they lead us to the conclusion that a fourth is, probably, near at hand. Let us briefly review them:—

1. St. John, writing in days when Rome, the great fourth beast, or empire, was in the zenith of its power, told us that it should be broken up or divided into ten horns or kingdoms. This took place, but not until four or five hundred years after the prophet wrote.

2. Next, he told us, and Daniel entirely agreed with him, that these ten horns—this divided state of the Roman empire—should continue for a long period, “until the words of God [the 1,260 years] should be fulfilled;” and that all attempts to unite them into one empire (like that of Cyrus, or Alexander, or Augustus) should fail. This, also, is written in the history of Europe for the last twelve hundred years. As Daniel and St. John wrote, so has the event fallen out.

3. But it was also plainly stated that a limited period—1,260 years—being fixed and determined, a change, an altered state of things, might be looked for, when “the words of God should have been fulfilled”—when “the mystery of God should be finished.”

Of the exact time, of the beginning and ending of the 1,260 years, we should deem it rash to speak; but we know, beyond any possibility of doubt, that the ten horns, or kingdoms, began to show themselves in full tale on the platform of the Western Empire, in the course of the sixth century; that Gregory, “the first Pope,” came to the tian in A. D. 590; and that Phocas declared Rome to be the head of all the churches in A. D. 607. Hence we feel sure of this, that the ten-horned beast ridden by the woman became visible and dominant about the end of the sixth century. And this would lead us to expect a close of its power about the year 1860—a little before or a little after.

Did such a revolution or change then show itself? Most assuredly it did. Italy, which had been three or four kingdoms for 1,200 years, suddenly became one; Austria, the mainstay of the

Papacy, was humbled again and again; France, another chief protector, was utterly crushed by Prussia; Rome itself was taken possession of by Piedmontese troops, and the convents and church properties of that city are now selling by auction. Meanwhile, both France and Spain, the most Romish kingdoms in Europe in former days, are now distracted and torn to pieces by internal dissensions. Clearly, the long period during which these horns, or kingdoms, should “agree, and give their kingdom” to Rome, is ended. The 1,260 years have, during the last dozen years or so, expired, and come to a close.

4. These three great fulfilments of prophecy being certain, evident, and beyond dispute, there only remains one more, concerning which, as it is future, we shall say very little. Daniel, speaking of this same beast, the fourth, in its divided state, of ten horns or kingdoms, said: “I beheld, then, because of the great words which the horn [the Papacy] spake, I beheld even till the beast was slain, and his body destroyed, and given to the burning flame.” And St. John, in describing the same judgment, says, “They shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire” (ch. xvii. 16).

Now, we shall not attempt to describe or fix either the *how* or the *when* of the fulfilment of this prediction; but we believe it to be very near at hand. The “great words which the horn spake” are in record in past history; but the greatest and worst have been uttered in our own day. When the Pope audaciously pretended to fix the place of the mother of Jesus in heaven, and to raise her to the rank of a goddess, hearing and answering prayer; and when, a little later, he declared his own infallibility,—he carried this utterance of “great words” to the highest conceivable point. And as in Nebuchadnezzar’s case—“While the word was in the king’s mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, saying, O Nebuchadnezzar, thy

kingdom is departed from thee," so was it in the case of Pío Nono. Even while he was decreeing that his voice was quite divine, the mandate had gone forth, and the force to execute it had been marshalled: Rome is no longer thine; be-take thyself to thy palace and to thy garden, for "the dominion is departed from thee."

No one imagines that such expressions as "They shall make her desolate and naked, and eat her flesh," are to be interpreted literally. There is no visible "woman," made of flesh and blood, to be eaten. But when we see the ten horns, or kingdoms, seizing upon the possessions, the property of the Church, and using it for secular purposes—so that in a single year one-half of Rome, the lands and houses, are to be sold by auction and stripped quite away from the Church's grasp—we can have no doubt as to the meaning of the prophet. In like manner, "burning with fire" and "given to the burning flame" are expressions which present no difficulty. In ordinary life we are accustomed to speak of "the smouldering fires of discontent," the "earthquake of revolt," "the flames of civil war," as the plainest and simplest language in which we can describe a popular revolution. We read, therefore, these words in Daniel and St. John, and looking at France and Spain and Italy at this moment, we calculate, with a feeling approaching to certainty, that we are nearing that very period of which Daniel speaks, when he says of the fourth or Roman beast, in its divided state, that "its body was destroyed, and given to the burning flame."

PRAISE.

By N. McK.

Praise is a very important part of the worship of God. Great prominence is given to the Scriptures, to the praise due to God from His intelligent creatures. This can scarcely fail to strike

forcibly every attentive reader of the Bible. The Psalms, especially, abound in ascriptions of praise to God, and in exhortations to men to engage in the delightful work of rendering praise to Him. The last five psalms are altogether filled with praise; there is no complaint or prayer in them at all. And when we pass from the Old Testament into the New, we find that the same subject of praise holds an important place in it also.

It is a remarkable fact that although such prominence is given to praise in the Scriptures, theologians have not given it very great prominence in their writings. It is true that there are often incidental remarks made on it in religious and theological works, but it is very rarely taken up as a theme for a long and elaborate discussion. I have searched a considerable collection of books, but I could not find in any of them a thorough treatment of the subject of praise. Books of reference show that some sermons and treatises have been written on the subject of praise, but they are not now easily obtained.

From the fact which I have just stated, one might be ready to conclude that this subject is one of no great practical importance; but this would be an erroneous and unwarrantable conclusion. The subject is one of great importance, both in its bearing on our present peace and comfort, and in its relation to our future prospects. Praise is to be the great work of the redeemed throughout all eternity. When the struggles and the battles of this life are over, when the enemies of truth and righteousness are routed from the field, and when the saints are admitted through the pearly gates into the heavenly city and acknowledged as victors and conquerors over the world, the devil and the flesh; then faith shall give place to sight, and prayer shall give place to praise, or, rather, prayer shall cease and praise shall be continued throughout all eternity. All our preach-

ing, praying, and self-denying labours here are only preparatory to the work of never-ending praise hereafter. Praise is, therefore, an important subject for reflection and discourse. Praise is an important work to engage in, and to engage in it is the serving of an apprenticeship in our everlasting employment.

And here let me say that in the following discussion, I do not meddle with the question of the relative merits of the two different methods of praising God, namely, singing His praise, and uttering His praise in plain and unadorned language. It is best to practise both these methods by turns as we may have ability and opportunity.

In treating the subject of praise, my plan will be to enunciate a few propositions, and to illustrate and enforce them as I proceed.

FIRST.—It is men's duty to praise God.

All things have been made for the glory of God; and all things fulfil this end of their being when, in accordance with the nature bestowed upon them, they show forth the praises of the Great Creator. The sun when it shines, the stars when they glitter, the lightning when it flashes, and the lion when it roars, declare the glory of God in accordance with the nature bestowed on them severally. But man is an intelligent creature, who cannot fulfil the end of his being in regard to the glory of God unless he exercises his understanding, his will and his affections, and employs the bodily organs which give expression to these powers in celebrating the glory of God.

His intellectual and moral faculties and capacities are the chief ornaments of man's nature. By these he is distinguished from the lower animals. His higher and nobler powers are, so to speak, the flowers of man's nature, and by reason of them, in a special manner, he has been put under obligation to love, serve, and praise God. His con-

science has been given to him to respond to the calls of duty, and to make him susceptible of a sense of moral obligation; and he is endowed with powers of mind that enable him to apprehend, to some extent, the greatness and the majesty of God, and to admire, love and honour Him for what He is, and for what He does.

Some people seem to cherish the mistaken and erroneous notion that they sin only when they injure their fellow-creatures; and that to disregard God and to allow the powers which, under proper training, would recognize and praise Him, to lie dormant, incurs no guilt, and involves them in no danger. It is a sad and ruinous error. Why, this is the very heart and centre of man's guilt, of man's depravity and ungodliness, that he does not like to retain God in his knowledge, and that he admires, loves, serves and praises the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever. What but ignorance of God and of his own duty, and an utter alienation of his affections, could make any man restrain himself from engaging in the becoming and the delightful work of rendering praise to Him in whom he lives and moves and has his being, and who is the giver of every good and perfect gift which he enjoys. Reader, do not, I beseech you, requite your beneficent Creator and your bountiful Benefactor in that way. On the contrary, praise Him with all your heart and soul. It is your duty to do so.

SECOND.—It is a blessed and valuable privilege to engage in the work of celebrating the praise of God.

Praise is a part of the worship by means of which men may hold fellowship with the Supreme Ruler of the Universe; and surely if there be any thing attainable by man, which deserves the name of privilege, fellowship with God must deserve that name. What a wonderful privilege it is to come into the presence of God to speak

to Him and of Him. It is surely a privilege to be permitted to utter His praises, and to express our gratitude to Him for all His kindness.

If a fellow-creature performs an act of kindness or bravery on one's behalf, one will account it a privilege to have an opportunity of thanking him for it. One will think it a great privilege to be recognized by one who has befriended him and to be permitted to utter his praises. And were it not for man's depravity and spiritual darkness, he would have similar feelings towards God, and he would account it a high privilege to engage in the delightful service of praising Him.

Think of the joy with which men gather around brave warriors that have fought the battles of their country and have gained victories over their enemies. They meet them with rejoicings on their return to the shores of their native land; they present addresses to them; and they confer upon them valuable tokens of their esteem, gratitude and admiration. And all this men do, not simply as a matter of right and strict justice, but also because they account it a privilege to do it. This was exemplified recently by the British people and the British Government, when their soldiers returned from the war with the Ashantees.

Do men regard it a privilege to perform such acts of recognition towards human loyalty and human bravery? Then what an unspeakably greater privilege it must be to approach God and to celebrate His praises. Oh think of Him who sits above the earth and the heavens, whose throne is established in righteousness, who sent His beloved Son into the world to seek and to save the lost,—think of Him and account it a great privilege to be called upon to join your voice with those that celebrate His praise. It was surely in the light of a great privilege that the Psalmist viewed the work of praise when he said, "Praise ye the Lord, for the Lord is

good; sing praises to His name for it is pleasant. Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant and praise is comely."

THIRD. For a man to be fond of taking part in the praise of God is an evidence of the work of grace in him, other things being equal and correspondent.

For a man to be fond of taking part in the praise of God is an evidence of a spiritual enlightenment which enables him to appreciate the character and the works of God; it is to a considerable extent an evidence of faith, love and spiritual sensibility, and the work of grace generally. To neglect habitually, or to attend perfunctorily to the duty of praising God, is a strong proof of alienation of heart from Him, of insensibility to the manifestations of His kindness, and of a preference for the things of time and sense over spiritual and eternal matters, and conversely a habitual inclination to praise God is a strong evidence of spiritual knowledge and spiritual sensibilities. Men may do things under the pressure of some social influence, in which their hearts are not interested, but the work will be more or less irksome and unpleasant to them: but when men's hearts and affections are engaged, then they will do what their hands find to do with all their might, and with no yielding to weariness. And this may account for the fact that so many are careless about the ordinances of God's worship. Some never attend them at all, while others, who attend occasionally, take no part nor pleasure either in praise or prayer, or any other devotional exercise, because their hearts are not interested in them.

Reader, I beseech you as you value your soul, get better views and cultivate better feelings. Stir up in yourself the inclination to praise God; get your heart interested in His praise, that it may not be irksome to you, but pleasant and delightful.

(To be continued.)

Christian Life.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

An autobiography of last century : being the Life and Conversion of Dugald Buchanan, as narrated by himself.

Translated for the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

CONCLUDING SECTION—CHAP. II.

[Wherein there is continued a narrative of my experience from March to September, 1743.]

I set apart the 26th day of May for fasting and humiliation in secret before God for my unguarded walk, from the time I was converted, and also, because I purposed to go to Glasgow to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The Lord gave me a sight of my sins, and, being in a measure humbled, I resolved to resist them in the future. I enjoyed much of the Divine presence in everything on that day; and my eyes were opened, to see in a measure my interest in Christ, and how he was a ransom for my sins. I got great consolation from these words, "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." The Lord revealed to me that I had come to Christ by the sweet influence of the Holy Spirit. In accordance with my resolution, I went to Glasgow to attend the Lord's Supper. I had, however, but little consolation regarding the darkness and deadness which put me altogether out of order. The ordinances being ended, I stayed two days in this place, and at that time a certain friend said to me that I was conversing too freely with some people concerning what the Lord did for my soul. This made me fear that some one would make wrong use of what I said, and it so increased the grief of my mind that it was with difficulty I walked home.

