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"Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide—

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestowest;
The nimble pencil paints the landscape as thou goest."
—Cowley.

LIFE'S LAST MOMENT.—Ah! it will, it must come—this final hour of life, when man must front the King of Terrors, and sink beneath his fatal stroke. Gazing wistfully into the already shifting shadows of the future, the bright glamour of another world breaks upon the vision, and a profound sense of its solemn realities flows into the fluttering spirit. The soul, eager to take wing, is in the very act of beating the earth to soar on high. It is an intensely awful moment—the moment of farewell to time—of welcome to eternity! And it is the moment to which we are all inevitably hastening. How will this world appear then?

STRENGTH OF MUTUAL SYMPATHY.—King Henry VII., on hearing of the sudden death of his son, Prince Arthur, at Ludlow Castle, in 1502, said, "Send some one for the Queen, let me bear this grief with her." She did her best to comfort him; and then, retiring to her own room, was overwhelmed with sorrow, and fainted away. It was now his turn to cheer and comfort. On both sides it was, "Let me bear this grief with her," and "Let me bear this grief with him!" And thus, in their retreat at Greenwich, the King and Queen of England mourned in silence for the loss of their first-born son.—*Dixon's Two Queens.*

CHRIST THE ALL-RELIABLE OBJECT OF FAITH.—Faith is the act of cleaving to Christ, but all its value depends on the worth of the Christ to whom you cleave. A man may have faith—real, ardent, energetic faith—in saints and images, and priests and relics; yet his faith does not save him. A drowning man puts forth his hand and seizes with more than natural energy a bit of froth that dances on the crest of a wave; his hand cleaves it like air, and he sinks helplessly in the deep. He is lost, not for want of precision in his aim, or of energy in his grasp, but for want of truth and power in the phantom to which he fled.—*Roots and Fruits.*

KEEP THE LIGHT BURNING.—In certain religious festivals of the Grecians held in the evening, it was customary for the young men to run races on foot, and sometimes on horseback, holding in their hands torches or lamps, lit at the sacrificial altar of the goddess in whose honour the festival was held; and only the youth who came out of the contest with his light unextinguished was esteemed the victor, and was greeted with the loud plaudits of the multitude. So the Christian carries with him through this world the light of Grace Divine, kindled at the altar of Jesus' sacrifice: and he who keeps it brightly burning to the end of life's great conflict shall be welcomed, like a conqueror, with the thundering applause of the heavenly host.

RELIGION TRIUMPHING OVER PHILOSOPHY.—Odo, the founder of a famous dialectic school at Tournay, in the 11th century, engaged one day in reading and expounding to his pupils a work by Augustine he had not seen before, came to a passage which treated of the wretched condition of the soul absorbed in the pursuits of a worldly life, and excluded from the heavenly glory. This he felt bound to apply to himself, and to the companions of his labours, because their philosophy did not reach beyond the present world. The vanity of the intellectual pursuits in which he had hitherto been engaged rose clearly before his mind. He left his chair, and bursting into tears, took his way to the church, and thenceforth gave himself up to the Lord and His service.—*Neander.*

DYING UTTERANCES OF THE LATE DR. GUTHRIE.—"Thank God, my tongue has been unloosed." "Death is mining away here, slowly but surely, in the dark." "Blessed Jesus, what would I now do, but for Thee?" "I am a father and know what a father's heart is; but my love to my children is no more to God's infinite love as a Father, than one drop of water to that boundless ocean out there"—pointing to the neighbouring sea.

DYING.—"Dying is not the same as going to sleep. For as we sink into slumber, there is a pleasing confusion of the scenes which brings before the fading memory a strange commixture of times, persons, things, and places, till we are lost in the deep unconsciousness of repose. Awakened for an instant, just as we are dropping off, we are made aware of a singular intermixture of thoughts blending together past and recent affairs, in a not unpleasant, though in a most grotesque, fantastic grouping. The memory, chiefly at fault, is rendered, as it were, fragmental, hazy, and blind; while the imagination, let loose, runs riot against the better understanding, and sports its fancies in numerous irrational combinations of thoughts, ideas, and living pictures of the soul. Not so in the hour of death. They who die with their heads sound and undisturbed by the workings of a mortal agony, are wonderfully luminous and collected to the last. Perhaps they are never more alive than when they are dying. Death lights up the soul with supernatural splendour, and lends a torch that illumines the reason with a clear diffusive flame that goes not out as the shadows of the grave close over its burning, vivid, lambent fire. It is not sleep—nay, by the rood, death is not sleep, but only the departure of that living thing the soul, as it wings its ways from off the earth across the dark-ome, dread, profound, unknown."—*Dr. Forbes Winslow's "Journal of Psychological Medicine."*

SIN AN EXCESSIVE INDULGENCE. Its habits are extravagant, and frequently money is necessary to deliver from their penalty. Look at that home, comfortless and drear, its young mistress with anxious countenance and hectic flush, stands before you, trying to hide her renegade tears in the caresses of her little one—that is the fare the drunkard pays. The young man of pious home gets a situation, his commercial prospects widen; and sinful companions gather about his path, they lead him to the card-table, till the fiend that smiled upon his innocence to endanger, now tramples upon it to destroy. Debts are acquired, and to free himself from their constant terror he steals; detection ensues, and a ruined character is the fare he pays. Another young man finding himself in a large city for commercial toil, rushes at once into its gaiety; his nights are spent in profligate revels; soon his cheeks pale: weakness seizes him; and a broken constitution is the fare he pays. The cries of the poor, the tears of the sorrowful, the agonies of the dying, with one hollow voice announce the terrible expensiveness of sin.—*Practical Readings in the Book of Jonah.*

EFFORTS TO REFORM, WITHOUT DIVINE ASSISTANCE, ARE USELESS LABOUR.—Such toilers are like Sisyphus, who, on account of his treachery to gods and men, was condemned to roll a heavy stone up a steep mountain, and which, the moment it touched the summit, always rebounded to the plain. The labour was perpetually repeated, with the same result.

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.—Bishop Otto, who was successful in planting the Gospel in Poland in the early part of the twelfth century, was distinguished for his zeal in promoting the religious instruction of the people in their own spoken language, and for his gift of clear, intelligible preaching. He was accustomed to moderate, with the severity of a monk, his bodily wants. He loved to take from himself to give to the poor, and all the presents he received from prince and noblemen, far and near, he devoted to the same object. Once, during Lent, when fish was very dear, a large one of great price was placed on the table before him. Turning to his steward, he said, "God forbid that I, the poor unworthy Otto, should alone swallow to day such a sum of money. Take this costly fish to my Christ, who should be dearer to me than I am to myself. Take it away to him, wherever thou canst find one lying on the sick bed. For me, a healthy man, my bread is enough." A valuable fur was once sent him as a present, with a request that he would wear it in remembrance of the giver. "Yes," said he, alluding to the well-known words of our Lord, "I will preserve the precious gift so carefully that neither moths shall corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal it." So saying, he gave the fur to a poor lame man, then suffering under various other troubles.—*Neander.*

THE JORDAN A TYPE OF HUMAN LIFE.—The river Jordan becomes narrower and deeper the nearer it approaches the Dead Sea, carrying a heavier load of water till it falls and vanishes in the suffocating depths of the dark sluggish lake. So life narrows as it reaches its close, until, sinking with its ever increasing volume of responsibility and care into the Sea of Death, it becomes lost to sight.

THINKING AND GROWING.

BY REV. J. H. M'GARTY.

"Man is a pilgrim spirit clothed in flesh,
And tented in the wilderness of Time;
His native place is near the eternal Throne,
And his creator, God."

EDUCATION and religion are twin sisters. The culture of the heart comes first in order, and is of the first importance. If either kind of culture is to be omitted it would be better to omit brain culture. If a man is virtuous—if he can be trusted by all—his ignorance can be borne with, he can be respected; while a man may be brain-wise, but immoral, not possessing the confidence of any one.

Culture of the brain does not necessarily imply that of the heart; but all true heart-culture does imply the culture of the brain. Christianity is not a foster-mother of ignorance; but, in every age and in every land, has shown herself to be the promoter of knowledge, as well as of virtue.

We have urged upon you the duty of heart-culture; the necessity of a religious life, as the best way of securing your greatest happiness and best manhood. We claim, then, as a second duty, binding upon all young men in this age, that of education—brain-culture.

The author of the Book of Proverbs has spoken to you: "That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good." Again: "Get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding." "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom." We could cite many others equally to the point.

You will all agree with us in the remark, that the mind is formed for growth. You have observed its unfoldings, in yourselves and in others. How feeble is the infant mind! How gradually we come into the possession of knowledge! How slow is the process of education!

With regard to the origin of our knowledge, there are two theories. One is called the "sensational," because its advocates claim that all our knowledge is derived through the senses; that our ideas come in through the eyes, ears, tongue, nose, and fingers.

This theory is in part true; we do thus obtain much of our knowledge. This is the source from which we derive our first practical knowledge, as of distance, height, roundness, smoothness, cold, heat, form, colour, and the qualities of bodies generally.

The other theory maintains that the mind has certain knowledge by virtue of its own action; that it has intuitions, primary judgments.

