

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Wherever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Monthly Messenger.

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

NEW SERIES. VOL. IV. No. 10.

OCTOBER, 1877.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

We are indebted for some original matter this month, to one of our outport missionaries, and our esteemed correspondent in London. Their assistance is very valuable.

The new "Consecration Hymn" we consider well worth a place in this magazine.

Our readers would greatly encourage us if they would help to increase our circulation, and if *those who have not paid their subscriptions would do so at once.*

OUR MEETINGS.—No. III.

THE YOUNG LADIES' MISSIONARY WORKING PARTY.

The object of this society is the making of clothes suitable for sending to different stations connected with the London Missionary Society, a box of such clothing, with its adjuncts, being one of the most acceptable presents that can be forwarded to a missionary, especially when the wants of his own over-worked wife, her little family, and the literary and stationery requirements of his own humble study have been duly cared for.

Our party of thirty-five consists almost entirely of children, many of them so young as only to be able to make one of the little picture-handkerchiefs—the hemming of which so delights children—when folded and tacked for them. They meet in one of the class-rooms at three o'clock on the third Wednesday afternoon of every month, with the exception of August and September, when, so many families being out of town, the meetings are dispensed with. Some five or six adults kindly assist the lady who manages and arranges the work and the meetings, and without this assistance I know not what she would do, the mass of her little workers being quite unable to finish off the larger articles and more important parts, and requiring all their work to be placed and tacked. As it is, although it is very evidently a labour of love with her, she is greatly taxed, and has to prepare and finish off much of the work at her own home before and after the meetings; and the break of two months in the summer must, to her at least, be a great boon. About half-past three, one of the gentlemen of the church committee, who takes a special interest in these meetings, and whose children attend, regularly brings one of the Religious Tract Society's or Hesba Stretton's interesting stories, which he reads aloud until five o'clock, making sundry pertinent remarks as he proceeds. To this reading the children look forward with much pleasure, and are generally quiet and attentive, their busy fingers working away while they drink in the much-loved story; and if some of the little ones—absorbed in the tale—occasionally drop their work upon their laps, it is very pardonable, and perhaps their benevolent and kindly sympathies are as much drawn forth by that as by the meanwhile neglected

missionary work. That little, earnest party of *little* workers is a pleasing sight, and one which I think even the angels must look down upon with interest and pleasure. May these meetings be one of the cords which shall draw them, as tender little lambs, into the Good Shepherd's fold, and prove the first stepping stone to many works of love for Him in after years. At five o'clock the gentleman retires, and tea is announced, for which each pays the small sum of fourpence. After tea, the *little* ones adjourn to the schoolroom, or, as the young men grandiloquently term it since the two schoolrooms have been thrown into one, "The Lecture Hall," where they indulge in some good games and a swing temporarily put up for them, the elder children and adults continuing their work in the class-room until a quarter past seven, when a general folding-up and putting away of work, and re-suming of hats and other outer garments occurs; the juveniles going to their homes and the elders to the weekly service in the chapel above, for unfortunately our school and class-rooms are underground.

About seven, our minister generally puts in an appearance for a few minutes' chat and words of encouragement, the little ones looking forward to a pleasant greeting or interesting anecdote from him, and feeling disappointed if previous engagements prevent his taking a peep at them. The articles being made entirely of cotton goods, their value chiefly depends on the work expended upon them; still contributions are necessary for the purchase of materials, and are gladly received either in money or kind. There are four regular subscribers, and these are supplemented by collecting cards, which are taken by four or five of the elder young ladies, and by a small profit from the teas. In all, about five pounds per annum in money is obtained. Our minister generally proposes the station for which a box is to be prepared, the missionary society or the missionary at that station is then communicated with as to the kind of clothing it would be most desirable to make. Boxes have been sent to India, Africa, Madagascar, etc., and sometimes articles for use in England are made and sold here; the proceeds being sent to the Missionary Society instead of the work. This year, the box is to be sent to Mangaia, one of the South Sea Islands, Mr. Harris, the missionary working there, having been brought up in our Sabbath-school, and going from it to college to prepare for the special work for his Divine Master, to which he has devoted himself. The things being just completed, were exhibited in one of the class-rooms last Wednesday evening, to the number of one hundred and fifty-four articles, exclusive of books, periodicals, leaflets, illuminated cards, and stationery. Coming from Paddington, his spiritual home, these things will be peculiarly acceptable to Mr. Harris and