Satan began again to assault me with awful temptations, saying "you have given such a wound to religion as you can never heal, so that the longer you live the more will your trouble and

misery increase, and who is able to endure such a doleful life as you live now," and therefore in order to shorten my trouble, that I would do well to put an end to my own life. He tried me with this temptation in a thousand ways; and at length he tried to constrain me to cast myself into the first pool of water that I came to. Then I cried to the Lord to rebuke the adversary, for my strength was departing from me and I was no longer able to resist him. The Lord heard me and gave some peace to my mind with these thoughts: that is, that it was never my purpose to give any occasion to speak evil of his ways in anything I said; this portion of Scripture came to my remembrance: "on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified." After coming home I got the following things taught me from that temptation:—

In the first place. I saw that my trouble arose from my conscience being misinformed, for afterwards I learned that no man was ever heard speaking evil concerning my good, and hence I learned to instruct my conscience aright before listening to its admonitions.

In the second place. After I had severely searched I saw that the dishonor which the cause of God might suffer troubled me not so much as the evil reproach that I would bring upon my own name. It was this that made me say with Jonah "it is better for me to die than to live" (Jonah iv, 3). Oh! what praise and thanks are due unto the Lord, who did not suffer me to end my own life, for all my troubles flowed from the corrupt fountain of *my pride*.

In the third place. The secret pride hitherto working in me was now brought to light that I might know the seven abominations of my heart. *I can say to the praise of God that I have met with no temptation since I was first awakened*

but from which I received some good, with the help of the Lord, before it left me. I was now humbled and made submissive; and justified the Lord for all his dealings with me. I was helped to believe in this passage of Scripture, "And we know that all things work together for good to those that love God" (Rom. viii. 28). But I was in such a measure rooted in my own wilful views that if things did not happen as I thought they should, I could not see how they could be right. In this way I was working many a day and night forming a path to arrive at happiness, and at the same time I was diligently encompassing my ruin, when the Lord was seeking my real happiness. "And that which cometh into your mind shall not be at all" (Ezek. xx. 32). The things that I expected would have proved my eternal ruin were the means (though terrible) with which I was convinced of my state of misery under the first covenant, and with which I was brought to seek a better covenant. I was also convinced of the wickedness of my own heart and that in me there was not so much as a wish to do what was good. Sometimes when temptation gained the victory over me, I have learned to trust in the grace of Christ to enable me to stand firm. Oh! with what pleasure and comfort I looked back to the things which seemed so contrary to the fulfilment of the promise. When I saw the fruit it produced, I was constrained to say that "all things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. viii. 28). The cup I thought so full of wrath and madness,—I now see there was nothing in it but what Divine wisdom and eternal love had mixed. In this manner yielding to the will of God I enjoyed permanent and unspeakable peace of mind, which took the very sting out of trial and troubles, made them mild and sweet, though in themselves very grievous. This submissive spirit gave me peace also against fears anticipated from future things.

"Great peace have they who love Thy law; and nothing shall offend them." Psl. cxix. 165, is a great and precious Scripture. Let the trouble be whatever God wills, I resolve in the strength of His own grace to say it is needed, and to believe all troubles are from Him, who giveth no account to another for what he doeth, whose "way is in the sea," Ps. lxxvii. 19, and who "is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working," Isaiah xxviii. 29. Oh! it is a becoming habit to have faith in exercise reconciling God's providence and promise when they seem (to the eye of sense) contrary the one to the other, and to behold the wonderful work of Him who is perfect in knowledge. Meditating in this way led me to see much of the evil of murmuring against God when in distress or sorrow, or chastised; and how it smites against all the attributes of God. *In the first place*, it strikes against his love as if it could not provide a better state. *In the second place*, against his power, as if his power was ineffectual to accomplish the same end. "Hear now, O house of Israel; is not my way equal? are not your ways unequal?" (Ezek. xviii. 25). It must be a great sin when it kept the children of Israel for forty years from entering the land of promise; and it provoked the Lord to destroy them in the wilderness. After the Lord made me willing to yield to his holy and just will, he made known to me that all his fulness was working in my behalf in a covenant way; and that his infinite wisdom invented a plan for my benefit. Wherefore I resolved in the strength of God's grace that whatever lot or portion he would see proper to give me the same was better for me than should I get my own choice of any state under the sun. And though I should get the combined help of every man on earth and every angel in heaven to make the best choice for me, God's choice would be the best.

I have seen that my state now was better for me than any other state I

could choose for myself, and that it was the state God had chosen for me, who had an unerring knowledge of what was best for me. "No good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly. He will give grace and glory," Ps. lxxxiv: 11.

I was now walking in the light of God's countenance, and I could now read His Grace in every providence, for this passage of Scripture appeased my mind, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know it hereafter." John xiii: 7. "All things worketh together for good to them that love God," Rom. viii: 28.

About this time I went to Kippen, where the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was celebrated, and I enjoyed a sweet sight of the love of God at the solemn feast. I took great pleasure in that mode of preaching the word, by which the secret of my heart was made manifest.*

On Sabbath evening I resorted to a glen, to which in past days I often turned aside to pray; and after reading the 16th Chap. of St. John's Gospel I saw in each succeeding verse of it more light, more life, and more power than in the one preceding, so that my light was very great. I then devoted some time to meditating upon the contrast between my present and my former habits in the same spot.

After retiring to bed that night I thought I might sleep undisturbed without being afraid of any evil, since the Lord was at peace with me. I thought should death come to me before the morning that it was welcome; I rejoiced over the terrors of death and the grave.

I returned from this ordinance rejoicing in the Lord and His goodness, that I

have seen and experienced; but lest I should be exalted above measure there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, 2 Cor. xii, 7. For after it came I felt my heart wandering when engaged in holy duties, and also felt blasphemous thoughts of God and of the covenant of grace rising in my heart.

Because of these things I resolved to set apart a day for fasting and humiliation before God, and also to draw out a written covenant between God and my soul. Before I drew out this covenant, I was a whole month praying to God that He would fulfil His promise to me, viz., "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will reveal to them His covenant," Ps. xxxv: 14. And at the same time that He would grant unto me a rest of mind, when I would be engaged in such solemn service, that He would rebuke my *great enemy, unbelief*; and that He would give to me the needed self-knowledge whilst writing the covenant, and above all things, that He would cause my heart, in spite of all opposition, to embrace the covenant.†

I had appointed August the 5th, 1743, to enter into this covenant with God. I had very often an enlargement in prayer, and faith in God that He would give everything needed as the work of the day required. This I had to such a degree that my mind was in a great measure at rest. Yet there was a heavy load upon my mind because both of the terribleness and solemnity

†Those who are calling the attention of the churches of our day to a "Higher Christian Life" are doing well. We all need to be stirred up to greater nearness to God, and increased spirituality of mind. It is interesting to follow the efforts of Dugald Buchanan in this direction,—retiring to the lonely cave, and there in a solemn way giving himself anew to God in an everlasting covenant. We have no caves to which to retire, but let our closets witness something similar, and we have no conception of the joy and strength that would come to us thereby.—*Translator*.

*This is a sure mark of a child of God.—"Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Psal. cxxxix. 23, 24.—*Translator*.

of the thing I was about to do. I have read the book entitled "Mr. William Guthrie's Saving Interest in Christ," and also "The Scriptural Warrant for

entering into a covenant with God." Everything was so ordered that I was not in the least hindered by the world.

Christian Work.

CANADA.

Canada stands in a very interesting and important relation to Britain at this moment. The surplus population of the British Isles have for years past found here a refuge and a home. At present the agricultural laborers of England, a class too much kept in poverty and ignorance, are looking to Canada as their land of promise. But more interesting and more important, because the class is more helpless, more pliable and hopeful, the orphan children of Britain's cities, houseless and homeless *waifs*, are finding, through kind and Christian women among our agricultural population, work, bread, homes and parents. Who can calculate the good that is done as to this world and the next, when we write down, a *criminal less* in a British jail and a *Christian citizen more* in our Canadian Dominion?

Miss MacPherson left Liverpool last month, and has, ere this, landed in Canada with her twenty-seventh little company of homeless children, numbering this time about one hundred. These are her words to friends in England before sailing:—

"This will be my seventeenth crossing, and twenty-seventh little company. Many ask us, 'Where do they all come from?' Our reply is that parents are dying continually amid the great multitudes; the millions of pounds spent annually in drink causes a residue to be left uncared for upon the ocean of life, of orphans, motherless and fatherless, and many a young life is blighted by the example of those who ought to protect and help them to live out the teach-

ings of the faithful Sunday-school teacher.

To parents with large families, unable to give the premium for starting their young hopeful in life, we have given the introduction in Canada, and the results, after four years, prove we were led aright. Some have saved money, and are assisting their parents; others will soon be possessors of their own farms; one is passing his examination for the law; many are Sunday-school teachers, members of churches, and leaders in Young Men's Christian Associations. Eight have married in the past year. The private correspondence coming back *from the children* to their relations shows that the Canadian training is the most family-like, and that which develops the whole being of the children, fitting them gradually to become valued citizens of the great Dominion, and worthy children of the mother land.

Who can resist giving the helping hand to many a struggling, lonely young life, who has none, in this wilderness of people, who cares for his or her little heart-loneliness, where the attractions at every corner are such as to drag them down. Whilst in Canada they are taken to church and Sunday school *with the family*. We have proofs positive by hundreds that the God who is our Refuge, the Lord of Hosts, is blessing this, continuing to care and *individually* for the body and soul welfare of those brought under the care of our Mission.

As home-heathen missionaries, we crave your prayers. We are removing many from scenes that would horrify

you going on around us every Lord's day. Our people become more and more degraded when wages are high, and are more and more closely packed together by city improvements and railway extension. We are, therefore, thankful for the God-opened way to a province where, as in Ontario, not a drinking shop is opened on Sunday.

We are taking a goodly number of small children for adoption, in the party now going out; some were found deserted while in early infancy, and have since grown up tenderly cared for in Homes; now we need wisdom to place them under Christian care, where they will impart and receive blessing, in the thrifty homesteads of the new land.

We withhold many a touching story. We could tell of the sorrows of little girls under thirteen, who come beseeching us for the hand of womanly help, for they know not what to do since mamma died; papa is becoming more and more drunken, finally deserting four dear children. Grandpapa is getting into years, and is an earnest toiler in the Lord's vineyard. They offer their little gifts; they can play the piano, sing, write French, and even make poetry. Oh, sisters of our blessed Lord, come forth to the help of the helpless; gather in these little ones in small homes—a precious family of twelve; teach them out of your own heart the love He has poured out for you; then train them to all the womanly ways that make a home what it ought to be."

After these children are landed in Canada they are distributed to "Homes," where they are taken care of until other homes open up to them among Christian people. Miss Ellen Agnes Bilbrough, who is in charge of the Belleville "Home," thus concludes an earnest "*Plea for the Little Ones*," which we commend to the notice of those whose homes are empty of children:

"After four years' experience in receiving and placing our children, I still

repeat 'The younger, the better.' Take a little one, let it run to school, pick apples, gather eggs, for the first year or two, and see if the child does not repay you in after years, by a loving attachment no money can purchase. How many of your families are grown up and scattered—the homestead empty, and you miss the patter of the little feet? How can you better serve the Lord Christ, with whom you are looking to spend an eternity, than by caring for one of His stray lambs during the remainder of your earthly pilgrimage—'Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages,' the Lord is saying in this day to many of His servants.

"When I looked at the rows of tiny ones, in the Edinburgh Home, and heard the rather doubtful question, 'Can you find homes for such little ones as these?' I answered truthfully and hopefully 'Yes, I believe we can.' Perhaps some of our friends are not aware that we take these true adoption cases. Could you but see the little fair-haired delicate boy sitting on my knee while I write, I know your heart would warm to him as mine does. His mother died when he was three months old, his father, in a good position in the city, followed her six months after, and little Frankie, at two years of age, is waiting for other parents in this new land to take him as their own. Shall he wait long? 'God setteth the solitary in families.'

"I must not finish my letter without heartily thanking those who have so steadily helped us, during the past four years, either in contributing to the maintenance of our Home in making clothes, in disposing of articles made and sent out by English friends, in speaking of the work and finding homes for the children, some in one way and some in another are giving the helping hand to a little life, which but for them might have been spent in misery, without joy in the present or hope in the future. Let me remind you, dear

friends, that the only motive which enable our work to stand 'in that day' is, that it was done for His glory; and may you and I, having 'striven lawfully,' at the last receive the crown.

