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EDITORIAL.

EVANGELICAL RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES.

Within the past few weeks it has been my privilege to have seen four of the chief cities of the United States, to have travelled over 1,000 miles of the agricultural lands of New York State and the mineral lands of Pennsylvania, and to have spent five days on the Exhibition Grounds at Philadelphia. No man with his eyes open, could have journeyed over that ground and seen these sights without being deeply impressed with the grandeur of God's works as seen in the hill country of Eastern Pennsylvania, and the ingenuity of man's devices as seen in the World's Fair at Philadelphia.

But of these I am not to write this month. I may on some other occasion. An old Philosopher has said :

"On earth there is nothing great but man,
In *mea* there is nothing great but mind."

To this philosophic maxim the Christian adds a line to complete the truth,

"In mind there is nothing great but grace."

"Now abide faith hope and charity--these three :

But the greatest of these is charity."

More interesting than the wild scenery of the Lehigh Valley, and the statuary, painting, manufactories and machinery of the Exhibition, is the Evangelical Christianity of the Great

Republic. The well cultivated fields of the valley of the Susquehannah, the coal mines of Mauch Chunk, the buildings and exhibits of Fairmount Park, are the body. The soul is the Christian faith, hope and love of the citizens. Come with me, then in thought, passing in the mean time, objects that strike the senses, and let us steal a glimpse here and there at the religious life of the people; let us lay our hand on the heart that warms the body, and on whose well-being the frame-work of their society depends.

THE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

Let a man watch the Fulton Ferry Boats, as they carry to their business in the morning, or from their business at night, the thousands of New York. There is very little conversation; very little attention to the heavens above, or the river beneath, or the shipping around. Almost every man has a newspaper, and on its pages he bends as if it were the last will of a rich uncle, or a letter fresh from the dear ones in a far off home. What are these papers in the hands of the diligent readers? They are, for the most part, the daily political papers of New York, of which there are fourteen in the city. Among these are papers of great enterprise, like the New York Herald: and great literary ability and impar-

tiality like the *Evening Post*: and excellent principles like the *Times*. But to a large degree the papers are the tools of some railway corporation, or political party, or money-making company, so that their educating effect is not always of the healthiest kind. Here and there you will see copies of the *New York Daily Witness*, which is for sale at two cents on all news stands, and which is advertised in large letters on blank walls all over Brooklyn and New York. This paper is a bold opponent of the liquor traffic, a fearless defender of the Puritan Sabbath, the organ of no party, and the tool of no corporation. I found the *Witness* office in a small crowded underground story in that corner of the city near the city hall, sacred to the journalistic fraternity. The little place seemed alive with business, more so indeed, than the *Tribune* office on the opposite side of the street, in palatial grandeur, rearing its front over a splendid lager-beer saloon. The printing office of the *Witness* is a few blocks from the publishing office. In a small back-room, there I found Mr. John Dougall at his desk, a venerable man, with broad expanse of face, full of kindness and sense, very little changed from what he was when about eight years ago I had the privilege of his company on the river steamer between Montreal and Toronto. While speaking hopefully of the *Witness*, he remarked that with the summer months the dull season came on for the *New York Press*, and that he was not without a certain measure of anxiety for the *Daily Witness*, which has now reached a circulation of 20,000, while the *Weekly Witness* with a circulation of 100,000, which is more than any weekly newspaper in the United States. This result has been reached after five years work and the expenditure of \$160,000 of capital.

In connection with all the denominations there are many weekly papers

conducted with great ability, and exercising a silent influence for good on the political press, which is now vastly less scornful and sarcastic towards Evangelical Protestantism than it used to be not very long ago. The religious press of the United States is also doing good service in moderating the violence of party feeling, and in upholding the cause of temperance and the Sabbath against the subtle and powerful influence, yearly increasing, of German rationalism, which for the future is more to be dreaded by America than Popish superstition.

THE PULPIT.

The old-fashioned pulpit is fast disappearing from American churches. In its stead has come a platform with a simple book-stand, and a small table (beside the preacher's chair,) on which is generally a vase of flowers. This arrangement does well enough for men of commanding appearance and graceful manners: but it is otherwise with men whose bodily presence is weak or peculiar, and whose manner is constrained or contemptible. Besides, in this whole arrangement, there is no spot on which emphatic speakers, like Knox and Chalmers, and some of the great popular preachers of Wales and the Scottish Highlands could clinch an argument or thrill the nerves, by a rousing thump. One nervous twitch of Dr. Candlish's long arms, or one thump of Dr. Cunningham's fist, such as startled his students at times in his class-room, in the New College, would clean subvert the slender pipe-stalk stem of the book rest, on which lies Talmage's small Bible. But men have found out another way of doing these things. Methods matter little. Results form the true criterion. From Sabbath to Sabbath there sounds forth from thousands of these platforms the same old gospel—the manner somewhat changed—that fell from

the lips of Knox and Chalmers. It was my desire, while in Brooklyn, to hear Dr. Storrs, whose fame is in all the churches. But in going into his church we found that he was unwell. As H. W. Beecher's church was near, my friend, (a gentleman of Brooklyn), and I went to forenoon worship in Plymouth Church. The sermon, which was partly read, was able, but a maze of metaphysics, sentimentalism, and sarcasm, besprinkled with a kind of wit, "good-hits," of which American orators are far too fond. It was the same exaltation of self to the obscuration of Christ, the same abhorrence of theology and the denunciation of all fixed creeds save Beecherism, that I remember so distinctly in a sermon heard in that church nineteen years ago, only these peculiarities were at this time in an exaggerated form. In my heart there began to form a strong revulsion from the preacher and his doctrine, which was not there at first, but which went on increasing as his tone grew more dogmatic in his war against dogmatism, and his spirit grew more uncharitable in his inculcation of charity, till I could well have wished myself beyond the reach of his voice out in the street. I was not, therefore, in a good mood to give a satisfactory answer to one of Mr. Beecher's deacons, an intelligent looking man, who showed us kindness in passing us to a good seat, while many stood waiting their turn in the street, who with a very confident air asked "What did you think of that?" As the enthusiastic deacon was not content with a dissatisfied shrug, I was forced to say that "I did not like it at all." "Why?" was his astonished enquiry. "Because," I replied, "I saw and heard a great deal about Beecher: but neither saw nor heard anything of Christ in the sermon, save perhaps, his name twice or thrice." This brought silence for a little while and the great crowd kept moving toward the head of the

staircase. Then the deacon again said, "But men cannot be always preaching Christ." "Yes," I replied, "always preaching Christ. There is no exalting that theme. Did not Paul, in one of whose epistles your pastor found his text to-day, say: "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." His answer was in loud tones that at times it is necessary to preach "manhood." Now this word in such a place, and in such a connection was too much for one's prudence, and I felt constrained to say that the world was not very mightily impressed with the style of manhood developed in Plymouth Church, at which remark further conversation ceased, as might be expected.

As far as day is from night, was the sermon I heard from Mr. Buddington, of the Congregational Church, Brooklyn, on the following Sabbath, in Philadelphia, from the sermon of Mr. Beecher. Preaching on the "freedom with which Christ makes his people free," Mr. Buddington, in language of chaste beauty, and in thoughts clearly arranged, magnified Christ as the great deliverer from the guilt of sin, the pollution of sin, the dominion of sin, the being of sin, and its consequences. How such two men, and such two theologies should be side by side in the same church is a thing that would seem strange, were it not that it is becoming too common in other churches besides the Congregational.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

The United States is very much given to Societies of every name and organization. I saw some ten thousand of the Knights Templar with flags and music marching through the streets of Philadelphia. But there are two Societies that are above all their Societies, the Tract Society and the Bible Society. I called twice at the rooms of the Tract Society in New York, and

was surprised to find the building and the business so quiet in such a busy centre of trade. To judge, however, rightly, as to the work of this important society, one must visit their printing establishment, and follow the mails and the colporteurs as they scatter their periodicals and their books broadcast over the land.

It was my privilege to be present in the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, on the evening on which was held the sixtieth annual meeting of the American Bible Society. Admission was by ticket; and several hours before the time of meeting, upwards of 4,000 were given away. I went early, getting a good seat in this magnificent hall, but many had to stand all the evening. What drew such a crowd together? Philadelphia is a religious city and its Christian Churches are very much in earnest in regard to the work of the Lord; but, further, the Directors of this Society have discovered a way of making their annual gatherings interesting, instructive and attractive, to young and old. There was no long report read, but I gathered the following facts from a little pamphlet that was put into the hands of everyone in the great crowd:

The American Bible Society was organized, in the City of New York, in 1816. Its business is conducted by a Board of *Ministers* consisting of thirty-six laymen of various Christian Denominations. At the close of this its sixtieth year its total issues of Bibles, Testaments, and integral portions of Scripture are 93,125,766; its expenditure in this work having exceeded *Seventeen Millions of Dollars*. There were only a few speeches made that evening; but there was a choir of 300 voices (the same that sang at Moody's Meetings), then there was an opportunity given of hearing a portion of the Bible read in some 30 languages, and that generally, in each case by a person whose native tongue the lan-

guage he read was, save the dead languages.

Since the era of Bible Societies began not far from 250 versions of the Bible, or parts of the Bible, have been produced by the Christian Scholarship of the world. It is difficult to comprehend the amount of time and toil implied in a fact like that. Few persons can understand the difficulty of translating from Hebrew and Greek to rude, materialistic languages, the abstract and theological words and expressions of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. It required the labour of 16 years on the part of Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. Van Dyck to translate the Bible into Arabic. It was only in 1864 that Dr. Schaufler, of Constantinople, completed the translation of the Scriptures into Osmanlee, which he began in 1860. Fifteen years of close and continuous labour was needed to turn the Bible into the Chinese Mandarin colloquial. Dr. Williamson and Dr. Riggs, after nearly 40 years of study and Missionary labour, are only now completing their translation into the Dakota tongue; thirty minutes on an average, one of the translators estimates, having been given to each verse of the translation. It was interesting therefore to hear from the platform of the Academy of Music, specimens of this great work of Scripture translation. There was there a Jew to read the 23rd Psalm, in his own Hebrew: a Greek to read the Greek. It was a lad in his working clothes that read the Portuguese; a tall Scotchman read his native Gaelic; and a Welshman the cognate dialect of Wales. A learned Professor did duty several times in reading the dead languages in turn, among which was read the Sanskrit, greatmother of them all. A Chinaman in his queue read one of the many dialects of the flowery land; and thus the Babel went on in Italian, Spanish, German, till one might well feel amazed, as in the Day of Pentecost

"to hear every man in his own tongue wherein he was born." There was, however, no one to represent poor Africa nor any of its wild tongues.

Then came forward the blind to read with their fingers, and among them a young Chinese lady, who as a child was brought to this country by a Missionary to be taught to read: she has now attained to the position of teacher in the Asylum for the Blind in Philadelphia. A deaf mute lad greatly interested the vast audience so that forgetting themselves they encored his reading of the story of the woman from the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and the curing of the deaf mute which, in Mark, immediately follows the former story. It was "foll reading" as the Scotch woman said of Doctor Chalmers. It was reading not, certainly, with the tongue, for, alas, it was tied, nor with noise, but with the whole body, fingers, hands, eyes, face, but chiefly with the hands. Another deaf mute, a young lady, read, which would seem a paradox, *audibly*, so that every one in the great building heard her distinctly, and yet, she never heard the sound of a human voice, but learned to move her lips and her tongue, to emit sounds, by watching the mouth of her teacher.

The gift of working miracles has ceased in the Christian Church, but it has been succeeded by something more beneficent to the world, and safer to the Church, and equally for the glory of God; the gift, viz., of sanctified ingenuity and unconquerable perseverance in the work of God, so that the Church has made her deaf to speak, her blind to see, and is now able to make herself understood, as she preaches Christ, in every language under the sun.

CHURCH COURTS.

During the time of my visit in the United States, there were four of the great Church Assemblies in session. The Conference of the Methodist Church in Baltimore; and, the Gen-

eral Assemblies of three Presbyterian Churches, one in Brooklyn, another in Philadelphia, and a third in Savannah. Let us take a short glance at two of these:

1. It was Talmage's immense church, (the largest Presbyterian building in the States), that the General Assembly, of the United Old and New Schools, met this year. It was a gathering of some 400 men from all parts of the Union save the Southern States. One might speak to men there from California, to others from the far north, and to others from "down east." There were there representatives from Persia and China, from Mexico and Brazil; indeed, there were as many nationalities, we should suppose, as were represented in Jerusalem at the time of Pentecost. As members of that reverend Assembly, sat old men whose ancestors took part in the war of Independence; young men arrived last year from Ireland or Scotland; and one or two whose features betrayed negro-blood. There were French and German, and Dutch and Swiss elements in the house; Gaelic and Welsh; also, were the accents and manner of speech as varied as the nationalities of the speakers. In the Moderator's chair sat, with official gavel in his right hand, a Van Dyke, (who can mistake his nationality), without gown or bands, and among the reporters sat a lady with her hat on, taking notes. In the Assembly there was hardly a white neck-tie to be seen, but a great many white vests. Excepting movers and seconders, speakers were confined to five minutes in their speeches, and were often, before beginning to speak, requested by the Moderator to give name and Presbytery. Behind the Moderator's chair, covering up the great organ, hung suspended a huge map of the Union on which the chief stations of the Home Mission were marked. Hymns were sung all the time: never the Psalms of David.

Each day at noon the whole Assembly was provided with tea, coffee and cakes, free of expense, by the congregations each in turn, serving, of the city of Brooklyn. It was a fine chance to see friends and have a little chat, right and left, while sipping one's coffee, and then all were on the spot to begin the afternoon session as soon as the Moderator took the chair. Happy is the country, says some one, that has no history, and so happy is the Assembly that has no great debate. This Assembly had no great debate in which men measured arms amid excitement and the unholy ambition of securing victory for its own sake. It was an Assembly for business, not for speech, for a display of wisdom and forbearance, not for a display of eloquence and logic. From every quarter the news came that wide doors were opening up for the gospel; but, from every Board and Committee the cry came, that there were no funds for extension of work. One Missionary, Mr. Chamberlain of Brazil, said that if the church sent to that country all the men for whom openings could be had, that vast empire before the end of this century would be a Protestant country. When will the church of Christ awake to the great truth that it is not on pittance given spasmodically and reluctantly that the work of Christ is to be sustained and extended, but on God's own portion, even the tenth of increase of his people's substance, given cheerfully to the rightful owner.