his good wife, especially as Mangaia is quite out of the track of European vessels, and is only visited by one once in the year, that being also the only time in which they ever see the face of a European, there being none residing upon the island but themselves and their little family. We can easily fancy how these lonely watchers look forward to the coming of the annual vessel, their only means of communication with the great civilised world, which seems so far beyond them; and how eagerly and joyfully every little present from the land of home is welcomed. The tinned, air-tight case, in which to pack the things, is usually supplied by our Young Men's Society, who gladly lend the young ladies a helping hand in this way, and among whom I trust there are several future missionaries. Certainly there are many earnest workers among them, and two, who have resolved specially to devote their lives to the service of God, have recently gone from among them to College, to prepare themselves for the work of the ministry.

H. D. ISACKE.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE KINGDOM.

I mean the kingdom or kingship over sin and self. You may not think it, but you *are* the veriest slave until you acquire the liberty or grace of the Gospel. Till then, you are loaded with the chains of sinful propensities, and led captive by the devil at his will. But there comes a moment in your history or experience when you wake up to see the depth of your degradation and ultimate fate. You are enabled also to realise, like some chrysalis buried in its cocoon, that you are capable of nobler, are capable of noblest, things. The buoyant air of heavenly liberty is inhaled; it inflates your spirit till you pant to soar above all earthly soul-food—husks to you now indeed—and to feed upon that which alone is satisfying, God. It is here the fight begins. This is the crisis which the enemy has dreaded all along. And while he had you in his power he spared no pains to make you firm and impregnable as a Gibraltar under the hurricane of the Holy Wind (Greek *puemu*), or the fiery assaults of God's battalions. The secret of his strength lay in keeping you asleep. That deeply-driven stake uprooted, all the city of your soul is laid bare to heaven's arms. God *has* wrenched that up, the drawbridge across the moat, and now He unfolds to your affrighted soul the position you are in. You sway and tremble like a twig in the night wind at the sight, and resolve to escape from such a degrading condition, from a country and master doomed to such black destruction. But your old master has certain objections, from reasons best known to himself and God, against your leaving his service. This makes him change his tune as much as his cracked bagpipes will allow. "Oh, you are not going to leave your pleasures in that way, are you? All your dear, merry companions. Think what delicious times you have had with them at the card-table, at the ball-room, at the theatre, at field sports, wine-parties. Remember what an easy time and pleasant you have had in being allowed all your own way, as far as mortal can have who is obliged to bend to circumstances which the arbitrary tyrant of heaven hangs round his neck. If you are intent on such a foolish course as to go over to the ranks of those miserable, moping, melancholy

beings who crawl through the world with His yoke on their blistered shoulders, and with nothing in the world to mitigate their misery except some holy starch to keep their heads up in the sanctified air they carry about with them, at least, do not do so just yet; you need not hurry, time enough yet for you. What! Still determined, then? Hlave at you, you wretch. Do you think for a moment that He will have your sin-poisoned, leprous carcase rotting in His house, filling His pure presence with the effluvia of hell? Ha, ha! I have beslimed you too thickly to admit one grain of hope of your being cleansed. Back with you. There is no hope for you. You superlative fool of fools, do you think to break those chains claspng your limbs? Just try to walk in the way that leads to God, deary. Do just try a step or two now. Ha, ha! down you go in all that filth and snake-slime. You are worse than ever. Cannot, unless those chains are off? Well, then, you will have to stay where you are for me. I will not help you off with them. Down you go again. Ha, ha! you had better stay where you are. You are only making yourself worse. You must give up."

Never, my brother, here is my hand, never give up. I can sympathise with you. I shudder as I look back on that awful duel, but the shudder changes into a tremble of delight as again I go over in my memory the thrilling moment when my chains fell off, and I was lifted into liberty. Let the awful alternative of eternal death nerve you for the fight. Drink deeply of the well of hope close beside your languishing soul in the wilderness. "He is able to save to the uttermost." Now take the sword of the Spirit, which is the infallible Word of God. Let it be glued to your hand by conviction engendered by firm faith in its truth. Hurl back the foe on its keen point. Meet his blandishments and persuasions by, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit"; his insinuations that the service of God is misery and melancholy, with, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light"; his attempt to induce you to procrastinate, with, "Flee from the wrath to come," for, "The Son of Man cometh as a thief in the night"; his fierce asseverations that you are too black, by "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin"; his taunts on your helplessness, with, "He came to seek and to save that which was *lost*," and when He hath found it, He *layeth it on His shoulders.*" Oh that last sword-thrust is an excellent one! It is enough to make you do just what you must do in the end—drop, chains and all, into the outstretched arms of Jesus, and the kingdom is *won*.—OLD JACOB GOODWILL, your humble servant.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

Lord, I would be wholly Thine,
 Thou didst give Thyself for me;
 Sin and wrath were only mine,
 Thou didst let them fall on Thee.
 From myself, O Jesus, save,
 Seal me Thine, and all I have.
 Lord, I would be wholly Thine,
 Thou didst purchase me with blood;
 Make this feeble frame Thy shrine—
 Temple of the living God.
 From myself, O Jesus, save,
 Seal me Thine, and all I have.