The truth does not lie in either of these theories to the exclusion of the other. Knowledge is gained through the senses; and then, in addition thereto, there are some kinds of knowledge which we gain by the powers of intuition, or primitive judgments. But the mind has an expansive power; to unfold is as much its law as the opening of spring flowers is a law of vegetation. We all should know more than we do. If we were careful to gain some good and useful knowledge each day, how vast would be the extent of our acquirements when age comes upon us! and come it will.

Then consider, too, how all the universe invites our study. God has hidden the secrets of nature beneath a veil; so that he who should be wise must reach forth his hand and lift the covering. He who would be rich in the treasures of knowledge, must not be afraid to inquire at the shrine where the goddess of wisdom presides. They learn most who are willing to confess their ignorance; while those who know everything can, of course, learn nothing. If, therefore, you would be truly wise, be always learning something, always admit the possibility of your own improvement. "Be not wise in your own conceits." Every man knows more about some things than other men. The philosopher, or man of science, can learn something from the humblest mechanic or day-labourer, who, in turn, must learn many things from the philosopher. Two things, then, let us ever bear in mind: we can gain knowledge, substantial and useful, from those about us whom we may regard as our inferiors; and secondly, that knowledge is valuable, no matter where we obtain it, or how we obtain it.

So in the general action of brain-power on matter: it is a fact that mind brought together the iron and steel which forms the locomotive. You say, "Yes, but there was the toiling hand as well." True, but what is toil without mind or brain-power? The mind directs all the movements of the wheels in yonder factory.

In the beginning, God said to man that He should have dominion over all the earth. This is literally true. The power of man extends to all things. He is master of the seas; there are no oceans on which his ships do not sail. He is master of the land; mountains and valleys are subservient to his purposes. The forces of nature are obedient to his will. And all this, because he is gifted with that strange power which lifts him above all his surroundings, animate and inanimate—the godlike power of mind.

Some men believe that brain secretes thought just as the stomach secretes the gastric juice; thus reducing man to a mere animal, a machine, a material entity. In proof of this they bring forward the diseased brain, the deformed brain, the injured brain, to show that man's spiritual and mental natures are, in an absolute sense, dependent upon his physical organisation, and that, therefore, man is simply a material being; that he has no soul; that thought is only another name for electricity, or heat, or some other force of some kind. Now, it is true that the brain is the seat of thought-power. Our intelligence acts through this material medium; and, when the medium is harmed, or is diseased, it does interfere with our intelligent actions. But this does not prove that there can be no thought without brain. Thought and brain are connected in this life, and they act according to well-established laws: but in the life to come, when the body shall have decayed, the mind will exist with all its powers unimpaired, independent of any organisation such as belongs to its growth and development in this life.

There is a belief among men that the size of the brain has to do with the mental ability of man; and we talk of measuring the thought-power by a tape-line, and setting down the ability to think, in figures, as we calculate the capacity of a barrel, or figure up the solid feet in a shaft of granite.

Now, this is reducing intelligence to quite a material basis, and dragging the noble being made in the image of God down to the level of a steam-boiler or heap of coal!

This world's fortunes are fickle; money may be gained by toil and care; fame may be acquired; ease may be obtained, and all these; but the couch of repose may, in one night, be exchanged for one of pain. Some hand may in one hour blot your name from the scroll of fame, and the sweeping flood or raging flame may, in a day, overturn the labour of years. But there are treasures secure against any stroke of fate. The consciousness of right in your breast is as imperishable as God, and bids defiance alike to raging storms and sweeping flames. True knowledge is a possession above the worth of rubies. Royalty itself puts no chaplet on human brow so rich and beautiful as that which crowns the thinker. There is no victory which man may achieve, like the victory of the soul. There is no path ever trod by mortals, whose sides are so flanked with flowers of beauty as the "King's highway of holiness." There are no heights on which the soul may ascend like those delectable mountains of true "wisdom" whose summits touch the throne of God, and are lost to human sight in the world invisible. There is no toil so sweet as that of the brain; no rest so refreshing as the rest of the soul; nothing so sure as heaven.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs: he lives most
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

A WIFE'S POWER.

THE power of a wife, for good or evil, is irresistible. Without one, home must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength, and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness, and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man when a wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind, especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs a moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength, and goes forth in fresh vigour to meet the labour and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, jealousy, and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censures, hope vanishes and he sinks into despair. Such is the case with too many, who it might seem have no conflicts of life.

THE LORD'S LAND.

BY F. H. B. RIDGAWAY, D.D.

OUR arrangements being perfected for the tour to the Jordan, through Moab, and around the Dead Sea, we started on the morning of April 21. Sheik Haza, of the Adwan nation, whose territory lies from Jerash on the north to Ma'an on the south, and from the Jordan seventy miles east, had come over to Jerusalem, and agreed to conduct us through their land for thirty napoleons. His protection could only avail after crossing the Jordan, and so we were obliged to obtain from the sheiks of the Jordan a safe conduct through their domains. Travellers to the Jordan, unprotected by an escort from these sheiks, are as liable to fall among thieves to-day as in the days of Jesus. A young American, who only recently disregarded this advice, was stripped and robbed.

We left the Jaffa Gate at nine a.m. The morning was pleasant. We all felt in good spirits, though the expedition before us was one of greater danger than even that of the Desert. We had no assurance at starting that we could succeed in all we proposed, since the tribes beyond the Jordan, especially those of Kerak and at the south-east of the Dead Sea, were treacherous. We were, however, especially favoured in having Dr. De Haas as one of our party during the Moab tour. His office, held in high respect by the Bedawin, did not a little to facilitate our movements.

Our pack-train, consisting of about thirty mules and donkeys, with their drivers, under the control of Arefh, or Abu Kaliel, "Father of the Little (son)," had started in advance. We passed around the north wall of the city, and across the Kedron, and on the east side took the old road to Jericho over the eastern slopes of Olivet. We stopped to look at some rock caves to the right of the road just above Bethany, one of which is said to be the tomb of Lazarus, and also at Bethany, just at the foot of the eastern shoulder of the mountain, to see the "House of Simon the Leper," and also the "House of Mary and Martha." The tradition which places the grave of Lazarus among these caves is not without plausibility, since it was a universal custom for villagers to bury the dead in tombs hewn in the rocks near by their villages. The road goes directly through Bethany, and over against it, to the south-east, is a village occupying the site of Bethphage. The road descends from Bethany quite rapidly, and is in much better condition than I had expected to find it. There is no village between Bethany and Jericho, nor do we read that there ever was any; the wild state of the country accounting for the fact that it has always been a favourite resort for robbers. Hills and valleys suited for cultivation are the exception. Limestone rocks, twisted and torn, bleak and scorched, are piled up in all directions.

After lunching by the ruins of an old caravansary called the Khan, situated on a high ridge, we resumed our journey. Immediately we met a band of desperate-looking black Arabs, all armed, who, no doubt, if we had not been regularly guarded, would have fallen upon us and despoiled us of our purses and raiment. The road now approached the deep gorge of Wady Kelt, and for an hour we rode looking down into the dry bed of the supposed brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. There was a little water trickling through it. Emerging from the narrow defile, the Plain of the Jordan, the course of the river marked by a belt of green, the Salt Sea, and the mountains east of the Jordan, stretched out before us. An easy descent brought us to the edge of the plain.

The same afternoon we visited the site of old Jericho, lying on a tell, or hill, a mile north of Wady Kelt. At the foot of the hill, on the east side, is a large spring, called 'Ain es Sultan, which answers to the description of the fountain whose waters were healed by the prophet Elisha. See 2 Kings ii. 19-21. Certainly the rank growth of the thorny knukub, of weeds and wild flowers, and of grain wherever cultivated, attest that the land is not now barren. The position of this spring fixes the site of the first Jericho. On the adjoining hills are heaps of *débris*, but so matted with bushes and weeds as to defy examination. The vicinage of the mountains, and the lay of the land between them and Jericho, furnish a ready explanation of the ease with which Joshua's spies made their escape from the house of Rahab.

On returning to the plain, we deflected to the east of the point where we forded the Kelt and found our camp pitched

near the village er Riha, which stands on the supposed site of the second, or Herod's Jericho. This is situated about a mile and a quarter from the site of the old city.

The next morning, instead of going on up the valley, as we had anticipated, we agreed to spend the day in the vicinity. We all started off together in the direction of the mouth of the Jordan, or head of the Dead Sea. As we expected to see much of the sea later in our trip, we allowed Dr. Vail and the ladies to go by themselves, the rest of the gentlemen striking across the plain. They reported the approach to the sea as very level, and the distance very deceptive. The ground is covered with salt incrustations. The mouth of the river is about one hundred and eighty yards wide, with only three or four feet depth of water, but with a bottom of very deep mire, so as to render it impassable. At its mouth the river sweeps toward the north-east corner of the sea. The shore of the sea is very flat, with much drift-wood lodged upon it. On the west a peninsula makes out, which is covered with ruins of massive stones. The heat was oppressive but endurable.

On the north-east of the head of the sea, beyond Jordan's mouth, is a wide open ghor, which is identified by some as the Vale of Siddim, on which Sodom and Gomorrah stood. The mountains of Moab shoot down on this plain like a wall, and thus continue along the east side of the sea, cut here and there by wadies making down from the east. The mountains of Judea, with their bold, chalky cliffs, also trend close upon the north-western angle of the sea. Prominent among them rises Nely Musa, on the summit of which is a Mohammedan wely. This mount the Mohammedans regard as the true P'isgah, where Moses was buried, and to it they make a yearly pilgrimage.