2. The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church met in Philadelphia. It was only towards the end of their session that I found myself among these excellent brethren. This Assembly is conservative, forbidding the use of hymns in the worship of God and also excluding the organ; I fancied that among them there was an atmosphere of deeper seriousness and greater sweetness, and unction of spirit than generally pervades ecclesi-

astical Assemblies. Their mission in Egypt is one of the best managed and most successful of modern times. When I visited Egypt in 1858 the only mission then in the land of the Pharaoh's was the mission of the Church Missionary Society in Cairo consisting of Mr. Leider and his excellent wife, who were known to all English tourists on the Nile for their kindness and hospitality. This United Presbyterian Church of America had just entered the land, the year before, (1857) but to Europeans they were not yet known. Mr. Leider, after a few years, gave up his mission to them. The Americans planted one foot firmly in Cairo, and with the other foot they sought upwards toward upper Egypt. They reached Osiot, the capital of that land, situated in a splendid circular plain, caused by the hills that hem in the Nile, above and below, retiring to a great distance from the river, having on its banks a fertile plain of vast extent. Clinging to the mountain ridge that bounds the plain to the east is Osiot; above it in the sandstone rocks are the caves where first began the system of solitary and ascetic religion that developed into the monasteries and nunneries of the Romish Church. Here the Americans established their head-quarters. In their College here are 105 pupils and 76 boarders: and from it 8 young natives have been licensed to preach the Gospel. Around in neighboring towns and villages 15 congregations now exist, and 21 villages are occupied with Schools. At Luxor, the site of the ancient hundred-gated city, is a congregation of 40 members, to which 10 this year have been added: the whole number in connection with the mission being 736. The work is under the superintendence of pastors, but a large part of it is done by the pious teachers in the village schools who daily read and explain the Bible, and by members of the congregations who go out two and two with Bible in hand to

the surrounding villages to speak and dispute, in the evening, with twos and threes of the natives. With the new future that is opening up for Egypt now that the Turkish power is being broken and that England is spreading her skirts over the Nile, one reads with interest the doings of the Americans in Egypt. It was to me great pleasure to meet, through the kindness of George H. Stuart of Philadelphia, with Dr. Thompson of Osioot, and from his lips get this account of their mission in Egypt, and its results so far.

OPPOSING FORCES.

The Puritan faith and manners of the men that founded the Republic is still in the ascendancy in the United States. This was made very manifest during the contest in Philadelphia this summer—about the opening of the exhibition on the Sabbath-day. That battle brought to the surface, in various ways, the strong religious faith that forms the ground work of the American character. Puritanism, however, is assaulted on every side. The enemy that is to be feared most at present is the materialism of the German people. That nationality numbers now about 4,000,000. They are not an ignorant people,—hewers of wood and drawers of water,—but an intelligent people, whose strongest men are pushing themselves into the foremost places of the land as politicians, editors, and merchants. Unfortunately for this Continent the leading characteristic

of the German immigration is a materialism and infidelity—that refuse the Bible as a rule of life and faith, and rebels against the Sabbath except as a day of amusement and carnal indulgence. Let this element combine with the Irish element subject to Rome, as it did recently against the Sabbath, and it is plain that danger threatens the foundations on which the Republic rests. It is pleasing, in view of this coming struggle, to notice the earnestness and the activity of the Evangelical churches of America. This summer they stood,—Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, shoulder to shoulder in the fight for the sanctity of God's day; they are also as one in the work of filling the land with a religious literature which may differ about points of order but which is harmonious in the great questions of faith and morality; and they are also as one in fighting the battle against intemperance. It is true that the present deep financial depression that is passing over all the countries of the world has affected sadly the income of these churches; but it has not quenched or abated one iota their ardour in their work. We question very much if there has ever been a time since the foundation of the United States when there was more activity than at present for the cause of Christ and more remarkable fruit in the way of conversions and additions to the church. "Greater is He that is for the truth than they that are against it."

LIVING PREACHERS.

THE EXTENT OF GOD'S LOVE.

BY THE REV. JOHN BAIN SCOTT, EGMONDVILLE.

"That ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." (Eph. iii. 17, 18.)

The love of God is the song of the redeemed, as they, day and night, make the walls of the heavenly temple echo, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sin in His own blood." The love of God is a mine of knowledge which angels have not exhausted. The love of God is a theme which saints on earth weary not in studying, if their hearts are in proper spiritual exercise. Even when in the best condition for studying it, they must confess with the patriarch, when meditating on the nature, person, and attributes of God, that it is a subject too high for them, and one they cannot attain to. Yet, we are to make it an object of study before we can come to any knowledge of it. No one, whose heart has been enlightened by one of those beams of light which radiate from Him who is the light in the midst of heaven, will be cold, languid, or listless, when this subject presents itself among his thoughts. With his heart inflamed as well as enlightened, he will be constrained to exclaim in triumph, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" . . . "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present,

nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Paul delighted to dwell on this theme. He was instant in season and out of season, if, by any means, he might make men know something of this love that passeth knowledge. Even in his old age the briny tear might have been seen trickling down his furrowed cheeks as he thought of some who, under his ministrations, gave apparent signs of an inward change, but had fallen from their profession, accounted the blood of Christ an unholy thing, and returned to their idols. On the present occasion, if not with tears, yet with earnest prayers, he wrestles with the God of all grace, that his Ephesian converts, "being rooted and grounded in love, might be able with all saints to comprehend the breadth, length, depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

In the apostle's words are three very noticeable things, first, the paradox; second, the dimensions given to the love of Christ; and third, the qualifications necessary for knowing these dimensions.

Firstly—*The paradox.* A paradox is a statement which, to all appearance, is wrong or absurd, but which, in reality, is true. Here the paradox is: "Ye may be able to comprehend . . . that . . . which passeth knowledge." How, it may be asked, if the love of Christ is passing knowledge, can any one comprehend

its breadth, length, depth and height? In this passage the word "comprehend" is not to be taken in its fullest meaning, namely, "to understand fully." We cannot understand fully some doctrines of Scripture, such as the eternity of God's existence, the subsistence of the Father, Son, and Spirit in the Godhead, His permission of sin, and choice made of those who shall be redeemed; but we can understand them to some extent. Nor can we understand fully the love of Christ to the saints; "We know," says Paul, "but in part. The believer is made an object of only a part of the love of Christ; and though that part is small, yet it is sufficient for the comfort of his soul, and he is made to view it as if he received the whole. He is made the subject of grace; but he does not receive all the grace of God—only as much as he is able to receive. *Theoretically* we cannot comprehend this love; *experimentally* we may. Angels cannot understand its extent, much more is it beyond the comprehension of unbelievers, avowed or secret. Yea, it is beyond the comprehension of saints who experience it. Nevertheless, they know as much of its value as to make them confess, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

Secondly.—*The dimensions given to the love of Christ.* It is said to have breadth, length, depth, and height. What are we to understand by these?

Would we know the *length* of the love of Christ? Then let us measure it from the council in eternity, when our salvation was planned, to its consummation in eternity. Away, far back in the annals of eternity, long before the morning stars sang together and all the angels of God shouted for joy at the creation of our world, the Triune God decreed that worlds innumerable should be called into being, that sin should be allowed to exist,

that on our world man should be created and his obedience to the Divine will tested, that it should be his pleasure to fall before the temptation that was to be the test, thereby bringing ruin upon himself and the human race. But this was not all. The same mind devised a plan by which the attribute of mercy would shine among his other attributes as the evening star in the bright spangled heavens. The fall of man was neither a surprise nor an accident to God.

God would have been perfectly just had he passed over our race and left us to the miserable consequences of our sin. No reflection could have been cast upon His goodness, for it was despised. Nor would such an act have detracted from the lustre of His justice, for it was contemned. Man was made holy and happy. By his own act he made himself sinful and miserable, and justly liable to be condemned to that place where is weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. This would have been man's lot had Christ not undertaken our cause. He volunteered to endure the Father's judicial wrath that we might be made the subjects of His unmerited and unbounded love. His first intimation of this design was given in that council, when, in reply to the question "Who shall go for us?" Christ said, "Here am I, send me." As He was capable of accomplishing the work the offer was accepted, the covenant was made, and ratified with the oath of the Unchanging One that "He should see His seed, and the pleasure of the Lord should prosper in His hand." Seeing He was thus fore-ordained to be the redeemer of those who should be saved, it was, as Paul sums it up, "in the purpose of God that grace was given us in Christ Jesus, and eternal life promised us before the world began:" or, as He speaks by the prophet, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, there-

fore with loving kindness have I drawn thee."

To speak in the language of time, we see the beginning of the love of Christ toward us, but where shall we find its end? As its beginning is enveloped in the clouds of eternity so will its end be. Time will roll on till its appointed season be at an end. The heavens may be rolled together as a scroll, the earth may be burned up, the elements melt with fervent heat, "the mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but," says God to His loved ones, "my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be broken." The redemption of His people is for ever; not merely as long as the earth rolls its daily and yearly course, but as long as eternity itself will last. A poor prospect would be before the believer if his redemption ended with time, or even a very long period after its close! A rich prospect he has, as he struggles through the marshes of sin, as he climbs upward to the top of the Pisgah of faith, and then, looking through the glass of the word of God, views the rich and extensive plains of a blessed eternity. No bound can limit his view. Let him climb from peak to peak, the more he has to see; and however extensive may be his acquaintance with the word of God, he never can bring into view the expanse of eternity.

Would we know the *breadth* of the love of Christ? Then let us measure the demerit of our sin, which love prompted Him to transfer to Himself. It is infinite. The demerit of that sin, which compels the judge to pronounce sentence of death upon the criminal must be great indeed. To be suspended between heaven and earth, as if unfit for neither, is a most humbling thought. Such was the demerit of our sin, which made the holy and just God pronounce our doom; and such the humbling reflection when we think

on what God has reserved for those who, with the mark of his wrath unwiped from their brow, go down to the place of everlasting destruction. As, on the one hand, the destruction of the lost is infinite in its endurance, and must be caused by sin infinite in its demerit, so on the other, the love of Him who for His people's sake, bore their sins, must have been infinite. Infinitude we cannot measure. Figures cannot even give a faint idea of it. Every conception comes far short of the reality. The demerit of one sin has exposed us to the wrath of God. It demands that the punishment following its commission be inflicted: "for he that transgresses the law in one point is guilty of all," and "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." That curse involves death temporal, spiritual, and eternal. Yet it was the love of Christ to such that prompted Him to go to the altar to be their sin offering that they might go free.

Would we know the *depth* of the love of Christ? Then let us fathom the depth of misery to which our sins have exposed us. At best we can have but little conception of human misery. None but those who are dragged by memory through the slough of their sins, and whose hearts are rent by despair, whilst conscience and memory have begun their eternal accusations can anything like realize it. Man may so far measure the depth another is in by comparing it with his own, if he has been in a similar condition. This even is not a correct gauge by which to measure; for there may be elements in one's misery of which another knows nothing. No tongue can describe the state, or pen picture the condition of the lost. Our Saviour compares it to an unquenchable fire, and the eternal gnawing of an undying worm. This is conscience

awakened in all its vigour, continually pronouncing sentence upon the unhappy lost, whose memory gives no ease. The whole burden weighs heavily upon the soul. Whilst to free from it no scheme can be devised. Truly the saint can say, "Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell."

To redeem those liable to such misery was Christ's mission of love. "He came to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance." He came "to seek and save the lost." If we collect the terms Scripture employs to describe our state in sin, the list will be long, and such as ought to make us feel like Job when he said that he abhorred himself, and repented in dust and ashes. Besides the collection given by Paul in his epistles to the Romans, Ephesians, and Galatians, there are others equally humbling, such as covered with sin as with a garment, alienated from God by wicked works—an outcast in sin and shame—wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked—polluted from head to foot as the leper. God did not pass by man on this account. When no eye pitied, His did; when no hand was stretched forth, He stretched forth His; and when no one said "Live," He said, "Save from going down to he pit. I have found a ransom."

Would we know the *height* of the love of Christ? Then let us measure the happiness to which He has redeemed us. The blessings of redemption are as numerous as God's thoughts towards us. They are more than can be numbered, and deeper than can be fathomed. Of this happiness we may know something here, but only when we get to the side of the Saviour can we be able to understand it fully. Peace of mind is one of these blessings; but it is a peace that passeth all understanding. The apostle, who was so highly favoured as to obtain a glimpse of the joys the redeemed are now enjoying, found his lips sealed

when he would have described it. But on another occasion he said that . . . "it hath not entered the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Redemption include: forgiveness of sins, adoption into God's family, restoration to His favour, residence in the realms of the blessed, being with Him, being made "kings and priests unto God," serving Him night and day in His temple, and "ruling and reigning with Him forever."

Thirdly. *The qualification necessary to know the love of Christ.* It is this, "Ye being rooted and grounded in love." This is the only qualification for knowing the love of Christ. It is not riches, nor education, nor fame, but union to Christ. As we cannot serve God aright unless with his own, so we cannot know His love aright unless we had first been made partakers of it. It is not a mere surface knowledge of it we must have to enable us to know this love aright, we must have a thorough heart knowledge—"rooted and grounded in love." Not like the fir that spreads its roots along the surface, and taking but little hold of the soil is liable to be uprooted by the storm; but like the more compact oak that strikes its roots deep into the ground, and embraces it with such a tenacious grasp that it bids storms do their worst, and braves the dangers of a thousand years. The love of a saint to Christ is heaven-born, and subsists only when fed by His love. Extinguish the light of the sun, and those worlds it supports will soon expire in cold and darkness. So take Christ's love out of the hearts of His people and they can never love Him, far less be able to comprehend what is the length, and breadth, and height, and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

This subject we ought to make a matter of deep earnest study. A life-

time of a thousand years for each we live cannot be long enough to exhaust it. It is full of refreshing matter. The more rooted and grounded one is in this love the more pleasure he will take in meditating upon it. The more it is studied the more its wonders will be revealed, the more will faith be strengthened, hope excited, and love quickened. If we do this our heart will meet with the Saviour's. Our affections towards Him will meet His

towards us. So we will be prepared for the moment when the soul, let free from its clay tabernacle, will bear its course upwards till it reposes in the arms of Him who loved it with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness draws it to Himself. Reader, can you in truth say, "I being rooted and grounded in love am able to comprehend the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge?"

POETRY.

SO HE BRINGETH THEM UNTO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN.

PSALM cvii. 30.