"Believe me yours in grateful affection,

"ELLEN AGNES BILBROUGH."

UNITED STATES.

When one thinks of the immense territory over which the people of the United States are spreading, and the multitudes, practically heathen, who are immigrating thither from other countries, every year, the mind is almost overwhelmed with the thought of the Home Mission work to be done in the Republic, in order for the Church of Christ even to hold its own there. It is with a feeling of relief, even joy, we read as follows in the last annual report of the Home Mission Board of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which employs about a thousand missionaries, chiefly in the West.

THE WORK SPIRITUALLY.—In its spiritual aspects, the work has been very hopeful and encouraging. In the autumn and early winter, especially during and since the Week of Prayer, God has graciously sent "times of refreshing" upon many of our churches. The quarterly reports from over 1,000 missionaries may be classified as follows: The first describes their need of the reviving influences of the Holy Spirit, and mourns their absence.

The second speaks of the faint tokens of His coming, like a little cloud rising out of a great sea, indicated by an enlarged attendance, and growing, serious, and solemn attention to religion, with one here and there, awakened and inquiring for Christ.

The third class tells of "the great rain" already come. Multitudes converted and added to the church,—God's people quickened,—backsliders recalled,—wanderers restored,—the lost found, and the dead made alive again.

The largest additions to the Church on profession for years has been made this winter, fully 33 per cent. over last year. Extensive religious awakenings have usually followed seasons of great social, political, or financial excitement. It was so forty years ago, after the commercial revulsions of 1837-40. It was so also in 1857-8, amidst the disasters of that great crisis. So some of God's people, in the calamities feared or felt, in the late financial whirlwind, looked confidently for times of refreshing, and they have not been disappointed. A disposition to call upon God in prayer has been observed throughout the land, perhaps throughout the world. It is worthy of our notice, too, that this disposition to *pray* has extended at the very time when scientists and would-be philosophers were questioning, or openly denying, the efficacy of prayer. May it be but the beginning of the predicted and promised outpouring of the "Spirit of grace and supplications upon the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem?"

There have been added to the Church during the year as follows:

Profession of Faith,	- -	6,074
Certificate,	- -	3,952
Total,	- -	10,026

Especial attention is given by the missionaries of the Board to the organization and conduct of Sabbath Schools. The command of the Saviour to "Feed my lambs" must never be forgotten or neglected by the Church of God. There are 1,210 Sabbath Schools on the mission fields, embracing 100,000 children and teachers. 273 new ones have been organized during the year. In these schools the children are educated, in connection with the preaching of the Gospel and the sacraments of the House of God, rendering the school and its instruction more hopeful and permanent. We commend this to the special and favorable notice of persons and congregations in our own body, who distribute

their gifts for Sabbath School work through other channels and by other agencies, as if the children and youth were neglected by our missionaries.

A PRAIRIE BIRD.—A missionary in Iowa, gives the following somewhat amusing experience in conducting a prairie prayer meeting.

"On one of the sultry days in August I attended a prayer meeting in a school-house on a prairie far out in the north-west. Being at my appointment in season, I could notice the people as they arrived. One man especially arrested my attention. He came with a wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen. On the top of a load of hay were perched his wife and baby, while he walked beside the team. His dress consisted of shirt, hat and pants, and an iron foot in the place of a natural one. After unloading his freight, he came into the school-house and walked past me several times, eyeing me sharply, but failing to look me out of countenance. At last he said, in a tone of voice compared with which Dr. Howard Crosby's in the last Assembly was but a tinkling cymbal, 'Are you the fellow that's to hold this meeting?' I said 'Yes, I thought I would come over and meet with you this afternoon.' He replied that he wasn't much at speaking or praying but if there was any singing to be done, we could count him in. I replied that I was glad of that, as I wasn't much of a singer myself. All the time I could see mischief in his eye. Upon my invitation he took a seat beside me, and I then told him he must be aware that, at such meetings, there were sometimes those who did not behave very well. He said that if any fellows there misbehaved, they would feel the weight of his iron foot. I told him I thought that would be unnecessary; that his influence and example would probably be sufficient to preserve order. A goodly number having assembled by this time, I asked my new friend if we had not

better begin. He said he thought we had. We then sang 'All hail the power of Jesus' name,' in which the man joined with all his might, singing in good taste. During my talk, after singing and prayer, my friend several times ejaculated, 'That's so, boys.' We had a quiet and good meeting, after which my assistant asked me to go home with him. I was obliged to decline, but promised to take dinner with him the next day—and did. He was very pleasant, and said I had the best way of bringing a fellow to time of any one that had ever been on that prairie. I was told that was the first time this man had ever been known to behave himself in meeting. I left him a good supply of tracts and cheap publications, and promised to give him a call the next time I passed that way."

GREAT BRITAIN.

Out of this revival of religion in Britain has already, as we expected, arisen the important question of "*How the Church is to make use of the zeal (enthusiasm some would call it) of its young converts?*" We are glad to find in the last number of the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, a man of the experience, weight and practical sagacity of Professor W. G. Blaikie, editor of the *Sunday Magazine*, endeavoring thus to answer this question:

"It seems to us that at present there is no question of more pressing importance than that which concerns

THE TRAINING OF CONVERTS TO THE WORK OF THE LORD.

It is the want of this that has made revival movements so fitful, and has given rise to a popular impression that, in the nature of things, a revival must be followed by a reaction, and that in a few years you will find that the average amount of spiritual life has not been exceeded, through greater languor succeeding the period of greater activity. We hold that this is not the right or

normal state of things. There is no good reason why revivals should not be chronic. If our view be correct, that the present movement exemplifies ordinary work with extraordinary power, there is no good reason why it should not be a permanent state of things. The efforts of earnest ministers should be specially turned in this direction. The training of converts to work for their Master is one of the most important duties that can engage their attention, and it is well worth the while of churches to consider whether a minister might not be spared from ordinary pastoral work in some of our large towns to superintend this training of converts. The ordinary duties of the ministry are so heavy, that, without the sacrifice of some of them, it is hardly possible for a hard-working minister to give much time to a new department. An active, earnest minister, with a faculty of organizing, if set apart to the work, might be extremely useful, and might so simplify arrangements, that it would be comparatively easy for the mass of the clergy to give it the attention which it requires in detail.

"In these remarks we have in view the case of converts remaining in secular pursuits, but trying at the same time to do some work for the Lord. But there is another class of converts whose case demands more special attention. We refer to those who deem it a duty to give up all secular work, and in some capacity or other devote themselves wholly to Christian service. Two methods of doing so may present themselves. There is, first, the regular ministry; and, secondly, such forms of Christian service as are furnished by the employment of colporteurs, city missionaries, evangelists, Bible-women, matrons, nurses, and the like. Now, in regard to the ministry, it is usually felt in the Presbyterian Church that

OUR LONG CURRICULUM IS A FATAL
OBSTACLE

to many of the best and most earnest

men. To married men, or men past the years of youth, it no-doubt is; and it is not easy to suggest any method by which this difficulty can be overcome. But in the case of young men it ought not to be a serious barrier. Young men have facilities for Christian service during the whole period of their studies, and if they have suitable gifts, would be gladly taken as helpers in mission-work in some of the many fields where the harvest is so plenteous, and the laborers so few. Their intellectual training would then go on side by side with practical work, and the risk of the life being all crushed out of them by the one, would be met by their being steadily employed in the other. We must say that, in these circumstances, we have not much sympathy with earnest young men wishing to skip the curriculum. A sense of its need, and a willingness to undergo it, will rather be proof of their having in them the stuff that good, durable, ever improving workers are made of, while, on the other hand, if they slight it as but wasted time and labour, and only think how they can avoid it, they indicate a superficiality of view that does not promise very valuable results.

"With regard to the class of converts that do not contemplate the regular ministry, but are desirous to consecrate themselves to subordinate departments of the service, here is the greatest possible need for considering what course ought to be taken. It is evident that openings for such laborers exist in considerable numbers, and are increasing every day. Yet no Christian church in Scotland has made any systematic provision for the training of such laborers for their work. We conceive that the time has come for remedying this defect.

AN INSTITUTION FOR TRAINING CHRISTIAN WORKERS

has become an imperative necessity. Of course we shall be met by the objection that they could only get a smattering at such a college, and that 'a little learning

is a dangerous thing.' But the question really lies between a little training and no training at all. It is quite certain that we shall have evangelists, lay preachers, street-preachers, colporteurs, and the like. As things are now, these laborers go forth with absolutely no training, except what they receive under the ordinary ministrations of their pastors. Is this the best state of things? Is it not rather the worst? Would not such men be infinitely better of a course of popular theology—a course opening up the Bible and the Shorter Catechism, and giving them some hints in the art of speaking? Is there anything worse done, as a common rule, than street-preaching? The preacher seems often to think that, the louder he can bawl, the more will he impress; and instead of a few short, simple, natural words, pours out torrents of rant, that roll over the heads of unimpressed hearers. Would not a course of instruction help, too, to take the conceit out of the head of many a lay laborer prone to fancy himself vastly superior to ministers, just because he is utterly ignorant of how little he knows? And would it not free these laborers from the leaven of many errors into which they are prone to fall, and thus add greatly to their value, as well as give them a status which would increase their influence with the people? And female laborers are just as much in need of this training as male. We forbear entering further into the subject, but it would not be easy to exaggerate its importance."

FRANCE.

From the intelligent correspondent of *Ecumenical Christendom* we gather interesting facts in regard to the progress of the Gospel in France.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOLS.

An attempt is being made to create a school for evangelists at Nice. The programme of studies seems to us rather

extensive, but if men full of the Holy Ghost and experience are forthcoming as teachers and initiators of the work, no doubt it will prosper. Oh, may it endow France with men of power to go through the land bearing the mighty message of glad tidings of great joy!

The preparatory school at Batignolles for young men intending to prosecute their theological studies at Montauban, has been raised by the Government to be an establishment of "public utility."

MR. PEARSALL SMITH.

A deeply interesting *soiree* was held on Tuesday, June 9, at M. Alfred André's, to introduce Mr. R. Pearsall Smith to the pastors of Paris. The lateness of the season caused many to be absent, but every church was amply represented. Great was the attention when, after a few simple words of cordial introduction by M. André and a prayer by pastor Armand-Dehille, the American evangelist spoke of the mighty power which the Spirit of God is manifesting in various lands, and of the willingness of the Lord to endue each one of his children with power from on high. He spoke of what was done elsewhere first to bring the elementary truths of free salvation to be fully and intelligently received, so that since the apostolic age never have so many received the truth, confessed their faith, and been delivered from their doubts, so that their hearts are free for the work of God. Accompanying this, there has been a great outcry for holiness. Men are changed, their very business lives are renewed, and women renounce their earthly ambition. What has grieved and quenched the Holy Spirit is put away, and He reproves no longer, but becomes the Comforter. The child of God, set free from an accusing conscience, can do things he had never dreamt of. Religion becomes a perpetual *yes* to the will of God; it is a perpetual joy and surprise, ever going on to further discoveries. In England and India there

are hundreds whose full consecration to God has increased their power tenfold, and consequently thousands of sinners are being brought to the Saviour by joyful, happy Christians. Most interesting examples of this were brought forward, and in conclusion came the encouraging thought, if the evangelists endorsed by the eminent pastors of Scotland are so wonderfully blessed among a prepared population, so that they may almost be said to walk by sight, how much greater will be the recompense and blessing of those who walk in power in the midst of materialism and scepticism, having faith alone to guide them amidst the unprepared populations of France! The last note was one of cheer, which is so much wanted. The result was a cordial signature of pastors of all the churches to an arrangement for daily meetings, which have brought together chiefly those who are engaged in the various branches of Paris evangelization.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

The twenty-first Wesleyan Methodist Conference met in Nimes from the 4th to the 11th of June, and was throughout under a remarkably solemn and spiritual influence. The two educational establishments for youth at Nimes are continued—that for young gentlemen under the care of Pastor M. Gallienne, and that for young ladies under that of Pastor and Madame Farjat. The numbers of active laborers and pastors, and also members, have diminished; but here and there happy symptoms of reviving spiritual life have been marked, and above 300 Sunday scholars have been added to various schools. It was decided that the Conference should again become annual. Pastor J. Paul Cook is nominated President for the year, and Pastor Pulsford Vice-President. Pastor Hocart will succeed to the deeply-regretted Emile Cook, in the Church of Thernes, Paris. The Rev. Mr. Gibson, English delegate, proposes

that efforts should be made to have meetings in all the large cities, like those of Mr. Mall in Paris. The Reformed Church has been deprived by sudden death of another of its active and energetic members in M. de Connick, of Havre.