Our first pause was at Kasr Hajla, the ruins of a Christian monastery. Thence we rode, in a north-east direction, to 'Ain Hajla, the scriptural Beth hoylah, a place on the boundary between Judah and Benjamin. Joshua xv. 5, 6. The spring is large, surrounded by bushes, and the water is good. We bore thence a little south-east over a smooth path, with here and there a slight depression, until we reached the Jordan. There is at first an outer bank with a slight dip, and then a short stretch and the bank proper, which is come upon very suddenly; so suddenly, indeed, that the river is scarcely seen till one is right upon it. At this point—the bathing-place for the Greek pilgrims, the traditional site for the crossing of Israel and of Elijah and Elisha, and, according to some, of the baptism of Christ—the river is from eighty to a hundred feet wide, and its main channel from ten to twelve feet deep.

Bidding adieu for the present to the Jordan, we galloped back toward our camp, visiting, as we returned, the sites of Gilgal and the second Jericho. The spot to which we were taken for Gilgal is a little over a mile south-east of the village er Riha, and has nothing but measurement to give probability to its identity. It was, according to Josephus, fifty *stadia* from the Jordan and ten *stadia* from Jericho. The Jericho of Josephus was the Jericho of Herod, likely the present village er Riha. We found on the supposed site of Gilgal only a few stones covered with tangled bushes and weeds.

Near the village er Riha we passed a large tower, which is the single ancient ruin that affords any clue to the Jericho of Herod the Great. The curse upon ancient Jericho probably led Herod to rebuild the city at this point. It could not have escaped his passion for city and fortress building, that a great city was desirable in the midst of this fertile plain, where residence was so pleasant in the winter season. This was the Jericho which Christ frequented, and where the miracle of healing the blind Bartimeus and the conversion of Zaccheus took place. Here, also, the death of Herod the Great occurred, by a most loathsome and painful disease, after a reign of thirty-seven years. The present Arab village is but a collection of mud huts, exceeding rude and filthy. Most of the population were now out in their tents on the banks of the Kelt.

In the afternoon we rode up past the site of ancient Jericho, to the mountain directly west of it. We went, without regard to paths, part of the time through fields of grain. The remains of aqueducts, and reservoirs, and old mills are numerous. At the foot of the Quarantania, or Mount of Temptation, we dismounted, and walked up its steep sides. The almost perpendicular east face of the mountain abounds with caves, which give evidence of having been occupied at various periods by human beings.

April 23 We took a very early start up the valley, parting with Dr. Vail and the ladies, who left at the same moment for Jerusalem. Following the path of the previous afternoon, we passed near the foot of the Quarantania (Jebel Kuruntul), along a rapid stream whose course is fringed with thickets of reeds, and marked with the ruins of an old aqueduct, till we reached 'Ain Duk, where two large and beautiful springs burst from the hill-side. One comes out directly from under a large tree, seemingly from its very roots. The waters of both are very pleasant. They flow off into the stream along which we had ridden, and also into that which takes the course of Wady Nawaineh to the Jordan. Through the valley lying to the west of 'Ain Duk, Wady el Mutyah, is the road to Bethel and the site of ancient Ai. It was through this valley that Joshua, after the capture of Jericho, marched to the assault of Ai, and thence to the subjugation of the whole land. Down it, also, Lot came with his servants and flocks, after his fatal choice of the plain country and his separation from Abraham.

Before coming to the Jordan we crossed a deep, muddy stream, which flows down Wady el Ferah, taking its rise in the mountains north east of Nablous. In this valley, which Van de Velde puts down on his map as "beautiful," somewhere near the point where it debouches upon the great plain, is supposed to have been the site of Enon, where John baptizd. John iii. 23. A short distance brought us to the ford at Damieh, about fifteen miles, in a direct line from the mouth of the Jordan, and fifty miles as the water flows. On the opposite side our tents were already pitched. We and our horses were ferried over on a scow, which was pulled across by a rope extended from shore to shore, just as many rapid and deep streams in America are passed. It is not improbable that this is the ford by which David crossed when he fled from the face of Absalom to the regions of Mahanaim beyond Gilead. If he returned after Absalom's death by the same route, then it is in connection with it that the phrase ferry-boat occurs for the only time in the Bible. See 2 Sam. xvii. 22; xix. 18.

We rode from Damieh directly across the plain on the east, and in about three hours began the ascent of the mountains of Gilead. These we found to be very steep, and well wooded with oaks and terebinths. We passed on the left a deep cave, which had been used for a tomb by the Bedawin. In the ascent we caught our first glimpses of Mount Hermon, his snowy peak like a white cloud far away in the north. Henceforth I could not wonder he should have been called by the Hebrews "The Mountain," and by the Arabs "The Sheik;" for seldom did we get away from his luminous summit. He is, indeed, the crown of the Land of Palestine.

On gaining the top of Mount Gilead (Jebel Jilad) we came to Neby Osha, the Tomb of Hosea, who, it is claimed by the Mohammedans, was buried here. There is a small wely, near which is a magnificent terebinth-tree, beneath the dense and ample shade of which we spread our lunch, and meanwhile discussed the old knotty question of Jephthah and his daughter. Around this mountain, Mizpeh of Gilead, it is thought Jephthah rallied the children of Reuben and Gad for his grand and successful assault on the Ammonites, the vast roving bands dwelling to the eastward. Judges xi. From a ledge lying north of the wely is one of the most magnificent views in all Palestine. It commands the whole of central and Upper Palestine. From it we could look into Wady Zerka (river Jabbok) lying directly north. An hour and a half brought us to es Salt, the ancient Ramoth-gilead. The narrow valley leading down the eastern slope of Mount Gilead to es Salt is a continuous vineyard, the sides terraced and the bottom planted, so that every available spot is taken up. It was probably in the valley through which the direct road lies from the Jordan that Ahab, king of Israel, was slain, there being in it room for the movement of chariots. Dismounted in his chariot, he was struck by a lance arrow, and dying at oven, his body was borne to Samaria, and the blood from the chariot was washed in the pool of Samaria. 1 Kings xxii. 34, 35 Years afterward, Joram his son, aided by Ahaziah in the attempt to retake the city from the Syrians, was also wounded. 2 Kings viii. 29. Here, too, Jehu, the avenger of the blood of Naboth, was anointed by the prophet Elisha, and issuing from these hills swept across the Jordan, and up the Valley of Jezreel, and fell with swift destruction upon the house of the guilty Ahab. 2 Kings ix. x.

April 26. I slept none all night. We broke camp and were in the saddle by half-past five o'clock a.m. The air was very cool. We rode around the eastern mountain to see some

large fountains, and then, turning back to the main road, ascended a higher mountain farther to the east, at the summit of which we found we had gained the great plateau of the country. Toward the north we could see the heights about Jerash, the deep Wady Zurka, and the brook Jabbok. We were now on the very hills which Esau crossed, and our escort was his untamed descendants, whose chief implement of defence and warfare is the spear.

"JACK KETCH'S WARREN."

HAVING heard much about the special features of the notorious neighbourhood of Clerkenwell green, we were desirous of testing some conflicting reports; and the shortest as well as the easiest method of arriving at truth, seemed to be that of visiting the spot to judge of its peculiarities for ourselves, the time chosen for the excursion being a pleasant Sunday afternoon in the early part of October.

Starting with a companion from the west-end of the town, the streets, as we draw near to Clerkenwell, assume a looser and dirtier appearance, till we emerge on to the "Green" itself, and stand under the shadow of the Sessions' House, which, amid a cluster of rookeries, occupies a position for the punishment of crime, as though by a stately presence it would warn transgressors of the majesty of the law.

We may for a moment look around almost regretfully on Clerkenwell-green, standing as we do on classical ground. Times were when Clerkenwell green was famous for its spring of clear water, the delight of those martial monks who lodged in the priory of St. John heroes who, wearing a black habit, were sworn to defend the Church against pagan aggressors. These zealots evincing much bravery in warring against Turks and heathens, their services were acknowledged on the disbanding of the Knights Templars, when the monks of St. John of Jerusalem inherited their lands. Their great priory was founded in the year 1100 by Jordan Briset and Muriel his wife, whose beneficence also extended to establishing a nunnery at Clerks' Well. In the midst of a dense assemblage of courts and alleys, and close, unhealthy streets, two relics survive of those bygone times—a well and a gate; the one being the modern representative of Clerks' Well, the other claiming attention, not only on account of ancient associations, but because Dr. Johnson looked on it with reverence, and because there Edward Cave worked as a pioneer of periodical literature. The monastery, a costly and curious building, at the time of the Dissolution became "Impleyed as a storehouse for the King's toys and tents." The bell-tower, destroyed in the reign of Edward the Sixth, is described by Stowe as "a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt and inlaid to the great beautifying of the City, and passing all other that I have seen." The sanctuary of Saint James, once forming a part of this nunnery, became a parish church at the Reformation. In 1623 the ancient steeple tumbled down with a terrific crash, and on being rebuilt it fell again, and with its heavy bells destroyed the greater part of the building.