How does He lead them? This they cannot tell,
They only know "He doeth all things well;"
Through fire and water, some—where floods do meet—
O'er briars and thorns, with torn and bleeding feet,
Where tempests rage, and storms burst overhead,
And clouds portentous all around are spread;
But still He leads them, rough or smooth the way,
And all "His paths are peace" and lead to day.

And some, where springs abound and pastures sweet,
Go singing all the way with gladsome feet;
And some He leadeth gently all the way,
Guiding the wandering steps that fain would stray;
Others go trembling all the road for fear,
With faith so weak that will not see Him near,
But still He holds them, rough or smooth the way;
Who "follow on to know," He shows the way.

How does he draw them? Some by cords of love,
That sweetest cord to lift the soul above:
But not all thus—(so wisely doth He lead,
Love would not always answer to their need.)
And so by other cords,—pain, fear, unrest,
But always just the one most fit and best;
And so He draws them from themselves and sin,
Until they find their perfect rest in Him.

How does He keep them ? This is theirs alone
 To whom "the secret of the Lord" is known ;
 In "perfect peace," though outward foes prevail,
 They stand upon a rock none dare assail ;
 Though every human prop hath given way,
 They rest in Him, their Comforter and stay,
 And so He keeps them till, their journey o'er,
 They enter in where they go out no more.

Leeds, 1874.

LAURA HARVEY.

—
 "AIM HIGH!"*

"Everyone that is perfect shall be as his Master."—Luke vi. 40.

'Tis scarcely worth your while, boys,
 To toil for meaner things ;
 But serve, as subjects leal and true,
 The glorious King of kings !
 What e'er He bids you practise,
 Upon His power rely ;
 That power will never fail you :
 Aim high, my boys, aim high !

The highest aim of any
 Is just to do his will ;
 The post his love assigns you,
 For his own glory fill ;
 If by a cross He leads you,
 Pause not to query, Why ?
 But steadfast follow after :
 Aim high, my boys, aim high !

A perfect pattern shown us
 Of God the Father's will,
 Press forward, in your measure,
 Its promptings to fulfil.
 Though now we see not perfectly
 Our souls to satisfy,
 Higher we aim, the higher reach :
 Aim high, my boys, aim high !

The humblest calling, followed
 With loving thought of Him,
 Shall fill your cup with blessing
 Up to the very brim ;

* Written by a Christian mother in England for her two sons in America.

What though proud self should murmur?
 Its joys can never vie
 With the "Well done!" of the Master:
 Aim high, my boys, aim high!

A trifling act of kindness,
 A kindly word of cheer,
 A sunny smile of greeting,
 May calm a brother's fear;
 And, e'en if men-revile-you,
 Give blessing in reply;
 Following thus the Master:
 Aim high, my boys, aim high!

Remember, He who loveth you,
 Who gave his life for you,
 Pledges his own most royal word
 To bear you safely through.
 "Lo! I am with you alway,
 Your every need supply,
 And lead you on to victory."
 Aim high, my boys, aim high!

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

In meditations on my bed,
 In quiet and silent hours of night,
 Strange thoughts come rushing through my head;
 Some dark and gloomy, and some bright.

I hear the *sough* of the night wind
 Sweeping along midst *stalks* and *caves*,
 It brings the '*Bible*' to my mind,
 And bids peruse its sacred leaves.

It constitutes my *Sun* and *Moon*,
 My *Stars*, and all on earth that's bright;
 'Tis to me a perpetual *noon*—
 No shades of darkness or of night.

Lord? grant me grace that I may roam
 Within this Holy sphere of Thine;
 Foretaste of my Eternal Home
 With *all* in Heaven, that's divine.
Invcrness.

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

PERSONAL RELIGION: ITS
ROOT AND FRUIT.

BY R. D.

Christianity presents itself to the thinking mind under two aspects. It is, on the one hand, objective; and on the other, subjective. Or it is, on the one hand, truth revealed by God to the mind of man; and, on the other hand, truth applied by God to the mind of man. It thus appears, that the essence of Christianity, abstractly considered, consists in the system of doctrines and duties revealed by our Lord Jesus Christ; and, that the essence of the Christian character consists in the belief of the one and the obedience of the other. Practical Christianity is, therefore, a life—a life arising out of Christ and Him crucified, brought home to the heart of man by the spirit of God with power and demonstration. It is a name for the living forces generated within man by the spirit of grace through the truth as it is in Jesus. It is a new dispensation of power imparted to the soul of man by God through the word of truth to live unto Him in righteousness, goodness, and truth. It is an efflux of the Divine Spirit developing the latent forces in man into holy activities according to the economy of grace. As thus defined, practical Christianity carries in it Divine agency working within the new man both to will and to do of his good pleasure; the subject of this Divine agency putting forth all the spiritual energies of the new man, and using all the means within our power to prosecute the work of the new man within the soul

to its final issues. Let us, in the sequel, endeavour to bring out these thoughts as characteristic of practical christianity.

In practical religion, there is Divine agency at work within us. God is the effective cause of the new life within the soul of man. This is placed before us in the sacred volume as a great fact in many passages as well as in the language—"As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." It is, however, not the originating, but the sustaining cause that here claims our consideration. He sustains within us as well as gives unto us, the new life. E) carries on what He has begun within us to its final issue. It is Christ that operates within us; and from Him come to us all the graces that adorn Christian life. He is to us, indeed, the continual source of the new life—"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Numerous and various, indeed, are the forms in which this great truth is presented before us in the pages of Holy Writ; but these all may be comprehended under three general forms.

(a) A great principle—Our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. What a grand truth is here set forth for the moral regeneration of man! The essence of the gospel, its splendour

and its power, are centred in the Incarnate word and the expiatory death—sin, grace, and God are the lessons the cross reveals; the saddest, the sweetest, sublimest lessons Infinity can show or Eternity can study. This is the truth that wins the heart and transforms the soul; whose mighty fruits are holiness and love.

(b) A great motive.—He lives in us as the efficient cause of the new life. He is, indeed, the mainspring of all holy activity, or the motive power of all holy obedience in the children of God, as set forth in the language of personal experience. The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: And that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again.

(c) A personal agency.—He is the Head with whom all the living members of the body are in direct and immediate communication, who suggests their manifold activities to each, who directs their several functions in subordination to the healthy working of the whole, from whom they individually receive their inspiration and their strength. Hence, the expressive language of our Lord on the subject—“I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing.”

These three simply and unitedly enter Christian life, and form the vital elements or efficient factors of it; nor can they be separated from it—They are essential to a life near to God, with God, and in God. As surely as the vine-branch can have no power, independent of the root, to bud, to blossom, and to bear fruit; so surely cannot Christians, independent of Christ, feel, think, and act, as God does feel, think, and act; or they live in the beauties of holiness, so far only

as they derive their capacities to do so from the stock in which they are engrafted. As the vine supplies the sap or juices to the branches, so Christ sweetly and richly diffuses his holy spirit through all his spiritual branches, causing them to be fruitful in a gracious similarity to Himself and to each other in righteousness, goodness, and truth. The subjects of grace are indeed conscious of such Divine influences, and they, therefore, keep themselves under them as essential to growth in grace. They turn with spiritual instinct to God as the attractive centre of their soul; even, as the sunflower turns round after the sun to drink in his rays, and to bask in his sunshine.

The subject of this Divine agency puts forth all the energies of the new man. Christ and him crucified is as we have already seen, the source of all our pious emotions, of all our pious deeds, of the whole religious condition and activity of the soul. Acted upon by Him, our life takes the direction, the form, and the complexion of His life in the beauties of holiness; but, so to live is, not a negative but a positive quality; not a passive but an active virtue. The life of Christians is, therefore, not a passive but an active life. The power of a holy life is given unto them by Christ in the new birth. He begins by living in us and giving us as our own the power of His new-creating and transforming activity, in order that we may be enabled to live our life in Him. As there is a close connection between the effect and the cause, the life begun by Him in them is like the life in Himself in its nature, qualities, and activities; and they use this power of new life to accomplish the purposes and ends for which it was bestowed upon them, all summed up in holiness unto the Lord. This new work of Christ in us energizes the soul to live a new life in Him or a new life of faith in Him; to

live a new life after Him, or a new life conformable to His holy excellency; to live a life acknowledging a new life after godliness.

(a) Live in Him as the source of all Christian excellency that you may become like him in holiness. His life is, indeed, our life, if we are Christians, not in name but in deed and in truth. We live in Him, and He in us. We are crucified with Christ: nevertheless we live; yet not we, but Christ liveth in us and the life which we now live in the flesh we live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved us, and gave himself for us.

The religion of Jesus within us is not a mere form of doctrines, or the religion of Jesus within us is not a life of inactivity as to religious attainments, or a life of security in the idea that we are saved from endless misery; but the religion of Jesus is a new spirit, a new life, the life of God in the soul of man. Wherefore, if we would not wrongfully divide what is created from Him, who is constantly operating, the birth from Him who is constantly begetting, we shall, giving all diligence, add to our 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—all the graces of the spirit. The religion of Jesus within us is a life not given either to the love of sin, or to the practice of it; the religion of Jesus within us is not a spirit of indifference to Divine things, or spiritual exercises; but the religion of Jesus within us is a life to subdue the whole body of sin. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil; and as He did so, they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts; a life to prosecute holiness, without which no man can see the Lord; a life to obtain fresh

incomes of grace upon grace from the fountain of all grace, and new experiences in the progressive advancement of the Divine life within the soul; a life to know more of the love of God as displayed in the economy of grace, to increase in our love towards Him who so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that, whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life: to long more for the full enjoyment of our Redeemer in His Kingdom. Sprung from God, and renewed in his image, he can live only in God. He reaches after Him with all the faculties of His being.

(b) Live out the truth as it is in Jesus. The Gospel contains in it God for us in His whole truth and wisdom and power. Christ is the truth—the truth of God, the power of God, and the wisdom of God. Again, we have, in the Gospel of Christ the whole heart of God, the whole mind of God, the whole of God as the God of our salvation. For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Now, to live out the truth as it is in our hearts and before our eyes; to mingle our mind and spirit with the mind and spirit of God through the truth; to converse with God in the truth; to walk with God in the truth; to possess the spirit of Jesus as the effect of the truth upon the heart and understanding. As the soil imparts its qualities to substances that grow out of it so the truth impregnates the soul of all in Christ with its own heavenly spirit: hence the Christian is he whose religion runs into the practice of the truth, who feels what he thinks on the truth, who does what he feels on the truth. It is his necessary and constant aim to go after the will of God; it is his necessary and constant effort to realise the will of

God in the life; it is his necessary and constant gratification and happiness to live according to the will of God. It is even our will to go after the will of God; and contrary to our own will not to go after His will. His will is our will; his ways our ways. We are one with Christ in all things. As the stream of a river flows freely through its course, according to the laws of gravitation; so the spirit of a Christian tends towards Christ with a willing affection, according to the spirit of all grace.

(c) Follow Him as your great pattern. He came to save us from sin, and to give us eternal life; but He came also as our great pattern and as such, He has left us an example that we should follow. The gospel has its expression in His words; but its power and spirit are in His life. He is Himself the word made flesh, the greatest utterance in the greatest person; and accordingly the language of His apostle is:—"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his son Jesus Christ. They have fellowship with Jesus and conform themselves to Him, who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth.

It is, indeed, the special delight of Christians to follow Jesus in newness of life, and to conform themselves unto Him—the Divine impersonation of truth, rectitude, and love. It is, therefore, the constant aim of Christians to transcribe into their life all the holy excellencies of Jesus, whose image has had more power to soothe and tranquilize, stimulate and fortify, the human heart, than all the philosophies ever devised by man. "Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee for ever."

3. Use every means within your power to reach "unto a perfect man, unto the stature of the fulness of Christ." This is, indeed, a very important position, worthy of elaboration; but we shall content ourselves with a mere indication of it.

(a) Christian activity.—To live, as Christians in all our relations to God and men, in all our spheres and connections of life, is a duty which we owe to the Lord our God; but it is also a means designed by God to expand, strengthen and beautify all the graces of the spirit in us.

(b) Conscientious waiting upon God in the ordinances of grace.—The mind of the Christian is intent to wait upon God in the ordinances of grace. Hear the language of one as the language of all other Christian men—"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple." But besides this gracious affection of the heart towards God and the house of God, there are three influences designed by God to bear on the development of godliness within us—the Divine influence, the social influence, and the periodic influence, each of which contributes largely towards our growth in grace and advancement in the Divine life.

(c) All things laid under contribution for our spiritual well-being. The plant extracts food from the earth, and from the atmosphere; the bee gathers honey from every flower. The Christian glean materials from everything to nourish his piety; makes his general readings and recreations, his literary tastes and philosophic or scientific pursuits, all contribute towards his progress in holiness, his assimilation to the moral image of God, and fitness for heaven.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE STUDENT'S MANUAL." *

The Todds, from whom descended Dr. John Todd, the author of "The Student's Manual," were thriving American colonists of the higher class long before the War of Independence settled the peace of America, and from early days they appear to have been animated by an anti-slavery spirit. One old clergyman of this race was noted for his aristocratic proclivities, which made him nicely particular respecting the beauty of his top-boots, the fit of his wig, and the gloss of his small clothes. This clergyman's brother was a justice of the peace, who died insolvent, and whose conduct during the revolutionary war showed more patriotism than honour. He had several children, one of whom, Timothy, became a physician of good practice, and the father of John Todd. Their place of sojourn was "Arlington, at that time a frontier town, the whole upper part of the State being a wilderness. Kept from advancing beyond the line of civilization, the constantly arriving emigrants crowded along the frontier. For this reason Arlington was then a place of more inhabitants and more importance than it has ever been since. About two miles north of the village the young doctor purchased a small farm near the Battenkill, an inconsiderable river, so called, and built a small brick house thereon, by the expense of which he was for a time somewhat embarrassed, although it was built in large part by his own

hands. It stands in a deep but most lovely valley, between two lofty prominences of the Green Mountains." Being an "enthusiastic Federalist," the physician once erected a "liberty-pole" in front of his house, but when on the following morning he was about to display the flag of his party, he was amused to find that a mountain bear was grinning defiance from the top. His family history was full of remarkable disasters. While on his way to see a patient, the physician broke his leg in the mountains, through the overturning of his carriage, and kept his bed for months. He was left on the road for hours before assistance arrived, yet in the midst of dreadful agony his mind was tranquil and stayed upon God. The wounded man contrived to reach a stream of running water; he cleansed his wounds, and, with the instruments he carried, secured a "principal blood vessel." When at last he was picked up he had just finished writing in pencil a touching prayer—"Behold me in this hour of distress through the sufferings of thy Son; then shall mercy beam upon me and open the gates of eternal day." This brave man's wife already lay on a bed of weakness, and the news of the accident disturbed the balance of her reason. In the midst of her weaknesses and distractions John Todd was born, October the 9th, 1800.