Lord, I would be wholly Thine,
Now I give myself to Thee;
To accept it, Thou wilt deign
Blemish'd offering though it be.
From myself, O Jesus, save,
Seal me Thine, and all I have.

Lord, I am now wholly Thine,
On my soul the seal is set;
Around me Thine arms entwine,
Never soul was plucked thence yet.
From myself Thou now dost save,
Thine I am, with all I have.

Still I must not, Lord, forget
Heights and depths before me lie;
The goal is not gained yet,
Till I lay me down and die.
Save me from enchanted ground,
Till at Thy right hand I'm found.

ABOUT SNAKES.

BEWARE of moral snakes. There is the pilot snake, which leads the young and unsuspecting, the weak, and those who are naturally inclined by their tempers or character to go astray, into places of evil resort and into acts of folly or intemperance. Then there is a snake which fascinates the youthful and ignorant that it may plant the sting of vice in their bosom; and the ribbon snake which lures to destruction by implanting a fondness for finery and fashion in the heart, to the neglect of religion and virtue; and the ring snake which inclines the heart to an undue love for and display of chains and jewellery, diamonds and costly stones, sowing the seed of heartlessness and selfish extravagance; and the black snake which asperses character; and the viper which strings reputation; and the adder which hisses calumny; and the boa constrictor which gorges itself with gormandising, eating and drinking intemperately; and the snake in the grass that strikes the loiterer straying in the verdurous paths of sin and dalliance; and finally there is the Great Serpent, the Devil, who tempts us to lie, and steal, and disobey God's commands, and at last, to deny God himself. Beware of snakes!

VALUE OF WOMAN'S WORK.

REV. THOMAS K. BEECHER, writing to the *Christian Union* of his camp life in the woods, gives the following advice:—"All men ought to go to the woods and religiously do their own washing and general work—such as sewing, cooking, housekeeping, and dish-washing. The work of women is not spoken of sensibly by men until they have done it themselves. Gentlemen readers, it is easy to talk! But just try it on a very modest scale once, and you'll honour working women more than ever. Do as I have done—do a wash of six pieces, and then remember that a woman turns off two hundred pieces in a day. Look at your watch and see how long it takes you. Look at your soap and see how much you have used. Look at your white clothes (handkerchief and towel) and see what you have done or not done, and never again speak harshly of or at a woman on wash day, nor laundry work as if it were unskilled labour. Try it. Don't talk. Don't sneer. Try it. A sympathetic gentleman having washed two dozen pieces will never change his shirt again without a glow of reverence and gratitude. She did this. A similar and salutary consciousness will come to him who darns his own socks, patches his trousers, splices his suspenders, and washes dishes. Look not every man upon his own things, but every man also upon the work of a woman. Such an experience in the woods will go far toward settling the woman question, by teaching us that we are all members one of another, and there must be no schism."

A SCOTCH HYMN.

There are blossoms that have budded,
Been blighted in the cauld;
And lammies, that have perished,
Because they left the fauld,
But cower ye in aneath His wings,
Wha died upon the tree,
And gathered in His bosom
Helpless weans like you and me.

In the world there's tribulation,
In the world there's wae,
But the world it is bonnie,
For our Father made it sae,
Then brichten up your armour,
And be happy as ye gaug,
Though your sky be often clouded,
It winna be for lang.

TRUTH.

THE Church has a human as well as a Divine side. There is a work for man as well as for God to do. The financial operations fall within this human sphere. The success of your Church as well as of your State, or corporation, or family, depends to a large extent on the judicious and efficient management of its finances. If grace be of primary necessity, money holds a second place in the outworking of the Divine economy. God gives the one freely, amply; the other you are expected to supply. He gave it to you for this end; He expects you to use it well for His cause.