But dropping archæology, we proceed to view life as it is to day in Lamb-and-Flag Court and its famous neighbours, Bit-alley, Fryingpan-alley, and Broad-yard—the veritable "Little hell." On some accounts Sunday afternoon is not the most favourable time for visitation in "Jack Ketch's Warren." Fatigued by the toils of the week, the people are occasionally found lying down, when it is not advisable to intrude into the rooms, though a less number than might be supposed thus yield to an indulgence excusable enough under the circumstances. . . . One room we entered was occupied by a costermonger and his family. Cleanliness reigns here: the room is crammed with furniture, and it appears that the people make the best of their humble home. Though no scholars, the exaggerated notions of the outside world on these alley homes have reached their ears to excite their indignation. Here then is a costermonger—and as it would seem a type of many others in Clerkenwell—who, practising cleanliness and sobriety, knows that the self-respect prescribed by Christianity consists not only in presenting a becoming personal appearance, but in well looking after the comfort of dependants. Such, to be properly understood, require to be seen at home on Sunday afternoon. They are then at ease, and ready for any conversation you choose to desire. In the chamber we are now inspecting there exists something more than order and cleanliness; for the furniture

has been tastefully selected, so that it becomes a matter of regret that the worthy lodgers are unable to enjoy the comfort of an additional room. As it is, the bedstead monopolizing a quarter of the area, the space beneath necessarily serves as a common store. Another considerable portion of the home is occupied by a chest of drawers, which, loaded with ornaments, resembles a stall at a fair; while, to complete the embellishments, the walls are crowded with pictures two and three deep. Apart from the consideration that a family is here housed in too narrow a space to preserve intact the finer sensibilities of human nature, this is not an unpleasant picture. It is at least a striving to maintain an honest independence under difficulties. "Little Joe," the son and heir of this costermonger, was brought to the front for inspection, and a clubbier, healthier looking scholar is seldom beheld even in a village street. Thus at every step in these unattractive precincts—a place still calling loudly for the interposition of sanitary reformers—a district probably once wholly given up to iniquity, we meet with striking evidences of the beneficial influence exercised by the city missionary and the ragged-school teacher. The missionary, who knows every face in these alleys, declares that "the greater part of the costers' wives are good-looking. The daughters have the bloom of youth. They are clean, witty, business-like, affectionate, heroic, struggling, and smart. They believe in cleanliness, and despise dirt."

The costermongering class abound in these alleys, and from their friend and visitor, the city missionary, we learn that at certain seasons the distress overtaking them is very severe. The coster of "Jack Ketch's Warren," excepting when, as in the cases noticed, he is reached by Christian influence, very much resembles the coster of other places. He has his peculiar traits of character, some of which rank as weaknesses. Unless moved by Christian principle, the coster is not particular about marrying the woman with whom he lives, and he is also addicted to prosecuting his calling on the Sabbath. "Can't be religious, sir, nohow," once remarked a member of this brotherhood; "can't let the barrer be lazy on Sundays." But let Christianity subdue the hardened nature, and what a different story is told; for, exclaimed another: "Don't work on Sundays now, sir. A good day for trade, I know; but I likes to trade with heaven on Sundays, and learn a little about my soul then." Some of these men will scarce be persuaded that religion is intended for any but "respectable" people. "I ain't a dedicated person," observed one gentleman of this description, "but I knows wot's wot; and I know that God never meant costermongers to be religious. Why, don't yer see it couldn't be done." Yet, only reclaim such unpollished fellows as these, and their Christian profession becomes very sincere, and their life a zealous service. "I allus felt ashamed of myself," once confessed a converted sweep, "when I seed the people comin' out of church, and I'd been a cursin' and swearin'. Now, mates, you want to get to heaven; I'll tell you how to get there. Trust in Jesus Christ; He'll never forsake you. I, a poor sweep, am glad to wash my face when my day's work is done; but how much better to have Christ to wash your black soul! "How do you know you are going to heaven?" sez my old mates. "Well," sez I, "how do you know whether you've got sugar in your tea?"—From "The Romance of the Streets."

THE UNEASY SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY REV. A. TAYLOR.

IT is time to begin school. The superintendent is in his place, prepared to set things in motion. Of the twenty-five classes which compose the school, the teachers of sixteen are in their places and ready for work. The superintendent sighs as he looks at the nine vacant chairs, and wonders how he may make good the deficiency. He knows that some of the absentees will remain absent, and that others of them will, according to their custom, straggle into the school some minutes after the exercises have begun. He does not immediately hunt up teachers for all the vacant classes, for it would be annoying to put them to work only to be presently interrupted by the arrival of the tardy teachers. The opening exercises go on, and, while they are in progress, four of the late teachers wander in. The remaining five stay away. They have neither provided substitutes nor informed the superintendent that they would be absent. He finds it a troublesome task to provide, at a moment's notice, five sub-

stitutes for the careless ones, who have allowed weak excuses to keep them from their posts of duty. His trouble is all on account of his being a new hand in the office of superintendent. The school is so fond of change as to elect a new set of officers whenever opportunity presents itself. The teachers believe in the soundness of the doctrine of rotation in office. As soon as a man has been long enough in office to become acquainted with his duties they put him out, and put somebody else into his place.

There is nothing particularly permanent or reliable about this school. The teachers change classes whenever they take a notion to. The scholars follow their example, and choose what classes they will belong to, and the time of emigration from one class to another. The teacher of the principal Bible-class feels that he has a sudden call to be librarian, and off he goes, leaving his class to take its chance of finding a good teacher or of going without. Last year an able-bodied man taught the infant-school. Now it is in charge of a very young lady. Next year, the young lady proving a failure, it will probably be turned over to one of the mothers in Israel. Half a dozen new ways of keeping the library are invented and practised in the course of a year, the consequence being that the wish is sometimes indulged in that the makers of Sunday-school books had turned their industry into some other channel, and had not bothered the youth of the land by providing what has turned out to be such a nuisance.

It sometimes happens in this school that a class will gradually fade away, one scholar after another dropping off, until at last the teacher declares that she don't know where her class has all gone to, and that there is no use in her coming any more, for she has no class to teach. The difficulty is, that the children have noticed the irregular and extemporaneous style of their teacher's efforts, and have lost what little interest they had in the school. If the teacher will look them up, they will probably come back. If she keeps visiting them, and is always ready on Sunday to teach them something interesting and instructive, they will be very glad to stay.

The uneasy school turns over a great many new leaves—a new leaf for each new idea. Ideas come easily, and are followed up without much thought. The time of meeting has been in the morning. Somebody suggests an afternoon session instead. Without weighing the matter, a resolution is passed, and the morning session gives way to the afternoon. Or the change is made from one session to two, or from two sessions to one. No one way is tried long enough to prove whether it is good or bad. The teachers' meeting is held monthly for two consecutive months; then some very good cause arises for omitting it, and no more teachers' meetings are held till the next change of affairs, when a new start is taken, and with much the same result. The school ought to have its time-table printed anew every few weeks, just as a certain railroad amuses and entertains its passengers by changing the hours of its trains every now and then and by running one train in six on time. The passengers take the time-tables, and respectfully put them into their pockets.

The music of this school goes, like the other parts of the enterprise, by jerks. Sometimes there is a great deal of music, sometimes almost none, and that very poor. When a new music book comes out, there is a run on it, till the stirring pieces are sung through, when the book is laid aside as stale. The school recently learned all that was to be learned in the "Sunday-school Fiddle." Having now discontinued the use of that popular book, they are now up to their ears in "The Juvenile Screech," which will be, in its turn, put on the shelf when its ephemeral popularity is worn out.

The charitable operations are on a footing with the rest, sometimes on a high-pressure, pick-pocket principle; sometimes weak and meagre. When a popular object is presented the money flows liberally as long as the *cultur-jam* lasts. The popular object is soon forgotten, and suffered to go hungry. The agent of a foreign mission enterprise came along some time ago, and appealed so powerfully in behalf of his work, that the school determined to pay for the education of a heathen child. The youthful heathen was named in honour of the pastor, and supplied with pantaloons and stockings, as well as with a year's expenses; but a western missionary now makes his appearance, and is twice as eloquent as the foreign mission man. The school concludes to let somebody else pay the heathen's way, in order that the money may now be spent on a man whom its members have seen with their own eyes, and whom they know to be an actual being.

"BEACON LIGHTS."

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

STORM AND SUNSHINE.

"Gather thistles, expect prickles."

IT was a dull day in November, and out at sea a fog was coming on. A group of fishermen stood by the door of the Three Bells, some talking, some listening, all interested in the theme of their discourse. Off in the distance, a vessel

had been discerned in the earlier part of the day; it had not then passed a danger point which lay in its course, and the question now was—would it cast anchor and wait for the morning, or would it go on its way—on, to certain death, for with the fog encircling the rocks no other result could scarce be imagined? True, the red gleam of the lighthouse would burn all the night, in fact, it was burning now; but, then, vessels had been lost, and they saw no reason why this one should pass in safety, provided the crew still willed to let her move onward. Opposite the Three Bells stood a tall, red house, a mansion in size and appointments, with trees and shrubs growing in graceful profusion here and there about the grounds which surrounded it.