The worldly affairs of Timothy Todd lapsed into disorder, when, through bodily disablement, he was no longer able to attend to his practice. He removed from one place to another, made several unsuccessful attempts to provide for his household, but died at last in poverty. The poor physician's

* John Todd, The Story of His Life told Mainly by Himself. London: Sampson, Low, & Co., 1876.

wife remained a confirmed lunatic; at one time she would speak to her little son in the hushed accents of reason and deep feeling, when the theme was God and his works, and at another time in one of her strange paroxysms she would threaten the child's life with a drawn sword!

Without entering into minute particulars, we will in passing refer to three incidents belonging to the time of his childhood, which Mr. Todd very vividly remembered during his long life. When his father lay on his death bed, he held out his hand to John and said, "My little boy, I am very sick. I wish you to take that paper on the stand and run down to Mr. Carter's and get me the medicine written on that paper." The chemist's store was half a mile off; when John arrived, no one was in attendance, and to obtain the medicine he would have to walk another quarter of a mile. Instead of doing this, he returned with a lie upon his lip. "My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I am in great pain," said the sinking parent when John returned. "No, sir, Mr. Carter says he has got none," replied the messenger. The falsehood was evidently detected by the dying man; but he chided him very gently, and soon after bade all farewell. When the minister was heard to offer prayer for the "dying man," in a fit of remorse, John rushed from the house, obtained the medicine, ran back again at a headlong pace, and, abruptly entering the chamber of death, cried, "Oh, here, father!" It was too late; and the child of six years saw with streaming eyes and a breaking heart that he had acted cruelly to his best earthly friend. He never ceased to mourn over this falsehood and neglect to his dying day.

After the death of his father John was taken to live with an uncle and aunt at North Killingworth, in New England. The good lady was exces-

sively fond of birds, and her especial pet was "a very tame Phoebe-bird, which built year by year in the grounds." John had practiced stone-throwing until he was able to take a very accurate aim. He writes, "In the course of the day I thought I would try my skill upon old Phoebe. She stood upon a fort near the spot where she was to build her nest, and looked at me with all confidence, as much as to say, 'You won't hurt me.'" He selected his stone, hit Phoebe on the head and killed her on the spot. Half a century later Dr. Todd could say, "That stone rebounded and hit me. How deep a wound it made upon my memory! I would make great sacrifices to-day if I could undo that one deed."

Some considerable time after this he was hoeing corn for his uncle, when an eagle, which had her nest near, was seen to be approaching from the sea with a large fish wherewith she intended to satisfy the clamorous hunger of a nest of eaglets. Some men who were near scared the old bird until she dropped her prey, and her ravenous family clamoured in vain. In a few moments the eagle was again flying seawards, and in two hours she again appeared carrying a heavy fish, but keeping clear of the enemy who had lately robbed her. "Glorious bird! What a spirit!" cried young Todd, "I will learn a lesson from thee this day . . . I will remember this . . . I will set my mark high . . . I will never yield to discouragements!" He was of opinion that the example of the mother eagle influenced his whole life.

When about seventeen years of age John was received into the family of Mr. Evarts, of Charlestown, where, either as menial servant, school-boy, or secretary, he worked from six in the morning until eleven at night. His life at this time was a strange medley, and only a hardy genius could

have survived much less have benefited, by the discipline. From six till eight was spent in the healthy exercise of lighting fires and sawing wood. Greek, Latin, English, writing for his employer, and meals occupied his time until nine in the evening. Then came family prayer, after which it was time to prepare lessons for the next morning. This life was continued until the autumn of 1818, when he left Charlestown with his books under one arm and his clothes under the other. Just before entering Yale College he had but three cents, and two of these were given for a bridge toll. Benighted, he slept beneath a cedar tree and found himself "almost frozen" in the morning. When he at length entered college his expenses were guaranteed by his brother Jonathan, who though himself as needy as the aspiring student yet possessed a generous heart.

His life at college is aptly described as "a desperate struggle for an education"—feeding himself with one hand and holding the book with the other. His next advance was to remove into the college at Andover as a theological student. His religion was now very earnest; and no allurements could draw him aside from preaching the gospel—the work he dearly loved to the latest day of his life. During his sojourn at Andover he met with an adventure, in the summer of 1825, which led to momentous results.

It was Saturday, and a friend with a horse and chaise called on young Todd and asked him to take a drive. Away they went, and at sunset were nearly thirty miles from home in a beautiful town called Groton, where the handsome congregational meeting-house seated two thousand people. The minister, a man of eighty-years, was in failing health. "You must know they are all Unitarians," wrote young Todd, and "hate Andover worse than poison. The good doctor

is a kind of Arminian, a man of commanding talents, and I doubt not, a go-to-heaven-man; still he has made all his people Unitarians. He was glad to see me, never heard of me before . . . and immediately urged me to preach the next day." Then follows this dreadful story by way of more particular explanation. "Something over forty-six years ago a young minister was settled in Groton by the name of Chaplin. He is now Doctor Chaplin. He married into a gay, worldly family, a sister of Judge P——. This family have since all become Unitarians. As Groton was a beautiful and fashionable place, and as he had married such a girl, the consequence was that he was drawn away into the vortex of fashionable society. He attended balls, parties, card-parties, played blindfold, etc. The next consequence was, that, however orthodox his head might be, his heart was cold, and he could not, and did not preach faithfully, and to the conscience, on the Sabbath. What was first of necessity, soon became a habit, and the consequence is that all, or nearly all, of his congregation have become fashionable Unitarians. More than two thousand people belong to the society, and I suppose the widest cloak of charity could not cover more than twenty or twenty-five pious people in the place. The church is all rotten. Some of the leading men in the town are deists and infidels. The church has never been disciplined, and these men belong to it."

Here, then, was a rich town deceived by the "bewitching delusion of Satan;" but the man who had directly and indirectly done the mischief refused to allow a Unitarian to enter his pulpit. Fast nearing the gates of death, the unfaithful pastor experienced the torture of an accusing conscience. Young Todd undertook to supply the pulpit for a few Sabbaths, and to his lasting honour made no show of a

compromise ; but with " Christ and a few praying women " on his side, preached the gospel in its fulness. Great and sudden was the commotion ; the congregations were immense ; people who had not attended meeting for ten years helped to crowd the chapel. The bitter opposition of the leading magnates was awakened ; they dreaded any spirit of enquiry which might lead to a revival of relinquished doctrines. The excitement daily increased, until the town was divided against itself, and a powerful minority earnestly wished to secure Mr. Todd's settlement as co-pastor. The young preacher himself was wholly engrossed with his work ; he talked about little else ; he dreamed about the people, and in private wept over their condition. From the first he saw how impossible it would be to settle in such a sphere ; but he was determined to strike a blow which should at least divide the camp. In this he was so eminently successful, that in April, 1826, he became the chosen preacher of the evangelical section who set up their meeting in another part of the town. The Unitarian chapel was soon well-nigh forsaken, while the other was over-crowded. Still the anomaly remained to be unaccounted for ; the Socinians were able to outvote their rivals when the parishioners were summoned to elect a new minister for the township. On a polling day " they had their stores open, and all supplied with drink gratis, and cake and cheese gratis, and they even carried rum into the meeting-house, to influence unprincipled men to vote against evangelical religion." They went further than this. More than once a rope was tied across the dark stairs leading from the pulpit, that the pastor might fall and break his neck ; while the linch-pins were taken from the wheels of vehicles used by his people in the hope that they might be overturned. These devil-like tricks were

all frustrated, and the truth prevailed mightily. The old pastor was among those who separated from the Unitarian meeting, and at the age of eighty-three he warmly expounded the cause of Mr. Todd. The dreaded revival had really come. The preaching of the Word drew together large crowds ; the prayer-meetings were alive with fervour, and enquiries might be counted by the hundred. Under such circumstances as these, Mr. Todd was elected pastor of the Evangelical church. The last days of the aged pastor, Dr. Chaplin, also proved to be his best days, and after he had shared the labour and persecution of the revival for two or three years, the old man died in the Lord, deeply regretted by those to whom in his last days he had been a father in Israel.

In 1833 Mr. Todd removed to Northampton in the same State of Massachusetts, a town remarkable for its association with Jonathan Edwards, who was pastor of its oldest church. When the increase in population rendered such a step advisable, a number separated in a friendly manner from the Edwards' congregation, and invited Mr. Todd to settle among them. The connection was entirely felicitous, and while there he published the book by which he is best known, "The Student's Manual." "My book has worried me prodigiously," he writes, "It is all written, save the last, It is more than half stereotyped, and I can already begin to see out. When it is all written there will be an inconceivable load of anxiety removed from my mind. . . . Even after it is all done, I have to groan under the apprehension of its failure, and most under the flippant criticisms of a thousand who do nothing in this world but snarl at others ; and I have to ache for the publisher, lest he lose."

In due time he left Northampton and those semi-rural scenes to which he had hitherto been accustomed, to identify

himself with the city life of Philadelphia. The years which Mr. Todd spent in this city were the most unhappy of his life. The congregational church of which he undertook the pastorate, had seceded from the Presbyterians, and though at the commencement all things wore a promising face, the pastor subsequently found that his flock included some who could be both cruel and unprincipled in their opposition to him. The trials of the church were also intensified by the disastrous commercial storm which swept over the country, leaving in its track all the miseries of ruin. "I never had a conception of what was meant by commercial distress before the present time," writes Mr. Todd, in 1887. "There is no confidence in men. Those who are worth, could they collect it, hundreds of thousands of dollars, are breaking and crumbling all in pieces. . . . It is no matter of surprise to hear that the heaviest, wealthiest, and most noble houses in the land have been crushed. The worst of it is, the storm seems to thicken. . . . I tremble at times for my church, but trust its foundations rest upon eternal love, and that earthly storms will not rock it."

Notwithstanding the uncommon difficulties that had to be conquered, a handsome chapel was built, and a large congregation collected. The pastor was able to say, "I have no sympathy with stinginess, and am thankful that I never had to deal with mustard-seed souls." Still the sunny promise of the beginning was not lasting. The spirit of worldliness crept in, and jealous mischief-makers were at work. He warned the people that there was danger of their all perishing together, and his call to earnest prayer was not raised in vain. Still it became more and more evident that Philadelphia was not destined to be his permanent abode, for finding that they were unable to have their own way, the opponents of the pastor commenced a

party warfare in a spirit and on a scale which were altogether American. He was abused, threatened, and libelled in an extraordinary manner, his own and the church's calamity culminating when the chapel was sold and the flock partially scattered. Still, on leaving Philadelphia, his retrospect was one of thankfulness. "In spite of the unparalleled pecuniary distress of the times, and of the difficulties of planting a congregational church in an uncongenial community, and of inconceivable obstacles and opposition without and within, he had built up a handful of people into a great congregation, had added more than fifty annually to the church, and caused the Sabbath-school to become a 'model school' of about four hundred members, so perfect in its machinery as to attract visitors from all parts of the land, and even from Europe—he had trained the young men for the ministry, and seen them settled over large and important churches—he had brought his people annually to contribute annually more than one thousand dollars to send the gospel abroad, and to pay more than forty thousand dollars towards their own church edifice, and he had acquired a position of influence in the city as a preacher and lecturer excelled by none."

The truth was that the man was of a nature not adapted to thrive or to find happiness in a great city, and, great as was the contrast between the town of brotherly love and the mountain village of Pittsfield, it was mercifully ordained that in the last-named rural district Mr. Todd should spend thirty of the best years of his life.

Though called a village, Pittsfield numbered four thousand inhabitants, and even in a romantic district the situation was regarded as specially picturesque. "On all sides . . . rose densely wooded mountains, whose outlines were beautiful even in winter,

and whose various forms and colours in spring and winter made the scenery of the region surpassingly beautiful." The climate was severe and not over healthy; for on an average the pastor buried about one of the people every week. This high mortality was in part accounted for by the cold; but, while the winters were Arctic in their rigour they brought with them many novelties which were interesting to a close observer like Mr. Todd. It was an exhilarating exercise to turn out to preach when the thermometer was six below zero, and to see the richest member of the church sitting in his pew snugly enclosed in a buffalo skin. It was stranger still to see the Baptists go down to the river and baptize seven when a man had to stand with a rake and keep the pool from freezing over!"

The people were great readers, and critical hearers, and were also the most intellectual flock to whom the pastor had as yet ministered. After he had put his manse in tenantable repair, four hundred kind hearts called in one day to give their welcome; and, according to American custom, these "All had to be tead and coffeed."

Not long after Mr. Todd's settlement in his mountain retreat his home was destroyed by fire; and the disaster happened in November, 1842, on a boisterous winter night. The family were awakened after they had retired to rest by the shrieks of a woman at the street door:

"I first screamed for my family to come to me, then ran to the front door, and screamed 'Fire! Fire!' Mrs. Todd gathered the three babies into one bed, in their night-clothes, and then the men, whose loud shouts were now heard, snatched them up, and carried them out. For five minutes I was doubtful whether I could get my family out alive. . . . The roof had begun to fall in. As soon as the children were safe I made for

my study, now sheeted with flames, and began to throw articles from the windows, which I first dashed out with my foot. Out went the books, pell-mell, into the snow and soot; out, out, out, went tables and bureaus, and wardrobes, and everything. As soon as the study was cleared I made for Mr. Brace's room (a resident student), and pitched out his books, and down they went, and after them tables and bedsteads, and globes, and secretaries, etc. I stood there till nearly surrounded with flames, and till everything was out. In the meantime the scene was fearful. It was intensely cold, the wind was high, and, oh, the bright flashes of the fire as it leaped and licked through the chambers, the wild cry of the men, the crash and crush and smash of furniture, the roar of the fire, the falling of timbers, the shouting of maddened men in the back-ground. But on it went, smash, crash, till it was all over. It seemed as if the sun would never rise: but when it *did* rise, what a scene! The streets filled with furniture, broken and destroyed, carpets half burned, china in fragments, my beautiful home in ashes, my wife and children somewhere, but I knew not where."

