

Editorial.

WORK FOR LAYMEN.

We do not much like the established distinction between "Lay" and "Clerical." Doubtless in common speech, it serves a useful purpose in designating classes of men. But, it is misapplied oftentimes, and grievously, with respect to those who are Christ's. It is very specially so, when used as a reason why any Christian man should not take an active part in the work of Christ on the earth. As if, because he belonged to the first class, that work was none of his; or, as if, by taking an active part in that work, he would be intruding on a line of things belonging exclusively to the other class. All who are really Christ's are members of a Royal priesthood: "Kings and priests unto God." And it is their part, their very highest work on earth, to be busy in that work appropriate to their office.

Some time ago a gentleman visited a Western city at a time when a Sabbath School Convention was in session. He was amazed that so many should be gathered together merely to speak about Sabbath School work. Led by curiosity, he found his way to a meeting of the Convention. He was interested in all he heard and saw; and during all the remaining sessions he continued an attentive hearer and observer. Returning home thereafter in company with a friend, he was for a time pre-occupied and silent. At last he said, in answer to a remark by his friend, "Men call my life successful. I am now forty-three years of age, and am worth a hundred thousand dollars. But I learned one thing at that Sabbath School Convention: I have done nothing for Christ." No sooner did he reach home than he called together his friends and acquaintances, and laid before them a plan of work for Christ; including specially, Sabbath Schools for the town and neighbourhood. A goodly number were persuaded to join him; and the result, in no long time,

was a marked revival of vital religion over a wide district. And why should not the faculty for business and organization, possessed by many Christian men, be more frequently applied to similar work? How could they use it to bring in every way a richer return, or serve a nobler purpose? Priceless gifts and energies are practically wasted oftentimes by Christian men; expended wholly in subordinate spheres, and on minor aims.

Once upon a time, at a great feast given by an Italian prince, the guests were struck with admiration at the beauty of one of the dishes on the table. It was in form of a lion, faultlessly modelled. The prince called up his chief cook to receive the praise he deserved. But he repudiated all merit for the work, saying it was the production of a youth, one of his subordinates in the kitchen. With awakened interest, the prince immediately called the boy before him. When he stood before the splendid company, a slender stripling, his mean array could not hide the stamp of genius on his ingenuous countenance. As they looked on him, they began to think it foul scorn that his excellent, God-given faculty, should be wasted merely to grace a feast, when it might be used to produce forms of beauty in enduring brass and marble. He was allowed nevermore to fill a scullion's place. From that hour the prince took him under his own special patronage, placed him under the best masters of art, and had thus the honour of being helpful to one whose name lives as a great sculptor.

Now there does seem to be a lamentable waste of power in the Church of Christ, and on the part of many intelligent, excellent Christian men. They will stay in the kitchen when they might rise to the studio. There is more required of business men, in these days, than at any former time. They need a wider reach of intellect, and a more

sustained energy. But do they fail to master the complicated details of some great enterprize? Or, do they fail in needful eloquence when they desire to commend it to the general community? Never, at any former time, were there so many men of high business capacity and intelligence, as we now have. A fair share of these are Christian men. But how many of them take no part in active work for Christ. There are many splendid exceptions, but the bulk of our Christian business men, seem not to rise to the conception of any earnest, energetic and sustained work for Christ. In fact, they do nothing for Christ. One busy year follows another during which their voice has never been heard on behalf of Christ, and no Christian enterprize has been sustained or advanced by their energy.

Is there not a great mistake here? Business men, we appeal to yourselves. Is there not a tremendous miscalculation at the basis of that merely worldly life you are content to lead? Is there not the exaltation of that which is infinitely paltry over that which is infinitely great? Is there not the preferring of that which is merely temporary to that which is eternal? Is there not the mistake of giving yourselves wholly to work far meaner than befits you, to the neglect of that which is worthy of your highest powers? Now, as never before, there is abundant scope in the various walks of Christian usefulness for every talent and energy of every member of the Church of Christ. New facilities are afforded in these days for the profitable employment of every man willing to put his hand to work. And there are calls on every side, fields of labour near at hand, inviting by their rich promise, or pleading by their very destitution. How can any true-hearted Christian, layman or not, stand by while so much work is to be done for the Master? Absorption in mere worldly work, whatever that work may be, is but a busy idleness on the part of a Christian man. He should be attending to

something better. It is his privilege to take his place among God's sowers and reapers, and to gather fruit unto life eternal. We could imagine nothing harder than for him to be excluded necessarily from that work, and thus to have no hope of that gladness of heart when sowers and reapers shall rejoice together. But how can we characterize the spirit of the man who excludes himself both from this work and this reward? Upon whose mind it has never dawned to aspire to the distinction of him who turns many to righteousness? Whose wisdom seems to lie in a hearty and thorough attention to every work except that of winning souls for Christ? He that winneth souls is wise. They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. Why should any Christian layman be destitute of that wisdom, or be excluded from that special glory at last? Why, indeed?

HEALING BY PRAYER.

We all know more or less of sickness. It comes to us at times by slow and stealthy step, gaining a little each day, till it becomes master, and we are forced to succumb to our unwelcome visitor. Or it may come suddenly, without note of warning, as the lion leaps on his prey. But let us suppose that, no matter how, sickness, sore, serious, severe, has come, and that we, or some loved one, is fairly in its grasp. What are we to do?

Good nursing is of great account at such a time as this. Let there be plenty of fresh air, quietness, ventilation, rest, sleep, with the use of such simple remedies as every one ought to know something about. Good medical advice is also of great importance. Some expect too much of doctors, thinking they ought to know every thing and be able to do every thing, putting them in the place of God. Others again expect too little, and never, even in serious illness, call for medical advice at all, or

only when it is too late. But a good doctor, a man that knows his profession and loves it, and gives all his time and attention to it, a man that fears God and feels for his patients, is one of the best blessings from God to society.

But is there nothing more needed? We have got for our sick good nursing and skilful advice, what else can we do? Something yet remains to be done of very great account. That something is *prayer*. Whenever the heavy, chilly hand of sickness is laid on us or on those we love, the heart and the eye and the voice should be directed heavenward, to Him in whose hands we all are as the clay in the hands of the potter. Let us pray to Him to make the sickness a blessing to us and to our sick, that it may be the means of bringing us and them nearer Him: let us pray to Him to remove it if it be His holy will: but let our chief urgency be that He may give us grace to submit to His will in the disposal of our strength and life. But after we have thus prayed, is there nothing more to be done? There is. In that remarkable passage in James which is attracting considerable attention at present, we read as follows: "*Is any sick among you: let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be healed, the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.*" James v. 14, 15, 16.

There are some things in the advice of the apostle that are of local and temporary import which ought to be noted. Of this character is the *anointing with oil*. Olive oil was much used medicinally in Palestine, and even in our day its curative properties are admitted to rank high. In cases of low fever and extreme weakness its value has been often proved. But its use here was not

so much medicinal as (a common thing with the Jews) symbolical. The anointing was in the name of the Lord, showing clearly that it was a religious act. The continued retention of this act is not binding on Christians. Indeed it seems to have occupied a subordinate position in the mind of the Apostle. "Let them pray over him, anointing him (if they see fit) with oil." The praying was the main business; the anointing only of secondary importance.

Again it may be said that the *miraculous* interposition of God in healing sickness has ceased, i.e., in so far as the miracle was given as a *sign*, or *mark*, or *evidence* of a preacher and his doctrine. The standing miracle of Christianity now is the lives of its professors, "that they may be one, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." But the *merciful* interposition of God, i.e., miracle in its true etymological sense—the finger of God,—in healing disease by means or without means, is not included in what is thus given up as being of a temporary character.

How much remains, then, to the church after these two things, viz., the *oil* and the *sign*, are given up. Here it is, "the fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." It *availeth much* in the case of sickness, and our duty to our sick is not exhausted till we have not only prayed ourselves for them but have asked others, whom we believe to be Christians, to pray with us for them. The ancient church had great faith in *united* prayer. Paul seeks it again and again. And in some countries it is still customary to remember by name, in the prayers of the congregation, its sick and dying members. But the doubting spirit of our age is invading the church, and prayer is out of our calculation as an agent in healing our sick. For all this prayer, united prayer (elders), prayer in the sick room (let him call to him), prayer from a true believer (righteous), prayer from a living and loving Christian heart (fervent), is avail in more ways than one:—

Such prayers *cheer*, soothe, tranquilize, *our sick*. When the body is pained and weak from watching and fasting the mind is apt to become depressed, desponding, wandering. It has a cheering effect at such a time even to see a true Christian friend and to hear his voice, how much more cheering therefore must it be to hear him think for us, speak for us, plead for us in the ear of our Father who is in Heaven.

Such prayers secure the *forgiveness of sin*. "If he have committed sin it shall be forgiven him." Sin is oftener than men think the cause of their being sick. They have been indulging some appetite, or neglecting the laws of health, they have been too keen in business or too much worried with care, and as a *punishment* sickness has come. In these circumstances a great step towards the cure of the sickness is to have the sin forgiven. He whose laws we have broken, and the laws of nature are His as well as the moral law, is angry with us, and how can we get well, till His anger has passed away? The first step with Jesus in curing disease, more than once, was to forgive sin. "Thy sins are forgiven thee." In answer to fervent prayer this boon at least is secured for the repentant sick,—his sins are forgiven.

Such prayers *heal the sick*. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." How? There are cases of sickness such as the weakness of old age, the last stages of consumption, mutilation by accident, where it would be folly to ask God for healing. His mind is there declared already. And where His mind is not declared to us it may be decided by other considerations, such as the greatest good upon the whole of the sick and of others, so that in all cases we must leave room for the sovereign will of God, who, in the language of the proud Chaldean Monarch, "doth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth." But in ordinary cases of sickness the rule holds and will always

hold good that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." And the statement in this form is only a special instance of the rule that "whatsoever Christians ask in the name of Christ it shall be given them."

The prayer of faith shall save the sick by suggesting to the mind the true remedy. The science of medicine, if it may be called a science, consists of a series of guesses and a series of experiments. There is much need then that Divine knowledge should guide the eye of the physician to the spot where the disease lies, and that Divine power should guide his hand in dispensing his remedies. And many instances are on record in common experience and in the journals of Christian doctors, where a thought flashing into the mind like inspiration was the means of saving life.

The prayer of faith shall save the sick by blessing the means. It often happens that disease reaches such a height that the life of the sick one is trembling in the balance. Sleep for one short hour or no sleep may now decide the doubtful case. Noise on the street, change in the temperature, may undo all that medical skill has done. The case is now solemnly in the hands of the great physician, and men must stand by in silence while he works. In that case how natural is prayer, and how often has its answer come to gladden the anxious heart.

Can we go farther than this? Can we believe, with some, that in our day God heals in answer to prayer without the use of means? On this ground we must tread with caution, and move forward only as we feel secure footing. The caution should not however become prejudice against any facts that can be adduced in favour of healing by prayer. Striking facts challenge this moment our attention. About ten years ago considerable interest was awakened in Europe by reports of cures wrought, without medicine, in answer to prayer, near Zurich, in Switzerland. In our department of "Christian

life" we give, entire, a letter that appeared in the News of the Churches, in Nov. 1862, describing Maundorf, the scene of the cures, and giving a slight sketch of Dorothea Trudel. Before her death, which took place in 1862, she transferred her establishment to Samuel Zeller, son of the founder of the Reformatory at Beuggen, and brother-in-law to Bishop Gobal of Jerusalem. The work is still carried on under him on the same principles, and with results that are now attracting attention, and compelling the assent of such men as Tholuck, Hertzog, Delitzsch. Mrs. Lucinda Sullivan, in her recent "Diary of a month in Maundorf," has confirmed the account Miss Stopfer gave of her visit in 1871. On these facts we cannot but agree with the British and Foreign Evangelical Review, "that the whole subject is, at any rate, worthy of fuller examination than it has yet received, both in relation to science and the church." Does it not seem, even on a distant view of the subject, as if by these cures God is rebuking an unbelieving generation, and as if He, at a time when some of the "wise and prudent" have sounded the lowest depths of atheism, is manifesting himself to babes as the hearer and answerer of prayer? It surely rebukes our tendency to put more faith in the gropings and guesses of our short-sighted fellow-creatures than in the knowledge and mercy of Him whose hands made and fashioned us. In sickness as in other things God saves by few as well as by many.

REVIVAL OF ROMANISM.

To Canada, where so large a proportion of the people belong to the Church of Rome, it is a question of very near and practical interest, whether the power of Rome is growing or decaying? Is there really a revival of Romanism in our day? And if so, in what direction does this revival tend? It is well to look at the question calmly and honestly, neither exaggerating nor un-

derrating the facts on which an answer to the question rests.

In point of *numbers*, there is no increase of any account in the strength of Rome. In nearly all the Catholic countries Romanism has lost ground with the advancement of this century. In Protestant countries it is far from holding its own. While the Roman Catholics have increased at the rate of 28 per cent. in Great Britain and Ireland, the Protestants have increased at the rate of 120 per cent. Protestantism has, therefore, been increasing three *five* times faster than Romanism since the beginning of the present century.

In the United States we find there were in 1801, two millions of Catholics and five millions of Protestants, whereas there are now nine millions of Catholics, and about thirty millions of Protestants. Taking Ontario and Quebec together, we find that in these provinces (U. C. and L. C.), in 1861 the church of Rome and the Protestant church were as near as possible equal, whereas by the census of 1871, Protestants stand somewhere about 100,000 ahead of Catholics.

In point of material *wealth*, there is no increase in the strength of Rome. From the year 1842 to 1860, there joined the church of Rome in England some fourteen lords and a lot of peeresses and titled ladies, representing a large amount of land and money. But this gain is small in comparison with the loss of convents, monasteries, church lands, and monopolies in Germany, in Italy, in Spain, and in Austria. Today, therefore, the church of Rome is poorer than in the beginning of the century.

In face of these undoubted facts, men may ask where it is that Romanism has increased its strength? In what respect can it be said that there is a revival of Romanism?

Rome has, in England, *regained its lost respectability*. It is very hard for a church to make headway in the artificial society of Europe, if she has lost

caste, has ceased to be thought respectable. Since the revolution of 1688 Romanism has been under a ban, as far as fashion is concerned, among the gentry and nobility of England. Till within the last few years it was social suicide for a Protestant to become a Romanist, south of the Tweed, as well as north of it. But since the Tractarian movement of 1833 culminated in Romanism in 1845, there has been a gradual change going on, so that to-day it is thought to be proof rather of good breeding than otherwise for a man to have Romish tastes and tendencies. This should not amount to much if people had principle and common sense; but where both these are wanting, it amounts to a great deal, as we see every year now that Romanism is a fashionable religion.

Rome has *rekindled its dying zeal*. The experience of Rome during the last 300 years has been, in all honesty, discouraging enough. The Reformation dealt it a staggering blow. It was coming slowly round to something of its former vigor, when the French Revolution sent it gasping into the dust again. Then came the din of railways, the flash of telegraph, the clatter of the printing-press, the cry for knowledge, the demand for personal freedom, the shout of the awakening masses, and Rome thought for a little moment of becoming liberal: but it drew back with horror from what seemed to it a bottomless abyss of revolution. Then away went from it Naples, the States of the Church, indeed all Italy, then Austria grew cold, and Spain revolted, while Protestant Prussia rose in the north threatening to reconstruct the German Empire,—a terrible phantom. In these circumstances, Rome roused up its remaining energies for a desperate dying-struggle. Even the timid stag when held to bay will turn on the dogs and hurl them right and left while its strength holds. So Rome is really at bay, set upon by what it calls the dogs of this century, which can no longer be

scorned nor silenced, and what of courage and vigor remains in it is now called into desperate energy to trample under foot the braying, biting phalanx, or—to set Europe on fire.