The sea washed up in front to the very boundary wall, on a part of which a small observatory had been formed, open on all sides to the mighty sea winds, and with only iron chains to protect those who stood upon it from being, in times of tempest, blown down upon the sands below. The left side of the house was very near to the road—the road, I mean, in which the fishermen stood talking—and at one window, which was slightly raised, so that the men's voices floated even into the room beyond, sat a lady, Constance Westbrook, the rightful mistress, as was deemed, of the house itself and its surroundings. There was

something painful in the way in which she listened, something equally painful in the strained gaze of her eyes, as she watched, as it were, the words from the men's mouths. That she was a woman of deep passion you could not doubt, for there was an intensity in her very attitude, which could not be mistaken.

"Constance! Why, you are not even dressed, and the gong has sounded these five minutes or more! I have been looking for you everywhere," and a tall, fair man advanced to where she sat, and raising her head in both his hands, gazed fondly down upon her troubled countenance. Then the light came back into the full, dark orbs, and the colour

flashed upon her cheek; for was not this the husband whom, God helper! she was loving, even better than her own soul?

"Shall I not do as I am?" and rising, she shook out the folds of her heavy velvet robe, and looked proudly into his face.

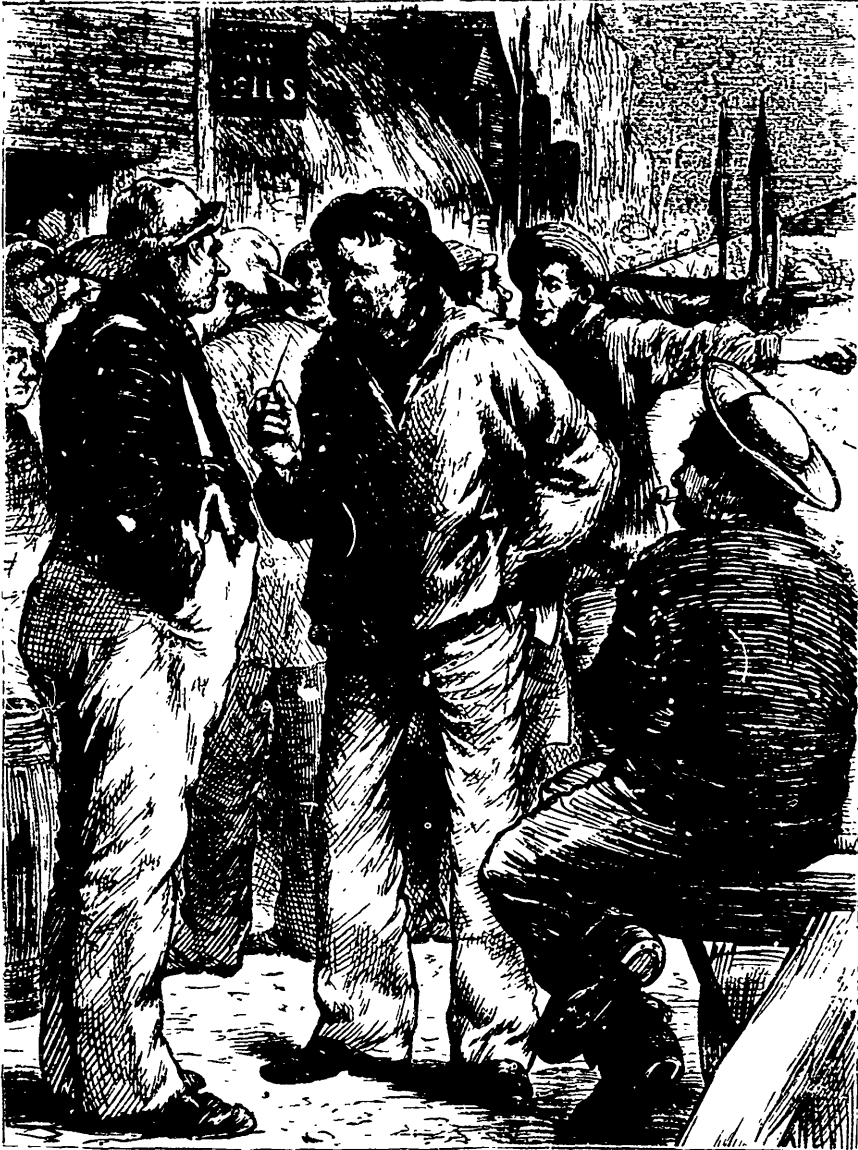
"Yes, yes, come along," and with one arm encircling her waist, he led her away.

Reginald Westbrook was a light-hearted man, and as he chatted on during dinner, he scarce noticed that Constance seemed strange and pre-occupied; true, she did not talk a great deal, but these light-hearted folks, in the main, care only for good listeners, and so her silence passed unobserved by him. But when the servants were gone away, and she stole softly to his side, he fancied

from her manner that there was something amiss. She laid her head upon his shoulder so wearily, and sighed so heavily too, that he was almost alarmed; for, till now, he had fancied her so supremely happy, and, indeed, it had ever been his highest aim to make her so.

"What is it, darling?"

"Nothing," and she laid her cheek against his. He turned her face with his hand towards his own, and kissed over and over again the dainty lips which looked so inviting and sweet, and the colour once more flashed upon her cheek and the light of love and youth shone out from her inmost soul. "Nothing,



"A group of fishermen stood by the door of the Three Bells."

only—Reginald—would you have loved me had I been poor, very poor, I mean?"

"Yes, yes, of course; but talking of being poor, reminds me that I have to see Lord this evening, and that shows that there is no likelihood of poverty for you, when I have to engage a steward to look after your property—yours, little woman—yours, which you gave freely to your very humble servant, to enjoy during the remainder of his happy life." His manner was playful, but again came the repetition of the sigh. "You don't mind my going, dear?" and he hurried over his wine, for he was not one to be discourteous even to his inferiors.

"No, not at all." And when he was ready to go, she herself buttoned his coat, and enveloped his neck and chin in a soft, white wrap, for he was her earthly all, no child having come to steal away in the least the idolatrous love she bore him. So he went out into the evening darkness, while she, Constance, ascended to her own chamber, from which, by the aid of her maid, she by-and-by emerged a totally different being. She was gloriously beautiful, and the diamonds she wore seemed almost of themselves sufficient to light her way down the old oaken staircase and across the dim hall to the drawing-room. A servant stood lighting the vast chandelier as she entered, and to him she spoke—spoke as though she reigned supreme in this luxurious abode. "I will not have the lights, at least only the branches at the fireplace—if I require more presently, I will ring."

Of course she was obeyed; but the man lingered a moment to watch her as she sat within the mellow circle of the fire-side light; all bowed to the subtle charm of her beauty, all bowed to her shrine wherever she went, and yet, could they but have known, she was even now very, very miserable. She wearied soon of watching the figures in the fire, for they seemed to carry her back against her will into the dim, shadowy past—once she stretched out her hand towards the bell, but no, she did not ring; and presently she arose, and lighting a taper which lay on the marble mantelpiece, moved slowly away to where pale sea-green curtains divided this apartment from the music-room beyond. She lit the branches at the piano and sat down, but the spirit of music would not be wooed; and while her fingers toyed with, rather than struck the keys, strange, sad discords and wails were the only response. Thought, however, was busy, terribly busy—she saw herself in imagination a mere child, standing out on the observatory during a sharp October gale, caring naught for the driving rain or the mighty wind, for it and the sea but too well accorded with her own feelings, so tempestuous were they. Oh, she had been a passionate, wilful child! Then came a boy with a dark face, and hair like the raven's wing—how well she remembered that face!—and he coaxed and soothed her with a tenderness surpassing that of a brother, and at length led her indoors, there to make peace for her by his own deep love and forbearance for her sake. Peace! Would that she had peace now! and pushing aside the heavy window curtains, she peered out into the night. She could see nothing, however, but the roaring sea, which said in its noisy restlessness, that never while time should last would there be rest or peace for it, and Constance seemed to feel that some similar fate would ever be hers till death came and bore her hence. So the discordant strains went on, and this time she saw herself a young girl, just bursting into womanhood, sitting upon the sands on the sea-shore. A boat lay at her feet, safely secured by its tiny anchor, and she was dreaming sweet dreams of hope and happiness, when a hasty step broke the spell which was binding her. Looking up, she saw that same face, only still darker and more manly, and with eyes too which seemed to pierce to her inmost soul.

The rich bloom faded from her cheek, for with this, her first glance, she knew that he had a tale to tell. And she?—well, she had forgotten till now that his college terms were over, and that he was about to enter upon life as a free agent, a man, to do as he liked. It was told, the tale she dreaded—told eloquently too; but she was cold and hard, at least, so he said. Ah, was she in truth cold and hard? Even as he stood pleading for another answer than the one she gave, a second lover came upon the scene. Oh, then she was neither the one nor the other, but melting and passionate, both in her look and tone. She loved, nay worshipped, the new comer; and because of this her maidenly bashfulness even seemed laid aside—it seemed to the dark one, as he watched her, that she gloried over him in this other conquest which she had made. Yet it was not so. It was only that all the strength of her will was centred in this, her idol; hence her

blindness with regard to the sufferings of the one who had loved her even from childhood.