The energy and liberality of the people soon repaired the damage done by the fire so far as reparation was possible; but calamities of a severer kind speedily followed. Mr. Todd had a favourite brother, Jonathan, who being ignorant of the nature of the locality, purchased a farm in Illinois, where the miasma of the soil within a few days cut down the father and three sons. Mr. Brace, the student trained in the manse at Pittsfield, also died three months after his marriage; and about the same time Mrs. Todd, senior, who never recovered her reason, and for whose support the pastor had contributed two thousand dollars, ended her chequered course.

In the meantime nothing afforded

him joy unless he witnessed the prosperity of his flock in spiritual things, and saw the enlargement of the church. As many as fifty would be admitted into fellowship at one time; and as his efforts were blessed the pastor was stimulated to make greater exertions than even his iron constitution could bear. On one occasion illness seized him in the pulpit—"A dizziness in the head and brain, and a cold sweat over the whole body." The medicine prescribed was farm labour. He supposed himself to be the subject of dyspepsia, and, showing the enemy no mercy, he weakened his system by amateur doctoring. His favourite remedies were blue pills, water gruel, and plenty of walking, a *regime* which, if faithfully followed, would soon kill off all the weaklings among us.

The old sanctuary at Pittsfield, more picturesque than convenient, was found to be on fire on the first Sabbath morning of 1851. The chapel was too small and too antiquated to accommodate the congregation, so that the prospect of its total disappearance did not inspire any one with hearty regret. Some showed a decent zeal in the work of extinguishing the flames; but one substantial member proposed that they should go and set fire to the other end. The fire was not subdued until it "had progressed far enough to make it probable that the building would not be repaired." In a few months a handsome structure, such as is in Philadelphia would have cost seventy thousand dollars, rose upon the site.

Dr. Todd had all along resolved that he would retire before old age had so crippled his energies as to render him a burden to the church. Accordingly at the age of threescore years and ten, or in 1870, he formally tendered his resignation of the pastorate. To his astonishment the people "coolly and unanimously" asked him to prolong his services until the opening of 1873. "They made no explanation, nor any

promises for the future," he wrote to a friend; "only that the old horse seemed to have too much work in him to be turned out to browse just yet." When the time of service expired, according to agreement, the unaccountable behaviour of the people was no longer an enigma. They voted that their faithful old pastor should remain in his house, receive the full amount of salary as usual, and be relieved from the burdens of the charge as became his years. This sudden relief was not altogether a boon, and perhaps the loss of his much loved occupations contributed to the shortening of his life. A strange feeling of loneliness stole over him. When a successor was appointed he felt "like one attending his own funeral, and seeing another man coming and marrying his own wife—like standing bolt upright and seeing one's self turned into a shadow—like the commander of a great ship seeing himself turned into a figure-head."

He did not survive his retirement from active service more than six months, though during that time he engaged, as opportunity offered, in his chosen employment of preaching the gospel. At the outset of his career, he marked out a plan from which he never swerved. "In my preaching I shall keep closely to the Word of God; by this I would have you *test* my instructions." He was a diligent student of Scripture, and gladly availed himself of such helps to a correct understanding of the sacred writings as were within his reach. His opinions of standard divines were pointed and characteristic. "The Germans are cold, carping critics; Poole is a collector of all the shrewd heads that ever wrote on the Bible. Doddridge is flat in paraphrasing, but pious in improvement, and judicious in his notes; Henry is rich—jewels in dirt, and jewels in miniature—truly pious, and does your very heart good to read him;

and Scott is the most dull of all horned cattle. I have tried to sell mine, but no one will buy, so shall pile it up for posterity." We are told that when Mr. Todd was young, and before he could purchase the work, he often travelled eight miles to consult Henry's Commentary, and when a London publishing firm sent him a present on account of his "Lectures to Children," which they were printing, he exchanged the money for several sets of good old Matthew's handiwork, for presentation to his daughters. He also especially valued the works of Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Chalmers, and John Foster.

His popular book, "The Student's Manual," has been very widely dispersed over the world, and is still greatly prized by the class for whom it was prepared. The pressman who first printed it was converted by it, and became a missionary, "During his whole life the author was constantly receiving letters of thanks from men in this and other lands from the influence exerted upon them by this book . . . Among the few remains of Sir John Franklin that were found far up in the Polar Regions, there was a leaf of 'The Student's Manual,' the

only relic of a book." The work has been translated into Welsh, French, and German, and young men on meeting with the author have gratefully acknowledged the good they have received.

When his last sickness came upon him in June, 1873, John Todd was roughly dealt with by the tempter. Deep waters roared beneath and dark clouds frowned above. Yet the promise was, ere long, fulfilled—there was light at eventide; and he took leave of earth with the glory of the beatific vision shining full upon his soul.

Looking at Dr. Todd as a man, we are struck with the singular energy which characterised him throughout his long course. He laughed at difficulties, and seldom had to own a failure. Of Christ's full, free gospel he held back nothing; and he preached with a studied simplicity of language such as the common people thoroughly appreciated. His life work was no mean total of good accomplished. Ask why he was so successful, and the answer is, he trusted in God, and did with his might what his hand found to do.—G. H. P. in the *Sword and the Trowel*.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

We begin this chapter with a poem said to be written by the sister of one of the Presbyterian Missionaries to China.

A PLEA FOR CHINA.

"How shall they hear, without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent?—(Rom. x.)

Far away in distant China,
Hear ye not the piercing cry?
List, the rending wail of anguish,
Can ye, will ye let us die?

See in yonder Chinese village,
Men are met to read and pray,
With no Christian teacher nigh them ;
None to guide them in the way.

But they've heard the Gospel story,
And they fain would know it more ;
So the little band are groping,
Praying, hoping, evermore,
Hear ye not the pleading accents
Wafted o'er China's plain,
Praying us to send a teacher ?
Shall we let them cry in vain ?

Shall we send the cursed opium,
Blighting China's fair domain ?
Can we stand and gaze unmoved
On the thousands it has slain ?
Slain their bodies, slain their spirits,
All their glorious manhood slain ;
All for cursed love of riches,
All for Christian Britain's gain !

Brethren think ! O pause and ponder,
With eternity in view ;
What if in the solemn Judgment
Shall their blood be asked of you ?
What if God, in righteous anger,
On our nation lift his hand !
What if pagan, heathen darkness
Yet shall overwhelm our land ?

Mothers, grudge ye not your dearest ;
Sisters, let loved brothers go ;
What is all your pain of parting
Weighed with heathen sin and woe ?
How can we who know the Saviour
Fear to trust Him to sustain,
To uphold us by his Spirit
In our sorest, deepest pain ?

Human love is often hidden
Under dark and swarthy skin,
Tender human hearts are beating,
Stirring all the soul within.

Do they never part from mother.

Father, brother, sister, wife :
Cut they never cords asunder
Dearer to them far than life ;
When they cast away their idols,
And to God Jehovah pray,
When they take His yoke upon them,
Seek to walk the narrow way ?

Think ye of your brethren, toiling
Under many a sultry sky,
Calling you to come and help them—
Heed ye not their pleading cry ?
Would ye live a life most blessed,
Would ye know the purest joy ?
O let spreading God's salvation
All your noblest gifts employ.

Then shall many a glorious trophy
In yon precious blood-bought band,
Gathered from the heathen nations,
Greet you in the Better Land.
When ye hear the joyful welcome—
Faithful servant, enter now ;
Welcome to those peaceful mansions,
Wear the crown upon thy brow.

Then in holy swelling chorus
Shall they join with one accord,
Every heaven-tun'd harp ascribing
Glory to the Highest Lord.

ITINERANCY, IN RELATION TO MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

The *Chinese Recorder* contains an article, from the pen of Rev. H. Lowry, on this, subject, which deserves the careful consideration of the friend of China's millions. It is evident they will not hear the Gospel during the life-time of this generation, or many succeeding ones, if Missionary Societies adhere to the plan of labouring only in fixed centres.

On the other hand, the mere *touring* over a large district, though itself an admirable agency for scattering the Scriptures and preaching the "doctrine" far and wide, is too superficial to be likely to result in the establishment and maintenance of churches.

The medium course introduced, or at least first *systematized*, by WESLEY, of itinerant circuit preaching, is one which might enable the few hundreds of Missionaries now in China to evangelise and watch over far larger num-

bers than they can care for under the present system.

As Wesley went from place to place, preaching the Gospel, societies of converts and awakened souls were rapidly formed; in order that they might not be without care and instruction during the absence of the preacher, a few of the most pious and intelligent among them were selected to conduct their religious services. Then, when the societies multiplied more rapidly than suitable persons could be found to take charge of them, the circuit system, by which one person had charge of a number of societies, arose. At Wesley's death there were 550 itinerant preachers, and 140,000 communicants. What noble fruit of one man's labours! No other system conceivable could in so short a time have achieved such results. At the first Centenary of Methodism there were 6000 preachers, and about a million and a half of members. Itinerant preaching played a most important part in the early days of the American Colonies. The moral foundations of many of the Western States were laid by the self-denying labours of men who travelled incessantly, some of them as much as 6000 miles a year, and it cannot be questioned that they were a mighty, if not the mightiest, agent in the spread of Protestant Christianity throughout the land.

Francis Ashbury, one of the leading itinerants of those days, travelled 6000 miles a year, on an average, for forty-five years; he began with four preachers and 316 members, and died leaving 700 circuit preachers, and 214,000 members.

That a system which enables a small number of ministers to instruct and influence a very large number of people—which avails itself of every gift in the Church, and systematically employs the services of every one able to help others—should be productive

of such results is natural, especially when we remember that it is a system which has the sanction of Christ and His Apostles.

The state and nature of China peculiarly fit it for the operation of this system. The country is interspersed from one end to the other with roads, rivers, and canals; while horses, carts, and boats afford facilities for travel, rude and uncomfortable to be sure, but requiring nothing like the hardships and dangers endured by the itinerants of other days. And there is always some accommodation at the inns. A shed and *k'ang* are preferable to sleeping with no covering but the open heavens, and no bed but the ground.

The disposition of the people is also favourable to the itinerant.

The vastness of the population and the small number of preachers call loudly for the active operation of itinerancy in China. The number of foreign Missionaries will probably never be very much greater in the provinces now occupied than at present, and with the most rapid increase of native helpers for years to come that the most sanguine have ever hoped, it will only be by the preachers, native and foreign, going "everywhere" preaching the Gospel that these multitudes can be supplied with the word of life.

The importance and hopefulness of this work among the villages that are so thickly scattered over the land, furnish a strong argument for itinerancy. It is a matter of history that the greatest success of modern Missions in China have been in the inland towns and villages.

The influence of the Missionary and of the native converts is lost, comparatively, among the large masses of population in the great cities.

A Missionary settled in one village, and working at stated intervals in a score of other villages or small towns,

would be far more likely to witness saving results from his efforts, than one reaching a large number in one great sea-port or inland city.

Where it has been tried the system seems to have worked well in China. It provides with Christian instruction groups of believers too small and too poor to support a native pastor, and it enables the foreign Missionary to visit regularly and preach at places where he would find it impracticable to reside. Would not the words of the Lord Jesus be a good motto for Chinese Missionaries especially? "Let us go into the *neat towns* that we may preach there also, for therefore came I forth."

ZULU MISSION, SOUTH-EAST-ERN AFRICA.

A REFRESHING VISIT TO THE FRENCH BASUTO MISSION.

Miss Hance, of the American Zulu Mission, writes with reference to a visit she recently made to the Mission of the French Evangelical Missionary Society in Basuto-land:—

"The doctor had told me that I must get away from the coast for a time in the hot season, and I felt that it might be wise to do so. Without stopping to tell you how it all came about, I will say that one beautiful morning in March we reached the station of Mr. and Mrs. Coillard, of the French Mission in Basuto-land. You will remember hearing of them. A war, about seven years ago, between the Dutch and Basutos, compelled them to leave their station and home, and for a year they lived in one of our Mission houses. They were greatly beloved by our Mission. Their wisdom, their earnest, simple piety, and love for their work, won for them the hearts of all they met.

They were much cast down at that time in regard to their work, but now

they feel that God blessed to their people the trials through which they then passed. The people learned to feel the need of God's help, to trust in Him, and stand in His strength alone. They were driven from their station by their chief, and one Sabbath-day, a few miles from their homes, they gathered near a large rock determined there, together, to hold communion with their God. Many heathen people came also, to see what the Christians would do. An old man, one of the oldest in the Church, tried to open the meeting by prayer, but was unable to express the troubled feelings of his heart much further than by sobs and tears. The Christians, unable longer to control their feeling, united in this troubled prayer for help. The heathen people became frightened and ran, some on foot and some on their horses, to get away. The Christians were left alone; the Lord drew very near to them, and at that time began a revival that seemed a most wonderful work of grace.

The Christians were greatly strengthened all through the war, and many were added to their number. Five or six wives of one chief became followers of the Lord Jesus. One, a pet wife, was called by the chief to come and see him in what may be termed his court-yard. He said to her: "I hear that you pray." "It is true," she said; "I want to know the Saviour Jesus." In a rage he answered: "Dare you tell me that? I will strike you to the ground with this stick, I will kill you before you shall become a Christian." She said: "You are my husband and my chief, I know; and you can kill this body, but you cannot kill my soul. I have a Saviour and a Father in heaven. I fear to displease them more than I fear you." He raised his stick to strike her. In an agony of prayer to her Father in heaven she fell at the feet of the enraged man. His hand dropped to his side,

his voice changed, and he said, 'Go away. Pray on; and when you pray, pray to your God for me.'

She went to her father who was a heathen man. He was very angry that his daughter should come back to him, as he had received thirty or forty head of cattle for her from the chief, and he did not wish to return them. But the woman's determination to live a Christian life was so earnest that at last she induced her old heathen father to give up the cattle, and then she was no longer the wife of the chief. She is a great help and comfort now at the station. One beautiful moonlight evening I sat and talked with her, and in broken Zulu she tried to tell me what the Lord had done for her.

I think it is not quite twenty years since Mr. Coillard began to work at his station, and at the time of the war he was three years away. There are now about one hundred members in his Church, and five out-stations, where native preachers reside, who have been sent out by that station. None are admitted into the Church until they have professed Christianity at least two years, and have learned to read the Testament (exceptions of course being made for those who are very old or blind, and cannot learn). What astonished me more than almost anything else was to see the number of women who could read the Testament understandingly, many of them being quite aged. A number of Christian women at the station are a great help to the work there, and at the kraals also. It was beautiful to see the love and affection shown to Mr. and Mrs. Coillard by their people. I felt that it was a place where God delighted to dwell.