TURKEY.

THE BIBLE AND THE MOSLEMS.—Constantinople has just been the stage of a novel crusade against the circulation of the Bible. The scene opens first in the narrow streets and winding lanes of Stamboul, where colporteurs lately met with an unexpected demand for the Scriptures. In one month no less than 1,200 copies in Turkish, chiefly of the Gospels, were purchased by those who sought to learn their message. During January 2,300 copies of portions, or the entire New Testament, were purchased by Turkish readers in the great capital of Islamism—an unparalleled demand of 900 copies a-day. Welcomes to the Gospel just translated were heard on every side, even from Moslem lips, and no lack of readers desirous of comparing the visions of the Prophet with the teachings of Jesus. It was unexpected to find so many longing for the new way of life. The colporteurs, meeting with kind words only from the people, were at length encouraged by their success to announce what they had to offer by name as they went from door to door, thereby doing no more than is done by innumerable sellers, in the streets of Stamboul and all Eastern cities, of articles of every sort, from dry goods down to sweetmeats. Of course this rapid sale of the Gospel alarmed the spiritual fathers of the Moham-medan body. At a meeting of the Turkish Council of State the Sheikh-ul-Islam demanded of the Effendis which of them gave permission to print and sell this book at Stamboul. All, of course, denied responsibility. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was then waited upon by these "Ulemas" of Church

and State, the Shiekh-ul-Islam, Minister of Public Instruction, and a whole train of Moslem authorities, excited over the rapid disposal of the New Testament Scriptures. As they passed in review before Rashid Pasha, and pressed around him in unholy indignation, they demanded unqualified prohibition. An officer of police called then at the new and commodious Bible House, and was politely shown all the building, and not a few of the obnoxious Testaments. At the conclusion he remarked, "I suppose there are 20,000 books in this establishment?" The reply was, "There are 100,000; it is full to the top." Police officer was greatly astonished. "He did not know before there were so many books in all the world." Then he asked to see the director. He was in Egypt. He wanted to see the man who had printed all those Testaments. He was dead. Somewhat abashed, he called for the printer now living. He was absent. Whereupon he departed, overpowered with the number of books, and mystified that no responsible party was just then at home. Not long after, three policemen appeared in the Bible House, and told the salesman that, by orders from the Grand Vizier, they were going to seize all the Turkish Scriptures in the store, and then go up stairs and take all that were there. They were soon confronted by Dr. Isaac Bliss, who energetically told them that "in the official capacity of policemen they had no right to enter the premises without orders from the American Embassy, and what they had come to do could not be done." They then said they must leave an officer at the door of the Bible House. "Not till an order from the Embassy allows it." The policemen departed crestfallen; and soon after communications were received at both American and English Embassies, requiring the closure of the Bible House, and stoppage of the sale of the Scriptures in Turkish.

Our Minister, together with a repre-

sentative of the English Government, went directly to Rashid Pasha—the former to demand instant satisfaction for the irregular visit of the police to an American establishment, both for the affront of a demand from the police, and the latter to remind the Pasha that, as long as ten years ago, England, from Earl Russell, by the hand of Sir Henry Bulwer, had communicated to the Ottoman Government its decision never to yield the right of printing and distributing the Bible in Turkey. Both Grand Vizier and Minister of Foreign Affairs professed to know nothing of the matter, regretted the occurrence, and ordered a full examination.

The result was, not the closing of the Bible House, but a removal of the chief of police of Constantinople. Rashid Pasha, however, first requested that colportage be stopped, fearing it might occasion disturbances. To this it was replied that in the sixteen years of Bible history in Constantinople no annoyance or disorder has occurred therefrom. It was agreed that the crying of "Injil" Gospel, which might be offensive to bigoted Moslems, should cease. Then he proposed the stamping of all Scriptures by themselves. As this would amount to a prohibition, the reply was, it would be agreed to on the condition that every other book printed or introduced in the empire by all other societies and nationalities be also stamped by the Turks; but on no other condition. And so the Scriptures still have free course in Constantinople.

EGYPT.

AN OASIS: ITS PHYSICAL AND MORAL ASPECTS.—The Rev. Isaac G. Bliss writes to the *Christian Intelligencer* from Sinooris, in Egypt, as follows:—

There are 104 towns in this oasis, with a population of 150,000. Most of the inhabitants are cultivators of the soil, though in this place are many

weavers and dyers. The town of Sinooris stands high, as if built upon a huge mound. It is said that nearly all the towns and villages of Egypt are thus located, and are safe from the floods that surround them in the overflowing of the great river. Most of the dwellings are one story, made of sun-dried bricks, with earth roofs supported by beams cut from the palm-tree, and covered with branches and leaves of the same, upon which the earth is packed. I saw but one house beside that of Mr. Harvey furnished with glass windows. The streets are narrow and filthy. The people are exceedingly poor, and this although the district surpasses all other parts of Egypt in fertility and the variety of its productions and richness of its gardens.

Oppression comes to them daily with its sternest demands. Taxation is sucking at the very vitals of all classes. Unable to pay their taxes, the people have given their lands; so that the Viceroy has now in his possession one hundred and sixty millions of acres out of the two hundred millions now under cultivation, leaving only forty millions now in possession of the peasants. The result is a most distressing state of things among the people. The most squalid destitution is revealed at every turn. Men, women and children sleep upon the bare earth without bed or covering, and the majority without even a mat. A single dark blue tunic of thin cotton is the only garment of thousands by day, and their only covering at night. Multitudes have not a change of clothing, but wear the same garment until it drops in rottenness from their bodies; of washings and cleansings they know almost nothing. These fellaheens may have treasures buried in the earth, or ornament their hair, ears and noses with medals and gold rings, but they cannot be persuaded materially to change their customs. "Gold does not wear out," they say; "beds, coverlets, sheets, and the like do."

NEW HEBRIDES.

The wife of the missionary (Rev Mr. Milne) stationed at Nguna, writes as follows: "Mr. Milne sailed, with Andru and three Pele lads, for Utanlag, at the other end of the island. It is too far to go and return in one day, as the village is several miles from the landing place, so we would like to have a little house there for sleeping a night or two in. The Pele lads were afraid to land, so they lay out in the bay, while Mr. M. and Andru went to the village. The chief was absent, and did not return until nearly dark. It is a large village, with a great many people, who were on the whole friendly and civil; but the chief refused to sell a site for a house. His excuse was that a white man, to whom he had sold ground, would be angry if they took a missionary; but from the first they have always refused a teacher. At last, the chief told Mr. Milne to come back again, and he would sell a piece of land. Whether he fulfils his promise or not remains to be seen. Mr. Milne told me that he saw set, on each side of the open end of the Farea (a large public-house), two wooden images of two chiefs of another village whom they had eaten. The skulls were set on the points of two sticks on the top of the house, right above the images. They ate a Malamia man (a village not far from here) about a year and a half ago, and part of his skull was stuck in the crown of the head of one of the images. We have not seen such things anywhere else, except on our own beach here, where Andru has several times buried bones of the unfortunate crew of the *Fanny*. Only the other day, some one stuck a skull on a tree next our boat-house. It is dreadful to think of such horrid cruelty. Life is of no value in the eyes of these degraded natives. They think no more of killing a man than of killing a pig, and are in constant terror of each other. They never go unarmed; loaded muskets, poisoned arrows, spears and tomahawks, are their constant companions."

Christian Miscellany.**RECOLLECTION OF MR. BURNS
IN SCOTLAND.***

The steamer had one day left the fair city of Perth and was ploughing her way through the waves for Dundee. It was on board of her that we first met with him who afterward became an Evangelist in China, but who was then doing duty in the same path in his native land. The Tay is a classic stream, and picturesque are the beauties in the scenery of hill and dale which may be seen from her waters, and surely something of the morally grand and beautiful was side by side with the physical on that occasion. He gave a word of exhortation to the passengers, and as he never was at a loss for music he was both preacher and precentor. He sung—

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
And honour all his laws."

We never saw him ashamed to own Christ. One might be on deck in a state of intoxication, another might be taken up too much with the things which perish with the using, but above all rose his fine manly voice, setting forth alternately in preaching and in melody the high praise of his King and his God, and the need of the Gospel-salvation. We cannot say what impression may have been made on the company, but it will be known in the great day. Of his private conversation, we need say no more, but that as usual, it savoured much of the things of the kingdom. May it still hold true, that "*they who fear the Lord speak often one to another.*"

Having in our voyage passed Newburg and Errol, we gradually drew near to the bustling capital of Forfarshire. At Dundee, a number of children and others congregated around Mr. Burns.

We noticed some, who from their appearance might have passed for some of the grandes of the city, frown upon this meeting, hinting that the thoroughfare must not be obstructed in this way. He took off his hat after crossing the street and began to pray. As we were both intending to proceed to St. Andrew's, we crossed in a steamer to Newport. He referred to what had taken place in Dundee, exclaiming, "Oh, they will not think us mad on the Judgment day."

In our journey to the ancient town, we passed through the village of Leuchars, which has such precious associations connected with it. Its aged church has long stood on a gentle elevation, its pulpit was once filled by the renowned Alexander Henderson, of the second Reformation, who presided at the memorable Assembly of Glasgow, when the servants of Christ refused to worship the golden image and surrender the claims of Christ to Caesar. He preached in the town Church (St. Andrew's) to citizens, theological students and some of the professors of the College. The sermon was on that solemn text, "Save from going down into the pit for I have found a ransom." We need not give any of his ideas, as the substance of the discourse has been published, but it may be observed that when he preached it in Aberdeen it was blessed by the Divine Spirit to the conversion of one individual at least. In St. Andrew's he also preached in the Secession, now the United Presbyterian Church, on believing sinners having their Maker for their husband. Holy men have laboured in St. Andrew's. We have stood by Rutherford's grave, and though the lightning may shatter his memorial column in Galloway, nothing disturbs the repose of his remains here. In the same burial ground with its ancient and decaying cathedral, the

* Our readers will peruse with interest these memories of Wm. C. Burns, by one who knew him personally.

ashes of Halyburton and Wishart await the breaking of the morning without clouds.

We now turn to another interview. We were on our way to the Presbytery of Auchterarder with a letter from the elders of Comrie. At that time there was a vacancy in that parish, as Mr. McKenzie, their former minister, had been presented to the parish of Dunblane. They were anxious that Mr. Burns would visit them and preach to the congregation, and the contents of the epistle bore on this subject. When it was put into his hands at Muthil manse, where he resided at the time, he intimated his desire of spreading it before the Lord for counsel. He subsequently preached in Comrie on the union between Christ, the vine, and his people, the branches. After the public service closed he repaired to the session room, where he gave one of the most solemn prayers that we ever heard him utter, praying that if it were for God's glory he might be brought back again to see the dear people, and if not that he would never see their faces more in time. We believe that he revisited the same locality after his return from America. May his past labours in that part be very abundantly blessed, and be replete with happy consequences in the coming eternity. On other occasions, we heard him once in Perth and once in Edinburgh. In Canada his labours also were very abundant, as is well known, and in London and in other places in the new world did he manifest the same spirit which he did at Kilsyth and Loch Tay in the old.

THE PRAYER ACROSTIC.

"*A*sk, and it shall be given you ;
*S*eek, and ye shall find ;
*K*nock, and it shall be opened unto you."
 MATT. vii. 7.

Dr. David Brown well remarks on this verse, "Though there seems evidently a climax here, expressive of more and

more importunity, yet each of these terms used presents what we desire of God in a different light. We *ask* for what we *wish* ; we *seek* for what we *miss* ; we *knock* for that from which we feel ourselves *shut out*. Answering to this three-fold representation is the triple assurance of success to our believing efforts."

If a more personal application of this divine acrostic is desired, take the following from Spurgeon, "There shall not be found at the last day of account one single soul that can say, 'I knocked at Mercy's door, but God refused to open it.' There shall not stand before the great white throne a single soul that can plead, 'O Christ, I would have been saved by Thee, but Thou wouldst not save me. I gave myself up into Thy hands, but Thou didst reject me. I penitently asked for mercy of Thee, but I had it not.' 'Every one that asketh receiveth.' It has been so until this day—it will be so until Christ himself shall come. If you doubt it, try it, and if you have tried it, try it again. Are you in rags? That matters not. 'Every one that asketh receiveth.' Are you foul with sin? That signifies not. 'Every one that seeketh findeth.' Do you feel yourself as if you were shut out from God altogether? That matters not either. 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth.'"