He went away, the one who suffered, and she had never seen him since. Again, she stood by a death-bed. An old man lay thereon, and her hand so warm and full of life was clasped in his so icy and damp, so soon to moulder into decay. The nurse and the old clergyman of the parish were the only other listeners, as slowly, painfully, the dying man delivered his last injunctions.

"Constance daughter, you were not to blame in the matter of your knowledge—and if you go to my desk," he loosened his hold on her hand, and she brought it over and laid it on the bed before him. "No, no," and he motioned her to take it away, "you can do it after I am gone, you are my all now," and again he took her hand fondly in his own. "I burnt the will afterwards which I made then in it everything was his, everything save this house and a trifle which was to be paid to you yearly—you know you sent him away, and he was my only one. It was unjust to you, my darling, for you had a right to please yourself; but the second, the one that now is, is unjust to him. It gives all to you, but if," and his voice became strong and eager, and his eyes scanned her face as though to read her inmost thoughts, "if he ever comes back you must keep to the first, in atonement for the anger I have borne towards him in my heart; only remember, he cannot claim arrears for the time you have held it; and my wish is that three hundred be paid yearly to you in the stead of the one hundred and fifty I at the first intended, in the former will, I mean." Here his voice and breath alike failed, and it pained Constance and the rest to see how he struggled and gasped to say yet something more. At last he found strength, as he supposed, and again went on, "Should he never—never—," but here memory, which had till now proved a faithful servant, seemed to fade away, and with a look of tenderest trust into the girl's face, he murmured "you know," and then after a few low, inarticulate sounds, his lips closed for ever on this side the grave. After that his breath grew more and more feeble, and by-and-by the end came, and Constance entered into full possession of the property, which was to be another's supposing he ever returned. So she queneed it in the old house, she, the poor orphan, whom the dead man had brought with him from India, because that her father had, during his lifetime saved him (Mr. Berry) from a cruel death, when engaged in a dispute with some of the natives. He had treasured up the debt of gratitude, and nobly had he striven to repay it; for even the first will was a generous one to her who, but for this man's bounty, would have been penniless and alone in the wide, wide world. He had been angry at his son's disappointment, for after weeks had passed and he came not, Constance had gone to him and told him all; but he would not turn her away, he would not forget the debt he owed, even although she had robbed him of his son; and so, when time had somewhat accustomed him to the state of affairs, he forgave her and let her take her old place in his heart, as the pet and plaything of his life. And the other lover? Well, Reginald Westbrook would never provide her with a home, so people said, his family were high in rank and moral virtue, but low, extremely low, with regard to money; and the young man, although he loved her truly, was too careless apparently to see that he ought to exert himself on her behalf. But when heiress of the Berry estate, and the vast amount of gold saved by Edward Berry in his eastern exile, the case was very different, and so the old red house became indeed a home to the fatherless girl. She had been happy too, till lately—but what was that? A gun from a ship in distress! She knew what ship it was, but oh, she did not know all. Still a presentiment clung to her that it had something to do with her, and the load at her heart grew still heavier to bear. A month ago, while Reginald had been in London, a letter had reached her, at the superscription of which her very heart had sickened. It was from William Berry, and he was coming home—home, as she knew, to wrest her from her high position. So a great fear had arisen within her—she, this woman who loved so passionately, was jealous of her husband, fearing that with comparative poverty he would care less for her, and then—but she could not face the alternative, she only wished, faintly struggling against it at the same time, that his ship, the man whose return she so dreaded, might perish ere it reached the land. Oh, this horrid secret! How she noted Reginald's love of power and wealth! Was the veil about to be torn from her eyes? Was she to be but fair and beloved, like some other women she knew, while prosperity lasted? Oh,

if only this were *his* ship! Another gun, and she once more pushed aside the curtain and looked out. A rocket flashed upon the darkness, revealing the angry sea, and then there came into her mind the full meaning of her terrible wish. "Oh, God!" and she sank upon her knees, "Save me! Save me!"

There was a footfall outside the room, and she arose in time to see Reginald enter. A moment he stood, as though to admire the utter peace and beauty of the picture—she, in a narrow circle of light, her jewels flashing out in contrast to the darkness around. He came forward, and an impulse seized her to tell him all, when once again the door opened. "Please, sir, the men want you to help man the boat, if you will." Reginald was a daring boatman, and had left word that if he were needed he would come. So he kissed his wife and bade her be calm, for that, if God willed, he should be safe and return to her again. "If God will"—she had never known him speak so before, and again a fearful weakness took possession of her. She could not stay there, so she wrapped herself in a cloak and hood, and calling two women of the house to go with her, they all three, bearing lanterns in their hands, made their way down to the shore. It was bitterly cold; but what of that? Brave men were putting their lives in peril for others, and should they shrink from a mere blast of wind? They might take care of those rescued, and so perform their share in the great work; and thinking thus, Constance strove to stifle the thought which would come, that the clergyman was dead and the nurse old and obscure, so that she might in all safety adhere to the wording of the second will—it was her secret, resting with her alone. Once or twice a lurid ray from rockets thrown by those on the vessel in distress, showed to those on shore the men, women, and children clinging to the masts and rocks against which they had been thrown, showed also the lifeboat slowly plunging its way back heavily laden, and at times in extreme peril, as all could see. It came to land, and Constance felt a throb of gladness for other women besides herself, and while they, the boat's crew, prepared to return again upon their perilous errand, she pressed forward with the rest to minister to the poor half-drowned creatures lying upon the sands. One lay apart, and she bent over him alone, turning her lantern full upon him; ah, now she knew the cause of her inmost dread upon this day and night, for in the pale, insensible face before her she recognised William Berry. She did not faint or turn away—no, she only felt that for her judgment was begun. The wind was fast becoming more boisterous, while the feeble light of the moon, which was now struggling through the clouds, revealed the lifeboat, and at the sight those on shore gave a wild shriek—it would never come to land, and they, the rescued and the rescuers, would together share a watery grave. Then Constance threw herself upon the wet sands, and besought God to give her Reginald's life, and to spare this man, William Berry, to inherit his own. "A life for a life," she pleaded, and at the close of her prayer there arose a murmuring that the boat was righting itself, and was gradually nearing the shore.

"Take this man to my house," she cried in an ecstasy of joy; for it already seemed to her that her petition was granted, and immediately some fisher-lads close by obeyed her behest. There was an almost unearthly light in her dark eyes as she followed behind, as she tended him, too, in the best guest-chamber her home afforded. The servants looked on in wonder, for Constance, in her anxiety to serve and bring this man back to life, was but to her mind tending and saving Reginald.

The moments throbbed on in that silent chamber, where death seemed brooding even as on the boisterous sea throbbed calmly and unsitatingly, as if earth's anguish were as naught! But at the last a wild shout from the shore came echoing there, exultingly, joyously, as with the tale of a victory gained. The boat had landed, preservers and preserved were safe and rejoicing together—the passionate prayer, "a life for a life!" was answered. The eyes of the unconscious man opened at that joyous cry as of many voices, and Constance sank to the floor in a deadly swoon.

But it was a happy returning to life for her. Reginald's arms were about her, his voice whispered that he loved her, not for wealth, nor ease, nor luxury, but for her own dear self. And William Berry's love had been, and still was, strong and true, noble and generous; he would hear of no giving up nor restitution; he had enough of this world's goods and to spare in a foreign land; he only spent a few months in the old home by the sea—a beautiful dream of

confidence, forgiveness, and noble self-surrender—and then went away to his distant home.

And Constance mourned for him as for a lost brother, while her life became purer, holier, and more chastened in her great woman's love—and her husband gloried in her.

THE VINEYARD.

By THE REV. J. HILLS HUGHES.

The vineyard which Thy right hand hath planted. Psalm lxxxv. 15.

WHEN vines are planted and a vineyard is formed, it is not with a view to cover the ground with foliage, to ornament the slopes of some neighbouring hill, or to afford occupation to a number of hungry workers. No, the object of the owner of the vineyard is to obtain fruit. The husbandman reasonably anticipates that his vines when well tended will quickly remunerate him for all his labours, and form a source of annual income. If, however, after a fair trial the plant should prove fruitless it is removed to make way for one more promising. So the purpose of the Eternal in sending His truth, and subsequently His Son into the world was, as it is, to obtain from man the fruits of righteousness. His revelation and religion were not intended to be the means simply of civilising man—the means only of improving their worldly prospects. His Church was formed not for the purpose of opening up a professional calling for a class of mankind, and covering the world with "reverend" vine-dressers. No. His object is to see in us and obtain from us that which glorifies Him. Jesus thus stated the case: "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples." Civilisation, social improvement, mental progress, and ministerial service will be certain to follow where the fruits of righteousness are found. The Church will be a blessing to the world, and a sphere for most diligent toil, so long as in it the Lordly Proprietor can discern the signs of life and fruition. Each of us must exhibit our vitality by our fruit. It is of no service that we are associated with the trees of God's planting otherwise. We are cumberers of the ground. Faith without works is dead. Foliage without fruit is hypocrisy. Nothing can compensate for the absence of clustering excellencies. There is no greater anomaly beneath the blue skies than a barren believer. The soul that truly loves Jesus will spontaneously put forth its efforts to please Him. Constrained by the noblest and purest and sweetest of all principles, the heart will lay its best productions at the feet of Christ. Realising the duty and destiny of every regenerated man, the Church says, as Solomon represents, "Let my beloved come into His garden and eat His pleasant fruits." Dear sirs, it is a question worthy of being forced home upon our hearts—are we fruitful? Are we giving evidence of our spiritual life by submission to our Master's will? Are we striving every day to overcome the evils of our hearts and lives? Are we exhibiting the temper of Jesus? Are we aiming after conformity to His image? Do we daily yield ourselves to His wish? Do we cast our whole experience upon His promise? Does His love constrain us to watch, and pray, and work, and wait? Do we try to expel the proud, discontented, selfish, angry, revengeful feelings which sometimes possess us? Let us ask ourselves these questions.