This French Mission is one of the most successful Missions in South Africa. They now have fifteen Missionaries in the field, and are extending their work into the interior, to a

great extent, through the agency of native helpers.

The whole Church membership in the Mission is about three thousand. Native helpers, sixty-four; out-stations, forty-four; amount contributed last year, six hundred and seventy-five pounds (\$3375, gold). They have a training school for boys and one for girls with eighty pupils now in the two schools."

THE LIVINGSTONIA EXPEDITION.

Mr. E. D. Young, R.N., commanding the Livingstonia Expedition, gives additional particulars of the progress of the Mission. His letter is dated from Lake Nyassa, February 18th:—

"Since our arrival here, where we have settled, near Cape Mclear, nothing has happened to mar the progress of the Mission. We have made enemies of no one, and friends of all. But I must begin by telling you that we succeeded in getting safely housed before the rains began, and the whole of the party are in good health. Some have had slight attacks of fever, but soon got over it. I myself suffered rather severely after the excitement of the journey was over, and I thought I should have been obliged to return home at once; but our Heavenly Father thought fit to restore me to health again, and to work on, I trust, for His glory, and for the good of these poor down-trodden people. After the goods were stored here, and we were housed, and everything was in perfect safety, I took four of our party in December, and went round the lake to let the people know of our arrival, and to see what the country, etc., was like. We found that our arrival was known far and wide, and that the Arabs were so terrified that no slaves were conveyed across for a whole month. The common

people are rejoiced that we are come; but the poor, miserable, bloodthirsty slave-drivers tremble at our very presence. We found the lake to be much larger than Dr. Livingstone thought. The North end extends to 9 deg. 20 min. south latitude, and the lake has a coast of about 800 miles. There are many delightful spots, and several nice islands; at the north-east end there is a range of mountains extending for 100 miles, and ranging from 10,000ft. to 12,000ft. above the lake. The water is very deep; at several places we could not get bottom with 100 fathoms of line, within the same distance from the land. There is not the same dense population along the shore as formerly, vast numbers being carried off by the slavers. For many miles along the north-east end we saw the sites of many villages, and the ground strewn with thousands of skeletons. The remnant that escaped are living in villages built on piles in the lake or on rocks. We went to some of them and inquired the reason. It was the same old story. War was made, and those that were captured were taken as slaves to the coast. The lower half of the lake is in the possession of powerful chiefs, with their people centred around them, who combine with the Arabs and capture slaves to the west inland from the lake. There are five dhows which carry slaves across—not less, from all I can gather, than 15,000 or 20,000 a year. When we were at one beautiful spot, walking over bleached skeletons with Dr. Laws, I could not help thinking and exclaiming, 'Surely the devil has had possession of this land long enough.' We have plenty of stores and provisions at present. Dr. Stewart, no doubt, when he arrives will send for all that will be required for the future. I don't anticipate any difficulty in getting stores up, as we have the good-will of every one, except the slave-dealers, and all are only too willing to work for

us. Even the slavers think we are humane, for just after we came here a gang of about 500 slaves were on their way to the coast and passed within fifty miles of us. One poor creature could not travel further, so instead of killing him, which it is their practice to do, they let him go, at the same time telling him there was a people called the English living at such a place, and if he could only reach them they were sure to take care of him. After great hardships he arrived there very bad with diseased spine, and here the poor fellow is now. He was frightened when he saw people with white skins and straight hair. Hitherto we have been successful in everything we have taken in hand, and I earnestly pray that our Heavenly Father will guide, guard, and protect us."

MISSIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Great as was the work achieved by Dr. Livingstone on behalf of Africa during his life, his death appears to have given an impulse to missionary enterprise in the centre of that vast continent quite unprecedented. It deserves remark, also, that the policy advocated by Livingstone, of employing a combination of civilizing with evangelistic agency, is not overlooked.

We give below the leading facts respecting the various missions in Central Africa begun or contemplated:—

1. First in the field is the *Free Church of Scotland*. The Scottish Livingstonia Mission, at the southern end of Lake Nyassa, has been mainly undertaken by that body, but it includes among its members Dr. Laws, medical missionary (United Presbyterian Church), and the Rev. Robert Henderson (Established Church of Scotland). Dr. Laws writes from Cape Maclear, Lake Nyassa, as follows: "Another stage of our journey has been reached, and for the time being

I suppose I may say Livingstonia is begun, though at present a piece of canvas stretched between two trees, forming a sort of tent, is all that stands for the future city of that name. I do not say that it will be on this particular spot or on any within thirty miles; but till this rainy season is over this is fixed on as our place of abode. On Wednesday, the 6th of October, the "Ilala" was launched once more after her name had been well-painted on her bows. 'God speed you!' said Mr. Young, and a hearty 'Amen' was echoed by the whole of us. On the morning of the 8th we were all on board, and began our journey up the river. On our way we passed through some of the grandest scenery I ever beheld—hills towering, some of them, 2,000 or 3,000 feet above sea-level, while the river wound its way through a level plain, now quite dry, but in the rainy season covered with water. At some places we found villages of from twenty to 200 inhabitants; and again, we might steam along for thirty or forty miles without seeing a human face. . . . On the 11th of October we steamed through Lade Pamolombi. Entering the Shire again at the Northern end of Lake Pamolombi, we passed three or four large villages, and then anchored for the day opposite the village of Mapunda, or Chimpunda, as the natives call him. He gave us liberty to settle on his land, and sent Wakotani (his brother-in-law) and another man to help us in choosing a spot. On the morning of the 12th of October we steamed towards the lake. Soon its blue waters were in sight, and at 6.30 a.m., as the sun rose over the hills, we entered the lake. On the eastern coast of Cape Maclear we examined several little bays and apparent harbours, but none were quite satisfactory. Towards evening we rounded the Cape, a huge rocky hill, and anchored in a bay opposite the western of the

two islands you see on the map. In the evening we had a walk ashore. There is a large plain some four miles long, and a valley running southwards between the hills, while we had a beautiful view of the lake. The next five days, after having got wood, we went round the western side of the lake as far as Benje Island, then across the lake and reached the coast at a more northerly point than had previously been seen by any white man, then down its eastern side, and across to Cape Maclear. We are now in a commanding position to begin, because, with our steamer at hand, we occupy the centre of a circle of some thirty or forty miles' radius, with six or eight large villages."

2. The *Scottish Established Church*, as we have indicated above, has already been represented on the shore of Lake Nyassa. He has been occupied in selecting a suitable spot upon its border for commencing operations. At home a boat is being built, of the best construction for the navigation of the Upper Shire and the lake; and there have been engaged for the service of the mission a medical missionary, a gardener, a carpenter, and a blacksmith. The mission is industrial and evangelical, designed to be a nucleus of advancing centres of Christian life and civilization. It is the first mission of the Church of Scotland to the continent of Africa.

3. Bishop Steere, on behalf of the *Universities' Mission*, has been surveying the district at the northern end of Lake Nyassa. Having selected a suitable spot, he returns to Zanzibar to make further preparations for commencing his mission.

4. The *Church Missionary Society* is preparing to occupy Uganda and Karague, on the Victoria Nyanza. Letters have been addressed to Mtesa Rumanika, the respective kings of those places, requesting a favourable reception for the missionaries, the first

party of whom are now on their way to the Victoria N'yanza. Lieutenant G. Shergold Smith, who was formerly in the Royal Navy, and has been studying for the ministry, has taken command of the "Highland Lassie"—a sea-going, 80-ton sailing yacht, with auxiliary steam-power—in which the party are embarked. This party includes a mechanical engineer, an engineer hitherto engaged in railway construction, a surveyor from Cork, and a Scottish artisan.

5. The London Missionary Society has decided upon the establishment of a mission at Ujiji, on the shores of Lake Tanganika. This place "is peculiarly connected with Livingstone," writes Dr. Mullens, "as he was in all his early experience connected with us. His head-quarters during all his last expeditions were at Ujiji. Here, in the hour of his wants and his distresses in God's loving providence, exactly at the right moment, he was found by Mr. Stanley; here his work and life were once more made known to the world, which was watching intently for him. Most fitting will it be that the London Missionary Society shall occupy this place as a mission-station, and shall make it the centre of a growing system of Christian life and work and usefulness which shall, for ages to come, be a blessing to the people whom he so dearly loved." The Rev. Roger Price has been despatched by the society to Zanzibar to make preliminary inquiries on important points.

ARABIA'S DESERT RANGERS.

The Arabic speaking races find their political and literary centres in the lands of the Bible, particularly in Syria. Their numbers are so vast, their history so interesting, and their natural endowments so considerable, that they appear fitted to take a com-

manding position among the races of men.

Special interest also attaches itself to them, from the scriptural associations of many of the localities, villages and towns in which they are found. Hence the Syria Mission of the American Presbyterian Church, the Church Missionary Society's Mission, the Mission of the American Board, and the varied Mission schools and colleges at work in Palestine, are regarded with peculiar pleasure by Christians of all names.

The first named of these Missions employs in Syria thirteen ordained Missionaries, one physician and fourteen females. They occupy three stations on the Mediterranean coast, and two upon Mount Lebanon. They have fifty-four out-stations, and have the assistance of eighty-two native teachers and preachers.

From their printing press they have issued during the year eleven millions of pages, of which above four millions were pages of the Scriptures.

"Here," says the Report, "is the battle-ground where must be renewed, with other weapons, the conflict which ended six centuries ago so disastrously for Christianity, when opposed to Mohammedanism. The Cross which then went down before the Crescent amid scenes of carnage on the heights of Hattin and the plains of Acre, must yet achieve in all Syria a brighter glory than the brightest of which the Crusaders ever dreamed. And yet again, there must be borne, in the nineteenth century, to the Eastern Church, the Reformation which was given in the sixteenth century to the Western Church.

Already have the Jeromes and Huses of the New Reformation appeared, and sealed their testimony with their blood; and now, in the persons of the missionaries and native teachers, new Luthers and Melancthons are preaching, 'The Bible alone!' and 'Christ

alone!' and 'Faith alone!' to those who for fourteen centuries have called themselves Christians, while yet they knew not Christ."

The Syrian Missions, it should be understood, embrace both the nominal Christians as well as the Mohammedans.

Mingled up with the schools of this and other Societies in Palestine are many Mohammedans, some of them connected with the highest families in the land. It is impossible to overestimate the good that is thus being done, and the moral and social influence which the Christian Schools and Mission-stations are exerting, and that chiefly through the instrumentality of the Arabic language.

THE ARABS OF THE DESERT.

are not so easy of access. The Mission work now conducted amongst them is chiefly at times when they have travelled to the adjacent villages, or into the more settled towns. Still it has been our privilege to record the successful labours of courageous servants of the Saviour, who have plunged into the deserts and have visited them in their tents.

When Mr. Stern was approaching Arabia Felix, the terrestrial paradise of the Arabs, he anchored at a barren, desolate waste, close to the town of Targa. He described it as one of the most miserable places he ever saw, consisting of a thousand mud and sand-built houses, and an equal number of tents, containing a mixed population of black slaves, and dark swarthy Arabs.

During the summer, the violence of the sun by day, and the successive moisture by night, exerted their influence on the numberless putrified fish which lay scattered on the shore. Thus the air became infected with a noisome effluvia, the land a sink of pestilence, and men and beasts scarcely knew where to hide themselves from

the agonizing sting of insects which haunted them everywhere.

That enterprising Missionary asked the sheik whether he would give him a passport to conduct him safely to Nedjed. He at first consented, but after deliberation said it was quite impracticable, as the road was unfrequented, the season far advanced, the climate pestilential, the stages long, and the hardships indescribable.

He concluded his whole string of arguments by saying, "you are still very young, and my face would become black in the eyes of the Inglesee if my men should be obliged to bury you on the road."

The missionary saw the justness and accuracy of these observations, and at once abandoned the plan of prosecuting his journey so late in the season into the interior of Arabia.

FIJI.

We have intelligence from Fiji up to the 29th June, and as it bears immediately on the state and prospects of Missionary work in that interesting group of islands which has just been annexed to the British Empire, a few particulars may prove acceptable to our readers. The information to hand relates chiefly to the desolating influence of the measles, the arrival of the Governor, and the departure of a company of native teachers in charge of a European Missionary, to commence a new Mission on the unexplored islands to the east of New Guinea.

RAVAGES OF THE MEASLES.

Adverting to the first-named event, a correspondent says:—"The effects of the measles in the out-lying districts have been quite as disastrous, if not more so, than in the more central parts of Fiji, where the disease commenced. Reports have come in from nearly all the islands of the group,

and those who are best able to judge say that the total number of deaths will not be fewer than *forty thousand*! This is a considerably higher estimate than that given in previous accounts, but such is the fact. The Wesleyan Church will have lost at least ten native ministers, scores of valuable teachers, and thousands of devoted members." The scenes of suffering and bereavement witnessed by the Missionaries in the course of their visits to administer medicine to the sick, and to console the dying, were heart-rending; and yet there were some striking instances of the triumphs of Christianity in the most trying circumstances. Some of these are graphically described in the *Wesleyan Missionary Notices* for the past month, and they clearly show the beneficial effects of the Mission to the once cannibal but now partially evangelized natives.

ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR.

Under the peculiar circumstances of the new colony, the arrival of the Governor was anticipated with feelings of the deepest interest. On the 24th of June H.M.S. "Pearl," was sighted from the hill residences at Levuka, about thirty miles distant; and the loud cry of "Sail ho!" created quite a stir among the people, for it was known that his Excellency the Governor was on board. Flags were hoisted in all directions, and the town presented a very gay appearance. On entering the harbour the "Pearl" proceeded to a spot immediately in front of the Government buildings at Nasova, and dropped anchor near to the war ships "Blanch" and "Barracouta." His Honour the Administrator, Mr. Layard, and the Hon. Colonial Secretary, Mr. Thurston, went on board a few minutes afterwards, and welcomed his Excellency to the country.