Rome has *perfected its unity*. Some people smile at the dogma of papal infallibility as being a harmless conceit which may please the Popes, but which cannot do anybody any hurt. It is far from being that kind of thing, as Bismarck and Victor Emmanuel understand right well. Papal infallibility is the ripe fruit of many centuries. It is the crowning stone of the tower whose top was to reach to heaven. More than 700 years before Christ, a small town on the banks of the Tiber fortified itself and began to annex the surrounding country, sometimes in good faith, but oftener by force and fraud. It went on with this work till, as Imperial Rome, it annexed the whole world, and sat there, the mistress of nations. Then came its decline and fall; but when Imperial Rome fell, its ghost, Papal Rome, arose and took possession of the seven hills. The same business Papal Rome has followed, though by different weapons. Step by step it has built up its ambitious fabric till nothing remained to be done to complete the resemblance to the Imperial, but to say that the will of the spiritual Cæsar is law, and that from it there is no appeal to the tribunal of man or God. Till this height was reached, the fabric of despotism was not complete. But the Pope is now infallible, that is the spiritual Cæsar, is absolute ruler, and spiritual Imperialism is complete. Nothing remains now but to get men and churches and nations to bow their necks to the yoke of this absolute, infallible, spiritual king. The ruling passion is strong in death, and so the Papacy, driven to extremities by the nineteenth century, has come forth at last in its real character as the progeny of the "fourth beast, dreadful, and terrible, and strong exceedingly, which had great iron teeth, and devoured, and

brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it."

That seems to us to be the true character of the Romish revival. It is Rome recovering caste in England, rousing its energies, concentrating its forces for a desperate struggle for the mastery of the world. The fact that it may be a death-struggle does not diminish in the least the solemnity of the crisis that has come on us and our chil-

dren. It is in the death-struggle some animals are most dangerous. In his death-struggle Samson slew more of the Philistines than in his life-time. It is impossible to tell what form the conflict may assume. Had France conquered lately instead of Prussia, where would we now be? Let us be busy, each man building what of the wall stands at his own door.

Living Preachers.

THE CAKE NOT TURNED.

By REV. C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

"Ephraim is a cake not turned."—HOSEA VII. 8.

The language of Scripture is largely borrowed from common life. Most often, from natural objects; fields and trees, sea and sky, the means and processes of vegetation and agriculture. But sometimes in-door life is laid under contribution for spiritual illustration. Sometimes it is a feast, with its bright lights, its good cheer, and merry guests within, in contrast with an outer darkness and a sad exclusion. Sometimes it is a humbler matter still; a lost piece of money, and a woman sweeping the house till she finds it. Sometimes it is one of the processes by which food is prepared for strengthening man's heart, and the poorest man or woman is taught how to find profit for the soul out of an occupation which seems to be wholly confined to things sensible and earthly. You would be surprised, if you looked into a Concordance of Holy Scripture, to see how large a space is occupied by the word *bread*. We might almost say that bread has been consecrated by the Bible, the Old Testament and still more the New, to such an excellent mystery that by it is typified and represented the work of grace in the heart of man.

Now of this character is the figure employed in the text. *Ephraim is a cake not turned*. Ephraim, in its origi-

nal meaning here, denotes the kingdom of Israel or of the Ten Tribes. But I am sure I need not say that that which is written of a rebellious and perverse nation has its exact counterpart in the individual; nay, that it was only because true of individuals that it was ever true of a nation; and that human nature, fallen human nature, is of one stock and of one blood in all times, so that, if we get below the surface (God's Word guiding us) with reference to one man in one age, we are quite sure to find the same thing true of the depth of some other heart in some other age—yes, in germ at least, true of every other heart in every other age. Ephraim, being interpreted, is man. At least, he is many a man, under circumstances at all similar to those of the Israelites at the time spoken of. In other words, the character ascribed in God's Word to Israel of old is the character of very many persons to whom God has spoken, whom He has brought within the pale of His covenant and of His Church, and striven with through long years by the inward pleadings and remonstrances of His Spirit. Ephraim, so understood, is compared in this passage to a cake not turned.

English history has treasured among its anecdotes of a favourite royal hero, one which tells us of a cake not turned. The disguised sovereign, occupied with graver cares, forgot the duties of the

task which he had assumed, and left the countrywoman's bread to spoil for lack of turning. Such is the very emblem here employed by God's Prophet. There is something in the character of some men which resembles a burnt loaf; a cake left too long with one side exposed to the fire, till it has caught and been scorched, while the other side is still mere dough. So condescending is the language of Divine Revelation, when it seeks to show us to ourselves as we are! A little accident, familiar to every cottage and to every kitchen, is seized by the wisdom of God, and made the vehicle of correction and instruction in righteousness. May He help us so to use it!

The character described is easily legible. It is that in which there is a too much and a too little. One side is overdone, the other is underdone. There is nothing even and equable in the compound. It is in pieces and patches: here a lump of dough, and there a cinder: here that which must be cut off because it is too dry and too black for mastication, and there that which must be left upon the plate because it is too moist and too sticky for digestion. I am sure, my brethren, if we think of it, we all know such characters. Some of us, who look closely within, may perhaps be constrained to confess, Certainly I know one such!

It is intended, you know, that the grace of God, or by whatever other term we designate the thing spoken of, should go through and through the whole of us. The comparison slightly varied gives us the leaven which is hid in the meal till the whole is leavened. Just so is it in the baking. That which has been first thoroughly mixed, and then thoroughly leavened, must last of all be thoroughly baked. Every part of the mind and life—the principles and the affections, the temper and the spirit, the motives and the conduct, the feelings towards God and the feelings towards man—ought to be alike and equally influenced by the presence of the Holy Spirit

within. The cake is imperfectly mixed, imperfectly leavened, or imperfectly baked, if it be not so. The whole man ought to move together in God's love and in God's service. It is the want of this unity, this coherence and consistency of parts, this combination and harmony of all elements in one whole, which makes the words true of any human character, *Ephraim is a cake not turned.*

And this might be exemplified in many ways.

1. There is, first, the case which the context seems to point to; an inconsistency arising from too much of voluntary intermixture with the world. *Ephraim, he hath mixed himself among the people: he hath mingled himself among the surrounding heathen, and learned their ways: Ephraim is a cake not turned. Strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth it not: yea, gray hairs are here and there upon him, testifying to a loss of strength, and to a decay of vigour, yet he knoweth not.* A very graphic picture of the life of many! Certainly some are very arbitrary in their definitions of the world. They do not understand the difference between the heathenism which surrounded Israel of old or the Christian Church in its first beginnings, and the nominal Christianity which is about us on every side now. We have no right to ignore Baptism and Communion, profession of faith and attendance on ordinances. These things are not unimportant. For good or else for evil, they make a distinction between him who has them and him who has them not. Still for practical purposes, as a matter of Christian prudence and of Christian consistency, we must put a difference now between some and others even of our fellow-worshippers. A brother who walks among us disorderly, who is either notoriously sinful in his life, or whose influence, at all events, is entirely adverse to religion, cannot be regarded by us, nor ought he to be, as a fitting friend or companion for one who desires above all things to save his soul alive.

And there is such a thing in these days as a man *mixing himself among* such persons, and becoming by that intermixture like a cake turned. His religion may become in that way rather an incongruous adjunct than a pervading leaven. He may still have a religion: he may still think himself religious, he may continue a worshipper, he may continue a communicant: he may have prayers in his family, and prayers in his chamber: but his life is not religion; his day is spent away from God; his prayers are isolated from his occupations and isolated from his interests; his heart is in the world, whatever his professions or even his occasional wishes may be.

2. Or, again, there is the still sadder case, if it be possible, of one who is tied and bound by the chain of some evil habit. How much that is beautiful and apparently hopeful in a character may coexist, for a time at least, with a sin! In the end, no doubt, the forcible words of this Prophet are made good in every instance of a life of sensuality, *Whoredom, and wine, and new wine, take away the heart.* Fearful are the exemplifications of this saying—of the heartlessness of the sensualist—in human life. They meet us everywhere: patent among the poor; discernible, doubtless, to a closer inspection, in the homes of the wealthy. But this, in its full development, belongs to a late stage of sin. In its beginnings there may be a great mixture of good. Sometimes there is a considerable amount of piety, of religious feeling I mean, in a character which has its dark spot all the time. Often there is in it what I may call a pathos and a plaintiveness very touching and even attractive. If the strong man despises, the humble Christian cannot but pity, may almost love. That profound sense of sinfulness, that exceeding bitter cry which rises in the hearing of God or man from a self-condemning heart, that deep humility, that tenderness in judging, that consideration for the feelings and faults of others

—all which are sometimes characteristic of a man vainly struggling rather under than against a prevailing evil temper or victorious evil lust—are things not to be witnessed without compassion even by one who cannot, for his Master's sake, be indifferent to the guilt, or blind to the danger, of the sin which thus reigns. The words of the text may well recur to us as we contemplate such a case. O that the whole man were what a part of him is! O that that inconsistency could be reconciled! O that that tenderness and that humility could but have been combined with purity, or that generous warmth of feeling with some command of speech and of temper! How beautiful then might have been the compound, where at present we can but admire a few separate ingredients! Would that God's grace might even bring unity into that confusion, casting out that which is evil, and claiming for His own that which is good! He has done so, for a few at least, even in this most perilous and fatal case of all: He has, here and there, given a man the victory even over a sin which had long led him captive: often enough to forbid despair, though not often enough to preclude deep anxiety.

3. But the subject is still far from being exhausted: I feel rather that we have as yet scarcely sounded its depths. The peculiar point in it is the imperfect diffusion of good throughout the whole man; the exaggeration of some parts to the disparagement of others; the one side overdone, and the other scarcely touched, by the fire of truth and grace. How applicable is this description to some characters to which we can scarcely deny the title of religious; some which perhaps most confidently arrogate that title to themselves! How often have we seen in such persons zeal without tenderness; energy without repose; eagerness for what they deem truths, without charity towards those whom they count in error; a distortion, for themselves and others, of the whole

proportion and balance of the Gospel, by pressing one truth as if it were all the truth, and casting into the shade of practical disregard other things which a more impartial reader of God's Word would see to occupy a primary place! And great dishonour is done to Christ oftentimes by such distortions and by such onesidedness. Great injustice is often done to personal merits of a different and less obtrusive order. Men are regarded as far behind in the Christian race, who in all save the loudness of their profession or the narrowness of their view may be far forwarder than their judges. And, what is worse, many honest straggling men are so discouraged in their estimate of themselves, and so deterred by the representation thus made to them of Christ's Gospel, that they are really thrown back in the race, or diverted into some erratic course, the end of which can scarcely be recognized as the Christian's heaven. Such are some of the evil results of that imperfect blending of Christian graces, that disproportionate development in one character of the various elements of true perfection, which we have so often to deplore even in religious persons, and to which no figure of comparison could be more appropriate than that drawn for us in the words of the Prophet, *Ephraim is a cake not turned.*

4. And, if applicable thus far to Christian men, what shall we say of the bearing of the subject upon persons who have not yet taken a decisive step towards Christ's service? Is there no inequality, no jar, no disorder, in their being also? What if in many of them conscience is at variance with practice, conviction with conduct? If you are not inwardly convinced that there is something in Christ which is not to be dispensed with and not elsewhere to be found, why are you here? I would fain believe that that which is indicated by your presence among Christ's worshippers is in reality the very deepest and truest part of your being. It is not that I would teach you that you are

guilty of hypocrisy or false profession in coming hither. That is dangerous language, and not more dangerous, I believe, than false. Rather would I urge you to cherish that habit, of coming to hear Christ's Word read and preached, and of joining in His public worship, as one of the links which still connect you with the realities which lie above, and which lie within, and which lie before you. But then, my brethren, if you are not to discontinue worship, let it mean something! It will not do to have two parts of you entirely severed and at variance. Your faith in Christ, which you express by worship, must not be confined to worship. If you call Him *Lord, Lord*, you must also try to do the things which He says. O, if there be in you but one thing which He disapproves, be assured that it will be for your happiness to part with it—certainly it will be for your happiness to *have* parted with it: make the effort in His name and strength, He will enable you. And, not less, endeavour to carry the thought of Him into your daily life in all its parts. Try to understand, and try to exemplify, what is meant by even eating and drinking to God's glory—by temperance and by thankfulness—by using moderately what He gives, and by praising and remembering Him in your hearts over it. You will never be really happy until your life is at one. The *cake not turned* is a spoilt and damaged thing; good neither for food nor show: men cast it out. Pray and strive that it be not a figure descriptive of you. Let your prayer, and the prayer of all of us, be that of the inspired Psalmist, *Unite my heart to fear Thy Name.* Yes, bring all its scattered parts into one whole. Reason and conscience and will, judgment and affection, energy and enjoyment, thought and speech, soul and spirit, mind and life, let each in its office serve Thee, and let the whole be Thine. *Then are they glad, because they are at rest: and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would*

be. In God alone is the rest of man : he that findeth Christ findeth peace.

Unity is happiness, and unity is strength. If you see that the Lord is God, follow Him ; follow Him whithersoever He goeth. If you hear the voice within, saying, *This is the way, walk thou in it ;* if conscience tells you that a particular thing is right, because Christ commands it, or a particular thing wrong, because it might lead you or another into sin, into some occupation or indulgence which Christ in His Gospel has forbidden ; let that be decisive : an hour later you will be glad of it. No man can serve two masters ; God and the world, Christ and self, Christ and sin. It is misery to attempt it. They are the wretched men of this

world, not who live entirely for the world, not who live entirely for God, but, who have just light enough to prevent their forgetting Him, and not decision enough to be His wholly. They are the wretched men : others have the world to enjoy, and there is some enjoyment in it so long as men can forget the last end : and others, again, have God to enjoy, and His service, is perfect freedom, and in it is nothing to be forgotten : but *they* have *neither* ; they miss both worlds : and a weary bondage they suffer. Well may the text say to each of us, Be one man, not two : make up your mind, and let mind and life move together. *God is one* : let him who is God's be one also.

Poetry.

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

The following lines were written by Cornelius Cayley, a courtier in the reign of George II.

C. Tho' many friends in winter disappear,
Echo, thy friendship's constant all the year.
Come, harmless soother, come, with mild consent :
To talk with me awhile art thou content ?

Echo. Content.

C. When Jesus left His radiant throne of light,
The realms of innocence and glory bright,
To take man's humble form, what did Him move ?
Say, gentle Echo, was it wrath or love ?

E. Love.

C. But why drank He the bitter cup of woe ?
Did He offend, did He pollution know ?

E. No.

C. Why, then, was His dear body stain'd with gore ?
Why dropt the sweating blood from ev'ry pore ?
Why did the scorpion scourge so dreadful wound ?
Why was His head with thorns so pungent crown'd ?
Why from His sacred cheeks was pluck'd the hair ?
Why sink beneath the pond'rous weight He bare ?

Why nail'd His hands and feet unto the tree ?

Why in such torment die on Calvary ?

Why such a spectacle did He appear ?

His gentle heart why pierc'd them with a spear ?

Why was all this ? say, Echo ; caust thou tell ?

Was it to save poor sinful men from hell ?

E. Sinful men from hell.

C. Was it that we, being justified by grace,
Might glad behold His reconciled face ?
Was it to wash our souls, to make us clean,
And kill the very inbred root of sin ?
Was it that we might Abba Father cry,
And to His outstretch'd arms of mercy fly ?
Was it that all the boundless love of God
Might in our hearts be richly shed abroad ?
O ! tell me, Echo, for I long to know,
Is all this true, is all this even so ?

E. Even so.

C. Why, surely, then, all such he will receive
Who turn to Him and in His name believe ?

E. In His name believe.

C. This gospel, then, must I to all proclaim,
And preach salvation in no other name ?

E. In no other name.

C. This sin is pardon'd through a Saviour's blood,

Is this a doctrine wholesome, sound, and good?