We must never lose sight of the *accipit* of the vineyard. It was customary to erect a tower in ancient vineyards, where a watch was kept in order to repel all assaults of enemies. Yonder, from His watch-tower, the unseen but all-seeing God guards His Church. By the mouth of His servant Isaiah, the Infinite One says: "In that day sing unto her, a vineyard of red wine; I, the Lord, do keep it every moment, lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." Mark the words "every moment," "night and day." What season can that be in which the vineyard of the Lord is without a keeper? In the darkest hour of persecution, as well as in the sunniest period of liberty and growth—in the winter of our discontent, as well as the summer of success and satisfaction the Lord watches over His people. Throughout all the troubled past He has preserved His Church—and He will preserve it, whatever may await its future history. There shall ever be a vineyard—that vineyard shall extend in its dimensions, and increase in its fruitfulness until one day He who planted, and purchased, and preserved it shall come to His own possessions, and see there the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

One word in relation to the *labourers* in the vineyard.

"THE MORNING STAR."

With Spirit.

1. There's a star that shines on the best high-way, Where the rain-son'd heav'n bound are, As a fire by night and a
2. The pil-grim wea-ry and weak in faith, Hath cauled in its beams a-far; One died to redeem him, tis

CHORUS.

cloud by day—'Tis the Bright and Morn-ing Star, } The Bright and Morn-ing Star. . . . the
He who saith, "I'm the Bright and Morn-ing Star." } The Bright and Morn-ing

Bright and Morn-ing Star, } A be- con light both near and a-far. Is Je-sus, the Morn-ing Star.
Star, }
Bright Morn-ing Star, }

3.
O narrow and rugged the blood-eth way,
That leads to the pearly bar,
But they who pass it shall walk for aye
By the light of the Morning Star.

4.
Shall trial and sorrow, so sure to come,
The peace of the spirit mar?
Nay, brightest in gloom is the light of home,
Of the Bright and Morning Star.

Vines require constant attention; and in a large vineyard there are grades of helpers, each discharging his particular work. So in the Church the Lord has His labourers. There are workers of every class. To us, as Christians, the voice comes, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard." Life is but a day. Some there are who do not enter the vineyard till the eleventh hour, whilst others begin work at the ninth, or at the sixth hour of the day. Alas! that any should be found standing all the day idle!—doing nothing;—nothing for the good of the vineyard—nothing for the honour of its glorious proprietor. There are some of you deterred from doing anything by what is regarded as absence of talent, or lack of opportunity. Dear sirs, what is wanting is rather an honest and earnest wish to do good. The humblest of us will find or make opportunities adequate to our abilities, every day, if our hearts are set on service. None of us is too weak to accomplish some good. Nor need we step out of our domestic or social position to be effective agents in the Lord's vineyard. And oh! the blessedness of such service! There is an eternal festive evening for the vineyard labourers coming, when each shall receive according to his toil. Meanwhile there is the spiritual health which springs from toil and there is the blessed satisfaction of witnessing the results of our efforts—beholding the vines grow, and the clusters ripen under our own care. When that worthy and devout man of God Marjan Page—was dying, he had the joy of looking back over a life of usefulness, and of being confident that he had been the instrument in the hand of infinite grace of saving scores of immortal souls. But none of you suppose that his joy was all concentrated in that parting hour. Oh, no! every word of warning or invitation he uttered—every act of kindness he performed—every intercession for individuals he presented had a reflex influence. He was blessed in the act, and by the means of blessing others. So shall we find it. Then, brothers, let us arise to work for Christ.

APPEARANCE OF GODLINESS WITHOUT REALITY.—A person may possess the thought and fancy of religious sentiments, inspired by frequent contact with Christian people and Christian literature, and yet be destitute of the living power of godliness. It is like putting blossom on the tree which has no force of self-production in itself. The imposed flourish is as fragile and ephemeral as painting on gossamer.

OUR JESUS.

A LITTLE girl three years old stood one Sunday morning at the window, and waited till she saw her papa come from church. As he opened the door, she ran to meet him, and asked: "What has pastor Reinhold preached about to-day, papa?"

"He preached about Jesus, my child," replied her father.

"Papa, was that our Jesus?" asked the child again.

"Yes, indeed," said her father; "it was our Jesus."

Her eyes beamed with joy to think that the preacher had spoken to the whole congregation about her Jesus, who loved her so much, and whom she tried to love again in return.

It is so precious for a child to believe and receive Jesus as her Jesus. It makes not the heart happy to know that He loves other children; but it makes it happy and joyful to know that He loves and cares for me.

One Sunday evening a father gathered his children about him, and had them tell him what they had learned in the Sunday school. And the little ones began to tell, in their simple way, what their teacher had said to them about the heavenly home and the glory with the Father which Jesus had left in order to come to this earth and save sinners. The youngest crept up into her father's lap, looked into his face, and said, "If the dear Saviour loved us so much; then we must love Him in return. Is it not so, dear father? Don't you love Him?" And then this little girl told what she had heard in the Sunday school, how Judas had betrayed the Lord, how they had led him to Pilate, how the Jews cried out, "Crucify, crucify him!" how the soldiers had put a crown of thorns upon Him, mocked Him, and scourged Him. At that his eyes filled with tears, and she looked at her father.

"Do you not love Him, dear father, since He has done all this for you?"

The father could hardly control his emotion. He put down his little girl and went out, in order to hide his tears. The words of his child had gone to his heart. Although his wife always sent the children to the Sunday-school, and regularly went to church herself, yet until then he had stayed quite far away from the influence of the Word of God. These questions of his youngest child, however, were the beginning of a thorough conversion.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

BY MARY MAY.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord.



UNCLE PHILIP once told me the story of how he came by a broken leg when he was a boy, and so, my dears, I tell it now to you:—

"John," said my mother one morning as we all sat at breakfast, "the branches of that tree by the door must be lopped off. I couldn't sleep last night through the wind blowing them against my window."

"Very well, dear," said my father; "Sam has nothing to do to-day, so I'll go for him presently and set him at work at it. Philip can bind the twigs into bundles for the fire."

"I could do it all, father," I hastened to say; but no, father would hire Sam, the odd man of the village, and he gave me strict orders to obey him, and not to mount the ladder at all. Now, May, my wish—aye, it was more than a wish, for I felt entirely set upon it—was not to disobey my father, but to cut off myself some of the very topmost branches of that tree. For awhile, however, Sam was careful, and outwitted me; but at the last somebody else wanted him for a few minutes, and it was with a great feeling of relief I heard the cry of "Sam! Sam!" and saw him go off at once in obedience to the call. A moment more, and I had my foot upon the bottom round of the ladder; conscience said, "Don't, you are disobeying"; but I said that it would be a cowardly thing for me to be afraid of mounting. And so it would, supposing there had been any good to be gained by it. If there had been a fire, and I had gone up the ladder to save some poor little child who could not save itself, or even supposing father had told me instead of Sam to cut off the branches, I say it would have been all right; but as it was, it was a great sin—the sin of disobedience.

I was up and chopping away at the lower limbs, when Sam returned, and as he began to tell me how wrong I was, I stopped him short by saying, "You carry away the wood, Sam, for I'm tired; so I'll just do this for a change." My mother came to the door, but I told her that it was only the lower limbs I was cutting off, and as she had been busy with the tea-pouring I hardly think that she noticed my father's

express command to myself. Mother went in, and as Sam seemed to be a long time gone, and nobody else was near, I climbed still further up, and set myself at the task I had been coveting all the morning long. I was safe, and I laughed at Sam for his long face when he came back and saw what I was about—I laughed, and stepped boldly, with one foot on the ladder, upon the very bough I meant presently to cut off. Crash! crash! but one foot was on the ladder. I was falling!—no, I was not! I—I clutched at the bough, for I had been jerked so that I was tottering—tottering! no—falling! And I remember no more till I lay on my bed, enduring, oh, such pain, for my leg was broken, and the doctor was setting it.

I lay on that bed for a long, long time, and when at last I grew a little used to the quiet and pain and lying still, I thought it all over. I knew that I had sinned, and that this was my punishment; and I grew to thinking of the words, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord."

"In the Lord!" Yes, dear boys, Uncle Philip was right; for the Lord cares to have little things attended to as well as the great matters of life. He sees the warning look of mothers and fathers when they fear their children will go wrong. He sees, too, if the look is obeyed. "Johnny, don't go sliding on the pond," I heard a mother say to her little boy; but the boy went, the ice broke, and he was drowned. That boy did not obey his parent nor the Lord either.