To expect great spiritual prosperity with the finances in a disordered state, is vain. Who can believe heartily or pray successfully when his mind is oppressed with the question of financial resources? The earthly will crowd out the heavenly affections. Everybody will take the burden on himself; will feel the oppressive influence of the condition; will be in danger of growing nervous and restive. As a remedy, keep your temporalities well in hand. Eschew debt. Run within your means. Do not spend a dollar till you see some reasonable prospect of securing it.—*Zion's Herald*.

A WOMAN'S STRENGTH.

BY N. A. HEPWORTH.

She is so tired, to-night, of being strong;
Of giving comfort and bright words of hope
To those whose human weakness cannot cope
With subtler powers, that struggle for the wrong;
So tired of walking midst the crowded throng
Of life, and saving by her outstretched hand
The form that by its own strength cannot stand;
Of singing oft to fainting hearts a song
Of holy cheer, e'en though the silent tear
Of loneliness within her own doth fall.
You count her brave? 'Tis well.—The world's dull ear
Could never catch that eager, trembling call
Which One alone is keen enough to hear:—
"Be thou, O Christ, my needed strength, my all!"

PRAY ON.—It is easy to know the knock of a beggar at one's door. Low, timid, hesitating, it seems to say, "I have no claim on the kindness of this house; I may be told I come too often, I may be treated as a troublesome and unworthy mendicant; the door may be lung in my face by some surly servant." How different on his return from school, the loud knocking, the bounding step, the joyous rush of the child to his father's presence, and as he climbs on his knee, and flings his arms around his neck, the bold face and ready tongue with which he reminds his father of some promised favour! Now, why are God's people bold? To a Father in God, to an elder brother in Christ, faith conducts our steps in prayer; therefore, in an hour of need, faith, bold of spirit, raises her suppliant hands, and cries to God, "O that thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down!"—*Dr. Guthrie*.

ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

BY REV. J. H. McCARTY.

THERE was a gentle rap at the door of an old man's cottage, one cold December night, by the hand of a stranger seeking shelter from the storm that raged without. The venerable man rose with dignity and grace becoming his age and his nature, and bid the stranger enter.

"You are all alone," said the stranger to the old man, "I perceive."

"Alone, and not alone," said he, in a subdued and solemn voice.

"What may I understand, my aged friend, by your being 'alone, and yet not alone?'" said the stranger.

"Sir," said the venerable man, fixing his eyes upon his stranger guest, "this was once the home of a happy family"; and the old man arose and looked out of the window, as if to hail the coming of those he loved; but his heart seemed too full for utterance. He stood gazing on the darkness without; but not a word he spoke.

"Tell me your story," said the stranger to the lonely occupant of the cottage.

A moment of silence passed, and then the old man said:

"Many years ago there lived in this house a family whose hearts were bound in one. There used to be here a good and gentle woman; but she is not here to-night, sir"; and the old man wiped the falling tear from his withered cheek, and again walked and looked out of the window on the dark and dreary night. Returning to his seat, he fixed his eyes upon the blazing brands; and, after a moment's meditation, turning to the stranger, he said: "Once there were here three happy children, but they are not here to-night, sir"; and again he walked and looked out of the window. "Ah, she was a darling little girl, was Mary, with her bright eyes, her golden ringlets, and her loving little arms that she used to throw around my neck as I came home from my work, sir!" and the big tear stole down his cheek. He continued: "One day when I came home, Mary was sick. Her eyes were dull, her cheeks were feverish; and, sir, she died." And, walking to the window, he said: "Sir, she lies yonder; but it's too dark to see.

"Two little boys were left, sir; and you may be sure I loved them. One day the youngest was skating on the ice, and it broke through, and he was swept away down the current of the great river, and we never saw him again. Ah, sir, Johnny was a beautiful boy. Then my eldest, and only one left, was seized with a strange sickness; and he died there, in that corner of the room, and we buried him along with Mary, sir, just over the ravine on that sunny knoll; but it's too dark to see." And the old man sighed as he walked to the window, and looked out on the wild, dark night.

"Then Agnes and I were all alone here; and then she poor woman, could not stand up under such blows. She grew pale and feeble; and, sir, one day she laid down on that cot, and said she was not well. She grew very sick, and the doctor said she must die. And she died, sir; and we buried her just over the ravine, along with Willie and Mary." And again the old man walked to the window, and looked out upon the pitchy darkness of the night.

And then he sat and looked with tear-dimmed eyes on the blazing fire of the hearth.