E. Sound and good.

C. Well, does this grace poor helpless sinners suit?

Are godly works of faith the genuine fruit?

E. The genuine fruit.

C. To all mankind, to all of every land, Is such a faith in Jesus God's command?

E. God's command.

C. True faith producing love to God and man, Say, Echo, is not this the gospel plan?

E. The Gospel plan.

C. Must I my faith and love to Jesus show, By doing good to all, both friend and foe?

E. Both friend and foe.

C. But if a brother hates and treats me ill, Must I return him good, and love him still?

E. And love him still.

C. If he my failings watches to reveal, Must I his faults as carefully conceal?

E. As carefully conceal.

C. But if my name and character he blast, A cruel malice, too, a long time last; And if I sorrow and affliction know, He loves to add unto my cup of woe; In this uncommon, this peculiar case, Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?

E. Still love and bless.

C. Whatever usage ill I may receive, Must I be patient still and still forgive?

E. Be patient still and still
[forgive.]

C. Why, Echo, how is this? Thou'rt sure a
deceit;
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love.

E. Nothing else but love.

C. Amen. With all my heart, then be it so; 'Tis all delightful, just, and good I know. And now to practice I'll directly go.

E. Directly go.

C. Things being so, then, let who will reject, My gracious God me surely will protect?

E. Surely will protect.

C. Henceforth on Him I'll roll my every care, And both my friends and foes embrace in prayer.

E. Embrace in prayer.

C. Echo, enough, thy counsel to my ear Is sweeter than to flowers the dewdrop tear. Thy wise instruction pleases me so well, Till next we meet again farewell, farewell.

E. Farewell, farewell.

C. Before we part I one thing more will say: The pleasing talk I've had with thee to-day Shall not be lost, but all shall know what *E.* Hath done to instruct his humble pupil *C.*

SWEET MOTHER!

The following beautiful poem (designed for her mother's eye only) was written by the late Mrs. Judson (Fanny Forrester) while at Maulmain, the Missionary station in India, at which she had been left by her dying husband, Mr. Judson, when he embarked on a nearly hopeless voyage for health. At the date of this poem he had been four months dead, although it was ten days before the sad news was communicated to her. It was sent to us some years ago, by one of her friends, under a seal of privacy, which we presume is removed by death.—*Home Journal.*

The wild south-west monsoon has risen,
With broad, grey wings of gloom,
While here, from out my dreary prison,
I look as from the tomb—alas!
My heart another tomb.

Upon the low thatched roof, the rain
With ceaseless patter falls;
My choicest treasures bear its stains;
Mould gathers on the walls;—would heaven
'Twere only on the walls!

Sweet mother, I am here alone,
In sorrow and in pain;
The sunshine from my heart has flown;
It feels the driving rain—Ah, me!
The chill, and mould, and rain.

Four laggard months have wheel'd their round
Since love upon it smiled,
And every thing of earth has frown'd
On thy poor stricken child, sweet friend,
Thy weary, suffering child.

I'd watch'd my loved one night and day,
Scarce breathing when he slept,
And as my hopes were swept away,
I'd in his bosom wept—O God!
How had I pray'd and wept!

And when they bore him to the ship,
I saw the white sails spread,
I kiss'd his speechless, quiv'ring lip,
And left him on his bed—alas!
It seemed a coffin bed.

When from my gentle sister's tomb,
Long since, in tears, we came,
Thou said'st, "How desolate each room!"
Well, mine were just the same that day,—
The very, very same.

Then, mother, little Charley came,
Our beautiful, fair boy,
With my own father's cherished name:
But, O! he brought no joy—my child
Brought mourning, and no joy.

His little grave I cannot see,
Though weary months have sped
Since pitying lips bent over me,
And whisper'd, "He is dead!"—mother,
"Tis dreadful to be dead!

I do not mean for one like me—
So weary, worn, and weak—
Death's shadowy paleness seems to be
E'en now upon my cheek—his seal,
On form, and brow, and cheek.

But for a bright-winged bird like him
To hush his joyous song,
And prisoned in a coffin dim,
Join Death's pale phantom throng—my boy
To join that grizzly throng!

O, mother, I can scarcely bear
To think of this to-day!
It was so exquisitely fair,
That little form of clay—my heart
Still lingers by his clay.

And when for one loved far, far more
Come thickly-gathering tears,
My star of faith is clouded o'er,
I sink beneath my fears, sweet friend,
My heavy weight of fears.

O, but to feel thy fond arms twine
Around me once again!
It almost seems those lips of thine
Might kiss away the pain—might soothe
This dull, cold, heavy pain!

But, gentle mother, through life's storms
I may not lean on thee,
For helpless, cowering, little forms
Cling trustingly to me—poor babes!
They have no guide but me.

With weary foot and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and sore,
The dove looks backward sorrowing,
But seeks the ark no more—thy breast
Seeks never, never more.

Sweet mother, for thy wanderer pray,
That loftier faith be given;
Her broken reeds all swept away,
That she may lean on heaven—her heart
Grow strong in Christ and Heaven.

Once, when young Hope's fresh morning dew
Lay sparkling on my breast,
My bounding heart thought but to do,
To work at Heaven's behest—my pains
Come at the same behest!

All fearfully, all tearfully—
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eye lifted to the sky,
Fast to the cross I cling—O Christ!
To thy dear cross I cling.

Maulmain, Aug. 7, 1850.

HOME OR HERE.

I want to stay here, though I fain would go,
I know there is nothing but trial below;
But in sorrow and pain I want to prove
There is nothing so sweet as a Saviour's love.

I want to stay here, though I long to see
The face of the One who was slain for me;
I long in this valley of death to proclaim
The quickening power of His precious name.

I want to stay here, though often I sigh
For my glorious home in the cloudless sky;
But with me, when there, I am longing to bring
Some trophies of grace for my Conquering King.

I want to stay here, and I know it shall be,
There is glorious work in this world for me;
But only a little—then hasten away,
Toil on through the night—awaiting the day.

REV. D. E. M'NAB,
Saltcoats.

HOW TO DO GOOD.

The effect produced on the writer's
mind by a tract is as fresh now, as if
the circumstance had happened yester-
day.

He was returning from school. A
carriage was driving along, and, as it
passed, something was gently and kindly
dropped from the window. On being
picked up, it was found to be a thrilling
tract upon *Eternity*, with a little ginger-
bread inclosed, to entice the little boy
or girl into whose hands it might fall.
Who that gentleman and lady were, the
writer does not know. But the effect
produced still lives: and many, many a
time has he given away a copy of that
same tract with feelings of profound
gratitude to the Giver of all good, and
breathed the prayer that it too might be
blessed.

"This world is full of beauty,
Like angel worlds above;
And if each did his duty,
It would be full of love."

—Cochrane's *Home-Mission Work*.

Christian Thought.

THE RELATION OF DOCTRINES TO LIFE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.

This is the paper read by Mr. Arnot at the New York meeting of the Evangelical Alliance.

The link which unites doctrine and duty in the Christian system is, like the Word of God, "both quick (living) and powerful." It is like the great artery that joins the heart to the members in a living body—both the channel of life and the bond of union. If that link is severed in the animal, the life departs; there remains neither heart nor members. So in the Christian system, if doctrine and duty are not united, both are dead: there remains neither the sound creed nor the holy life. A common street cry of the day is, Give us plenty of charity, but none of your dogmas; in other words, Give us plenty of sweet fruit, but don't bother us with your hidden mysteries about roots and engrafting. For our part, we join heartily in the cry for more fruit; but we are not content to tie oranges with tape on dead branches lighted with small tapers, and dance round them on a winter evening. This may serve to amuse children; but we are grown men, and life is earnest. We, too, desire plenty of good fruit, and therefore we busy ourselves in making the tree good, and then cherish its roots with all our means and all our might. In the transition from the eleventh to the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, the knot is tied that binds together doctrine and duty in a human life. Speaking generally, with the eleventh chapter the apostle concludes his exposition of doctrines; and with the twelfth he begins his inculcation of duties. At the beginning of his great treatise he plunged into the deep things of God, and at xi. 33 he emerges from his exploration with a passionate cry of adoring wonder at what he has seen

and heard—"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" After relieving his overcharged spirit with that grand anthem which constitutes the close of the doctrinal section, he addresses himself (xii. 1), to the business of directing and stimulating an obedient and holy life in believers, and this theme he prosecutes to the close. At the point of contact between the doctrinal and practical divisions of his treatise he defines and exhibits the relations established in the laws of the Eternal between the gifts which flow from God to men, and the service rendered by men to God. Hitherto he has been opening the treasures of the kingdom, and permitting the divine goodness to flow freely into the lap of the needy; but here is the turning point: henceforth he will urge that tribute should steam upward, like a column of incense, from man to God. Who hath first given to God, and it shall be given to him again? None. No man first gives to God, and then gets back equivalent. But though no man first gives to God, all renewed men give to Him second—that is, the disciples of Christ, having gotten all from God first and free, then and thereby are constrained to render back to Him themselves and all they possess. This apostle knows human nature too well to expect that men will render fit service to God first and spontaneously. He puts the matter on another footing. He expects that the mercy of God, first freely poured out, will press until it press out, and press up, whatever the little vessel of a redeemed man contains, in thank-offerings to the giving God. * * * There are two errors, equal and opposite. Those who teach high doctrine, and wink at slippery practice in themselves and others, fall into a pit on the right hand; those who preach up all the charities and ignore or denounce the truth and the faith that grasps it, fall

into a pit on the left. Let not one man say, I have roots, and another, I have fruits. If you have roots, let us see what fruit they bear; if you have fruits, cherish the roots whereon they grow.

Consider carefully how the power employed in constant view of the effect which it is expected to produce. "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God." Up to this point, the epistle is occupied with the enunciation, elucidation, and defence of doctrine. The writer started with the set purpose of directing and stimulating human life in the way of holiness and love; yet he expends the greater part of his time in the exposition of abstract dogma. Paul has made no mistake here. Although his aim was to get human hearts and lives filled with love to God and man, he devotes his attention first to truth revealed. This is a scientific operator; he knows what he is about. He is especially skilful in applying means to ends. To provide the water power may be a much more lengthened and laborious process than to set the mill going; but without the reservoir and its impounded supply the mill will never go round at all. Paul goes forward with a firm step and a straight course toward his aim in a sanctified and useful human life; but he takes every step on the assumption that a devoted and charitable life cannot be obtained unless the person and work of Christ be made clear to the understanding and accepted with the heart. Hence the time he has occupied and the pains he has bestowed in exhibiting and commending at the outset, a complete theology. A class of men is springing and pressing to the front in our day, who laud charity at the expense of truth. The truth, exterior to the human mind, which God has presented in His Word, they ignore as unnecessary rather than denounce as false. Doctrine, as a truth fixed and independent, they seem to think a hindrance rather than a help toward their expected millennium of charity. In

their view, a man may indeed become a model of goodness although he believe sincerely all the doctrines of the Gospel; but he may reach that blessed state as quickly and as well, although he believe none of them. Their creed is that a man may attain the one grand object of life—practical goodness—equally well, with or without belief in the Christian system. That there may be no mistake in the transmission of their opinion, they take care to illustrate it by notable examples. John Bunyan, who received all the doctrines of the Gospel, and Spinoza, who rejected them all, attain equally to the odor of sanctity in this modern church of charity. This representation is publicly made by men who hold influential ecclesiastical positions in England. Our latest reformers, I suppose, came easily by their discoveries. I am not aware that they passed through any preparatory agonies, like those which Luther endured at Erfurth. Your philosophic regenerator of the world dispenses with a long search and a hard battle. When he brings forward for my acceptance his savoury dish, like poor old blind Isaac when his slippery son presented the forged venison, I am disposed to ask, "How hast thou found it so quickly, my son?" Ah, it is easy for those who have never been exercised about sin to denounce dogma and cry up charity in its stead; but whence shall I obtain charity if I abjure truth? "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." The Apostle John got his charity from the bosom of the Master whereon he lay. Where do the modern apostles obtain theirs? How can you move the world if you have nothing but the world to lean your lever on? The Scriptures present the case of a man who was as free of dogma as the most advanced Secularist could desire, and who was, notwithstanding, woefully lacking in charity. "What is truth?" said Pilate; and he did not wait for an answer, for he had made up his mind that no answer could be given. Pilate was not burdened with a ton,

with even an ounce of dogma, yet he crucified Christ—crucified Christ, believing and confessing him innocent—that he might save his own skin, endangered by the accusations of the Jewish priests at the Court of Rome. Those who, in this age, lead the crusade against dogma are forward to profess utmost reverence for the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. But he did not despise dogma. "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Nothing more completely and abstractedly dogmatical can be found in all the creeds of the Church than the short and fervid exclamation of Peter in answer to the Master's articulate demand for a confession of his faith upon the point. And how did the Master receive it? He not only acquiesced in the doctrine and the expression of it by his servant, but departing in some measure from his usual habit of calm, unimpassioned speech, he broke into an elevated and exultant commendation, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." Let men keep congenial company, and let things be called by their right names. Either, doctrine—truth revealed by God and accepted by man—either, doctrine is decisive and fundamental for the salvation of sinners and the regeneration of the world, or Jesus Christ was a weakling. You must make your choice. The divinity of Christ, as confessed by Peter, is a dogma; for that dogma Jesus witnessed; for that dogma Jesus died. For it was because he made himself the Son of God that the Jewish priesthood hunted him down. Did he give his life for a dogma that is divine and necessary to the salvation of sinners, or did he fling his life away by a mistake? Men must make their choice. Those who are not for Christ are against him.

The constituents of a true devotion are a "living sacrifice," and "a reasonable service." Whatever is rendered in sacrifice to God is rendered whole. The

phraseology is in a high degree typical, but by reference to the Old Testament institutions it is easily understood. The distinguishing features of the New Testament sacrifice are, that it is the offerer's own body, not the body of a substitute; and that it is presented not dead, but living. It is not a carcase laid on the altar to be burned; it is a life devoted to God. Love is the fire that consumes the sacrifice, and in this case, too, the fire came down from heaven. The body is specially demanded as an offering; the body is for the Lord. It bears the mark of his hand. We are fearfully and wonderfully made. Stand in awe and sin not; give not that which is holy unto the dogs. Your body is another Bible: read it with reverence. Its precepts, like those of the Decalogue, are written by the finger of God. Show me, not a penny, but a man—for this is the only coin which the great King will accept as tribute: whose image and superscription hath he? God's. Render, therefore, unto God the thing that is God's. As the sacrifice is living the service is reasonable—rational. It is not the arbitrary though loving command addressed by a father to his infant son—burn the fat upon the altar—that he may be trained to habits of unquestioning obedience; it is rather the work prescribed by the father to an adult son—a work which the son understands, and a purpose in which he intelligently acquiesces. The burning of incense, practiced in the Romish community for ages, and now resumed by those who should have known better, is not a reasonable service. It is a going back from the attainments of the Gospel to the beggarly elements of a past dispensation.

The second constituent of Christian duty is reciprocal justice and kindness between man and man, like the harmony and helpfulness which the Creator has established between the several members of a living body. Mark how the hand comes to the defence of the eye in its weakness; and how the eye with its

sight, and from its elevated position, keeps watch for the welfare of the lowly, blind, but laborious and useful foot. The mutual helpfulness of these members is absolutely perfect. Such should be the charity between brother and brother of God's family upon earth; such it shall be when all the sons and daughters are assembled in the many mansions of the heavenly home. In the remaining portion of the epistle, Paul labours with all his might to stimulate practical charity, in one place reducing the whole law to one precept, to one word—Love. After devoting so much time to the roots, he will not neglect to gather the fruit. After so

much care in obtaining the power, he looks sharply to the product, lest it should turn out that he had laboured in vain.