If God spoke we should all attend—so we think, at least. But, dear children, God does speak; the warning voices of those around who are older and wiser than ourselves are to us as the voice of God, even as the Bible is His Word, and the letters we receive from friends are their very thoughts and feelings. God is not face to face with us as yet. He does not speak to us as to Adam, because of sin; but He does speak to us in many ways—by our parents, the still, small voice of conscience; His Sabbaths, which are to remind us of the great and holy rest above; by His Word, which tells us what to do. Oh, children, never forget to obey the voice of the Lord.

HINTS TO WRITERS.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT once gave the following sensible advice to a young man who had offered him an article for the *Evening Post*:—

"My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I have found a better one in my own language.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do as well.

"Call a spade by its name, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual labour; let a home be a home and not a residence; a placenota locality, and so on of the rest. When a short word will do, you always lose by a long one. You lose in clearness, and, in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability.

"The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

"Write much as you would speak, and speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying bladders of strange gases to breathe; but one will enjoy better health and find more time for business, who lives on common air."

Sidney Smith once remarked: "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is."

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.

There is no friend to man so true, so kind, so real, and so good as a good woman.

SELF-DENIAL.

WHEN Agassiz visited Oken, the great German naturalist, the latter showed to the young student his laboratory, his cabinet, his magnificent library, and all his varied and costly apparatus. At length the dinner hour approached. Oken said to Agassiz, "Sir, to gather and maintain what you have seen uses up my income. To accomplish this I have to economise in my style of living. Three times in the week we have meat on the table. On the other days we dine on potatoes and salt. I regret that your visit has fallen on a potato day." And so the naturalist, with the student Oken, dined on potatoes and salt.

We have in this world a few infallible people; and from the Pope downwards, they are the most difficult to get on with. With rather more shortcomings than other folks, they esteem themselves unusually wise, and are quite prone to become dogmatic and emphatic. Cherishing full faith in their own ideas and plans, they are not quite able to see how other people are not sacredly bound to submit to their godly and unerring judgment. The situation of these infallibles is unfortunate, for such is the obtuseness and pig-headedness of men in general, that they will not accept the *dicta* of these born popes, and then there ensues a conflict. To dispute the decisions of popes is the most mortal of sins. Do they not give utterance to the will of God? And how can society have rest while the orders of these peculiar people are not obeyed? The entrance of these infallible people into a community, a church, or a household, is a most unfortunate affair; broils are sure to follow. Banish the popes, if you want peace! — *Zion's Herald*.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

Oh, what shall I give to the Saviour
For what He hath given for me?
I'll give Him the gift of an earnest life,
Of a heart that is loving and free from strife,
As He hath given for me.

And what shall I do for the Saviour
For what He hath done for me?
I'll pray for the sick, and the evil doer;
I'll make my friends among the poor,
As He hath done for me.

And what shall I bear for the Saviour
For what He had borne for me.
Remembering I'm His constant care,
Whatever He sends me I will bear,
As He hath borne for me.

And what shall I be for the Saviour
For what He hath been for me?
Longsuffering, kind, unselfish, pure,
To bear, believe, to hope, endure,
As He hath been for me.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

In a little white house on a hillside green,
Lives a beautiful woman as ever was seen;
In the sixty-five years that she's lived, I may say,
She had been growing more beautiful every day.
You do not believe it? Ask Susie, my sister,
She's the very first person that ever had kissed her.
And if she'd not nursed her by night and by day,
Poor Sue would have been in a very bad way.
I can bring other witnesses whom you may face,
They will tell you the same—they were in the same case.
"Was she lovers?" Yes, surely! No less than eleven!
She has seven on earth, and four more up in heaven.
Her hair is so beautiful—faded and thin,
There are beautiful wrinkles, from forehead to chin.
Her eyes are as charming as charming can be,
When she looks o'er her glasses so fondly at me,
And I know by her life, which has beautiful been.
She is like "the king's daughter"—"all glorious within."
Ah, you have guessed who it is! It could be no other,
I'm sure, than my beautiful, darling old mother.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

A LARGE memorial church, to cost at least £60,000, is to be erected to the memory of John Knox. The site of the building is on the Thames Embankment. The scheme will embrace a pile of other buildings as well as the church, which it is proposed to call the John Knox Memorial Church and Institute. Lord Gordon has promised £1,000 to start a subscription.

Mr. Spurgeon has again been briefly laid aside through illness, and has been prevented both from preaching and from starting on his Highland tour at the time fixed. He is now recovering, and has, we believe, left for the north.

The Bishop of Manchester, preaching before the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London at St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, said that three or four years ago he found one-third of the benches of the country were of less value than £200 a year. They all knew how far £200 a year would carry a man with a wife and the average number of children, and open a house to rent. He was quite certain that there were many of the clergy who did not taste meat oftener than an agricultural labourer, and who were glad to get left-off clothes.

Dr. Culross, having received an invitation from Glasgow to take charge of the pastorate of one of the Baptist churches in that city, has taken farewell of his church and congregation at Highbury Hill, where he was regarded with the most loving esteem, and where he ministered for seven years.

Preparatory committees have been sitting in connection with the Wesleyan Conference at Bradford, and by the time we go to press the Conference will have assembled, and the president for the coming year will probably have been elected, and the vexed question, whether it is to be Dr. Rigg or the Rev. Samuel Coley, settled.

The *Irish Times* says that Methodism now takes a new place amongst sister churches, and will occupy numerically, but still more, morally, a higher position than before. The ministers of the United Body will number about 270, and their adherents probably about 100,000 persons. With a staff of working clergy, aided by lay agents of intelligence and zeal, a new career is predicted for Methodism in Ireland.

The ceremony of the consecration of three bishops in St. Paul's Cathedral was of an imposing character. Drs. MacLagan, Cromer Roberts, and Stanton, were consecrated respectively to the bishoprics of Lichfield, Nassau, and Queensland. There was an unusually large congregation, numbering many church as well as state dignitaries, and there were twenty prelates in the procession.

The Methodist New Connexion Conference concluded its sittings at Ashton-under-Lyne with the usual votes of thanks and a resolution recording the gratitude of the Conference to Almighty God for an increase of 563 members and of 1,442 probationers, and exhorting the churches to renewed devotion to the work of seeking the conversion of the young and of those who are indifferent to religious influence. It was decided to hold the next Conference at Huddersfield.

The Primitive Methodist Conference which was held this year at Manchester was well attended, and gave its attention to numerous schemes of religious, educational, and legislative advancement. Further returns having come in, it was reported that the numerical strength of the body had been increased by an addition of 2,030 members. This, of course, includes foreign and colonial returns. It was resolved to hold next year's Conference at Leeds, the sittings to commence on the 11th of June. The memorial stones of a new Theological Institute, for the training of students for the ministry, were laid near the Alexandra Park.

The death of Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, United States, is announced. Dr. Hodge was well known on both sides of the Atlantic as a theologian, and his works have been in great demand. As a leader of the Presbyterian Church in America his loss will be felt greatly. He was in his 81st year, and had been a professor in the Princeton Theological Seminary fifty-six years.

During the last five years the school accommodation for children in Scotland has greatly increased. In 1873 there was accommodation for 524,650 scholars. There is now accommodation for 682,439.

At the allotted age of threescore years and ten, after a life of unusual activity, and after exercising a benign moral influence over men and women's minds, both by pen and speech, for a considerable number of years, Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour

has passed away. We gratefully recognise her fruitful labours as a temperance writer and lecturer, but as a moral and religious teacher she exercised a gentle and persuasive power; as, for instance, her "Moral Heroism," which little work in these days wants bringing more to the front.

Another of the notable preachers of the last generation has joined the host on "the other side." The Rev. Samuel Martin, who, at the age of sixty-five years, has breathed his last, was very famous as a preacher some twenty or thirty years ago, and was much beloved and respected by the young, in whom he especially interested himself. He was regarded as an earnest Christian minister and philanthropist, and Westminster Chapel, the scene of his labours, was crowded with hearers, both metropolitan and from afar. He was admired by Churchmen as well as Dissenters, and as the law of the land would not permit his interment beneath his own pulpit, Dean Stanley offered to arrange for his burial in Westminster Abbey. His own wish was to be laid in "the household grave," and thither he was borne to await the final summons. He was buried in Abney Park Cemetery, Dean Stanley reading the service.

There has been a great gathering of bishops in London during the month of July, in consequence of the Pan-Anglican Synod, which has held its sittings. On Sunday, July 7th, no fewer than forty bishops preached in metropolitan pulpits, thirty-one of whom were foreign or colonial.

The microphone has been utilised in a manner which may possibly commend it to the thoughtful consideration of those who wish to carry the Gospel to such as will not or cannot come to hear it. Mr. J. L. Crossley, of Halifax, had a microphone placed in the pulpit of a chapel recently and connected it with his residence, a mile distant. The whole of the service was audible, except a few words which were rendered indistinct by the preacher's disturbing the microphone.

No story is the same to us after a lapse of time, or, rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters.

A gentleman at Bristol writes:—"For six years a decayed tooth prevented mastication on the side it was situated, as well as causing many sleepless nights; but having used Bunter's Nerve, I am not only relieved of the most troublesome of all pains, but can now use the tooth without the slightest inconvenience."

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