"Now, sir," said he, "I am all that is left of the family. First went Mary to her angel-home, then Johnny; then Willie and Agnes, to meet them on the shining shore. We are nearly all gone. I am all that is left."

And he walked across the room, and took from its place, on the shelf beside the clock, the old family Bible, brown with age, with tear-marks on many a page. He laid it on the table, and said:

"Stranger, Agnes and I used to read this book together every night and morning. We read it to our children. Now they are all gone away to the distant land, and I am left to read it alone. Here, stranger, I find my comfort. It tells me of a spirit-land, it tells me of heaven. I shall meet my dear ones again—my Agnes, my Willie, my Johnny, my Mary—by-and-by."

And, as he spoke of that better land, his face lost its look of sadness, his eyes grew bright with the hopes of the Christian.

"Yes," said he, "it will not be long. My locks, stranger, you see, are getting white. I am trembling now. I shall soon lie down by the side of my loved wife and children, just over there on the little knoll; but I shall hail them where they who meet shall never part."

And the venerable man ceased to mourn. His weeping was turned into joy.

So it is with us all. Our days are passing away, our homes have a short history. One after another leaves this home on earth. Soon all will be gone. O, happy will it be if we all meet again! Earth has its ills, but heaven heals them all. Life has its sorrows, but heaven will pay us back with joys eternal, immortal.

A SCENE FROM THE LIFE OF THE MISSIONARY GOBAT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

AMONG the numerous petty princes who at that one disputed between themselves the sovereignty of Abyssinia fierce feuds were raging, at the period of which we speak. No one felt secure of his life, for faction and discord here ruled throughout the country, and many a peaceful traveller was put to death under the pretence of his being a spy. The missionary Gobat, now Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem, among others, had to fly for his life. He was, indeed, acquainted with a place of refuge, and felt quite sure that if it only could be reached, he would be in perfect safety. On the summit of a high and steep rock stood a convent, Debra Damo by name, to which there had formerly been a path, known to but few, and very toilsome, but perfectly safe. But this mode of access had at this time been blocked up by the monks, who had planted such a quantity of rapidly-growing brushwood over the steps which led to it as speedily to obliterate all trace of where they were. Another convent, indeed, was soon after this built down in the valley, but the monks had still no mind to betray the mode of approach to Debra Damo, and whenever they went to and from to their building-work at the foot of the rock they caused themselves to be let up and down with a rope.

Gobat knew well that this was the only means by which he could reach this coveted place of safety, and though he did not feel very hopeful of being able to avail himself of it, he thought he must try it, as offering him the only hope of escape. As he went along the narrow valley skirting the heights of Debra Damo, and looked up at the convent towering above him, he called out as loud as he possibly could for help. Five monks presently appeared at the edge of the steep rock, asked him what he wanted, and when they learnt that he was merely endeavouring to escape from their common foes, immediately let down the rope. Gobat wound it tightly round him, clambered up with both hands, and was safely drawn to the top of the rock, though he often shuddered when he felt himself getting too near the sharp, angular, jutting edges of the rugged cliff. Once on the summit, he felt perfectly at rest. He knew that, though the wild hordes in the hostile chiefs' pay laid waste fields and made havoc of homes in the valleys, no harm could come to him, secure on his lofty place of shelter. Frequently during his latter years has Gobat recounted this incident to his friends, pointing out at the same time that just as he was in danger from a mortal foe when in the valley, and only safe when mounted on a rock, so we have no security from our deadly enemies, Satan, the world, and our own evil hearts, till we have embraced the shelter offered us on the Rock of Ages—Jesus Christ. We ourselves, with our poor weak strength, are incapable of ascending the Rock; but the mighty rope of love, of that love by which the Father draws men to the Son, will, if we but accept the offered help, place us in safety by landing us in that secure refuge. When once the foot of our soul is stationed on the Rock we are in safety. Satan may rage and threaten, but it will be in vain. But one thing we must bear in mind, and that is, that it is only by *abiding* on our Rock that we are safe. On that word *abide* Gobat has always been in the habit of especially dwelling, frequently closing his loving exhortations with those words of the Apostle John in his First Epistle:—"And now, little children, abide in Him; that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming."

JANET.

GOLDEN TRUTHS.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR THE SUNDAYS OF 1877.

BY REV. THORNLEY SMITH.