Ultimately we must look to the sovereign Lord God for a baptism of the Spirit, greater than that of the Pentecost, to produce a revival that will usher in the glory of the latter day; but mediately and instrumentally that revival will come through the mercies of God, manifested to the world in the incarnation and sacrifice of the eternal Son, accepted, realized, and felt, in new and greatly increased intensity by the members of the Christian Church.

Christian Life.

THE REV. JOHN GEDDIE, D.D.,
MISSIONARY TO THE NEW
HEBRIDES.

BY THE REV. C. C. STEWART, OWEN SOUND.

The man whose name stands at the head of this article, was not, so far as we know, related to any of the great ones of earth so called, for he was of humble though respectable parentage; he was not a giant either physically or intellectually, on the contrary, his bodily presence was weak, and his speech, though not contemptible, was far from that of the popular orators, either of our own or former times, while he made no pretensions to that power and skill necessary to give one literary eminence; and yet as a prince he had power with God—a power over nations, to rule them with a rod of iron, and as the vessels of a potter were they broken to shivers before him. He is gone now, and no word of praise or blame can disturb either the quiet rest of his body or the triumphant joy of his glorified spirit, hence it will not be thought that I speak for the purpose of blowing the trumpet for him, but rather to stir up others to be followers of him, even as he was of Christ.

He was born in 1815, the same year in which one of the greatest conquerors of mankind, according to the notions of the world, finished his military career. Nothing can be more ludicrous, says one, than a comparison between such an unpretending, obscure man as Geddie and the great Napoleon: I think so too, but for different reasons—the warrior is not worthy to be compared to him. Indeed we could not make such a comparison if we wished, for the two cases are so different. We have no silly traditions of portents attending his birth and childhood, scarcely anything romantic in his manhood, and nothing at all of the earthquake style in his stern life battle: we have, however, some things to relate of the deepest interest to all who understand Christianity.

John Geddie, like young Samuel, was lent to the Lord. When quite young he was seized with a severe illness which threatened his life. His parents despaired of him. Their great love for their child, and their anxiety that his life should be spared, as well as their deep-seated piety and firm faith in God as the disposer of all events, were strikingly manifested by their making a vow,

that if He would spare their son they would give him all his life to the Lord. The Lord had mercy, and doubtless the pious parents ever after looked upon him as one brought back to them from the dead, and only theirs as one left with them by God to be trained for His service; and shall we not express our conviction that God accepted the offering thus made in faith, and though it did not yet appear to mortals, doubtless the boy was already a chosen vessel to bear Christ's name to those who sit in darkness, and in the region and shadow of death. And his future seems to confirm this view: for, if we mistake not, from the time that he was capable of forming definite plans for the future, he had the work of the ministry constantly in view, and, accordingly, from the very first, he set himself to work with all his might to prepare for that most important office. We do not say that a man cannot be thoroughly consecrated to God as a private member of the Church, we know the contrary to be the case; nor yet that one may not enter the ministry for the sake of social position and worldly advantage, for we fear that many do so; but we do say, that when one, constrained by the love of Christ, in the spirit of the disciple who takes up his cross to follow the Master, undertakes the duties of a preacher of the gospel, he engages in the work which affords the fullest scope for the most thorough degree of consecration to God, and the best field for the greatest amount of useful and self-sacrificing labour. We have not a doubt that this was the spirit in which Geddie entered the ministry; if we had such a doubt, the whole course of his future life would declare it to be most unreasonable as well as uncharitable.

Not only was the work of the ministry thus chosen as his life work; but among all those preparing for the same work, or already engaged in it, his quick ear was perhaps the only one to hear from the heathen world, the cry, "Come over and help us;" at all events his

loving and courageous heart was the only one, at that time, to respond to this the most urgent and trying of invitations.

But where was he to go, how was he to go, and who was to send him? These were questions at that time very hard to answer. One would naturally have advised, 'offer your services to your own church first, and if she is unable or unwilling to send you, then turn to another.' But this was not Geddie's way. It seemed indeed as if his own church was unable to undertake a foreign mission. She had only about twenty-five ministers and congregations at home; and in this world's goods she was as poor as she was small. But not only did he not despair of one day being able to go forth himself; he did not even despair of making his little church a missionary church. He laid his plans for mission work among the heathen, and then patiently waited until his Lord should bid him go forth. A story is told in this connection, which shows, not only that he had this great work in mind years before, but at the same time, the fact that he made all earthly considerations subordinate to his love for the Master and the Master's service. It is said that when he entered into a matrimonial engagement with her who afterwards proved in all that pertains to a life of Christian heroism and self-sacrifice, a help-meet worthy of himself, he made this stipulation, that if ever an opportunity offered for him to become a missionary to the heathen, that she would consent to go. With this understanding he married, and was settled over a congregation in P. E. Island.

In the course of time, we need not here stop to relate how or why, the Presbyterian church of Nova Scotia agreed to undertake a mission to the heathen. The resolution was not come to without many doubts and difficulties. The church was very small and very poor; there remained yet much land to be possessed at home, and all the usual arguments—not so stale then as now,

though even yet some wise men think them worth repeating—were used to discourage the undertaking; but there was some faith and consequently some giants in those days, and the Synod decided as above stated. Well done, heroic little church! May the mantle of the Erskines, of Melville and of Knox never descend to less worthy children.

Geddie now offered his services, and one would suppose that it would be all he would have to do. But the men of that day could not see things in the same light in which we do, and some of them objected to him. He was not the right kind of man to send, his bodily presence was too weak, he was too bashful, and would never command the respect of the heathen. How often does the Lord pour contempt on our little notions of propriety. Providentially better counsels prevailed, and his services were accepted.

We shall pass over the preparations for departure, the sad farewells, the long and lonely voyage, and come at once to his field of labour.

Aneiteum is an island in the New Hebrides group, in the South Pacific Ocean, about 250 miles from Australia. Its population was spiritually in utter darkness. They were naked, and from ignorance, not innocence, were not ashamed. They went to war on the most frivolous occasions, and worse still, under the greatest delusions, slaughtered their fellow-islanders of other tribes. For example, if a severe storm visited the place, one tribe would think it a sufficient pretext for war with the next, on the supposition that it was their neighbours who caused the storm. In illustration of this we may give the following, which we heard from Dr. Geddie himself. "One day I noticed the natives running past my dwelling carrying clubs and apparently greatly excited. I immediately went out and followed in the direction in which they were going. I soon came up to one of the tribes, which was already in battle

array, while another tribe a little way off was set in array against it. I asked the chief why they were going to fight, and he replied, that the opposing tribe was to blame for the late storm, and that they were going to give them a beating in consequence. I called his attention to a little pool of water near by, explained to him the nature of water, and the consequence of its remaining stagnant, how bad the effects would be if the waters of the ocean were allowed to remain for ever at rest, and showed him that storms were really blessings sent in kindness by the great God and Father of all. The chief then left his tribe, ran and exchanged weapons with the chief of the opposing party, came back and said, 'Now there will be no war, but if your God sends any more storms, we will come and fight you.' Nor were such things as these the worst evils. Cannibalism was quite common. In one part of the island it was found that between certain ages, I think eight and fourteen, there were no children at all, and it was ascertained that this arose from the fact that the chief who ruled during these years had killed and eaten them all. The reader can easily imagine that where such things as these were done, numerous other abominations, of which it would be a shame even to speak, would be both secretly and openly practiced.

One cannot imagine a more lonely place than this savage island, and here for four long years, unprotected by human power, with his wife and little ones, Geddie laboured alone. Here he knew the bitterness of being cut off from civilized society; here he learned what famine meant when the meal failed in the barrel and the long-looked-for supply did not arrive; and worse still, he was sometimes in such peril from the treacherous savages that he could say for himself and family, "There is but a step between us and death." Who will dare to ridicule the faith which sustained this heroic man and woman on that island, through the long dark night of

heathenism which preceded the dawning of the gospel day?

At the end of four years or thereabout, a missionary arrived from Scotland, and took up his abode on the other side of the island from that occupied by Geddie. Now that he had already seen some of the results of his labours in the conversion of natives, and in the disappearance of the natives' distrust and hostility, the presence of a brother missionary on the same island in addition, made him feel that he had at last a home, and his path was henceforth smoother and more pleasant.

We shall now, having passed over fourteen years of toil, introduce the reader to a congregational meeting. We cannot stop to describe the church, although it is, we believe, the largest stone structure of its kind in Polynesia. But who are these assembling in such an orderly manner, all of them becomingly dressed, and taking their places in that church? They are the once savage islanders, sitting and clothed and in their right minds. Geddie is going to preach. The psalm is sung, a chapter from the Bible is read, and prayer is offered, and yet, were we there, we could not understand a single word, for it is indeed a strange tongue. But Geddie has long ago thoroughly mastered it, and has already made of it a written language, besides translating large portions of the Bible into it. He speaks, and all is attention, for it is the gospel which he preaches, the story which has a charm for every sin-burdened human being in every kindred, tongue, and people, and nation.

The sermon being finished, certain congregational matters must be attended to. The report of mission work must be given in. How much arrowroot has been planted this year for missions? How much is it likely to realize in the Australian market? These and similar questions require to be answered, so that the church at home may be informed of the progress of its mission. It may be necessary here to explain to the reader

that these people as soon as they learned the gospel, learned to work for God, and as they had no money to give, they cultivated a certain amount of arrowroot, to be sold in Australia, in order to raise funds for the support of missions; and though we cannot now say what their contributions amounted to, we remember well that it was a sum so large that many congregations in Ontario would blush (for themselves not for Aneiteum) to hear it mentioned.

Next there is a most important and interesting matter to be taken up. Geddie, with his family, is about to pay a visit to the church at home, and an elder is about to be chosen to accompany him, to represent the congregation in the mother church of Nova Scotia. The right man, as it is supposed, is found, and the work of the day is now done. Geddie himself must be surprised at the work of eighteen years, and what shall we say? We had best be silent, or at least find words more appropriate than our own to describe what has taken place: "The wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose."

What are they saying at home in Nova Scotia now? John Geddie is coming home! is an exclamation of joy on everybody's lips. "What hath God wrought?" is the devout utterance from many a pulpit, and "What hath God wrought," is the one thought which occupies every earnest Christian mind in the church which undertook the mission.

Many may be curious to know if the work at home has not suffered while the church's attention has been given to foreign missions. We are glad to say that the very opposite has been the case. She has more than doubled her numbers; her home-mission work was never before more thoroughly done; her college was never more numerously attended; her contributions have been all along increasing, and so far from her finding one missionary in the South Sea

Islands a burden, she has already sent three additional ones with their wives. Her ministers at home can now more effectually rouse the hard-hearted and indifferent, by pointing to the poor heathen who are going into the kingdom of heaven before them. In every respect, we may say, the church at home has prospered beyond all expectation, and not a little of this prosperity is traceable to her Foreign Mission.

After a long voyage, Geddie and his family arrived in Nova Scotia. The elder already mentioned was obliged to give up the voyage and return to his native island, on account of ill health. The visit to Nova Scotia was supposed to be a rest, but he had but little, if any time for rest. He visited all sections of his own church, and even beyond it. Everywhere he met with a most cordial welcome; indeed nothing else was ever thought of. Congregations in the sister Presbyterian church, the Kirk, received him gladly, and some of them raised large contributions for the mission. His story was of the simplest kind, yet congregations were held spell-bound by it. Not by the tricks of the orator, but by the statement of soul-stirring facts, he called forth the deepest sympathies of the heart. We shall never forget those meetings in Halifax at which we had the pleasure of hearing him. One of them was the farewell meeting. He spoke, as was natural, of leaving his native land never to return, but with no dramatic affectation, for he added, we have no desire to return, and the look of pleasure which beamed from his face as he contemplated the resumption of his work, told plainly that he was speaking the simple truth.

A few days afterwards, with his wife and some of his children, for some remained in Nova Scotia, he left our shores for the last time, and after a few months was welcomed back by his spiritual children in Aneiteum. He continued on the island at his usual work for several years, when, on account of failing strength, and the fact

that he was much needed to complete the translating and printing of the Bible, it was thought advisable to appoint a successor, and allow him to give more attention to this work. But on the very day after his charge was formally handed over to his successor, he was stricken with paralysis. It seemed as if the Lord had just relieved him of the post, where he had laboured so long and faithfully, in order to give him the invitation, "Friend, come up higher." A few months more, however, were granted him, which he spent in Geelong in Australia, tenderly cared for by his wife and daughter, when the final summons came on the fourteenth of December, 1872, and he laid aside his toil-worn body and took his place among the white robed ones who shall shine as the stars for ever and ever, and Geddie, a conqueror of men in the true sense, is now more than conqueror through Christ who loved him.

We made a remark at the commencement of this sketch in reference to Geddie's power, which some may think very strong, nay, even startling; but if we had applied similar language to the power of Britain, none would have thought it inappropriate. We might have said that she possessed the power requisite to rule nations with a rod of iron, or to break them to shivers, and no one would have been the least surprised. Let us suppose then that she had sent the most formidable ships in her navy, surrounded the island of Aneiteum, and had, by means of them, undertaken to subdue the natives. She might have thrown shot and shell, and forced them to submit, but would she thus have subdued them, and made them loyal subjects of Britain's Queen? We think not. Once remove the brute force, and the savage mind would show itself as untamed and as untamable as before. But Geddie went without a weapon, except the sword of the Spirit, and he not only put to flight the powers of darkness, but he left the natives so thoroughly subdued, that life and prop-

erty were just as safe on that island, perhaps safer than in England itself. His is then a greater and more enduring conquest than all the armies and navies of the world combined could gain. If it be asked why we did not describe it in more appropriate language, we reply that we used the very same language in which the conquests of Christ are described in Scripture, nay more, the very language in which the conquests of His servants are described: "He that overcometh and keepeth my words unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations: And he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers: even as I received of my father."

Nova Scotia has several heroes of whom she is justly proud. She reckons among them the hero of Kars and the gallant defender of Lucknow, while in one of her cemeteries in Halifax a lordly lion looking down from a well-designed pedestal keeps her in mind of two of her sons, brave officers who fell in the Crimean war. But she has greater heroes than any of these, though she has not erected a single monument to their memory. Geddie, who fell in well-worn harness, and the Gordons who gained the martyr's crown on blood-stained Erromanga, as well as Johnson and Matheson, who were carried off by disease on neighbouring islands, are truer heroes and worthy of a far higher meed of praise. She has provided no monument for these, and she need not do it; for long after marble, and granite, and bronze have crumbled to dust, and bloody battle-fields are forgotten; when swords have been beaten to ploughshares, and spears to pruning hooks, and bugles and drums are needed no more; when a long besotted world has come to itself and discovered the truth at last, and shall begin to reckon up the men of past ages to whom she owes her gratitude; then shall the soldiers of the cross be the heroes, and then shall the names of such as Geddie be written high on the roll of fame, not because a record

of what they have done has been discovered on crumbling marble, but because their works have followed them, and the descendants of nations liberated through their self-donating labours have kept their memory ever fresh and fragrant.

ROBERT LEIGHTON, ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW.

BY REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM, D.D.

The man whose honored name and title we have given above has long since left this world and entered into rest. Those of the readers of the *Canada Christian Monthly* who know any of his writings, and appreciate their sound doctrinal statements and earnest practical exhortations, will not be averse to be reminded of him, while such as may be strangers to his works may be led in some instances to seek after them, especially his incomparable Commentary on the 1st Epistle General of Peter.

Ecclesiastically he was connected with Dumblane as well as with Glasgow, the former being a town in Perthshire, having a cathedral, part of which now serves for a parish church.

Near the former place was fought the battle of Sheriffmuir, between the Duke of Argyle and the rebel Earl of Mar in 1715. It is seated on the river Allan, six miles north from the picturesque town of Stirling. When we were in Scotland the old library of Leighton could still be seen in this town.