TWO KINDS OF PREACHING.

In speaking of a recent visit of an English minister to this country, *Zion's Herald* remarks:—

"The fascination which draws hearers to the lips of this earnest minister is the positive personal faith with which he utters truth, the evident conviction which he exhibits that his hearers vitally need the grace he urges upon them, and the always apparent singleness of object in all his pulpit exercises. His manner, without the slightest

appearance of cant, his prayers, his themes, his whole bearing awaken the conviction in the minds of his hearers that he is a true ambassador of Christ, and has a divine message to deliver. He does not often thrill his audiences, or awaken their surprise at his power, or carry them away with a temporary gust of emotion; but he excites searching thought, stirring convictions, earnest prayers and resolves, and freely descending tears. The presence of the Holy Spirit is manifestly with the Word.

"Theological professors and students heard him. It is to be hoped that the lesson will not be forgotten. This is the kind of preaching needed in this nineteenth century in the city of Boston. Nothing but the gospel, as a divine provision for the forgiveness, renewal, inspiration and salvation of man, the vital and indispensable requirement of every soul, can meet the spiritual wants of the most wretched and the most polished of our community. Christ, after all, draws effectually, and not his ministers. 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.'

"The other Sabbath a respected young minister filled a pulpit, where, perhaps, eight hundred people listened to him. There are only fifty-two Sabbaths in the year—a very small portion of the time to be devoted to an earnest consideration of eternal realities, in this beguiling world. Somebody is probably always requiring direct and earnest religious counsel, in view of imminent temptation, coming sickness, or the approach of death. Our younger brother stood before such a congregation—the ambassador of God to man—and simply read a well-composed essay upon friendship! As an article for a magazine, a contribution for a religious newspaper, or a literary lecture, this was all right enough. The young speaker made a pleasant impression as to manner and intellectual ability; but this is not preaching, and his theme is

not the gospel! Little progress in the work of converting men, or spreading holiness throughout the land, will follow such preaching as this. Even if the topic is made more pertinent, and the intellectual power is more obvious, barrenness will be upon the pulpit, and worldliness and spiritual weakness in the pews, unless the commissioned teachers sink everything beside into the one object of presenting the revealed grace of God as the only, and effectual, and indispensable cure of sin, and comfort of the really redeemed sinner.

"Would not many ministers be a little surprised, if, after one of their discourses, an unconverted man should linger behind the retiring congregation to inquire with undisguised emotion, 'What shall I do to be saved?'"

EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:—

1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others;
2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it;
3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report;
4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness expressed towards others;
5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—*Simcon.*

DYING EMPTY-HANDED.—Alexander the Great, being upon his death-bed, commanded that when he was carried forth to his grave his hands should not be wrapped, as was usual, in cerecloth, but should be left outside the bier, that all men might see them, and might see that they were empty.—*Archbishop Trench.*

Preferring our own wills to the will of God, is to make gods of ourselves.

DRAWING WATER.

I had drank with lips unsated
Where the founts of pleasure burst ;
I had hewn out broken cisterns,
And they mocked my spirit's thirst.

And I said, Life is a desert,
Hot and measureless and dry ;
And God will not give me water,
Though I pray and faint and die !

Spoke there then a friend and brother,
" Rise and roll the stone away !
There are founts of life upspringing
In thy pathway every day."

Then I said—my heart was sinful,
Very sinful was my speech—
" All the wells of God's salvation
Are too deep for me to reach."

And he answered : " Rise and labour !
Doubt and idleness is death ;
Shape thou out a goodly vessel
With the strong hands of thy faith !"

So I wrought and shaped the vessel,
Then knelt lowly, humbly there ;
And I drew up living water,
With the golden chain of prayer.

TOILING.

How many weary steps to take
Before the race is run !
How many milestones yet to pass
Before the journey's done !
How many toilsome steeps to climb
Before the height is won !
And yet with tenderest love and care,
The Father leads us on.

How many hours of patient toil
Our faithfulness to test !
How many burdens yet to bear
Before the hands may rest !
How many crosses, ere they lie
Calm, folded on the breast !
Yet toil and burden, cross and rod,
Divinest love hath blest.

How fierce the battle, ere we win
The conqueror's robe and palm !
How sharp the wounds before they feel
The healing drops of balm !
How loud the Babel sounds of strife
Before the evening psalm !
And yet, o'er all, the heaven extends
Its soundless deeps of calm.

So, step by step, we take the height—
A patient, pilgrim band ;
We lift the burden, bear the cross,
With worn but willing hand,
And bend to hear amid the strife,
The Master's calm command ;
Content, dear Lord, if Thine at last
Our finished work shall stand !

TRUST IN THE LORD.

That devoted Wesleyan minister, the late Thomas Collins, at the age of thirty-two thus wrote:—"My usefulness,—how small it has been ! O God, the shame of its littleness I take to myself. I have not been straitened in Thee. I have erred in calculating when I should have been believing. I have regarded with disturbing fear my own feebleness, the poor abilities of our working staff, the pressure of worldliness, and the sluggishness of society. I ought to have looked only at the promise, and trusted the glorious, all-conquering power of God. Not doing this has limited the Holy One, wronged the Church, and hurt my own soul. I have pledged to Thee more simple faith ; may I be true. The faith will bring the fervor. As a preacher, I have no sought the praise of men ; but has there been no fear of their displeasure ? No shrinking from attacks upon sin in the Church ? No tameness in description of Christian privilege and duty ? Help me to give witness for Thee, clear and strong and high. May I look only to Thee ; trust only in Thee ; follow only Thee. Amen !"

The little things which you may do for those about you will fall back upon your heart as the summer dews fall upon the vineyards. What if it is nothing but a kind word to a school-boy crying in the street ; it dries his tears, and the aching heart grows light and glad again.

BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.

As frankincense, when it is put into the fire, giveth the greater perfume; or as spice, if it be pounded and beaten, smelleth the sweeter; as the earth, when it is torn up with the plough, becometh more fruitful; the seed in the ground, after frost and snow and winter storms, springeth the ranker; the nigher the vine is pruned to the stock, the greater grape it yieldeth; the grape, when it is most pressed and beaten, maketh the sweetest wine; linen, when it is bucked and washed and wrung and beaten, is so made fairer and whiter: even so the children of God receive great benefit by persecution; for by it God washeth and scoureth, schooleth, and nutureth them, that so through many tribulations they may enter into their rest. Like as they that go about to make lions tame do use to beat little whelps before them, and to make them to crouch, that so, the lions seeing, they may do so also: even so oftentimes God chasteneth and correcteth His dear servants, that those that be stiffnecked and rebellious should, by their example, learn subjection and obedience.—*R. Cawdry, 1609.*

IN PRISON WALLS.

Did you ever think how dreary it must be to be shut up in prison walls? to feel that you could not go out and in at your pleasure; that you were shut out from the company of all your dear friends, and perhaps long years of just such imprisonment were before you?

Many good people, who have been guilty of no crime, have been thus imprisoned only because they loved Jesus and sought to tell others about Him. Do you think that Jesus left them to suffer alone in their lonely cells? No, He gave them something better than sunlight and liberty, or even life itself. He gave them Himself. He made them so happy in His companionship that

they did not mind all their other losses.

This is what one noble lady wrote from such a prison. She had been used to an elegant home, with all the luxuries of life about her. What a change—to a stone cell and prison fare? Yet she could say, "It sometimes seems to me as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had shut up in a cage and that I had nothing now to do but to sing. The joy of my heart gives a brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison look to my eyes like rubies. I esteem them more than all the gaudy brilliances of this vain world."

So the good minister Rutherford, when in prison, used to date his letters from "Christ's Palace, Aberdeen;" to speak of himself as happier than a king. Even his chains, he said, "seemed overgilded with gold."

Oh! isn't a religion worth having, that can so support people in trouble? The sure way to have it when you are older, and the sorrows of life press heavily around you, is to love Jesus and study your Bible much when you are young. Lay up also in your memory a great many precious verses, and they may come back to you, oh, so sweetly! in your time of need.

THE LOGIC OF A HOLY LIFE.

Some years ago, a young man who gave clear evidence that he was truly a subject of the regenerating grace of God, was asked what had led to the change in him, as he had been wild and thoughtless. Was it any sermon or book that had impressed him? He promptly answered "No!" "What was it then? Did any one speak to you specially on the subject of religion?" The same response was given. "Will you then state what first led you to think of your soul's eternal welfare?" The reply was "I live in the same boarding-house and eat at the same table with J. Y." "Well, did he ever talk with you about your soul?" "No, never, till

I sought an interview with him," was the reply. "But," he continued, "there was a sweetness in his disposition, a heavenly mindedness, a holy aroma about his whole life and demeanour, that made one feel that he had a source of comfort, and peace, and happiness, to which I was a stranger. There was a daily beauty in his life that made me ugly. I became more and more dissatisfied with myself every time I saw him; and though, as I said, he never spoke to me on the subject of personal religion till I myself sought the interview, yet his whole life was a constant sermon to me. He was 'a living epistle,' speaking by actions so clearly that I could resist no longer; and accordingly I went and sought an interview with him. We held repeated conversations with each other. Then he pointed me to Jesus Christ, prayed with me, counselled me, watched over me."

FIT FOR—WHAT PLACE?

It is related of the distinguished Rev. Dr. Bellamy that he had seasons of deep despondency, when he was confident he was going to hell. His brethren often laboured with him in vain.

One day, after all reasoning had failed, one of the ministers said: "Well, brother, you know more about yourself than we do. To us you appear very well; but after all, you may be a whited sepulchre—beautiful outside, but inwardly full of corruption. If so, you will go to hell. I should like, however, to know what you will do when you get there?"

"Do?" cried the Doctor, with great animation and emphasis; "what will I do? I will vindicate the law of God, and set up prayer meetings."

"All right," said the brother; "but in that case the devil will not keep you there; he will soon turn you out as unfitted for his place and company."

The Doctor came out of his gloom and was happy.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAYER.

A widow lady had a wayward son. Her appeals to him and prayers for him seemed to be all lost. He had grown already almost to man's estate, and was nearly through his college course, nearing the period when he must decide what his life-occupation should be.

His mother, as the day for special prayer for our educational institutions drew near, went to see the president of the college where her son was in attendance. The President was noted for his deep interest in the spiritual welfare of those committed to his charge. The mother told him how she had prayed and agonized for this rebellious child, and yet how careless and indifferent he still continued to be. And now, as the day for special prayer for such youths was near, she had come to ask him to unite with her in supplication that *this day* might not again pass without some sign that prayer was answered. The president, after some encouraging remarks, said he would be glad to unite with her in her request. The mother, uplifted by this sympathy and appreciation, went home to continue her prayers and strengthen her faith.

The morning of the day of prayer came; and as there were to be public services, the mother asked her son if he would accompany her to church. With an angry answer he turned away and left the house to fulfil an engagement he had made with a lot of cronies to have a skating match, as there were to be no recitations on that day.

But on his way, passing the church, he heard music, and seemed to be drawn by some unseen influence to become one of the worshippers in the very church where his mother had invited him to go.

Under the sermon and prayers which he heard the Holy Spirit visited him, and forgetting his engagement with his associates, he on that day resolved to make a perpetual engagement to be the Lord's.

After service he returned to his home, revealed his state of mind to his mother, and together they rendered their thanksgivings to the covenant-keeping God. That day witnessed a radical change in the career of this young man.

Now the great question came to his heart, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" With time and talents thus wasted, he dared not look to the ministry, and yet in God's providence this was the profession he eventually chose.

In the exuberance of his Christian joy he had written to a friend in New York city, urging him to believe in Christ, and experience the joy he now possessed. This letter was the means of his friend's conversion. Then this thought would come to him, "God has seen fit, through my influence, already to convert a soul; if I consecrate my remaining time and abilities to the gospel ministry, may not the Lord be pleased to bless me?"

This thought he believed to be a call from God: "Go work in my vineyard." Dropping old associates and evil habits, he went to his studies with assiduity, and in a few years entered the ministry. While in a pastoral charge he was blessed with several precious revival seasons, and is still labouring prosperously in the gospel work.

Mothers, fathers, friends, take courage. Praying breath is never spent in vain.

CORNELIA.

COUNT GASPARIN.