On the following morning at eleven o'clock the Governor landed amid a

vast concourse of people, the native soldiers presenting arms, and seventeen guns being fired from the battery. On entering the square his Excellency ascended the steps in front of the reception room and delivered a short address. Pointing to two handsomely-bound boxes in the hands of the aide-de-camp, he said: "Gentlemen, these boxes contain, the one the Royal Charter of the colony, and the other my commission under the Great Seal as its first Governor. But it is not my intention to proclaim that charter, or read that commission until the machinery required for carrying on the Government under them has been organized; and therefore, although I shall at once assume the control and direction of affairs, the administration of the Government will continue as at present for some little time to come. Meanwhile, in preparing for the task I have undertaken, I have to request the co-operation and aid of all residents in this colony. In communicating with me freely, whether personally or by letter, either to inform me as to matters which I ought to know, or to make suggestions which may be useful, you will do me a real service; and although I certainly cannot say that every such suggestion made to me will necessarily be adopted, this I can say, and do say, that every such suggestion shall be well weighed and carefully considered." On retiring his Excellency was loudly cheered as well as the commodore, who is very popular in Fiji.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

Some time before the arrival of the Governor, the Rev. George Brown had landed in Fiji from the Mission ship "John Wesley," to select a company of native teachers to accompany him to New Britain and New Ireland, to plant the standard of the cross among barbarous people who had never heard the name of Jesus. At first some

doubts were felt as to the propriety of taking Fijians on this enterprise who had but just recovered from the measles, but medical testimony was in favour of the measure. Out of a large number of students in the Institution and others who volunteered their services as teachers, nine of the most likely were selected and set apart for the work. When nearly ready to go on board the Mission party was somewhat surprised on being summoned into the presence of the Government authorities, that inquiry might be made of the native teachers as to whether they were going on this dangerous mission of their own free will, etc. Sufficient was said to alarm them, but they were not to be moved. They boldly declared their readiness to encounter any danger

to spread abroad the knowledge of Christ, reminding the Administrator of the dangers the white Missionaries had encountered in bringing them the Gospel when they were savage cannibals. "If we live we live," said they, "and if we die we die."

On the 15th of June, the day of sailing, the Revs. Jesse Carey and D. S. Wylie held a short service in the "Wesley's" cabin. The teachers and their wives, the Rev. G. Browne and all the ship's company, were commended to God in prayer. Then came the inevitable shaking of hands and "good-bye," with three ringing cheers as the good ship bore away before a gentle breeze on her important enterprise. May the God of Missions prosper the undertaking!

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

A PRAYER.

Oh ! that mine eyes might closed be
 To what concerns me not to see ;
 That deafness might possess mine ear,
 To what concerns me not to hear ;
 That truth my tongue might always tie
 From ever speaking foolishly ;
 That no vain thought might ever rest,
 Or be conceived in my breast ;
 That by each deed, and word, and thought,
 Glory may to my God be brought !
 But what are wishes ? Lord, mine eye
 On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry !
 Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
 And make it clean in every part ;
 And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it, too,
 For that is more than I can do.

—Thomas Ellwood, A.D. 1639.

A LITTLE HERO.

In the city of Hartford, Conn., lives the hero of the true story I am about to relate—but no longer “little,” as the perilous adventure which made him famous in his native town happened several years ago. Our hero was then a bright active boy of fourteen, the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 1835 the father worked at a factory, about a mile from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner across a piece of meadow land.

One keen frosty day he found the snow on his meadow nearly two feet deep, and no trace of the little foot-path remaining. Yet he ran on as fast as possible, plunging through drifts, keeping himself warm by vigorous exercise and brave, cheerful thought.

When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a mile from the house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down! He had fallen into a well. He sank down, down into the dark, icy water, but rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well, the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible to make himself heard from such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he came to the conclusion that if he was saved at all he must save himself, and begin at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself against the top of it and the wall of the well, which was of brick, and quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and, taking out his pocket-knife, he cut off his boots, that

he might go to work to greater advantage. Then, with his feet against one side of the well, and his shoulders against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, to take breath and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had gone through, for the side being from that point covered with ice, he must cut with his knife, grasping places for his fingers, slowly and carefully all the way up. It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero lifted up his heart to God and prayed fervently for help, fearing that he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice, calling from the deep and pitied him. He wrought no miracle to save him, but he breathed into his heart a yet larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverance. After this the little hero cut his way upward inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from the shoulders ere he reached the top. He did reach it at last—crawled out into the snow, and lay down for a moment to rest—panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear frosty air. He had been two hours and a-half in the well!

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with cold, as, full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory, where his father was waiting and wondering.

The poor man had to go without his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that, while listening with tears in his eyes to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him. He must have been proud of the boy that day as he wrapped him in his own warm overcoat and took him home to “mother.” And how that mother

must have wept and smiled over the lad, and kissed him and thanked God for him! I have not heard of the "little hero" for two or three years, but I trust that he is growing up into a brave, heroic man, and I hope he will never forget the Heavenly Friend who did not forget him in the hour of his great need.

UNCLE TOM'S BUZZARDS.

Uncle Tom was a good, pious old negro, who was loved by all the neighbourhood, and though he was often teased and worried by some of the heedless, thoughtless young men of the place, his good sense and piety brought him out of all their traps and pitfalls which they set for him in word or deed. There was one thing Uncle Tom hated particularly, and that was to hear church members abused, and many a time was his heart pained by the light remarks made against Christians by those who knew how sensitive Tom was about them, and who said them merely to hear Tom defend his brethren in the church.

One day some of the young men were unusually hard in their strictures, and brought forward as an argument, the case of a man who had just been exposed in some fraud, and who had run away. Old Tom heard their tirade till he could stand it no longer, so when they paused, purposely to give him a chance to answer them, after thinking a moment he said, "Young masters, you makes me think of a flock of Buzzards." "How so, Uncle Tom?" asked the young men. "Well," said Tom solemnly, "when der is a big pastur full of great fat cattle, de buzzards fly way off, up high; but let a little, lean, sickly calf fall into de ditch, and de buzzards is ready to pick out he eyes before he's dead."

So keen and true was this rebuke, the young men could utter no reply, and they felt it so deeply that they never troubled Uncle Tom any more by abusing lame Christians. Two of the three most active in calling forth the above rebuke have since become consistent members of the church.

A USEFUL INSANITY.

After writing of the discouragements on his field, and that he had been told he could accomplish nothing, one of our missionaries in Nebraska relates the following incidents:

"With fear and trembling I went out, and on the second day had a door shut in my face. At another place a man of rough exterior, who was unloading corn, thought I had better burn my tracts, and try my hand at husking corn. I told him that my part of the work was to sow, and that, just now, I was scattering seed all over those prairies which would, by-and-by, produce an abundance of fruit. He said *he thought I was insane*. 'Yes, a little; but I can't help it,' was my reply. I then passed on to the house, where I found his wife, who said I was just in time, as she wanted some Christmas presents for her children. She immediately took three books—one for each of the children.

"Now," said I, 'you want one for your husband.' She assented, and bought for him Dr. Cummings' '*Is Christianity from God?*' Just then the husband came in from his work. Before he had time to speak, I said, 'Now, sir, I want to sell you a Christmas present for your wife, and here is one she likes very much,' showing him a handsome copy of Pilgrim's Progress. 'Well, if that's the case, I had better buy it,' said he. The wife then showed him the present she had bought for him. He laughed, bought the book for her, and asked me to stay

for dinner. After dinner I read a chapter from the Bible, prayed with them, left them some suitable tracts and went my way, all parties being well pleased with the interview."

LESSONS WHICH WE MAY LEARN FROM HAMAN.

"It is lawful to be taught even by an enemy." We would, therefore, do well in certain things to learn of even "wicked Haman." For these lessons, let us turn to the third chapter of the book of Esther.

1. Before attempting the destruction of all the Jews under the rule of Ahasuerus, he consulted his gods as to the proper time to do so. Many professing Christians take the most important steps in life without ever asking counsel of God. But we ought in all our ways to acknowledge the Lord. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." The more important the step is which we purpose taking, the more diligently we should wait on the Lord to know His will regarding it.

2. According to what professed to be the answer of his gods, nearly a whole year was to pass away, before Haman was to attempt to carry out his design. He was most anxious to have all the Jews slain. This long delay was, therefore, a great trial to his feelings. But he believed that they knew the proper time for him to act, better than he did. He therefore submitted to their will. So we ought to submit, and that cheerfully, when God's will is contrary to our natural inclinations. Yet many professing Christians, in these circumstances, murmur and repine.

A LESSON FROM CHROMO- LITHOGRAPHY.

By the art of chromo-lithography,

very excellent imitations of water-colour drawings and oil paintings are now made. One can thus for a comparatively small sum, obtain what has all the appearance of a costly gem of the painters' art. This effect is, however, the result of less or more labour and care, according to the kind of picture copied. Sometimes, as many as forty-five stones are used! This is because only one colour can be printed at a time. In other, one is printed on another to get the desired tint.

The printing must, of course, be done with great exactness, otherwise the desired effect would not be obtained. An unfinished chromo-lithograph is, therefore, a very curious-looking thing. To one who knows nothing of the picture of which it is a copy, it appears only a jumble of spots of colour. Suppose now that he should say, "It is only a waste of time, labour and materials. It is impossible to make a picture of it." He would speak only foolishness. Suppose, however, that another of the same class sees it, *he* says, "I acknowledge that it appears to me a mass of confusion. But I have the fullest confidence in the skill of the artists, and, therefore, I have no doubt whatever that by-and-bye, order will be brought out of confusion, and the finished picture will be to their praise." This would be the language of a wise man. Now, many find fault with God's doings. In this they show their folly. Here we see but a part of his ways. But of this let us be sure, "He doeth all things well." "Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne." "What He does we know not now, but we shall know hereafter." Faith in this instance, is, therefore, not merely in harmony with reason, but also the highest exercise of it. T. F.

Motis, Quo.

DEW-DROPS.

Here are seven *Dew-Drops* for the growth of young plants of grace :

1. Never neglect daily private prayers; and remember that God hears our prayers.

2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and remember that God is speaking to you, and you are to believe and act upon what he says.

3. Never let a day pass without airing to do something for Jesus. Every morning think what Jesus has done for you.

4. If you are ever in doubt as to whether a thing be right or wrong, consider whether you can do it in the name of Jesus, and ask God's blessing upon it.

5. Never take your Christianity from Christians, but ask yourself, "How would the Lord have me act?" and follow him.

6. Never trust your feelings or the opinions of men, if they contradict God's Holy Word.

7. In deciding questions of truth and duty, remember that the wrong side has a crafty and powerful advocate in your own heart.

A MISSIONARY'S BOYHOOD.

A crowd of children were gathered in front of a house in Malden, Massachusetts, one pleasant summer day, listening to a little four-year-old boy, who was standing just inside the door, on a chair. In his hand he held a hymn book, from which he was reading, quite correctly, the missionary hymn commencing :

"Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord."

After leading his youthful congregation in this hymn, he proceeded with great seriousness and earnestness to go through all the other exercises of the

pulpit, in imitation of his father, who was a minister.

This child was Adoniram Judson, who afterwards became a missionary to Burmah, and the instrument of introducing civilization and Christianity into a vast region of country.

It is something very unusual for a child of four years to know how to read, but Adoniram was taught to read by his mother when he was only three years old. It was during his father's absence on a journey, and Mrs. Judson wanted to surprise her husband. When he returned, little Adoniram opened the Bible and astonished his father by reading a chapter.

When about seven years old his active mind was exercised on no less a subject than astronomy. He had been taught at school that the earth was round and that it revolved around the sun; and it became a serious question with him whether or not the sun moved at all. He did not ask his father or mother, and consulted no one but his little sister. She gravely informed him that the sun did move, for she could see it; but she was astonished and silenced when he began to talk wisely about positive proof. Soon after this, about noontime, he was one day missed, and being absent several hours, his father grew anxious and went in search of him. In a field, at some distance from the house, he was discovered stretched on his back, his hat with a circular hole cut in the crown, laid over his face, and his red and swollen eyes almost blinded with the intense light and heat.

"Why, what are you doing here, Adoniram?" his father asked, fearful that some accident had happened him.

"Looking at the sun," was his reply, and the only explanation he would give to him. But he confided to his sister that he had solved the problem with regard to the sun's moving, though she could never comprehend how he had arrived at his conclusion.

THE SLEEP OF THE DISCIPLES IN THE GARDEN.

This is, almost invariably, looked on as a proof that they were indifferent to their Master's sufferings. But we have no warrant to take this view of their conduct. Luke tells us that they slept "for sorrow," (xxii. 45). It is a curious fact that many when they are commenting on this passage, either take no notice whatever of the reason for the disciples sleeping, which the evangelist gives, or, if they do, they merely state it, and pass on to another subject. Many cannot understand how sorrow can bring on sleep. It seems to them that sorrow must have the very opposite effect. This, however, is a great mistake. It was perfectly natural for the disciples, crushed down as they were with sorrow, to fall asleep, even on the solemn occasion referred to. In the *Family Friend* for this month, (April, 1876), there is a passage which proves most forcibly the statement just made. The writer is giving an account of himself and others, having once lost themselves in the Michlestown caves, in Ireland. Alarmed at their long absence, the people of the place sent in a party to try to find them, which, after meeting with several discouragements, at last succeeded in accomplishing its object. The passage which I am about to quote refers to those who were waiting for the return of the searching party. The writer says, "As time passed on it was observed by some, with wonder, that two or three of the women who in the early part of the day had been most overcome with grief, had actually fallen asleep where they sat, their heads bowed down low before them—and at the sight a few smiled in ill-natured and uncharitable derision. Little did they know that such sleep was no token of pretended grief, but was rather proof of sorrow so great that exhausted nature, to save itself from collapse, was compelled thus to recruit itself."

We have a familiar proof of the same kind in the fact that children often cry themselves to sleep.—T. F.

TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

The *Christian Work* urges to faithfulness and persistency in temperance work saying:—

This evil of intemperance is so deeply rooted in the social habits and customs, that nothing short of a grand moral revolution is adequate to eradicate this dabolical evil. So the more formidable the opposition to temperance, the greater the need for open, incessant warfare against intemperance. The power of intemperance demands an unwavering fidelity and honest devotion to the cause of temperance. In the temperance army there must be no deserters or stragglers, but every man must be at his post of duty. There is service to be performed by every man, woman and child enlisted in the temperance work. There must be no shirking of duty, no apathy or indifference in the temperance ranks. The grand principles that we as friends of temperance endeavour to firmly establish, will never die. It only remains to us to be firm and steadfast in their advocacy, to triumph in the end. The obligation rests upon every man and woman to do all in their power to promote the cause of temperance, and this obligation cannot be shirked. O, that we could impress upon the mind of every temperance advocate the absolute need for faithfulness in duty and persistency in effort. We fear there are those who have joined the temperance forces and have been stumbling-blocks in the way of others. Such persons have not been earnest, active labourers in the grand and glorious work that is to ameliorate the condition of mankind. What we need in the temperance work is a unity of effort as well

as a unity of purpose. So great a work as this demands a full consecration to its service. Shame on that one who will not defend his cause among enemies. One must talk and act for temperance not only among those that are of the "household of faith," but among those who are its bitterest enemies. When an opportunity is presented or the occasion requires, let the friend of temperance advocate his or her cause. Always uphold and defend the great truths of temperance. Surely there is incentive enough to move every temperance man to continual labour for the cause which he has espoused. The reward is glorious enough. What then is necessary, in order to have any one who is committed to temperance firm in their devotion? Surely there is a need for work. If temperance is to reign in every household, and the victory is to be won, every man must stand up for temperance in the true nobility of his manhood, and all must be faithful to the end.

DISRESPECT AT HOME.

One of the dangers of the home-life is this habit of disrespect—that which is bred by familiarity. People who are all beauty and sunshine for a crowd of strangers, for whom they have not the faintest affection, are all ugliness and gloom for their own, by whose love they live. The pleasant little prettiness of dress and personal adornment, which mark the desire to please, are put on only for the admiration of those whose admiration goes for nothing, while the house companions are treated only to the ragged gowns and thread-bare coats, the touzzled hair and stubby beard, which, if marking the ease and comfort of the *sans facon* of home, mark also the indifference and disrespect which do so much damage to the sweetness and delicacy of daily life. And what is true of the

dress is truer still of the manners and tempers of home, in both of which we find too often that want of respect which seems to run side by side with affection and the custom of familiarity. It is a regrettable habit under any of its conditions, but never more so than when it invades the home and endangers still more that which is already too much endangered by other things. Parents and up-bringers do not pay enough attention to this in the young. They allow habits of disrespect to be formed—rude, rough, insolent, impatient—and salve over the sore with the stereotyped excuse: "They mean nothing by it," which, if we look at it aright is worse than no excuse at all: for if they really do mean nothing by it, and their disrespect is not what it seems to be, the result of strong anger, uncontrollable temper, but is merely a habit, then it ought to be conquered without loss of time, being merely a manner that hurts all parties alike.—*(London) Queen.*

THE BIBLE IN LONDON SCHOOLS.

That must have been a grand sight! Four thousand London school boys and girls in Crystal Palace to receive awards of Bible study in connection with what has been termed the "godless" free schools of England. It may not be well known to our readers that the matter of religious instruction in the schools of England is left optional to the local school boards. The London School Board, of which Sir Charles Reed is chairman, decided, after a considerable discussion, to give Bible instruction a place in the schools of the metropolis. Objections arose on the part of one class, who said:

"You must not attempt to give religious education in the day-schools, supported out of the rates, because the ratepayers are of different denomina-

tions ; and if you will have theological bickerings at your boards, religious controversies amongst your teachers, and conscientious objections from the parents, you will never be able to agree what to teach, how to teach it, or who is to be the teacher. Strike out, therefore, religious education from your day-schools ; don't ask your schoolmasters or your schoolmistresses, don't allow them to give it. Leave religious instruction to the parent, and if he needs help, let him get it from the parson, or the priest, or the Sunday-school teacher." Again, there were others who said,—and a large majority of both classes of objectors were speaking with sincerity and with a real love for religious teaching—" You cannot agree upon religious instruction ; but if you do come to an agreement, it will be because you agree to give a mere colorless, unprofitable, useless, meaningless instruction. You will be forced to disregard the doctrines and ignore the facts of Christianity, and therefore you will sap its life and destroy its power. Content yourselves with giving secular education, pure and simple, and leave all spiritual matters to the clergy."

The decision was reached that the Bible lesson should be a daily one in the city schools, and it was placed at the beginning of the school exercises, leaving it optional with parents whether

they would send their children to the morning service of Bible study. Many withdrawals were prophesied, and many were expected, but it will astonish our readers, as it has ourselves, to learn that out of 126,000 children enrolled in the school board schools, only 126 withdrawals are reported ; and it is another evidence of the popularity of this instruction and the anxiety of the parents that their children should receive it, that the children are at school in time in the morning to attend to Bible study, In order to encourage the children in this study, Mr. Francis Peek, a member of the London Board, offered to give Bibles and Testaments to the value of £500 to be distributed as prizes for proficiency in religious knowledge among the children, and as a result of the examination, 4,000 successful pupil-teachers and scholars were selected to receive the prizes and certificates, and a great public demonstration was recently made in Crystal Palace. Many of the most distinguished members of Parliament, and gentlemen and ladies of London honored the occasion with their presence, and with fine music, addresses and the presentation of the prizes and certificates, the day was made a notable one for the cause of Bible instruction.—*N. E. Journal of Education.*

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

BE KIND TO EVERYTHING.

Softly, softly, little sister,
Touch those gaily-painted wings;
Butterflies and moths, remember,
Are such very tender things.

Softly, softly, little sister,
Twirl your limber hazel twig:
Little hands may harm a nestling,
Thoughtlessly, as well as big.

Gently stroke the purring pussy,
Kindly pat the friendly dog;
Let your unmolested mercy,
Even spare the toad or frog.

Wide is God's great world around you;
Let the harmless creatures live;
Do not mar their brief enjoyment,
Take not what ye cannot give.

Let your hearts be warm and tender—
For the mute and helpless plead:
Pitying leads to prompt relieving,
Kindly thought to kindly deed.

(Miss Bilbrough sends us the following letter from a missionary in China to children in England.—Ed. C. C. M.).

Wu Chang, China, Feb. 20th, 1876.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—It has been laid upon my heart to write a few lines to you, from this distant land; I feel my inability to say much, because my knowledge of the people, at present, is very limited, but if what I write may but stir one

desire in your souls to love this people, I shall feel amply repaid.

As you cannot personally accompany me in a short walk, to see a little of this city and its surroundings, perhaps you can in your imagination. You must try and think you are in this city, the capital, Hupek; you can easily find its geographical position, by tracing the 114th line of longitude, east of Greenwich. It is a walled city; the wall is nearly seven miles

round, according to my "Pedometer" (or walking watch). The streets are about 10 or 12 feet wide; they are thronged by the busy crowds of long-tailed Chinamen, in the various vocations of life, from the Sirtai, one of the highest men in the city, who when he goes forth, has a large equipage: first, a number of soldiers, dressed in large red jackets, (very different from the British Soldier), they have a large piece of cloth on their backs, which shows they are brave men; if they turn their backs in the time of battle, of course they are false to their character. These men have guns, others follow carrying halberds; and, then comes the great man carried in a beautiful chair, borne of eight men: behind a number of little boys carrying small silk flags, or square boards, and the rear is closed up by a number of attendants on horseback. Mandarins do not turn out in so much state as the above (Mandarins are a sort of Magistrate) when they go out; a number of ragged boys draped in red hoods, with two large feathers sticking in the corners, carrying boards with their master's title, etc.,—at first, you would think it was the fifth of November,—then a man follows carrying a large red umbrella; and, then the great man, who sits erect, apparently taking no notice of passing events. But if we go on a little further we meet with some beggars, and such miserable-looking beings you do not see in England. Oh, it is grievous to see them, and the heart is sad to think of our fallen race. Here is a small crowd looking at one. This is a very dirty morning, the streets worse than the London streets. I wonder what the people are looking at? We have reached the knot and we see in it a crippled beggar. He is naked, with the exception of a piece of stuff around his loins; and presently we see him roll over a few times in the mud, and ask alms. We soon

come up to some who have a little pad in their foreheads, and are bumping their heads on the stones or earth; every blow appears to shake the whole frame; some are clothed with straw band coats, and lying on the dirty streets begging; presently we come up to a little girl who has lost her feet, and many other sad sights one might mention. I often think that Jesus loves these, even these that men despise; they have hearts that could be influenced by love, but there are few who can speak to them of the love of Jesus; money, money, is the great desire of their souls. We will now go through the East gate of the city, down to the banks of Yong-asi-Kiang. The water is low, sometimes it is 40 or 50 feet higher, and just think of this mighty river, when from this place to Shanghai is 602 miles. We are standing just opposite the mouth of the river Han. The river for a long distance is closely packed with junks, their masts have very much the appearance of a large bush of small pines, after a fire has been through it. Han Yang we can see is enclosed in a small wall, but as many houses are seen outside the wall as inside. There is a very prominent hill near to the city, which is thickly studded with tens of thousands of graves, yea, the hills for two or three miles seem to be the same; these hills will present a great sight in the resurrection day, but the same charge will not be brought against these poor souls, as against you, if you die without Jesus. Oh, may the Lord Jesus manifest himself as the Resurrection and Life to this poor people. Hankow seems nothing but a thickly populated city, with the roofs of its houses covering a great area. We notice that there is a great gap at the landing place. There has been a fire there has there not?—you say. Yes, on that spot, a few weeks ago stood a large temple to the god of rain. It was surrounded by houses, but some worshipper of this god was

careless in his devotion, and set his house on fire, and thus burnt the temple, and the result was serious. If the god had had any power over the rain, surely he would have taken care of his home. I should think that some had their minds shaken in the efficacy of this god.

The foreign settlement in Hankow is a very nice place; the houses are built in foreign style; opposite them in the river are two gun boats, one English and the other a Russian. Some of the little children look pretty in their red hoods tipped with fur and little beads. The children of poor parents have a very hard time. Little children are not very highly valued especially girls; at birth they are very often killed. I know a woman very well, who is exceedingly poor, and she had a little baby some months ago, and because she could hardly keep the children she had, so she killed it; this was her only reason. She has two little girls aged respectively eight and eleven years, I think. These are both given away to their future husband's families, who are giving them their introduction to a life of drudgery. The youngest is sick and she is left in a corner unattended to; if she can get up and get a basin of rice when the others have theirs, she can, otherwise she has to go without it; she is afraid to cry before them, so in the night when they are asleep, she gives vent to her feelings. Her mother has begged Mrs. Judd to take her into her house. You who have kind friends think of the thousands of poor suffering children in China, and in your prayers do not forget these little ones. One day a woman came to Mrs. Judd, to intercede for her poor sister, whose little babe must be killed, if it was refused a home, so Mrs. Judd decided to take it. Another day as we were at dinner we heard some one knock at the door, it was soon opened and a woman brought a bundle in her arms she was

soon conducted to the nursery. The parcel was undone, and amongst a lot of old rags a new born babe was found. The necessary things were soon performed and its aunt exclaimed: "It has come to heaven's hall, this is heaven." I suppose there is some truth in this remark when we remember the home it came from. Its poor mother is lame, and has five children under ten years of age, to support upon her scanty earnings from morning till night, for which she receives a 100 cash, about 4½c; its father is a very bad man, an opium smoker and gambler. I think I should not be complained of, if I may make the suggestion that a small love-offering would be acceptable to the Lord. Mrs. Judd could soon receive a number of such little ones if any person would look after them. The boys here with their nice long black tails, look pretty when clean. They have very fine kites of all kinds and shapes, some like a large wasp with moving eyes, or a centipede with its tail moving gracefully in the air, or a cube with two ends out; they look very curious when flying. They have a game with a shuttle-cock, the feathers are sewn or made fast in a piece of cloth, which keeps the feathers upright, and then they kick it with the foot and turn round sharply and kick it again before it drops. They are as a rule polite and have a desire to secure an education; they commence very young to study for a literary position.

The poor children attend free schools pretty well. After much prayer we opened a school here about three weeks ago, with three boys, now we have twenty-six; pray that these boys may know Jesus.

There is one school in the city in which the Lord has been working, and some of the boys speak to those around them of Christ. Two or three of them went forth distributing tracts in the front of Sertai's palace; he is

the greatest man in the city. Some people gathered around them, and one began to preach the gospel to them. A soldier came and told the boys to go away or perhaps the great man would come out to them; the young preacher said if he was, he should be very glad, for he could just talk to him the same way. Some during their holidays go home and seek to do evangelistic work. The little girls are not to be seen so much as the boys. They have exceedingly small feet, bound up very tightly; their hair is plaited up nicely, with a little bunch at the side, and generally ornamented with flowers and a small band on their foreheads.

I have written much about the children, from which I hope you can trace my chief thought, for then I trust that as many of you as have given yourselves to Jesus, will pray for them and hope that some young hearts may be led to give themselves to China from their youth, and to seek to improve the present opportunities God may give to you, to train yourselves to the work of Jesus in China or elsewhere. Oh, think of the millions of children who have never heard of Jesus: they do not know His name. My heart was moved, this afternoon, for a poor blind boy begging by the way-side, to see his poor sightless eyes and uncared for sore head; after giving him a few cash, I was moved to try and tell him Jesus loves you, but he did not know the name. I tried several times to repeat it, but still there was the vacant expression, saying, I do not know Him. What can you do for the millions of heathen children? There is one thing believing children can do—pray that God will bless these children with the knowledge of Jesus, that He will bless the Christian's school and raise up many children—Evangelists.

Think of these words in a spiritual sense and how true they are: "The

young children ask bread and no man breaketh unto them." I feel I must now conclude. Some of you know "Mamie," the little Chinese girl, she is quite well.

Yours in the Gospel,

GEORGE W. CLARKE.

THE TEMPERANCE BIRD.

Mary M— has a canary bird which has shown great intelligence, and has been trained to many pretty ways.

Every day at meal times Mary opens the cage door and Dick flies out and lights upon her shoulder, where he stays until the meal is over. He has been taught that he must be quite still while Mr. M— asks a blessing on their food; so, unless he comes at once when the cage door is opened, he waits in silence till the blessing is over.

Once fairly perched on Mary's shoulder, he expects a taste of everything she eats; and, whenever she drinks, she holds up to him a spoonful of tea or coffee, which he sips with relish.

One day Mary was ill, feeling no appetite, and often growing very faint. The doctor ordered brandy and water to revive her, and when she tasted it, Dick, as usual, called for his share. He laid his little head against her face caressingly; peeped, and coaxed, till just for fun, she determined to gratify him. But no sooner had Dick tasted the brandy, than he flew into a violent passion, shook his head, stamped his feet, and beat his wings, scolding sharply all the time. Then, in disgust, he flew back into his cage, and would neither come out nor notice Mary again all day.

Oh! that our boys, when spirits are offered them, would reject the vile stuff as indignantly as did the little canary!