The following are some of the testimonies given by eminent men to his writings: "There is a spirit in Archbishop Leighton I never met with in any human writings, nor can I read many lines in them without being moved," says the Rev. Dr. Miles, as quoted by Dr. Doddridge. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, who was himself so accomplished a theologian and scholar, thus refers to it: "That very remarkable work teaches a singularly pure and complete theology." It has been frequently

referred to also by private Christians, as well as highly prized by them.

Dr. Doddridge reviewed the Commentary and improved its arrangement, as we find from his preface, dated Northampton, April 26th, 1748. And many will agree with him when he says: "It is chiefly the practical preacher that shines in these lectures, yet it seems to me that the judicious expositor will also appear, and appear most, to the most competent judges. There is a sort of criticism on the sacred writings which none but an eminently good man can attain, and if I am at all capable of judging it, it remarkably reigns here."

Bishop Burnet declared that during a strict intimacy of many years with Bishop Leighton he never saw him for one moment in any other temper than that in which he would wish to live and die.

His weak point ecclesiastically seems to have been his leaning to indulgences with respect to the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, in his anxiety to make the two coalesce.

His last days we shall let the illustrious D'Aubigne describe: "The pious Leighton himself, who had always hoped and expected a more Christian conduct from the State, seeing on the contrary that things were going on from bad to worse, gave in his resignation and retired to a peaceful retreat in England, where he died in 1684. Good men may for a time be liable to great mistakes, but the day will at last arrive when they will understand that it is impossible to be any longer associated with despotism and impiety."

The following few sentences we quote from the Commentary as a small specimen of the style and matter of the excellent Archbishop. It is when he is treating on the 24th verse of the 1st chapter of 1st Peter, where we have these words: "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass, the grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away." "Surely

we forget this when we grow vain upon any human glory or advantage, the color of it pleases us, and we forget that it is but a flower, and foolishly over-estimate it. This is like that madness upon flowers, which is somewhere prevalent, where they will give as much for one flower as would buy a good dwelling-house. Is it not a most foolish bargain to bestow continual pains and diligence in the purchasing of great professions or honors, if we believe this that the best of them is no other than a short-lived flower, and to neglect the purchase of those glorious mansions of eternity, a garland of such flowers as wither not, an unfading crown, that everlasting life, and these everlasting pleasures that are at the right hand of God."

This man lived in stormy times in the 17th century, when, under the cruel reign of tyranny, the blood of so many of God's saints was shed like water. Many excellent books have been issued since his generation, but still he is not lost sight of by the Christian readers of this century. For unction he was the Flavius of Scotland, and his laurels are likely to remain green for generations to come. And it would be well for us all if we attempted to follow him and other worthies of his age, in as far as they may have followed Christ. Dumblane has still Stirling on the south of it, and Ardoch and the remains of the ancient Roman camp a few miles from it in another direction. It has long had the preaching of the gospel and the open Bible. Its medicinal waters, as well as those of the Bridge of Allan, have frequently been resorted to, and as far back as the 17th century, spiritually speaking, it was known and pointed to as the "well of life, the sinner's friend."

Let all take care that the writers of that century be not forgotten, amid lighter writers of our day, and especially let the young cultivate a taste for these classic authors. There were giants in these days in the theological world

as well as many men in private life of whom the world was not worthy. May Baxter still continue to point to the heavenly rest; Owen to show the source of forgiveness; Aliene to arouse the unconverted; and Bunyan to lead his pilgrims in the way to the celestial city. And may our exalted King and Head pour out his Spirit upon Jew and Gentile, until the ends of the earth be visited with the salvation of our God.

Christian Work.

ONTARIO AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

—The fortieth report of the Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society, which is now before us, is very encouraging in many respects. A society that put into circulation during the year 1872 upwards of half a million copies of publications—books and tracts—deserves surely the support and gratitude of the christian community. This society, with its forty years experience in this work, with its thoroughly efficient agents, with its 150 branches, and its hold on the confidence of the Evangelical churches of Ontario, is an institution that ought to be sustained, and not only sustained but made available, in its department, to the utmost extent of its capacity for work. That the work done by the society, although large, is not equal to its capacity, nor to the emergency, is acknowledged in the words of the first resolution passed at the annual meeting in April last—"the necessity for disseminating a pure religious literature among sailors, lumbermen, and other destitute classes of the community, loudly calls for increased devotion and liberal support."

The truth is (and the best friends of the society are first to admit this), that the society, grown to the age and capabilities of manhood, is doing nothing like man's work in the sphere God has given to it. The mission of the society is, at least, to do for Ontario what similar societies are doing for the countries in which they are located. And as it would be unfair to institute a comparison between the London society and our society, or between it and

the American Tract Society, let us confine our comparison to it and a society similarly circumstanced, that, viz., in the Lower Provinces called the British American Book and Tract Society, and the French Canadian Society in the Province of Quebec.

In the work of selling religious literature and of gratuitous issues of tracts the Ontario society has done well during the past year. It cannot, however, escape notice that the field of its operations is, to a large extent, the city of Toronto and neighbourhood. We presume that the great bulk of the books sold, but here we write under correction, were sold in Toronto. One thing, however, is sure, that of the 917,339 pages of tracts given for gratuitous circulation, more than half, 551,527, were distributed in the city of Toronto. Outside Toronto and its neighbourhood what work has been done? A good work is being done every summer on the Welland Canal by Mr. Bone, such a work, indeed, as makes one wish a score or two like him were in the employment of the society. Then, in a foot-note, the Annual Report tells us "that arrangements have been effected for at once taking up the work of the shanty missions among the lumbermen in the northern interior of the Province." To what extent this important work is being done the writer knows not, for the branch society, of which he is president, has received no copy for several months of the Bimonthly Reporter, which should, if still published, give some information on this point. But there remains that

we should take into account the work done by the hundred and a half branch societies scattered over the country. Were our summary of work done is complete. Some of the branches, such for instance as the El-ra branch, are doing very efficient work, but that the total of the work is far from being adequate to the emergency is very clear from the fact that only 227,522 pages of tracts for gratuitous distribution stand credited to all the branches, which is about the *half* of what (351,527) stands credited to the city of Toronto alone. In other words, in the department of gratuitous distribution of tracts, there is twice as much done in and for and by Toronto as for all Ontario. Or, still in other words, if we allow six pages as the average for each tract, there have been distributed by all the branches during the year 36,000 tracts, or at the rate of 240 tracts to each branch. And, be it noted, that this average includes the tracts purchased (half-subscription) by the branches, so that 240 seems to be the total average. And even supposing these branches were doing more than they seem to be doing their work is confined almost entirely to towns and villages. On the authority of the Rev. Mr. Eastman it may be stated that, only one branch makes any attempt at including the outlying country in its circle of weekly gratuitous distribution, and that branch has to acknowledge that its work, because of busy times and bad roads, is being done only in a half-handed kind of way. These are plain facts which do not flatter Ontario and its evangelical churches, when we compare them with the society in the Lower Provinces, to which we have already referred, and that in the Province of Quebec.

It appears from the fifth annual report of the British American Book and Tract Society, which embraces Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, that in its colportage work this society, during the past year, employed twenty-two men in

Nova Scotia, five men in New Brunswick, and two men in Prince Edward Island. These colporteurs did not work full time all the year round, but the total work given by them all equals more than fifteen men for the whole year. They received for cash sales \$15,503 and made free grants amounting to \$908.97.

The French Canadian Missionary Society has had in its employment for the past year eleven colporteurs and two students for the summer months, who, at a cost of \$4,220, or \$360 each, put in circulation, in that unpromising field, 2,500 copies of the scriptures and 31,000 books and tracts, besides doing invaluable work in talking, disputing, preaching and praying among the French Roman Catholics.

What can Ontario shew in the department of colportage? There are reasons of a very sorrowful kind, arising mainly from the intensity of our political strife and the pernicious literature of New York sown broadcast over our province, why we should not have the bad pre-eminence of being the only province in the Dominion that remains idle in the work of bringing to the door of each settler in our woods a healthy religious literature.

We hope the time is not far distant when the people of Ontario will know in their actual experience something of Him who is thus described by the poet, and whose description is introduced into the annual report of the Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society, we suppose, as a fancy picture:—

THE COLPORTEUR.

BY J. W. HOLME.

Under his burden bending,
With footsteps weary and sore,
A labouring man is wending
His way on the darksome moor;
But a Hand unseen and a Light within
Beckon him on before:

Making the road seem shorter,
Making the darkness day,

For he is a blessed colporteur,
Out on his sacred way—
Bearing the word of the living Lord,
To the regions far away.

To the people in darkness pining
Under the shadow of death,
A burning light, and a shining
Beacon across their path ;
The coat on his back, and a well-filled pack,
All the provisions he hath.

Called by the poor a pedlar,
Called by the rich a tramp,
To the bigot, a would-be meddler,
To the scoffer, only a scamp ;
All honor and more, for he carries the war
Into the enemy's camp ;

Scaling him by the barrier,
Mining him in the ditch,
Or, like a true-bred warrior,
Meeting him in the breach,
Armed with the sword of the winning word,
Satan to over-reach !

And out on the early morrow,
Or ever the first cock crow,
When forth to the farm and furrow
The children of labour go,
With wallet in hand he will take his stand
The seed of the word to sow.

In the shade of the rural byeway,
In the shine of the village mead,
In the town and the public highway,
Wherever a man may tread,
Alike at the door of the rich and poor,
Sowing the precious seed.

ENGLAND.—*Work of God at Newcastle.*—The Rev. D. Lowe, Presbyterian minister, an old friend and fellow-labourer of the late Duncan Matheson, thus writes to the *London Christian* of the work of God at Newcastle :—

My dear Sir,—We wish all Christian brethren in other parts who are interested in the great and good work of God now going on at Newcastle and the surrounding neighbourhood, to understand that our large yet happily united daily prayer at noon is the principal if not the sole channel of life, and the more directly evangelistic efforts which are put forth at various points in town and country in the evenings. We all feel that the safety, the continuance, the extension of the good work depend

on this relationship being carefully maintained to the very end.

The brother who leads in prayer at the evangelistic meetings very frequently transfers, in a solemn manner, the management of the entire work of the evening to the Holy Spirit Himself. The effect is seen in the absence of collision and confusion throughout the proceedings. The ark of God is amongst us. Many brethren shrink from touching it with unblessed hands. The current of this feeling is strong enough to bear before it every element of an opposite character which may exist.

The first hour and a half or so (the time usually allotted to the first meeting) is spent in singing, prayer, and preaching the word. The singing is conducted, and very often with blessed results to many souls, by our dear brother, Mr. Sankey, unless the exigencies of the work require his presence elsewhere. One or two of the brethren in the meeting usually lead in prayer. The preaching is always entrusted to our honoured brother Moody, when increasing demands on his services in other places admit of his being in the midst of us.

Experience teaches us to rely on the first meeting as a means for impression and awakening. Some awakened ones find the blessed Saviour, in the first meeting, and wait till afterwards to acknowledge it to such Christian workers as cross their path. I have known hardly any who have received their first decided impressions in the second meeting. It is the word preached that proves quick and powerful.

In view, however, of finishing the work in many cases, the second meeting is deemed by all of us a part of our machinery which could by no means be dispensed with. Many have come to the light of life through the instructions they have received from prayerful and judicious Christian workers at that time.

This important part of the proceedings

is usually opened by a hymn, in which all can join. During the singing, at this stage, those retire who wish to do so, after inquirers have been invited to remain for further instruction from the Christian brethren and sisters of all evangelical denominations who wait for the purpose of imparting it. Some are so struck with what they have heard and seen, that, without hesitation, they retire to side rooms for conference with those who have offered to show them the way of life and peace directly from the Word of God. Those who are too timid, or, it may be, are not enough alive to their need of salvation, to take this decided step, are addressed from the open Bible in the pews. In this matter workers do as they can get done. Those who take no part in personal instruction of inquirers lead the devotions of the meeting as a whole in prayer and songs of praise.

The second meeting proper, is formally dismissed after the lapse of about an hour, but workers often remain afterwards to give a final word of counsel to those who cannot find true peace for their souls, and to commend them individually in special prayer to the God of all consolation.

Several who retired before and at the close of the second meeting, carrying in their bleeding hearts the sharp arrows of our King, have found in their own closets, to their great relief, the blessed Saviour who had found them at the previous meetings. We have reason to believe that a far larger number belong to this category than the workers have had time yet to discover. The great day of account will have dawned before the extent of the descending blessing can be fully known. We praise Him who dwells on high for what He has already done, and call upon all who hear our gladsome story to magnify the Lord with us.

The precious souls that cry for life and light are not the only ones who derive advantage from these earnest, personal interviews. The latent gifts

bestowed upon the churches are being developed, to the permanent advantage of these powers for good. The workers confess that the work has quickened and refreshed their own souls. A measure of success in leading inquirers to a crucified Redeemer only increases their desire for more. Some who have found "the Christ" for themselves have been used of God to bring others to the full enjoyment of the same blessedness. The work is deepening at home, as the hallowed tone of the daily prayer-meeting clearly proves, and is finding its way, and with blessed results, to the regions beyond. May the sweet stream of life and peace flow forth on every side, and deepen as it flows. Nothing will prevent it but the unbelief of those who have received the blessing. For the prevention of such an evil, and the promotion of the Lord's own glory, and the salvation of many more souls, we cordially ask the prayers of as many of God's children as may take time to read this rather lengthy communication. —Yours most truly,

D. LOWE.

THE GOSPEL IN SPAIN.—As an instance, writes one from Spain, of the way in which the Gospel gradually penetrates into distant parts, mainly by the efforts of Bible colporteurs and by the circulation of Gospels and tracts, I may mention the case of a man who, more than six months ago, presented himself at my own door, with the following interesting tale, which time has proved to be true, whilst constant intercourse since has justified the first favourable impression of the man's sincerity and earnestness. He was a man of frank, open countenance, and reported himself as just arrived, with wife and children, from the province of Zamora. By profession he had been sacristan to his village church—a most unpromising source for any good thing to come from. Two years previously, however, he had given up his office, much to the surprise of the priest, in

consequence of religious scruples, due to his having read in God's Word, a copy of which he had purchased from a couple of Bible-salesmen who passed through his district in August, 1870, when seven copies of the Scriptures were bought by as many of his fellow-townsmen. At the same time he received a little book, published in Madrid by the Religious Tract Society, entitled "Rome and the Word of God;" and subsequently he bought for four cuartos a tract on the confessional. Other Protestant book or tract he had not seen, nor had he spoken with a soul on the way of life except those of his village, around their big kitchen-hearths, and Bible in hand; for it was to the standard of this book that he felt everything must be brought. With this view he set himself carefully to compare the Missal, Breviary, and other service-books of his Church, with the Bible, and as a result found the Gospel and Epistle in the former to be the only Scripture of God they contained. Gradually, he came to the conclusion that the mass, auricular confession, purgatory, priestly absolution, Papal supremacy, and other doctrines he had been taught to believe, were not from God; in fact, were the inventions of men. He told the grounds on which he had based his rejection of the doctrines, some rather original, all interesting. His text against the mass was the statement of our Lord himself, "But me ye have not away." Obligated thus to leave exercising a profession he did not believe—(would that all sacristans and priests were as honest!)—he had set up as linen-draper, but finding he could not make the shop answer, he had determined to seek employment, however menial, in Madrid, where he could hear the Gospel. He was, as might be anticipated, severe on Rome and her lying worship—a deceit (as he said) palmed off on men for the benefit of those who trade in religion; but withal he showed himself a seeker after truth, not disposed to rest in casting off the false without embracing the

true. In this his stay in Madrid has been blessed to him, whilst he has contentedly taken such humble employment as he could find.