Adolph Monod, one of the most gifted and faithful evangelical ministers of the present century, preached Christ crucified and his free grace, to his church in Lyons, France. One Lord's day, preaching from the text, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have ever-

lasting life," he spoke of the person of Christ as the true God-man. He announced at the same time that the next Sabbath he should show how men could be saved through faith in this God-man. But the authorities of this church were full of Romish and other errors, and opposed to a doctrine so truly evangelical. Hence they informed Monod that if he did not omit the sermon he had announced, they would have him arrested, and brought before the prefect, and dismissed from his office. Monod, notwithstanding, preached his sermon, and the authorities made their complaint. The prefect demanded the two sermons of the accused, and Monod sent them to him. The prefect was a Roman Catholic Count—Count de Gasparin. He came home at evening to his wife, and found the sermons. He never liked sermons, especially evangelical sermons. But he was a man who discharged faithfully the duties of his office. It was necessary that the sermons should be read. He came to his wife with the manuscripts in his hand, complaining that he would have to give up the whole evening to this irksome and protracted labour. She offered, as her husband's worthy helpmeet, to read the sermons with him, so that the task might seem to him less tedious. They began. They read the first. With every page they grew more interested. They forgot that it was evening and night. That which was at first an official duty, became a service of the heart. They finished the first, and eagerly grasped the second. And what was the result? As a magistrate—as a prefect—Gasparin was forced to deprive Monod of his place, because all the authorities demanded it. But he and his wife became evangelical Christians; yes, living, joyful and happy believers in Christ. They found that night the pearl of great price, and it has remained in the family. Their son, Count Agonor de Gasparin, has long been the head and pillar of the evangelical party in France.

A "SHABBY THING."

A young medical student told the following anecdote of the great revival in Edinburgh: A fellow-student, a lad of great promise, of pre-eminence both in study and report, a generous, hearty fellow, kind to all, and dearly loved by every comrade, was struck down by a fatal disease, and died after a short illness. During that illness he was brought to the Saviour, and fell asleep resting in Christ. But a short time before his death he said to his medical attendant, "O doctor, isn't it a *shabby* thing to give one's best days to the world, and only the last, worthless remnant to the Lord Christ?" The doctor, who dearly loved the young man, could make no reply, and the poor fellow burst into tears, these being almost his last words. These words of his rang through the university, coming like a message from their departed class-mate, going to the hearts of many, and inclining them to give the best of their days to the Lord. "And," added the speaker, "won't young men think, even if they could be *sure* of being saved at last when death comes, whether it isn't indeed a very '*shabby* thing' to be willing deliberately to give the best of one's life to the world, and only the fag-end of it to the Lord Christ?"

If the tones of that young speaker's voice could but reach the thousands of young men in America living for pleasure and for self, wouldn't they at least stop and think whether they could indeed be guilty of this "*shabby* thing"?

A. M. M.

BIBLE ARITHMETIC.

ADDITION.—Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. 2 Pet. i. 5, 7.

SUBTRACTION.—Laying aside all malice, and guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil-speakings, . . . desire the sincere milk of the word that ye may grow thereby. 1 Pet. ii. 1, 2.

MULTIPLICATION.—Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord. 2 Pet. i. 2.

He that ministereth seed to the sower doth minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness. 2 Cor. ix. 10.

DIVISION.—Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

RULE OF THREE.—Now abideth faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of these is charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

WATCH AND PRAY.

A converted and emancipated slave accosted a person thus:—

"Massa, me hear you are going to study to be a minister."

"Yes."

"Will you let poor Tom say one thing to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know the good Master say, 'Watch and pray.' Now you may watch all the time; and if you no pray, the devil will get in. You may pray all the time; and if you no watch too, the devil will get in. But if you watch and pray all the time, the devil no get in; for it is just like the sword of God put into the angel's hand at the entering of the garden—it turns every way. If the devil come before, it turn there; if the devil come behind, it turn there. Yes, massa, it turn every way."—*Whitecross.*

THE POWER OF THE CROSS.

Yes, I was living to myself—was dead;
 Self, with its hopes and dreams, was all I had;
 But soon the Lord fulfilled my prayer to know
 The power of His Cross. 'Twas death below.
 I asked contrition—and He sent me pain;
 For purity—but anguish came again;
 I asked I might be meek—He broke my heart;
 I asked—I knew not what—the better part.
 I asked to know what death was to the world,
 And quickly all my living hopes were spoiled:
 I asked to be like Him—His image bear;
 He placed me in a furnace, sitting there
 Like one refining silver, till He see
 The reflex of His image bright in me.
 I asked that I the daily cross might bear;
 It lacerated me—the wounds I wear.
 I blindly prayed, not knowing how nor what;
 He took me at my word—it mattered not.

Then I began to shrink from following near,
 And well-nigh prayed Him to depart, through
 fear;
 To suffer was not pleasing to the flesh;
 I feared to pray, lest suffering come afresh.
But I had gone too far—on I must go;
 The virtues of His cross had pierced me
 through.

In me His promise now fulfilled must be—
 "I, lifted up, will draw all men to Me."

Ah! I had only heard of love; but now
 I feel it—oh! I feel its living glow.
 He fastened on me *such* a look of love—
 Withering to self, tender all words above;
 Follow I must, whatever may betide.
 I love the cross—I shelter in His side,
 That riven side, from which the glory beams,
 Whence life and healing flow in living streams.

Only by *gazing* I become like Him:
 His name shines out through me, He dwells
 within.

My calling is to live with Him alone,
 Unlike all others—lacking what they own.
 Content to be by all the world despised,
 Knowing that I by His arm loved and prized;
 Content to be like Him, and call Him mine,
 In fellowship ineffable, divine;
 Happy to lose the brighter portion *here*,
 That I may gain the weight of glory *there*;
 Happy that, when I well-nigh turned away,
 His hand was on me, would not let me stray;
 Happy to know that He does all in love—
 To bear the cross below, the crown above;
 Happy that not *my* will, but *His* be done;
 Happy in prospect of the rest of home.

"LOOKING INTO JESU."—Heb. xii. 2.

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Children's Treasury.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Benny says he'll be a soldier;
 He will march to life and drum,
 With a musket on his shoulder;
 Never stouter heart nor bolder,
 Where the shots the thickest come.
 (Yet I've seen the speckled hen
 Put to rout brave Captain Ben!)

Willie longs to be a sailor:
 He will cross the farthest seas;
 'Mid the terror and commotion
 Of the dark, tempestuous ocean,
 He will pace his deck at ease.
 (Storms are certain when we scrub
 Willie in his bathing-tub.)

Nellie hears with awe and wonder
 Of the perils they will seek;
 Weeps at thought of cruel slaughter;
 Prays for seaman on the water;
 Blushes for her courage weak:
 (Yet the best thing, Nellie dear,
 Is to do the duty near.)

—The Nursery

COTTAGE CRADLE-SONG.

Close its eyes; it must not peep;
 Drop its fists; its finger slack;
 Slide away far into sleep—
 Sis will watch till it comes back.

Mother's knitting at the door,
 Waiting till the kettle sings;
 When the kettle's song is o'er,
 She will set the bright tea-things.

Father's busy making hay
 In the meadow by the brook;
 Not so very far away—
 Close its peeps, it needn't look.

God is here, and God is there—
 Sees the great scythe glitter and rip,
 Watches baby gone somewhere;
 Sees the mother's finger's trip.

Sleep, dear baby; sleep outright;
 Mother's sitting just behind;
 Father's only out of sight;
 God is round us like the wind.

—Geo. MacDonald, in Good Things.

WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've anything to give
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If you know what torch to light
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold
Next your heart, lest it grow cold,
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet
At the loving Father's feet,
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet or clear
Whispered down to every ear:
Hear it.

—Selected.

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

I should like to tell the dear little children who read *The Christian*, something about the blessing Jesus has given us at Ipswich this past week; not because we are better than we were, but because we asked Him for it, and expected to receive it.

Three weeks ago, several young men met together and prayed very earnestly that some special services for young people might be held, and night after night these young men met, and were encouraged to ask great things of our kind and loving Father, remembering

the command and promise to "Ask and ye shall receive."

It was decided to hire the Temperance Hall for Monday evening, and the large Corn Exchange for the Tuesday; and we asked all the dear little children who could help to do so by bringing with them as many of their friends as they could to the meetings to hear of Jesus and His love. We kept on praying, and when the Monday evening came, the large hall was crowded with hundreds of children and young people. Our meeting was opened with prayer, and then we sang some of our sweet hymns, and read a portion of God's Word. Then kind friends spoke very earnestly of the love of Jesus; told those who did not love Him that they were sinners, and that God says, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." We were pointed to dear Jesus, the sinner's Friend, who invites those who feel the burden of sin to come to Him for rest, and that if we come, He will in no wise cast us out. Then we were told how His precious blood would cleanse all our sins, and that if we were really sorry for our sins, and looked to Jesus, and trusted in Him for salvation, we should then be lambs of His fold, and, of course, dear Jesus would be our Shepherd.

Then came the after-meeting, when two or three hundred remained behind, some to work for Jesus, but a great number to seek for Jesus; and we who were there can never forget the happy time. Truly Jesus was in our midst, and that to bless us. Many trusted in Him and loved Him because He died for them; but many went home that night with a very sad heart, sad because Jesus had called them, but they had not answered. Jesus had knocked again at the door of their hearts, but they did not let Him in; so their hearts were filled with sorrow. Very many of them came the next evening, and thus found the precious Saviour, and could truthfully sing—

" I love Jesus ; hallelujah !
I love Jesus ; yes, I do :
I love Jesus ; He's my Saviour ;
Jesus smiles, and loves me too."

Well, when the meetings were over, we had received such a rich blessing, that we asked the Lord to allow us to meet again; and the next evening we met in a chapel, and on the following evening in another chapel, at each of which we were greatly blessed; and on Friday evening we invited *Christians only* to come, and a hundred dear young people came, who could sing of themselves with faces beaming with joy—

" Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe in His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

We had a happy and a profitable meeting. Oh, how we longed for *all* dear children to be as happy as these! We prayed very earnestly for the unsaved. We also asked God to bless and save our dear parents.

Next week other places of worship are engaged, and we are expecting many more large and happy meetings. Will you please pray for us? We do so value prayer; we ask all who love Jesus to pray for Ipswich; we believe the whole town will be awakened. We have faith in God. We have *asked*, and are *waiting* for the answer.

Perhaps you would like to have such happy meetings in your town. You surely may: it is the will of our heavenly Father; and if you, my dear reader, although only a child, will go and tell Jesus, and then get your little friends to join with you, and pray very earnestly, I feel sure you, too, will not be without a great blessing. Begin at once; "pray without ceasing," and the Lord will open the windows of heaven, and precious souls will be found flocking to the loving Saviour's open arms, whose name shall receive all the praise, now and for ever!—Your loving friend,

HENRY LIDSTONE.

"YOUR LIFE IS HID."

"What a dull, dry thing you look!" said a saucy young mouse to a hyacinth-root, which was in a glass in a warm corner of the room. "It must be miserable to be like you."

"I shall be fair one day," said the hyacinth, meekly.

"Fair! will you indeed? You look half dead now," answered the mouse. "Are you not very unhappy?"

"No; I am fully content, and am looking gladly forward to the beauty that will be mine ere long."

"But you look so dead," objected the mouse.

"My life is hid," whispered the hyacinth. "I am not what you take me to be."

"And pray what are you? You seem very comident, but I don't believe you."

And, before the hyacinth could answer, a noise was heard, and away ran the mouse into his hole.

The root was silent for some time, thinking over the conversation with the mouse; and presently, longing for sympathy, it turned to a tulip root which was standing in a neighboring pot, and said—

"Did you hear that mouse? He doesn't believe me at all."

"Yes," answered the tulip; "I heard. It is trying, not to be believed, but it does not make one's hope a bit less sure or true. Our life is hid; one day it will be seen."

"It is good comfort to know it. How surprised the mouse will be when he sees us wearing such beauty as will be ours," said the hyacinth.

"Ah! with such a hope before us, we may be well content to be despised, and thought little of now."

And so the two roots went on talking of their hope. Meantime, to all outward appearance they were dry and ugly, and few who came into the room took any notice of them, or had any idea

of the loveliness they looked forward to. If they could but have known!

But it was hid. So the time passed on, and often did the roots breathe a word to each other of faith and hope, as each day, they felt, was hastening on the time they so looked forward to.

"We shall not much longer be poor and unnoticed," said the tulip; "our time of glory is coming fast."

"Yes," joyously answered the hyacinth; "but a few days more and we shall put on our beautiful robes."