OCTOBER 7. Morning. **Jehovah feeds His people.** (Exod. xvi. 1-18.) Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and seventy palm trees, has been identified with a place in the Wady Ghuruel—a lovely oasis in the wilderness, whence the children of Israel journeyed to the desert of Sin, where they arrived on the fifteenth day after their departure from Egypt. This desert was a sandy table-land leading to Sinai; and no wonder that in such a locality the people should want food. Instead of trusting to God, however, as they well might after such displays of His power, they murmured, and looked back to Egypt. There they had plenty, now they were ready to die for hunger. Yes; but they forgot that they were slaves. Jehovah promised (ver. 4) that He would rain bread from heaven for them, which they should gather every day, according to the need of each person; but on the sixth day they should gather twice as much, since on the Sabbath there would be none (ver. 25). This glad news was communicated to the people by Moses and Aaron, and they told the people what they were to do (ver. 6). God had heard their murmurings, and He would manifest His glory, first in the cloud which was over the tabernacle, perhaps by some special shining forth of the light, and next by the food He would miraculously supply, giving them bread in the morning and flesh in the evening; and thus they would know that they had murmured against Him. When people murmur at their trials, it is against God that they murmur (ver. 13). That evening came a vast flight of quails, and covered the camp. The quail is a bird of the grouse family, which twice a year crosses the Mediterranean and the Black Seas in vast multitudes. These quails were sent by the special providence of God. They came again at a later period (Num. xi. 4). In the morning (ver. 13) the dew lay about the camp, and when it was gone up a small round thing like hoarfrost was sent. "What is this?" said the people, "manna." And Moses told them it was the bread which Jehovah had given to eat (ver. 16). Each man was to gather an omer (about five pints) every day for himself, and for each member of his family, and thus each family had enough. The taste of it was like wafers made with honey, or, according to Numbers xi. 8, resembled that of fresh oil. It was a type of the bread of life (John vi. 33, the memory text).

Afternoon. **Paul at Cesarea.** (Acts xxi. 1-19.) From Miletus Paul and his companions, including Luke, sailed to Coos, a small island near, next to Rhodes, another island, and then to Patara, on the coast of Lycia. Here they found a ship bound for Phœnicia, and in it they sailed, and leaving the island of Cyprus on the left, they landed at Tyre, on the Phœnician coast, for there the ship was to unlade her cargo (ver. 47). Here they tarried seven days with certain disciples, who tried to dissuade Paul not to go up to Jerusalem. From Tyre they took another ship, but before embarking bade adieu down on the shore with their friends, including their wives and children, and prayed, and then took leave of them—a beautiful sight!—"and they returned home again." They reached Ptolemais, on the same coast, where they found other Christian brethren, with whom they abode one day (ver. 8, 9). The next day they came to Cesarea, and were entertained by Philip, one of the seven deacons (chap. viii. 26, 40). He was an evangelist, or preacher, and he had four daughters, who prophesied or spoke of Christ (Joel ii. 28). Cesarea was at this time a large and splendid city, and was so called after the Roman emperor. It was situated on the coast of Palestine, about seventy miles from the city of Jerusalem (ver. 10-14). A prophet named Agabus came down from Judea, and taking Paul's girdle, bound his own hand and feet with it, saying, "So shall the Jews do with the man that owns this girdle," etc. It was a significant act, such as prophets were accustomed to perform. The friends of Paul, and even Luke—for he says, *we*—besought him not to go, as did the disciples at Tyre, but he was bent upon it, and was ready to break his heart at the thought of not going. He had a work to do there, and no fear of bonds or of death could deter him. His friends said no more, but—"The will of the Lord be done." If *duty* calls us to any place, we are bound to go, whatever dangers may await; yet we must be satisfied, as Paul doubtless was, that such is the will of God. "The best means to help us out of all scruples and difficulties, is the

pure and honest intention to be ready for everything which Jesus will do with us" (ver. 15-19). Afterwards Paul and his friends packed up their baggages (not carriages, for they had no such things), or, as some think it means, discharged themselves from all earthly things, as if they were on their way to a better country, and went up to Jerusalem. Several disciples from Cesarea went with them, and an old disciple called Mnason, of Cyprus, with whom they were to lodge at Jerusalem, as he either had, or would take, a house in the city. This old disciple was no doubt a great treasure, as old disciples often are. At Jerusalem the brethren with whom they first came in contact received them gladly. These were not the elders, for they are not named until the next verse. The church at Jerusalem was the mother church, and James, called the brother of our Lord, was its bishop, or chief pastor (chap. xii. 17, xv. 13). In his house a meeting of the elders was held to receive Paul's account of himself. **Memory text,** chapter xx. 24, in which St. Paul expresses the same noble spirit of self-sacrifice.