As I have touched on the value of tracts, I may mention an interesting circumstance—that one, containing in simple language "the history of our Lord Jesus Christ," had scarcely been issued in Spanish form when it was copied *verbatim*, and without comment, as a leader in a provincial educational paper, in what is termed its "doctrinal section," on the first page. It should be known that the tract referred to contains the most distinct statements of Christ being the only Saviour, and His sacrifice once offered being the perfect and only sacrifice for sin.

THE UNITED STATES AND MINISTERIAL SUPPORT.—A movement has been set on foot in the United States to raise the salaries of ministers to \$1,000 a year as the lowest. We give here the arguments by which Dr. John Hall, of New York, supports the movement, as spoken at the recent Evangelical Alliance meeting in New York:—

A farmer who receives his money in comparatively small sums and deals it out in the same way will be strongly tempted to think that \$1,000 a year is a considerable sum, and says it must be a good deal for a family to get through with in the course of a year. He is strongly tempted to forget how much of the supplies for his household he raises within himself, and he only begins to realize the exact parallel position for the minister if he had to use a sum of money put into his hands at the beginning of the year, and had to pay it out from day to day for absolutely everything needed for the comfort of his family. In the nature of the case a large proportion of the Christian population have some difficulty in forming a just idea of this matter. We propose to help these brethren to a just estimate of the case, that they may know what is their duty in the premises. [Applause.] I think that

there is necessity of an agitation of this matter. Because of a very natural, but somewhat culpable procedure on the part of ministers themselves. I repeat this statement because of a very natural but somewhat culpable procedure on the part of my brother ministers. They do not like to plead their own cause, but tell the people what ought to be done in the matter for their own maintenance. I call that natural, but I call it somewhat culpable; for it is natural that a salary grab is never a popular measure. [Applause.] But at the same time I do not think that we are quite free from blame in that particular. There are three chapters in the Epistle to the Corinthians that bear directly on this very subject, and we are just, as ministers, as much bound to explain to the people these three chapters as any other three chapters in the New Testament. [Applause.] We have no right to ignore what the Spirit of God says on this subject, and if we sin in that particular—a sin of omission—it cannot but be that we should pay the penalty and be punished for our sins.

There is a good "ox" sermon, as it has been called. "Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth not God care for the oxen? For your sakes it is written that the Lord soweth and ploweth," and may sow and plow and receive the reward that is justly due to him for the labor he expends in the service of the Master and in the service of humanity. How many ministers are there in this audience to-night that can lay their hands on their hearts and say: "I have faithfully and plainly told my people out and out their duty in this matter as I have done upon the subject in belief in Christ, repenting toward God. My brethren of the ministry bear with me if I ask you that, if not for your own sakes, for the sake of your families, for the sake of your people and for the sake of your successors and for the sake of your respective churches, ye be as faithful here as in declaring upon other topics, the counsel of our Father who is

in heaven. And in that connection it seems to me that ministers—and I am thankful to be one of them who are well taken care of by their people and who will not be under the suspicion of pleading their own cause—and I don't hesitate to say, owe a special duty to their brethren who are less favored. They of all others, by their law of Christian magnanimity, chivalry, and brotherly love, are bound to do their utmost for their less happily situated brethren. There is another reason, perhaps, why we should talk about this thing. I complain of the standard so frequently sought to be set up as to ministers' incomes. My dear brethren, whenever you apply to a conveyancer or any other form of lawyer, when you come to pay his bill do you find yourself raising this question, "How many children has he? How much will it take to support him?" And by what law of justice or common sense should men deal so with laborers in the pulpit?

Why should there be a different standard of judging applied to us as professional laborers in one department from that which is applied to our brethren in other departments. We met these men in school, and were not deficient in brains as compared with them. We met the same men in college, and we stand as well as they do. They go into professions, or they go to the merchant's desk, and by honorable effort they reach affluence. We go to the sacred desk, we go to deal with men's souls, we go to speak for Christ and his truth; and the maintenance that is doled out to us as a class, is too often placed among the charities of the givers; and we are reduced as a profession to a position to which we have no right voluntarily to descend. I complain of this, and I hold it to be a just and laudable object of ministerial ambition to lift up the whole class in the judgment of the community, and place that class where it has a right to stand. [Applause.] Now, you may say, What is wanted in this particular matter? It seems to me that the thing that is main-

ly wanted is information and instruction on the part of the people. I feel no doubt that they will do what is right in the case. When they begin to understand the necessity for a thoroughly educated ministry, the necessity of his having a proper supply of books so that he can study the literature of his profession, of his having such a position among his people that his mind will be, as we are accustomed to call it in the invitations given to ministers by congregations, "free of care," when they can understand that I have no doubt about the issue.

At the present moment there is a kind of irony, almost mockery, in the form of some of our calls. Ask the Rev. Mr. Smith and his wife and five children—five being the most moderate average [laughter]—to come and labor in the work of the ministry, give his whole time, strength and energy to it, precluded by his work from any other occupation, "and that you may be free of care we promise you the sum of \$600 annually, in four quarterly payments." [Laughter.] I say, while hundreds are as they are at present in America, you cannot make ordinary ministers free of care in that way, no matter how you try to fix it. I am sensible there are some objections that may be raised to this whole plan; and in conclusion, because I am unwilling to occupy too much time, I shall venture to mention one or two of those objections. In the first place it may be said, "Why should the people be called upon to lift up the ministers in things pecuniary to this particular standard? Ministers may fix the scale as high as they please—are we under obligation to come up to it?" There you make the fatal mistake. It is not the minister that fixes the standard at all. It is you. I want you to use your own judgment in the matter, and see that it is the case. It is you, the Christian people, that determine the standard of our expenditure. A minister settles in a particular neighborhood, town or country, city or village. Have not the

people beforehand a certain very definite idea of the kind of house that he ought to take, of his establishment generally, even of the very clothes in which he ought to appear among them? And if his house be notably below their conception, if he turn out in the village or town in a shocking bad hat, is not there a general feeling among his people that somehow he is degrading or belittling them? You fix the standard up to which we must try to live, and below which if we but notably sink we would sacrifice that which the true minister holds dearer than life—his ministerial position, and his power to do good to his Father.

I hope the practice will become more and more popular of finding residences for the ministers on the part of the people. It saves a world of embarrassment. When a pastor finds a house provided for him he knows perfectly well, if it is a showy house, that he is not to blame. If it is a shabby house, he is equally blameless; and I should be very glad if, in the country towns and villages, this question of finding parsonages should become more universal. It may be objected, again, that the Apostles, for example, did not find such comfortable arrangements made for them as the clergymen in this city do in the nineteenth century. That may be to a superficial person a very plausible objection; but you must remember the difference between the Christian communities of that day and of this. Then I have no doubt the Christian people did as they were able and as they had opportunity. That is all that is wanted at the present time. If the members of the congregations in New York to which we minister were to be seen wandering about in sheepskins and goatskins; if the happy and comfortable inhabitants of those brownstone houses on Fifth-avenue were compelled to resort to caves and dens of the earth, being afflicted and desolate, I hope I, for one, should have grace to stand by them and to wear the sheepskin and the goatskin, and to live in

the caves and dens. But you know that is not your position just now. [Applause]. Therefore we say there is no parallel in the case, and any argument founded upon any such parallel is an insult to the human understanding.

I set up this positive plea on behalf of ministers. We are among the best popular educators, we are among the cheapest. There are thousands of families who owe more of their intellectual development, not to speak of moral and spiritual, to the minister than to any other agency whatever. I maintain that we are among the best moral reformers. We do ten times more than the best organized police. I allege, again, that we promote the happiest and best influences in the community; for, if the ministry is successful and if the grace of God is instrumental in turning men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, directing them into the paths of purity, gentleness, honesty, honor, integrity, righteousness, such men and Christians in their turn become the benefactors of their race and blessings in their neighborhood.

We have rights, therefore, my beloved brethren, we have rights founded upon the New Testament; we have rights founded upon the Master's appointment; we have rights founded upon the nature of things. We have claims upon you as patriots, we have claims upon you as humane beings, we have claims upon you as Christians; and all we ask of you is that you will examine your New Testament, and in the light of its teachings consider what is due in this matter, and do good as you have opportunity, as being accountable to the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.

I will not sit down until I have said one word more of the deepest truth of which I am conscious. My brethren who have not yet come into loving connection with the Church of Jesus Christ, that is to say, who have not yet come into believing union with Jesus Christ,

the Prophet, the Priest, the King, the Saviour, the Son of God and the Son of Man, I implore you to come as he invites you into the loving and blessed connection, and then, as a child of God, ransomed, liberated, free, with the burden of guilt off your conscience, and the burden of dread off your spirit, ask the Maker, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and wait for His answer, and I don't doubt that then you will be earnest and humble and patient and effective in the doing of this and of every other Christian duty to which your New Testament calls you.

INDIA.—*The foundling and what became of her.* Among the pilgrims who travelled to the shrine of Juggernaut, there was a Brahmin family consisting of husband, wife, and a little babe about six months old, with one or two servants. On the arrival of the pilgrim party at Balasore, 150 miles distant from the temple, the wife of Pundana Narain, for that was the name of the husband, was seized with cholera. Narain was not to be found at this critical time. Whether he fell a victim on the way to this disease or not, no one could say. The unfortunate woman found that every one had forsaken her. Thus, a stranger, seized by the ruthless cholera, with a feeble infant at her breast, she wandered to a neighbouring village, where she was informed medical aid could be obtained. Although, however, she reached the door of the doctor, who was a fat, wealthy Brahmin, she could get no assistance from him. How long she remained here is not certainly known; but it was so ordered that, in the providence of God, Dr. Sutton went one evening to preach in the village, and found the poor woman and child lying under the shade of a large tree. The shadows of the evening were closing apace. Not far from the spot were lying the bodies of many pilgrims who had fallen victims to this frightful malady, and where the jackals, the pariah dogs, and vultures were tearing

the flesh off the dead. Overhead, too, they were canopied with thick darkness, sadness, and gloom. The missionary ascertained the nature of the disease, and administered some medicine which he had with him. He went to the neighbouring village, and pleaded long in vain for some food for the poor and starving infant. No one would give any. At length an egg-cup full of milk was procured, and never was a more pitiful scene beheld than when the starving child crawled to the missionary, and, looking up into his face, seemed to say, "O pity me! I have no friend in this wide world to care for me!"

Dr. Sutton removed the helpless woman to a neighbouring shed, where he attended to her three days, at the end of which time she expired. When the missionary perceived that the woman was dying, he enquired of the Brahmin doctor, who was standing by, what was to be done with the child, to which the monster replied, "Oh, let it die also, what else!" The mother had some gold and silver ornaments about her, besides some money, and the possession of these was what the doctor sought to obtain. Seeing how matters were likely to go, the missionary determined to save the little girl, so he took with him an old female servant, and intrusted the child to her protection.

When the poor infant was brought to his house, some rice pudding was placed on a plate before her, while a spoon was sent for; but no sooner did the child perceive that it was food than she crawled towards the plate, and, helping herself with both hands, would not suffer herself to be removed until the whole was eaten up. As the missionary had no children, the little girl was soon adopted as a daughter. She went with her foster parents to America, where she was put to a boarding school. She returned with them afterwards to her native land. After affording satisfactory evidence of her conversion, she was baptized and was admitted into the Christian Church. She was for many

years an assistant teacher in the female school of Orissa, and was afterwards united in marriage to the Rev. Behari Lal Singh, native minister of the Free Church Mission in Calcutta.

SMYRNA.—A converted Rabbi in Smyrna, who anticipated a violent storm of persecution to burst upon him, and who at first had not courage to face it, after mature consideration and prayer, said to the Rev J. M. Epstein, "I have made up my mind to make an open profession of my faith here, where my spiritual eyes have been opened. I think it will only be cowardice to run away, and trust the Lord will protect me, and if you will receive me, I am quite ready to become an inmate of your home."

The missionary exhorted him to count well the cost and be much in prayer, but the Rabbi said that he now intended to forsake all—wife, children, position, honour and emoluments—and become for the present a poor, despised, and perhaps persecuted, disciple of Jesus of Nazareth. He wept bitterly, but through his tears he said, "The wrench is terrible; the severance from wife and children and all dear friends and acquaintances is bitter and hard in the extreme; but I am determined, God being my helper, to endure all for the sake of Him who bought me with His blood. It is very painful to be despised and hated by dear ones by whom we were loved and esteemed, but this, I believe, is the portion of all those who leave the synagogue, and believe in the true Messiah. The words of the blessed Jesus ring in my ears, 'Whosoever he be of you who forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple,' and, 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee,' &c., and I hope by His grace to be able to do it effectually."

After the final step was taken he said, "As regards my spiritual position, my soul, I am perfectly happy; as regards my temporal position, I cannot but feel

miserable, I am a perfect beggar. I do not like to be a burden to any one."

It was not long before the Rabbi's wife and sister called and implored him to return, but he affirmed that he had become a humble follower of the true Messiah, who had already come, and is none other than Jesus of Nazareth. At this his wife, and Jewesses who were with her, began shrieking and screaming; then followed bitter tears and reproaches; after these were expended, coaxing, flattery, and promises were tried, but all were of no avail; through the grace of God he stood firm. On the other hand, he tried to persuade his wife to follow him. The missionary also reasoned with her and instructed her, but in vain. She left, but in the afternoon came and said, if her body were cut in slices she would not join her husband, nor allow him to have the least particle of her dead body; she would certainly not give him the children. She cried bitterly, reproached her husband, and then went away in a great rage, cursing him.

Pecuniary offers, and other means were then adopted to bring him back to Judaism, but his reply was, "Let it be once for all a settled fact that I am a Christian, and if you will reconcile your minds to that, and receive me as such, I will perhaps again visit you."

Thus God gave him strength and grace to witness a good confession before many witnesses.

THE MISSING LINK IN PALESTINE.
—When the late Mrs. Thompson reached Beyrout, 20,000 refugees from Damascus and the mountains were crowding the khans of the city: six or eight men, women, and children "huddled together in rooms ten feet square, all dark but for the door, all disheartened and idle, hungry, and in rags, either kneading a little flour and water on a stone by the wayside, or sitting in rows by hundreds, besieging the residents for bread. Many, like bears bereft of their

cubs, so wild, so savage, so reckless, that her heart ached to see them."

To give these poor creatures needle-work, to teach them to do it, and pay them for their labour, was the immediate task undertaken. Two or three excellent native assistants were trained, and soon a school of 100 children, and a workroom of 60 women, some of whom distributed the work to 120 others, began the civilizing process. They were taught to cut out and make dresses for themselves and their little ones. The Relief Committee sent the materials for the long, warm, wadded jackets worn by the Damascenes. Two piastres were paid for the making.

Thirty of the women were soon provided with these, and instead of crouching on the ground, or going about flapping their arms, they began to walk briskly, take to their needles, and know something of the pleasure of working for those more needy than themselves.

Then Mrs. Thompson visited the hospital. "Many," she said, "rose up from their mattresses, pulling open their garments, and showing that they were shrivelled with hunger, and their bones sticking out. One beautiful young woman from Damascus has seen her husband and three fine boys slain before her, and now her last little son lay on her knees dying. I mingled my tears with hers, and those around seemed astonished, and said, 'She weeps, she weeps,' and one and another feverish hand was stretched out to me. Sympathy had won their hearts." "Now is the time," our friend continues, "to improve the condition of these Syrian women, and supply them with work, all such efforts, as in the case of Bible Missions in London, to be in connexion with teaching them the Word of God. We must begin all work among them with an open Bible."