But the mouse did not come that way for some time, till one morning, when the room was very quiet, he stole over towards the window, and stopped almost out of breath before a beautiful pink hyacinth in its fullest beauty, its rich waxen blossoms giving out a sweet fragrance, and the tulip by its side, in gorgeous crimson and gold!

"You beautiful things! who are you? I never saw you here before," said the mouse.

"We told you we should be fair one day," answered the hyacinth.

"Is it *you*? Why I never saw anything so lovely in my life! What has happened to you? I thought you were dead."

"But I was not dead, and I told you so, only you would not believe me. We were alive when you were last here, only the life was hidden. Now it is seen," replied the hyacinth.

"Then that is what made you so contented; well, who would have thought it, when you were so ugly a little while ago?"

"It was for this we were waiting in hope and trust," said the tulip; "but we had no idea we should be so fair!"

"No, it is better than we expected, and more than we looked for," was the happy answer of the hyacinth.

Just then a lady came in, and seeing them both so beautiful, she carried them off to the drawing-room, and the conversation stopped.—*London Christian,*

"I'LL TRY;"

OR, A SATURDAY EVENING AT WREXHAM IN 1819.

FIFTY-FIVE years ago, a circle of friends were sitting one Saturday evening, in a pleasant room in the Vicarage of Wrexham, in Wales. It was on Whitsunday, 1819. The friends are all gone now, they have met, we doubt not, in heaven. But that Saturday evening one of them made a suggestion to another, who carried it out in such a way, that if he had never done anything else we should always love his memory. There were not so many Missionary meetings and sermons then as there are now; for English people had then only lately begun to feel that it was their duty to preach the glad tidings to the heathen. But the Vicar of Wrexham was going to preach next morning in his church a sermon on behalf of one of the first societies ever formed. His son-in-law was staying with Dr. Shipley, the Vicar, that night, for he was going to preach for him on the Sunday evening. The family group were pleasantly chatting; but Dr. Shipley was rather absent; he was thinking about his sermon next morning. Suddenly turning to his son-in-law, he said, "Heber, I wish you would write a hymn for them to sing in church to-morrow morning; a hymn that shall bring home to the people the claims of the heathen world." It was Saturday night; short time to prepare a good hymn for Sunday morning, was it not? For you know it takes far longer to *write* a good hymn than to *read* it! The Irish poet, Moore, used to think he had done a good day's work when he had written fourteen lines of his beautiful poetry. But Heber wished to please his father-in-law, so he said, "I'll try." What a capital word that is! "I'll try." Do you know a better motto? I'll try! There is courage and hope in that, and "I'll try *again*," adds perseverance too. So Heber tried to write a hymn. He withdrew a little

from the rest of the party, but he did not leave the room. He went over to a sofa table in the corner and took up his pen. I think he must have been talking about the state of the heathen world a good deal that day with his father-in-law; his heart must have been full of the subject. He thought but a very short time, and then the pen went rapidly over the paper, for Heber had a nice free handwriting. Out of the abundance of the heart the pen writes as well as the mouth speaks. He dashed out a word here, and transposed a word there, and closed his eyes, and sat lost in thought, with his pen hanging over the unfinished line, and then a smile played on his features and his eyes opened with a bright glance, and the pen put the happy thought into black and white for ever!

The talk went on in a lower key, that he might not be disturbed, and presently the Vicar's pleasant voice said, "Well, what have you written?"

Heber was only in the midst of his work, but he laid down the pen, and taking up his manuscript, read the words that ten thousand times ten thousand have sung times without number since then—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand."

He read three verses. "Good! very good," said the Vicar; "that will do very well;" but the full beauty and excellence of this exquisite poem did not strike him at first. "But I've not done," said Heber. "Oh yes! that's quite enough, that will do!" "No, no; the sense is not complete! you must let me add another verse;" and he returned to the other end of the room, and wrote—

"Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll."

He wanted to add a fifth, but the Dean (for Dr. Shipley was Dean of St. Asaph) would not let him, and told him it was late Saturday night, and time to go to bed. And so next morning the Welsh folk in Wrexham

Church sang for the first time the hymn to which the walls of church, and chapel and Sunday-school have so often resounded since; the hymn that has so often rolled in enthusiastic tones over vast audiences in Exeter Hall, the hymn that every boy and girl knows or ought to know by heart, the hymn that is and will probably remain the best ever written for a Missionary meeting. Don't you think Heber must have asked God to help him before he began?

A CHILD'S WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM A WOLF IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The *Moravian Missionary Reporter* relates the following interesting case:—

"One evening a little girl, about eight years old, was lying near the door of her father's dwelling, when four wolves rushed in upon her. One seized her by the head, another by the shoulders, and two others by the legs, and carried her off. Her screams were heard, and the wolves were overtaken and forced to release the poor child, who was dreadfully hurt by the teeth of the hungry beasts. The parents nursed the little sufferer, but could not heal her wounds. As they thought the child would die, they wished to get her out of the hut before she expired, for the Kaffirs fear to touch a dead body. Her father carried her to a great distance from her home, and laid her down near some trees, where no one could hear her groans, and there left her to die.

"As the poor little girl lay in this place, she thought of the Missionary, and knowing where he lived, said, 'I will try to creep to his house, for he is kind, he will not cast me out.' She slowly moved with great pain over the rough places, and at length reached his dwelling. When he saw the bleeding child, his heart was filled with pity. He heard her story, and counted fourteen wounds made by the teeth of the

wolves. Laying the child upon his bed, he washed her wounds, put ointment upon them, and bound them up with linen. Day after day he watched her till she got well. While he nursed her, he told her of that Saviour who had done more for her than he could do. When the marks were almost gone, he asked her if she wished to go back to her parents. 'Oh no,' she said, 'they cast me out, you took me in; I will stay with you.'

"One day, as the Missionary was walking near his home, he heard the voice of a child engaged in prayer. He looked, and soon saw the little stranger, among some tall weeds, praying to her Father in heaven. From this time he had hopes that she was one of the lambs of Christ. How much had this little Kafir girl to thank God for. If she had not fallen into the power of the wolves, she might never have listened to the preaching of the Gospel, and would have died in her sins.

"Let us pray that the happy time may soon be brought about, of which the prophet Isaiah speaks, when 'the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them.'"

God's love has in us wealth upheaped,
Only by giving is it reaped;
The body withers, and the mind,
Is pent up in a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give
pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more we give,
The more we LIVE.

GOD SPEAKING TO CHILDREN.

BY J. SORTAIN.

Now, suppose that God Almighty had come to you in the dead of night, on New Year's Eve. I am speaking very solemnly to you. Go back in

thought to your little bedrooms. The curtains are drawn around—the lamp is put out—there is no sound in the street—it is hushed and quiet. The bright stars of heaven are watching you, as it were like angels' eyes.

Suppose that last night God Almighty had spoken to you in a voice you could not mistake, saying, "Ask what I shall give thee: only tell me your wish, and it shall be realized. You shall live longer than anyone else, you shall have all the pomp and splendor you desire. Only ask, and you shall have it instantly." Now, what would you have answered? "O God my Father, love me!" Would you have said that? "O God, I am a poor, weak, ignorant child; I cannot direct my own steps: do Thou guide me and teach me." Would you have said that? If you had said this, He would have given you your request. He would have said, "Because you have preferred my love, my teaching, to anything else, you shall have it; and in addition, the brightest and happiest moments you can desire." Well, now, God used to speak orally, and persons could hear Him. You recollect Elijah was astonished because he was wrapt in a whirlwind and heard thunder, and at last a soft gentle whisper—the whisper of love. God does not speak to us now. Why? Because He hath sent us a letter of instruction, appealing to our eyes instead of our ears. And the question He would have you ponder this morning, my children, is this:—"Ask what I shall give thee. This is New Year's Day; I, your Father, who love you; I who am anxious that no tear should be in your eyes, no sigh in your bosoms; I, who have sent my only Son to suffer for you; I ask you on New Year's Day what gift you desire from me?" Now, having said this, I am anxious you should have a happy new year. God hath sent me, his minister, to ask what gift you will have. You are not to tell me; but go home, and, as you retire to your own little chambers, and before

you tell anybody else, go and tell Him what new-year's gift you desire; and if you ask aright, He will give it to you, and bless you.

A TRUE STORY.

FOR THE YOUNG.

"Once upon a time," as stories were generally begun in my childhood days, there lived two little sisters in the town of T—. They loved each other dearly, as sisters and brothers should always do. As they were playing one evening on the pavement before their father's door, the little one, whom we will call "Brown-eyes," threw a pebble, which unfortunately hit the eldest sister, whom we will call "Blue-eyes."

Several gentlemen standing near, seeing the accident, expected to hear a loud scream, and an angry voice saying "You ugly thing! I'll just tell mother. You did it on purpose—I know you did—you mean, ugly thing!" and so on, as angry children will talk.

But these gentlemen heard nothing of the kind. For a moment little Blue-eyes stood ready to cry; for to be hit by a pebble hurts. As I said, Blue-eyes stood for a moment, looking at poor, dismayed Brown-eyes; then she ran to her, threw her arms round her, and said, "Don't cry, little sister; I know you didn't mean to hit me; kiss me, dear;" and the sisters kissed and embraced each other fondly.

The gentlemen who saw the little ones told their father of it, adding, "We never saw anything like that before." Alas! and is sisterly and brotherly love and forbearance so rare a thing, that the loving sister's conduct should call forth a remark like that? Dear children, do be kind and loving to all, but especially to your sisters and brothers, whom God gave you to love. Try to be like Jesus, who not only loves those who love Him, but loves His enemies. He died that His enemies might live.

THE LORD'S WALL.

Somewhere about fifty years ago, one bitter January night, the inhabitants of the little town of Schleswig were thrown into the greatest distress and terror. A hostile army was marching down upon them, and new and fearful reports of the lawless soldiers were hourly reaching the place.

In a large, commodious cottage dwelt an aged grandmother, with her widowed daughter and grandson. While all hearts quaked with fear this aged woman passed her time in crying out to God that He would "build a wall of defence around them," quoting the words of an ancient hymn.

Her grandson asked her why she prayed for a thing so entirely impossible as that God should build a wall about their house that it should hide it; but she explained that the meaning was that God should protect her.

At midnight the dreadful tramp was heard, an enemy came pouring in at every avenue, filling the house to overflowing. But while the most fearful sounds were heard on every side, not even a knock came to their door, at which they were greatly surprised. The morning light made the matter clear, for just beyond the house the drifted snow had reared such a massive wall that it was impossible to get over to them.

"There," said the old woman, triumphantly, "do you see, my son, that God could raise up a wall around us?"

Truly, "with God all things are possible."

GOD SEES YOU.

Many children have read the fairy tales of the Danish writer, Hans Christian Andersen. A pleasant story of his childhood is told in a sketch of his life. Little Hans was one day with his mother and some other poor neighbours, gleaning in the field of a man who was said to be very harsh and cruel. They saw him

coming, and all started to run away. But Hans' clumsy wooden shoes came off; the stubble, or short stumps of the grain stalks which had been left by the reapers, hurt his tender feet, so that he could not keep up with the others; and he found he must be caught. The rough owner of the field was very near, and could now almost reach him with his heavy whip; when Hans, whose hopeless case now filled him with new courage, stopped and turned, and, looking into the man's face, said:—"How dare you strike me, when God sees you?"

The anger of his pursuer was subdued at once. Instead of striking the boy, he gently stroked his cheeks, asked his name, and gave him some money. The truth, of which little Hans had reminded him when about to do a mean and cruel act, seemed to make him ashamed

of it at once, and to cause him to speak and act kindly.

How many wicked words and acts children as well as grown people might be kept from saying and doing, if they could at the right time be reminded, as that man was, of the presence of God! When you are tempted to speak harshly to your little brothers or sisters, or undutifully to your parents; when you are tempted to lie, cheat, steal, to speak a profane or naughty word—ask yourself "How dare I do this wicked thing when God can see me?"—*Mother's Magazine*

When we are parting with our friends, the best farewell is, to commend them to the Lord, and to leave them with Him. *Acts. xiv.*

Memories of Palestine.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.

LEAVING JERUSALEM.

The season is advancing, being now towards the end of April. The city is becoming very uncomfortable from its heat; and travellers in Jerusalem are preparing to set out for Galilee. We enter into a new engagement with Ibrahim Amaturi, an old pupil of the American Missionaries in Beyrout, who had been our guide through Egypt, to conduct us through the country at so much each per day (\$5), he supplying tents, horses, mules, servants, food, and *buckshcesh*, which means *presents*, expected by everybody that did the least turn for us. But we find ourselves face to face with two formidable difficulties, which I mention to show the reader the sad state of Palestine as to law and order.