October 14. Morning. **Israel at Rephidim.** (Exod. xvii.) Rephidim means *the resting-place*, and was perhaps identical with the great plain Er-Rahah, near Horeb. Here there was no water, and again the people chided with Moses. They were almost ready to stone him, as if he were the cause of all their troubles. He appealed to Jehovah, and was commanded to take his rod, and to smite with it a certain rock, out of which water should gush. He did so, and the promise was fulfilled. This was another wondrous miracle, to which frequent reference is afterwards made in the Bible. (Ps. cv. 41, cxiv. 7, 8). Moses called the place "Massah," that is, temptation; and "Meribah," that is, chiding, or sharp, because of the chiding of the children of Israel, and because they tempted the Lord, saying, "Is the Lord among us or not?" That rock typified Christ, who was with the Israelites, and accompanied them through all their journeys. This is the meaning of 1 Cor. x. 4, the memory text: "And Christ is our rock." The living water comes from Him. The Holy Spirit flows to us through Him (ver. 8-16). At Rephidim the first battle was fought. A nomad clan of the Amalekites came down upon the Israelites, and attacked the feeblest of them. They were a people descended from Esau (Gen. xxxvi. 12). Joshua, who is here mentioned for the first time, was chosen as the leader of a well-selected army, to go out and meet them. Moses stood on an elevated place, from which he could see the army, and lifted his hands in prayer for its success; but his hands became heavy, and he sat down on a stone, and Aaron and Hur held them up, until the going down of the sun. Perhaps, also, he bore a kind of signal or banner to inspire the warriors with courage. Amalek was discomfited. It was a glorious victory, and it was written for a memorial in a book, and rehearsed in the ears of Joshua, because God declared that He would blot out Amalek from under heaven. (See 1 Sam. x. 9; xxx. 17; 1 Chron. iv. 42, 43). Moses built an altar, and called it *Jehovah-Nessi*, that is, "Jehovah is my banner." All the honour of the victory was thus ascribed to God, and the spot where the first military triumph was won was consecrated to the Lord. Its exact site has not been ascertained, but it would be often visited or talked about by the Israelites as we talk about Waterloo to-day. (See "History of Moses," p. 180.)

Afternoon. **Paul at Jerusalem.** (Acts xxi. 27-40.) Certain Jews from Asia Minor saw Paul and others in the temple, and stirred up the people on the ground that he had brought Greeks, or Gentiles, into it, and had thereby polluted the holy place that is the court of the Israelites. Was this true? They had seen Trophimus, an Ephesian, in the city, and they imagined that Paul had taken him into their holy place; but it was false. The whole city, however, was moved by these fanatics, and they dragged Paul out of the temple, and the doors were immediately shut. They were about to kill him, when Claudius Lycias, the military tribune of the city, and the commander of the Roman garrison in the tower of Antonia, heard of the tumult, and came and rescued him. (See chap. xiii. 26.) Bound in two chains (ver. 33) he was led to the camp, or the barracks near the castle, and then when he came to the steps which connected the fortress with the temple area, the soldiers were compelled to guard him from the violence of the people. He was led into the castle, out of the reach of the people, when he said to the captain, with his usual courtesy, "May I speak with thee?" The captain was astonished at his being able to speak Greek, and asked him if he was the Egyptian who awhile ago had made

an insurrection and led out four thousand sicarii into the wilderness? This Egyptian, according to Josephus, was one who, in the reign of Nero, A. D. 55, collected a large number of adherents, and predicted that the walls of Jerusalem would fall down before him. Felix made an attack upon his followers, but the Egyptian himself escaped, and now Claudius imagines that this is the man who stands before him. Paul told him who he was, and asked permission to address the people. He stood on the stairs, whilst the multitude were making a noise and surging below them. Beckoning with his hand, they were silent, and he spake to them in the Hebrew tongue. In the very same spot Paul's Master was persecuted—hence the memory text (John xv. 20). He was even now, then, bearing the marks of his Saviour's cross.