Now this was done in fearless faith, and in the face of many objections and assurances that it would lead to ruin, and possibly to fresh massacres; but the Lord has honoured faith in His

Word, and step by step made way for its entrance. At thirteen years distance of time "the seed" sown in weakness has been raised in power. Woman is no longer degraded, despised, ignorant, fleeing before the assassin frantic with rage and terror; hundreds of her sex have been brought under the sound of the Gospel, many have taken their position as true helpmeets in Christian households, many are training their children for Christ, themselves having found Him. Others are filling the office of teachers, conducting mothers' meetings and sewing-classes; or of Bible-women, going from house to house to read the Word of God; taught also of the Spirit to confute the gainsayer as well as to bind up the broken-hearted, as they themselves have been comforted of God.

CITY OF MEXICO.—"In the chapel," says a visitor, "I found about four hundred persons, which were as many as could be seated, in devout attitudes, while in the pulpit a minister in a white surplice was engaged in prayer. The form of the service was partly liturgical, and there were occasional responses. After the prayer a hymn was given out and sung by the congregation with great apparent fervor. I looked round upon the assembly, which was composed of men in the proportion of three to one of the other sex, and perceived that they were mostly of the aboriginal race. Most of them, however, were neatly dressed, and all were attentive. The minister then preached a sermon; he spoke with animation, and was apparently heard with great interest.

"I enquired afterwards the meaning of what I had seen. 'The person whom you saw in the pulpit,' was the answer, 'is Father Aguas, a Catholic Priest of no little eloquence, who has been converted to the Protestant faith; but the principal head of the Protestant Church here, and the composer of its liturgy, is Father Riley, who is a citizen of the

United States. although reared in Chili. He has engaged with great zeal in the cause of Protestantism, and is aided by several ministers who once belonged to the Church of Rome, and are now as zealous as he in making converts from it. The Government favours them, and would doubtless be glad of their success, for the Government and the Catholic priesthood bear no good-will to each other. There are now more than a score of these Protestant congregations in the city of Mexico, and more than thirty in the neighbouring country.'"

AMONG THE SPIRITISTS.

In Guadalajara there are many spiritists. One of them has often visited Mr. Watkins, to argue upon his favourite doctrine, and has brought with him occasionally some of the chiefs of the spiritists to enlighten him, and bring him over to their views. One evening the missionary gave him a tract, entitled, "What shall I do with Jesus?" and he promised to read it. A few days after he returned, and, bursting into tears, threw his arms around the missionary's neck, and said, "I can only answer the question by taking Jesus as *my Saviour*, and throwing myself and all my good works on Him." This he has done, and is now doing good work in the Master's vineyard. A short time since, he purchased twenty dollars' worth of Bibles and Testaments to distribute.

TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

One thousand tracts have been printed on the "Duty of reading the Bible," and it being Holy Week when they were distributed, they passed through many hands, as the city was crowded with people. This tract has created a great desire in the hearts of many to read the Scriptures, and judge of their merits for themselves. When the priests heard that tracts were being printed, they forbade the boys distributing them, on pain of excommunication; but the Lord sent boys who had no fear to do the work, and they did it well.

Being by this much emboldened, the

Ten Commandments were printed, as found in the Bible and as found in the Roman Catholic Catechism, opposite each other, upon a large sheet, with this heading: "The Great Question,—Whom ought we to obey, God or Man?" Some lads then masked themselves, and went out on Saturday evening at nine o'clock, and spent most of the night posting them on the corners of the streets, in the Plazas, and in all conspicuous places. They were obliged to do their work in the night, as they might have been shot down if they persisted doing it in the day. Two were posted upon the Cathedral door, and one on the archbishop's palace. These were read by thousands on Sunday, but the following day the most of them were torn down, some of them by the priests themselves. One can imagine the commotion that these things created. Shortly after a note was thrown into the missionary's window, saying the Mexicans did not want Protestant rascals to deceive and cheat them, and warning him to take care, for he would be punished and killed.

SYRIA.—The Blind Colporteur of Beirut says:—"I met a number of people one day who demanded of me why I had left my religion. I told them, because of the sinful worship of images, the belief in the intercession of saints, and I gave them a long address on the subject, quoting largely from the Scriptures, as, 'No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' 'There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus.' Also the words of Ezekiel, four times repeated, 'Though Noah, Daniel, and Job were in it, they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness; they shall deliver neither son nor daughter,' and many more. They answered, 'Is it not written, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven?"' Then I said, 'This does

not apply to the worship of angels, or the intercession of angels, but merely that we are not to despise the little ones, since, as we are told elsewhere, the angels are appointed to minister to them if they are heirs of salvation. But if they are to be our servants, why should we worship them or seek their intercession?' Then they began disputing among themselves, some admitting what I said and some rejecting it, and I was silent and listened. Then I said, 'If we have a Saviour, true and faithful, ought we not to believe Him when He says, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do?"' And the whole discussion was in peace and love—most of those present being of a highly respectable class. Then, as I left them, I asked one of them to come to church on Sunday, and let me know that he is there, as I cannot see. And on Sunday, as I was entering the church, he took me by the hand, but said nothing. I wondered, and asked, 'What do you want, brother?' He answered, 'I am he whom you invited to the church,' and I was very pleased.

"I continue to go to the hospital on the days when friends are allowed to visit the patients. There are generally many people there, and I go from man to man, repeating texts for their own comfort and offering prayers with them. The patients receive me gladly, and the doctors do not hinder me. While visiting the hospital I met—, who had a very serious disease in one of his feet. I had much conversation and reading with him at different times. The doctor decided on amputating the foot, and he gradually recovered; but he often praised and thanked God with tears for the illness, which had been the means of bringing him under the influence of Bible teaching, without which he might have remained still in darkness and ignorance.

"I was passing a house one day, when some women invited me in. They were very kind and polite, and told me that they wanted to buy a book of

prayers. There were two sisters-in-law and the sisters of the master of the house. I asked them if they could read. They said they had learnt to read many years ago in Mrs. Thompson's school. They told me that they never let their husbands go out to work until they had had reading and prayer together, and, what is very rare in this country, they made a practice of asking a blessing before every meal. They came from Hasbaya, and are particularly

united family, living in great peace and love. I found that they had considerable religious knowledge. I read a chapter with them, and sold them a 'Golden Treasury.' They pressed me to visit them often. The quiet religion of this house in the midst of all the idolatry and superstition of the city made me think of the seven thousand in Elijah's time, who were known only to God. Let us hope it is even so in Syria."

Practical Papers.

COMING TO CHRIST.

BY THE REV. A. BOSAR.

The natural man is exceedingly perverse, and Satan knows how to wield this perversity of the heart. We, in our day, are ready to excuse ourselves for slowness to believe in the Lord Jesus by saying, "How much easier it would have been, had we seen Him in the flesh, and been with Him when He wrought His gracious works, and when He spoke His words that were such as never man spake!" Now, in reality, they who then lived had by far the greater difficulties in the way of their faith. One whom no man honoured claims this service,—*"Follow me."* One whom man despiseth says, "I and the Father are one." That rejected One, the bye-word among the people, the song of the drunkard, stands in the temple and cries, "If any man thirst, let him come *unto me* and drink!" and promises, "He that believeth *in me*, out of him shall flow rivers of living water!" In those days, the difficulty felt by His hearers, and by His very disciples, was to believe without a doubt that *this was the right person*;—this Jesus the real Emmanuel, the Saviour of the world. To these men there seems never to have occurred the thought that there was difficulty *in the act of coming*, or in knowing *what coming to Him meant*; the difficulty they felt

was the being sure that Jesus was the Christ. Only let that point be settled, and their souls are at rest.

Such was the state of things then. But now it is altered. Satan has shifted his ground, and tries to puzzle us with the questions, "*How are we to come?*" and "*What is meant by coming to Christ?*" We are in the habit of admitting that Christ's claims are beyond dispute; that He is God-man, and sent by the Father to be the propitiation for our sins. The reproach heaped on Him when first He came is so far rolled away, that all professing disciples agree in never doubting for a moment (as they suppose) that Christ, and no other, is the Saviour to whom they are to come. But then the natural heart finds out a new hindrance in the way of at once resting satisfied in Him. "*What do you mean by coming?*" is a question often asked and dwelt upon; and many a soul says, "*If I only knew how to come aright, I would rejoice!*"

Let us, then, ask what is the true state of the case; whether or not there be any barrier put in our way by this expression, "*Come.*" Is it a mysterious act of the mind? Is it some very delicate feeling? Is it a great experience, or a high attainment, that must precede the enjoyment of Christ as ours?

In reply to such questions, I remark

that nothing but a self-righteous tendency in the heart would ever have led us to mistake a matter which in itself is very simple. We repeat it—it is the self-righteousness of the natural man that leads him to think that there is anything perplexing in words which Christ thought so simple that He never once has given an explanation of them. For it is a fact, that just as our Master knew there was no need of explaining to any one what He meant when He said, "*Hearken!*" so did He consider "*Come!*" to be a term that needed no explanation. Any one who has an ear knows the former: why should any one who has a soul that can think and feel not know the latter? It is self-righteousness that entangles us here; it is a want of sufficient appreciation of Christ. The hesitation arises from our sight of what Christ is being still very dim; not attractive enough to fill our heart and conscience.

For, in truth, this "*Coming to Christ!*" is simply the soul's state when occupied with thoughts about Christ, so occupied therewith as to have left behind it all other things. The soul in such a state of engrossment is said to have *come to Him*. It has no other whom it cares for, no other that fills up its desires, no other that meets its case; and so it has left all others for this One, and in doing so is said to have "*come unto Him*." His person and work have met the cravings of both conscience and heart.

If you are at all troubled with this "*Come*," I do not hesitate to say that your eye is averted from its proper object. When Jesus says, "*Come unto me*," (Matt. xi. 28), He never meant you to stop short at the first word; He meant you to put all the stress upon "*me*." Indeed, He has used a form of expression that is purposely fitted to produce this result; for He has used a word for "*Come*" which [in the Greek original] is neither more nor less than "*This way*," or "*Hither*,"—not a verb, but an adverb. He cries, "All ye that

are heavy laden, leave off trying other means and try *me!* *This way* to me! *Hither* to me!" It is thus that He speaks, putting the whole stress upon the "*me*." "All ye that labour," says the gracious Master, "look *this way!* look *hither!* to *me*—to *me*—to none other but to *me!*"

It is the same word used, John xxi. 12, "Come and dine," where surely He meant not to say more or less than, "Leave off now your other engagements, and let us dine." It is the woman's word at Sychar, "Come, see a man that told me all" (iv. 29). It is the Master's word in the parable, (Matt. xxii. 4), "Come to the marriage; that is, 'Let us off to the marriage! All is ready; away to this feast!'" It is the angel's word at the tomb, (Matt. xxviii. 6), "Come, see the place where the Lord lay;" that is, "Here is the spot, see for yourselves; this way, down here!" So that the emphasis all lies in the object presented to us; never in the act of our minds. But we, self-righteous as we are, would fain delay and linger, excusing ourselves by saying, "I do not know how to perform the act aright." The real truth, however, is that we are not quite satisfied, or perhaps not *very fully occupied*, with the object. We would not thus tarry on our own feelings, and acts, and states of mind, were we very much engrossed with the Christ who is set before us, and who stands in the abundance of His grace beckoning us to advance and enjoy infinite love; "This way, O sinner! this way! To *me*, and to no other!"

Yes, this is all. He beckons you to *Himself!* Why turn in your eye on yourself? why gaze on your wounds? why gaze on your temptations? why look at waves, and listen to winds? The Master cries, "To *me*, to *me*." He says, O soul, up! forsake *your* schemes, *your* thoughts, *your* ways, and away at once to *me!* O precious soul! do not be detained by inquiries into the acts of your mind, but at once think of *me*;

me whom the Father sent to save sinners, even the chief; *me* who came to seek and save the lost; *me*, whom the Spirit delighteth to glorify; *me* who have satisfied the law, who my own self bare your sins in my own body on the tree; *me* who have done all that a sinner needs for righteousness; *me* who am come to give you myself, with all I have done and suffered, to be your ransom. Take *me* for your conscience; take *me* for your heart.

The case might be stated thus. When I, a sinner, am brought to be willing that Christ should come to me and give me all I need, this is my soul's coming to Christ. My coming to Christ is, in other words, my soul *satisfied with His coming to me!* When my soul is letting alone and forsaking other things, because *taken up with Christ's coming out of the Father's bosom* to save sinners; this is my soul's coming to Christ! My conscience was asking, "Wherewithal shall I come before God?" Shall it be by bringing rivers of oil? Shall it be by offering my soul's sorrow and bitterest grief, as well as my body's penance? I find that it is not thus; nor yet by my prayers, nor by the help of any priest, nor by the aid of any creature's merit, nor by any thing that it is not to be found in Christ. *What is in Christ* is all that my soul needs. Perplexed soul, the Holy Spirit brings all such difficulties as yours to an end by fixing the attention and staying the mind upon this glorious truth, viz., That Christ, "His own self," (1 Pet. ii. 24), is the only atonement for sin, the only propitiation. Do think of Christ, His person, His heart of love, His words of grace, all this in connection with His finished work, His sacrifice accepted; and while thus engaged, "ere ever you are aware, your soul shall be as the chariots of Amminadib."

Most blessed word, "Come!" but let it not be misunderstood. It is not itself the Leader, but only the waving of His banner, and the streaming of its folds to the four winds of heaven, as if

saying, "Gather to Shiloh, all ends of the earth." Blessed word, "Come!" only remember it is not the *Person*, but His kind voice drawing off my attention from other objects. It is not the *sacrifice*, but it is the silver trumpet summoning me to the sacrifice. Blessed word, "Come," for, instead of the tremendous "Depart!" of the judgment-day spoken to rejecting and rejected sinners, it sends forth the proclamation of the gate still open, the heart of God open, for me a sinner.

But perhaps you object—"Surely I have something to do, for does He not go on to say, 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest to your souls?'" (Matt. xi. 29). Yes, He does, but He does not say that this taking on of His yoke is the same as *coming to Him*. Far otherwise; it is what follows upon your coming to Him; it is the *service* you engage in *after having come to Him*. You come to Him at once, and find rest at once; and on the spot He makes your soul as white as snow: and then, the next step is your *drawing His plough*, "taking on His yoke." In thus serving and "learning of Him," you get *another rest*, viz., rest from former corruptions, passions, unholy impulses, tormenting desires. This *second rest* is the rest of Sanctification, and is not to be confounded with the *first rest*, which is that of Justification.

At once, then, fellow sinner, hasten to Him. All you need is here. Here is full salvation; for He says, "All things are delivered unto me of my Father." Here is free salvation; for the Father reveals it to whom He will, and nothing whatsoever in the sinner can be a barrier to Him. It is a salvation all plain; for "He reveals it unto babes." It is a salvation all for sinners; for the persons invited are, "*heavy-laden ones*," persons who have a load of sin, whether they feel it little or much or not at all; and "*labouring*," that is, trying in vain to save themselves, trying in vain to swim to shore.

Surely, then, I and Christ must meet. Why should we not? He beckons me off self and all else, and says, "To me, to me alone!" This day, then, let it be so! Father, I see thee pointing me away from ordinances, from the Bible, from my faith, as well as from my unbelief, to *Christ alone*, that I and He may meet! the sinner with the *Saviour*! no one between! Jesus, Master, in *Thee*, in *Thee*, is peace! Holy Spirit, thou hast bathed my weary soul! And here I rest, until the day arrive when I shall hear Him say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit The Kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world." I get *rest* the moment I come to Him. I get *rest* again when I become somewhat like Him, and the troubled sea of my passions sinks into a calm. I shall get a third *rest* when I die in the Lord (Rev. xiv. 13); and soon I shall enter on the final *rest* that remains for the people of God, when He to whom I now come shall come from heaven to glorify all who here came to Him (2 Thes. i. 7).

BREAK UP YOUR FALLOW GROUND.

By REV. J. J. HINDLEY, A.M.