Our dragoman, Ibrahim aforesaid, hired excellent horses for the trip, and we were congratulating ourselves on riding spirited animals with some Arab blood, when word came that the Pasha of Jerusalem, setting out on a warlike expedition against one of the Arab tribes, south of Hebron, had seized our horses for the use of his army. Amid turmoil and confusion, with flags streaming and guns firing, the Turkish army, some of the officers riding our horses, marched out by the Bethlehem gate against the enemy. But what issued we never learned, for in that land there is no newspaper to tell people what happens.

We could find no fault with the Pasha, for he did what any General would do in the circumstances, but we sadly mused on the condition of the country that rendered his expedition and his

action necessary. Since the Jews reject Jesus, invoking on their land the blood of that just One, it has been for these 1800 years thus with them. How vividly and literally is it now as Moses told them it would be if they would not hearken to the voice of the Lord their God. "And thy carcass shall be meat unto all the fowls of the air, and unto the beasts of the earth, and no man shall fray them away." Deut. xxviii, 26.

The next difficulty was worse than the former. It was bad to be forced to exchange good saddle horses for heavy baggage animals, which was the whole amount of our first trial; but it was worse to face the prospect of losing horses, baggage, and it may be life, in the unsettled condition of the country north of Jerusalem, according to the reports that had reached the city. The week preceding our departure a party of English travellers had been robbed at Shiloh, to the very rings on the ladies' fingers. The threatened danger did not for a moment turn us aside from our purpose, but it led us to adopt two precautions,—to wait for a few days till we could join a larger company of such as were going to Nazareth, and further, to hire two of the irregular cavalry of the country for our guard through Samaria and Galilee.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 26th day of April, we, a company of ten, with twice as many attendants, left Jerusalem by the Damascus gate and entered on that famous road over which have gone and come many of the good men of our world's history. On coming to a rising ground north of the city, where we got our last view of Jerusalem, we stood on the spot whence Titus and the Roman army got their first view of the doomed city and the great temple they came commissioned to overturn. Knowing it would be in all likelihood our last view of this sacred spot, we stood and gazed till the scene, Olivet, Kidron, Moriah, Zion, the

gates, towers and walls of the city, became photographed on the memory, so that I can now lean back in my chair, close my eyes, and view the whole as if seen but last week.

"O Thou, who through the wilderness of old Thy people to their promised rest did bring, Hasten the days by prophet-bards foretold
When roses shall again be blossoming
In Sharon; and Siloa's cooling spring
Shall murmur freshly at the noon-tide hour,
And shepherds oft in Kidron's vale shall sing
The mysteries of that redeeming power,
Which hath their ashes changed for beauty's sunniest bower."

CHAPTER III.

A NIGHT AT BETHEL.

Our first night is at Bethel, where we arrived in the twilight, about the time, I suppose, that Jacob lighted on the place to tarry there all night. There on the face of that hill (to the extent of three or four acres covered with ruins), to the right of the road leading northward, lay Luz; and here to the left of the same road lay the sunny fields where Jacob found a bed, a pillow, a glorious vision, and a precious promise. With the ladder erected close by his pillow and the angels of God ascending and descending on it, that poor pilgrim lay there that night, the one connecting link between a merciful God and a lost world, the channel through which Bible and Sacraments, Saviour and Salvation were to reach the ruined family of Adam. In this view of the case, it is not the ladder that is the leading type of Christ here, but the man. Jacob pursued by Esau, a stranger, with no place to lay his head while the birds retire to rest, and the foxes to their holes; Jacob having only his staff, who afterwards became two bands, the future father of the twelve patriarchs and the destined head according to the flesh of a great nation, and a race of kings: that Jacob, who afterwards became ISRAEL, is none other than that night—than, in type, Jesus

of Nazareth, pursued by the world, with no place to lay his head, yet destined to return in triumph over Israel with two bands (Jews and Gentiles) the head of the college of apostles, and the father of a race exceeding the stars in multitude, and the founder of a Kingdom which hath no end. As we have the oak tree, in all its parts, shut up in miniature in the acorn, so have we in that night, in that field the history of Jesus, His offices, His estates, and the economy of the covenant of grace, down even to this (from which start not back offended, kind reader), the duty of Christians to give the tenth of their income to Christ, as was promised in their behalf by their head that night. And the Church of Christ will never attain to its full power in the world till, ceasing from miserable make-shifts and make-weights for raising money, it will go back to Bethel to the three great ideas of that sublime night on which the House of God was then anew constituted; these ideas, viz:—that to God belongs the seventh part of our time (“*God’s house,*” which cannot be without set times for worship): the tenth of our substance (“*I will the tenth unto thee*”): and the whole of our heart (“*The Lord shall be my God.*”)

Next morning we were up with the sun, which, as usual, rose in a cloudless sky,—never once otherwise that summer in Palestine in my recollection. It did not take long to examine the immense tank or pool, the largest in Palestine, that lies in front of where the city stood, nor to explore the ruins, and to exchange a few greetings with the people that were abroad. One chief object that morning before leaping into the saddle for a long day’s journey to Nablos (i.e. Sychar), is to stand for a few moments where Lot stood, when he made his fatal choice of leaving Abraham for Sodom. The rays of the morning sun, now risen fairly behind the mountain wall of Moab, were flooding with their glory one of the most deso-

late scenes one can well imagine. The plain of the Jordan, when Lot looked on it and fell by it, “was well watered everywhere (that is, irrigated) even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt as thou comest unto Zoar.” I believe the whole valley, from the Sea of Galilee down to the Southern extremity of what is now the Dead Sea, was then one vast Paradise, like that sea of verdure which from the top of Anti-Lebanon greets the eye of the traveller as he looks down on the plain of Damascus. “But God turned rivers into a wilderness, and the watersprings into dry ground: a fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein” (Ps. cvii. 33, 34). In this fact we have an explanation of how the Dead Sea was formed. When the country was full of cities and people, the waters of the Jordan were exhausted (as the waters of the Barady to-day are about Damascus) in irrigating the gardens and fields that filled the Ghor (the plain), and there was therefore *no sea*. But when the plain was overthrown, and the cities destroyed, in that awful judgment, then the waters of the Jordan, driven probably from its bed by an earthquake, breaking through canals which no one was left to repair, returned to its channel and formed by its waters, no longer detained and exhausted in their journey, the Salt Sea. It is here, I am satisfied, though this theory seems to have never occurred to writers on this subject, lies the true explanation of the genesis of the Dead Sea, and not in the wild theory of the water of the Jordan finding its way to the Gulf of Akaba, nor in the still wilder theory of an earthquake having stopped its course. Fill that plain with people, build again its lost cities, plant its vineyards, lay out its fields, build its reservoirs, canals, and sluices, and in one summer the Dead Sea would disappear. Reverse the process, overturn everything, and the sea would again resume its place.

At a very early hour we are in the saddle and away on our journey, traveling through a broken country about due north, and passing Shiloh (to the right), where the tabernacle first stood, and where were enacted some tragic scenes in the history of Israel. We met a strong party of Arabs, who without doubt were hanging on the road for mischief. They were on a halt by the wayside when we came in sight of them. They exchanged no salutation, contrary to the usage of the country, but eyed our party with scowling faces, counting apparently our men and the number of our weapons, which, fortunately, were considerable. We rode quietly past, and as Bunyan would express it, "*saw them no more again*," for which we were not in the least sorry. We are now rounding the base of Gerizzim, nearing Jacob's well, and Joseph's tomb, and Sychar, places of deep interest, a description of which we must reserve till another time.

NEW BOOKS.

ON SELF-CULTURE—*intellectual, physical and moral,—a Paule Mecum for young men and students.* BY JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1874.

Professor Blackie is well known all over the world; in Greece, where he goes about talking Greek, as well as in the Highlands of Scotland, where he goes about talking Gaelic. He is an eccentric man of genius, who in his day by tongue and pen has uttered many wise sayings, and not a few sayings very foolish. Among the students he is a great favorite, running with the fastest on holidays, laughing with the loudest, and on some privileged days (last day of session for instance) full of uproarious fun. But that is only the surface of the man. Underneath all this there is solid sense and sound piety, as any one can see who reads this little book, with its glittering style, its keen-sighted, subtle thinking, its manly, stalwart theology, and safe counsel to young men and students. In these days of loose theology and low piety, it is refreshing to get from the pen of one of the foremost literary men of our day, and one of the most accomplished classical scholars, a book like this.

We open the book at random and find this, where he is advising young men against the company of those who would

lead them into "haunts of dissipation and debauchery:"

"There can be no toleration for vice. We may, yea, we ought to weep for the sinner, but we must not sport with the sin. Remember in this regard what happened to Robert Burns. He knew very well how to preach, but his practice was a most miserable performance, reminding us at every step of the terrible sarcastic sentence of Pliny, '*There is nothing more proud or more paltry than MAN.*'"

And here in another place, where speaking of the "Life of God in the soul of man" and showing the necessity of certain seasons for religious retirement, he defends what some have called the *better observance of the Sabbath by the Scotch.*"

"The eternal whirl and fiddle of life so characteristic of our gay Celtic neighbors across the channel is apt to beget an excitability and frivolity in the conduct of even the most serious affairs, which is incompatible with true moral greatness. If we Scotch impart somewhat of an awful character to our piety by not singing on Sunday, the French certainly would march much more steadily and more creditably on the second day of the week if they cultivated a more sober tone on the first."

The section in which he exhorts young men to *pray* we give entire, only remarking that our author seems to limit the advantage of prayer too much to its effect *on us*, without granting with sufficient fulness that prayer can and does, without miracle or disorder, move the hand of HIM who moves the world.

"In connection with the delicate function of moral self-review, it occurs naturally to mention PRAYER. In this scientific age, when everything is analysed, and anatomised, and tabulated, there is a tendency to talk of knowledge as a power to which all things are subject. But the maxim, that knowledge is power, is true only where knowledge is the main thing wanted. There are higher things than knowledge in the world; there are living energies; and in the moral world, certainly, it is not knowledge but aspiration that is the moving power, and the wing of aspiration is prayer. Where aspiration is wanting, the soul creeps; it cannot fly; it is at best a caged bird curiously busy in counting and classifying the bars of its own confinement. Of course, we do not mean that any person should be so full of his own little self, and so ignorant of the grandeur of the universe, as to besiege the ear of Heaven with petitions that the laws of the universe shall be changed any moment that may suit his convenience. We do not pray that we may alter the Divine decrees, but that our human will may learn to move in harmony with the Divine will. How far with regard to any special matter, not irrevocably fixed in the Divine concatenation of possibilities, our petition may prevail, we can never tell; but this we do know, that the most natural and the most effectual means of keeping our own noblest nature in harmony with the source of all vital nobleness, is to hold high emotional communion with that source, and to plant ourselves humbly in that attitude of devout receptiveness which is the one becoming attitude in the created towards

the Creator. Practically, there is no surer test of a man's moral diathesis, than the capacity of prayer. He, at least in a Christian country, must be an extremely ignorant man who could invoke the Divine blessing day after day on acts of manifest turpitude, falsehood or folly. In the old heathen times, a man in certain circumstances might perhaps, with a clear conscience, have prayed to a Dionysius or an Aphrodite to consecrate his acts of drunkenness or debauchery; but, thanks to the preaching of the Galilean fishermen, we have got beyond that now; and universal experience declares the fact that genuine private prayer (for I do not speak, of course, of repeating routine formularies), which is the vital element of a noble moral nature, is to the coarse, sensual, and selfish man, an atmosphere which he cannot breathe. Take therefore, young man, the apostolic maxim with you—PRAY WITHOUT CEASING. Keep yourself always in an attitude of reverential dependence upon the Supreme Source of all good. It is the most natural and speediest and surest antidote against that spirit of shallow self-confidence and brisk impertinence, so apt to spring up with the knowledge without charity which puffeth up and edifieth not. What a pious tradition has taught us to do daily before our principal meal, as a comely ceremony, let us learn to do before every serious act of our life, not as a cold form but as a fervid reality. Go forth to battle, brave young man, like David, with your stone ready, and your sling well poised; but be sure that you are fighting the battle of the God of Israel and not of the devil. Whether you have a sword or a pen in your hand, wield neither the one nor the other in a spirit of insolent self-reliance or of vain self-exhibition, and, not less in the hour of exuberant enjoyment than in the day of dark despondency and despair, be always ready to say—"BLESS ME, EVEN ME ALSO, O MY FATHER."