As I was passing along one day, I noticed a man and team at work upon a very rough piece of ground. Evidently a plough had never before broken that hard, tough surface. The poor horses strained and pulled, the ploughman braced himself between the handles of his plough; both man and team perspired profusely. Now a boulder would throw the plough out, and the man must bring his team to a halt, and pry the obstacle from its bed; then an old root would interfere, and require to be torn out, and laid upon the surface, and thus the work slowly, and with great difficulty, proceeded. The worker, however, was doubtless encouraged in his arduous task, as he contemplated the rich soil thus turned up, and anticipated the bountiful crop which it would produce next year.

Our thoughts turned to the words of Hos. x. 12, and Jer. iv. 3, "Break up your fallow ground," and we inwardly prayed that this work might go on in the great moral and spiritual world. We thought of the rich talents buried; of the old roots of sin still hidden in many a heart; of the large boulder-difficulties which hinder the Christian's work and growth in *grace*; of the hardness of many a heart, incrustated by the tread of time and by the world's iron heel. Alas! I thought what a breadth of fallow ground remains unbroken! Ground that might be very productive, but only produces thorns and thistles, and the only change it is undergoing, is daily getting harder. O that showers of Divine truth might descend upon such soil, and the moistening influences of the Holy Spirit might visit it, and the sun of righteousness shine upon it! Some plead, "I have only one talent, I can do but little in the Lord's vineyard at best, so little, that it makes no difference whether I do anything or not." We would direct the attention of such a one to the case of the servant to whom his lord gave one talent; did not the misuse of that single talent ruin that servant as certainly as if he had possessed ten talents? Was not his reward as certain, if he had used the single talent aright, as the rewards of the others to whom more talents had been committed? It is vast numbers of small things which constitute great things. The "mite" of the widow brought a blessing even greater than the "much" of the rich man. Both are needed ere the world can be brought to Christ. All the fallow ground must be broken up before the farm is complete. *Faith is the foundation stone* of true Christian manhood, but it takes the whole life to finish the superstructure.

In the museum at Rotterdam may be seen the first and last pictures painted by Rembrandt, the prince of painters. How imperfect the first in comparison with the last triumph of art, and what

"fallow ground" he must have broken before he achieved such victories!

So should progress mark the Christian's course; no advancement is retrogression, for the barren fig-tree is cursed. The Italian proverb puts it thus:—"He that works is tempted of one devil, but he that is idle by a thousand." Christians, let us bring forth the hidden treasures of our hearts, let no talents lie buried; we are not our own, but bought with a price, then let us glorify God with all our powers; with our bodies and our spirits which are God's. If we would become men and women in Christ Jesus, we shall best attain our strength

in his vineyard. Breaking up fallow ground involves the tearing out of the old roots of sin, denying ourselves any questionable worldly pleasures, and using all that God has given us for Him. It may be found hard work at first, but we shall find the broken fallow ground the most fruitful both in time and eternity.

"Let none hear you idly saying,
 'There is nothing I can do!'
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you.
 Gladly take the task He gives you,
 Let His work your pleasure be,
 Answer quickly when He calleth,
 'Here am I, O Lord, send me.'"

Christian Miscellany.

TRUE COURAGE.

Some years ago, a young soldier called upon the chaplain. The chaplain asked the recruit how he liked it in the army. He replied, "I like it very much. But there is one great drawback—I never can find a chance to pray."

He was naturally asked how that was. "Oh! sir, if you only knew what takes place in the barrack-room! When I first joined the regiment, I tried to pray. I knelt down by my bedside, as I had been used to do at home; but there were such pelts and abuses, such throwing of boots at me, that I don't know how I was able to endure it."

The chaplain said, "My poor lad, I do know it. But don't expose yourself to such treatment; wait until the lights are out, and then commit yourself to your heavenly Father." The young soldier followed the advice given; but at the end of the fortnight confessed, "It won't do."

"Why?" asked the chaplain.

"Because, sir," was the manly reply, "it seems like being ashamed of my Saviour."

The chaplain, an old man, felt ashamed in the presence of this young lad of

nineteen, and urged him to persevere in his brave conduct, since God would most certainly bless it.

What was the result? The soldiers, one after another, were ashamed of their conduct, and admired the lad's courage. Soon one began to kneel down with him, then another, until each of the sixteen men did so regularly.

A very beautiful story. No one who openly adheres to his principles will fail to be respected in the end. Nor ought we to be ashamed of Christ, who has done so much for us, but rather be grateful that he is so willing to hear us whenever we come to Him. We need to come to Him every day.

A MONARCH'S TESTIMONY.

On God's blessing all depends: I hold to that truth firmly; I know it, and have experienced it. In the years 1806, 1807, 1808, a heavy curse was on us, and everything miscarried. In the years 1813 and 1814, God's blessing returned, and everything succeeded. Even the errors then committed, the impulses we experienced, the mistakes that occurred, fell out, through a marvel-

ious combination of fortuitous circumstances, to our advantage, and led to the most unexpected and favourable results; so much so, that we were surprised and astounded.

The important victory at Culm, so beneficial in its consequences, common report—indeed, historical works—have attributed to my insight and orders; but the truth is quite otherwise. My ally, the Emperor Alexander, and myself, had taken our stand on the day of battle, on the castle hill near Toplitz, whence we could survey the whole field of conflict. The balance fluctuated, indeed was inclining towards the French; when at mid-day, at a very decisive moment, General Von Kleist appeared on the heights of Nollendorf, with his corps, which insured us the victory. His arrival was by no means part of an arranged plan, but a providential circumstance; for in reality, he was in full flight from the unfortunate affair near Dresden, followed by the French, and had chosen the route through Bohemia for his retreat towards Silesia: that it was which brought him to the right spot at the right moment. We knew nothing of him, nor he of us; nothing was agreed upon. That he did not make his appearance earlier, nor later, nor more to the left, nor more to the right, but at the eventful hour, in the right place for deciding the battle, was help and salvation from God. My thankfulness and joy were therefore more inwardly pure; and I do not feel inclined to have such sensations disturbed and spoiled by having attributed to me that which I had no part in: to God be the honor and praise!—*Frederick William III. King of Prussia.*

JUST AS YOU ARE.

I dare say you think coming to Christ is some terrible thing; that you need to be prepared before you come; that he is hard and harsh with you. When men have to go to a lawyer they need to tremble; when they have to go to

the doctor they may fear, though both those persons, however unwelcome, may be often necessary. But when you come to Christ, you may come boldly. There is no fee required; there is no preparation necessary. You may come just as you are. It was a brave saying of Martin Luther's, when he said, "I would run into Christ's arms, even if he had a drawn sword in his hand." Now, he has not a drawn sword, but he has his wounds in his hands. Run into his arms, poor sinner.

"Oh," you say, "may I come?"

How can you ask the question? You are commanded to come. The great command of the gospel is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus." Those who disobey this command, disobey God. It is as much a command of God that man should believe on Christ, as that we should love our neighbour. Now, what is commanded I have certainly a right to obey. There can be no question, you see; a sinner has liberty to believe in Christ, because he is told to do so. God would not have told him to do a thing which he must not do. You are allowed to believe.

"Oh," saith one, "that is all I want to know. I do believe that Christ is able to save to the uttermost.

"May I rest my soul on him and say, 'sink or swim, most blessed Jesus, thou art my Lord?'"

May do it, man! Why, you are commanded to do it. Oh that you may be enabled to do it. Remember this is not a thing which you will do at a risk. The risk is in not doing it. Cast yourself on Christ, sinner. Throw away every other dependence, and rest alone on him.

"No," says one, "I am not prepared."

Prepared, sir? Then you do not understand me. There is no preparation needed; it is just as you are.

"Oh, I do not feel my need enough."

I know you do not. What has that to do with it? You are commanded to cast yourself on Christ. Be you never

so black or never so bad, trust to him. He that believeth on Christ shall be saved, be his sins never so many; he that believeth not must be damned, be his sins never so few. The great command of the Gospel is, "Believe."

"Oh," but saith one, "am I to say I know that I am saved?"

Ah, I did not say that; you shall learn that by-and-by. You have nothing to do with that question now, your business is to believe on Christ and trust him; to cast yourself into his hands. And may God the Spirit now sweetly compel you to do it. Now, sinner, hands off your own righteousness. Drop all idea of becoming better through your own strength. Cast yourself flat on the promise. Say—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee;
O Lamb of God! I come, I come."

If there were a number of persons here in debt, and if I were to say, "If you will simply trust to me, your debts shall be paid, and no creditor shall ever molest you," you would understand me directly. How is it you cannot comprehend that trusting in Christ will remove all your debts, take away all your sins, and you shall be saved eternally?

O Spirit of the living God, open the understanding to receive, and the heart

to obey, and may this soul cast itself on Christ.—*Tract.*

THE BIBLE AND THE INFIDEL.

At a literary gathering at the house of Baron von Holbach, where the most celebrated infidels of the age used to assemble, the gentlemen present were one day commenting on the absurd, foolish, and childish things with which the Holy Scripture, as they maintained, abound. But the French philosopher and infidel, Diderot, who had himself taken no small part in the conversation, suddenly put a period to it by saying, "But it is wonderful, gentlemen, it is wonderful! I know no man in France who can write and speak with such ability. In spite of all the evil which we have said of this book, I do not believe that you, any of you, could compose a narrative so simple, and at the same time so elevated and so affecting, as the narrative of the sufferings and death of Christ—a narrative exerting so wide an influence, and awakening so deep and universal feeling, and the power of which, after so many hundred years, would still be the same." This unlooked-for remark filled every one with astonishment, and was followed by a protracted silence.—*Translated from the German.*

Editorial Notes.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

"The Life and Conversion of Dugald Buchanan, who died at Rannoch, in 1768," written by himself, is now in the course of translation for the "Christian Monthly." The first and part of the second chapter will appear in the January number. An eminent minister, now deceased, says of this autobiography: "I have just read the life of Dugald Buchanan. I heard much of

him, but the half was not told me. The Holy Ghost wrought in him a great and clear work. He was a man of profound talent—deep, penetrating; he had a clear insight into his own heart and into the wiles of Satan, and knew much of God. I wish his little book was translated and scattered over the country."

We read in the last number of a contemporary magazine as follows:

"We are very glad to observe that a

movement has recently been made with the view of erecting a monument to the memory of Dugald Buchanan, without exception the best of modern Gaelic poets in the true sense of the term, for in comparison with him the bulk of modern would-be bards are mere poetasters and rhymers. At a meeting held at the beginning of September in Kinloch-Rannoch for the furtherance of this object, the Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan, of Edinburgh, who presided, spoke as follows:—"Dugald Buchanan's memory will be fresh as long as the language in which his hymns were composed continues to be a living tongue. These sacred songs are his true monument. But the feeling exists among those who cherish his memory and admire his poetry that something should be done to give expression to a sentiment which exists so widely, and with that feeling I deeply sympathise. Other Gaelic poets of a different class have their monuments, and why should not he? Buchanan, as is well known, was a native of Balquhider, and was for seventeen years of his life a contemporary of Rob Roy. Strange that the same district should, nearly at the same time, produce two characters so different as Dugald Buchanan and Rob Roy Macgregor. The fact teaches us not to judge hastily of the character of the people of the Highlands generally at the time. There might be fierce and barbarous men in the country, but there were distinguished men of God too, and none more so than this native of the very district which was the scene of so many of Macgregor's lawless deeds, and where his dust now lies. Buchanan was one of the early missionary teachers of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge—men selected as much for their grace as their gifts, although he was richly endowed with both. Many interesting incidents are related regarding him in this capacity. The scene of his labours was Rannoch, where we are now met. He was incessant in labour for Christ, and faithful in rebuking sin and winning

sinners to his Master; and none could be more valued than he as a guide and instructor by experienced Christians. His interest in the welfare of religion may be gathered from the fact that, notwithstanding the difficulty of travelling at the time and the length of the way, he visited Cambuslang during the great revival in the days of Whitfield, and was much encouraged by what he saw. He was employed to superintend in Edinburgh the first issue of the Gaelic New Testament translated by Mr. Stewart of Killin, and so highly was he esteemed by competent judges that it was proposed to ordain him as the first minister of the Gaelic congregation in Edinburgh. This last proposal was not carried out for reasons variously related; but I feel a personal interest in this movement from the fact that the name of Buchanan was in some measure associated with the congregation of which I am now the minister. It is perhaps not so generally known that Buchanan was a prose writer. His account of his own spiritual history down to the year 1750 is a remarkable composition, full of life, of unction, and of knowledge in the things of God. It is worthy of being put side by side with the 'Spiritual Autobiography of Boston.' His poetry is so well known in the Highlands that little requires to be said about it. It speaks its own praise. There are eight pieces extant, called 'Laoidhean Spioradail' or Spiritual Hymns. These are of almost uniform excellency, both in matter and manner. 'The Skull' and 'The Day of Judgment' have been said to excel the others, but I own that I do not observe that the superiority is very marked. Buchanan has been called 'the Cowper of the Highlands,' and if that be high commendation it is no higher than what his genius and his taste deserve at the hands of all those who can read and relish the language in which he wrote. Nor let it be said that his powers suffered by the use of his mother tongue, for there is no language living that is more capable of giving

expression to religious ideas of the highest order in poetry than the Gaelic language which Buchanan employed. Buchanan's claim, then, to a monument can be readily made out; so can the claims of Rannoch to be the site of it, although his dust lies with that of his kindred at Callander. This was the great scene of his labours, and with this spot his memory is chiefly associated. Let me express the earnest hope that a little effort may secure what we so earnestly desire—the erection of a granite obelisk at Kinloch-Rannoch to the memory of Dugald Buchanan."

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

If any subscribers fail to receive their copies of the "Christian Monthly" regularly, they would oblige us by writing at once, as some have kindly done, letting us know the fact. The mailing is done in Toronto by an experienced and respectable agent, and we can hardly believe that many mistakes are made by him. But there are so many Post-offices of similar, nay of the same name, that in the hurry of business postmasters make mistakes. The "Christian Monthly" is liable to suffer in this way from the fact that its circulation extends to all the Provinces of the Dominion, in two of which there are often Post-offices of the same name. There is, for example, a *Monkton* in Ontario, and a *Moncton* in New Brunswick; there is again an *Amherst* in Nova Scotia, and an *Amherstburg* in Ontario, and with these there have been already some trouble. If the subscriber says nothing about his loss it cannot be known nor can it be righted. But if he complains, then it is possible the mistake may be found out, and if not found out as to the past, it may be guarded against for the future.

OLD SUBSCRIBERS TO GOOD NEWS.

When the "Christian Monthly" began in June it was a cause of regret that

nothing could be done prudently at that time to make good to subscribers to "Good News" the four or six months that was due to some of them when the "Good News" ceased in December, 1872. Seeing now that the undertaking is in a more promising position (though even at present it is not yet a certainty that it will do anything more than clear printing, paper and mailing) it is proposed to make good to these parties the loss they suffered. The terms are explained in the advertisement on the second page of the cover. It is hoped that this will be considered satisfactory and that some of the old names will again appear on the mailing list. It is desirable that these parties should apply without loss of time.

NEW VOLUME.

It is quite possible that the January number may not be issued till about the middle of the month in order to allow time to have new subscribers put on the mailing list. It is not desirable to go to press with too heavy an edition lest it might lie a burden on our hands, and it would on the other hand be wise to guard against falling short, as has happened with the volume beginning in June. It is understood, of course, that those who subscribed in June will have their year in the form of two half-yearly volumes, which can be bound together.

Is it necessary to remind subscribers who have not yet remitted that it is desirable to have their remittance as early a day as possible, to enable us, as in the past, to carry on without running any account for paper or printing?

The additional charge of postage to be made in the future, will not be considered unreasonable when subscribers consider that for one dollar they receive 576 large pages of printed matter during the year, which makes a larger volume than can in ordinary circumstances be purchased for double the money.