October 21. *Morning.* ISRAEL AT SINAI. (Exod. xix. 1-11. 20-25.) The Israelites came, three months after they left Egypt, to Sinai, and camped before the Mount. The probability is, that the place of their encampment was the plain Sabaijeh, which stretches three or four miles before Jebel-Mouza, the true Sinai, and on which the whole of the people, numbering two millions and a half, could stand and see the glory of God ("History of Moses," p. 199). Moses went up to God, who told him what He was about. The Israelites were now to become His chosen people by a new covenant which He would make with them (ver. 3-6). Moses called for the elders, and told them the words of Jehovah, and at once they expressed their willingness to obey (ver. 7, 8). Alas! they did not know themselves. Many promise obedience without reflecting on their natural disposition to it. Jehovah would come unto Moses in a thick cloud; and the people were then told to sanctify themselves, to wash their clothes, and to be ready by the third day. God is holy, and only those who are holy may approach Him. We pass to ver. 20. Jehovah came down on the top of Sinai, and at His command Moses went up to Him. Then he received a charge that the people should not draw near to gaze in vain curiosity, lest they should perish. Then the priests were to sanctify themselves by washings and anointings; and bounds were set to the mount, that only those whom God chose should come near. Moses and Aaron were to go up, but the priests and the people to stand aloof. We learn from other passages that the divine glory came from Paran, to the north of Sinai, and that Jehovah was accompanied by thousands of angels (Deut. xxxiii. 2; Ps. lxxviii. 17; Acts vii. 3; etc.). At the same time Moses was the one mediator between God and the people (Gal. iii. 19), and when the trumpet sounded Moses spake or asked what God required, and God answered him by a voice (ver. 19). The memory text is Gal. iii. 24, which tells us that the law was our schoolmaster, or rather pedagogue, to lead us to Christ, that we might be justified by faith. By the works of the law we cannot be justified, but the law reveals to us our weakness, and then we go to Christ and are saved by faith in Him.

Afternoon. PAUL AND THE BIGOTED JEWS. (Acts xxii. 1-3. 17-36.) The apostle began his defence in the most courteous manner. He spake in Hebrew, to which they were the most partial as it was their native tongue. He told them who he was—a Jew of Tarsus; how he was brought up, at the feet of Gamaliel, one of their own celebrated teachers on Jesus, and how zealous he was toward God, for the law—a persecutor of the Christians (Ver. 5-16 relate the circumstances of his conversion. Ver. 17 brings him again to Jerusalem after that event, ch. ix. 14). Here, as he was praying in the temple, he fell into a trance, or ecstasy, as the word means, similar to that named in 2 Cor. xii. 2, but not the same. In this trance the Lord told him to leave Jerusalem, to which he replied that the people knew how zealous he had been against Christ, which, contrasted with his present zeal for Christ, would perhaps make a deep impression on their minds. But no, they would not receive his testimony; and the Lord's imperative command was, "Depart, for I will send thee far hence among the Gentiles" (ver. 21). The Gentiles! the utterance of that word was enough. They would hear no more. For that the Gentiles should enter the kingdom of God as Gentiles was a doctrine they could not brook. Hence they cried (ver. 22), "Away with such a fellow from the earth." Then they rent their garments, and threw dust into the air, intending, perhaps, to stone Paul, but certainly as indicative of the fury of their passion. "It is dangerous," says a German poet, "to awaken the lion; the teeth of the tiger are destructive; but the most terrible of all terrors is man in his rage." The chief captain now brought him into the castle, and was about to examine him

by scourging. The apostle was bound to a post with thongs or strong cords; and, in order to extort from him a confession of some crime which Claudius supposed he had committed, and which had thus enraged the Jews, he was to be beaten with thongs as the manner was (24-25). A centurion stood by to superintend the scourging, when Paul said to him, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man who is a Roman?" It was not lawful. A Roman citizen had a right to claim protection from any punishment until he had been legally tried and condemned, besides which, scourging was inflicted on slaves only. The centurion remonstrated with the commander, who at once inquired of Paul, "Art thou a Roman?" "Yes," replied the apostle. But how had he gained the privilege? "I obtained it for a large sum," said the commander. "But I was free born," said Paul. That is, his father was a Roman citizen, so that he had inherited the right. A Christian may use the privileges of his birth for his own safety, and for the glory of God. Those who would have examined or tortured Paul, now left him, for Claudius was afraid when he knew all this, and the next day, wishing to know the certainty, or the certain cause why the Jews accused him, he loosed him from his bonds and called together the Sanhedrim, before whom he placed his prisoner (ver. 29, 30). Learn Rom. x. 21, God's sorrow for Israel's unbelief.

Oct. 28. *Morning.* THE TEN WORDS. (Exod. xx. 1-21.) From the peak called Jebel-Mouza God spake the ten words to the multitudes assembled on the plain below. They heard His voice to the very extremity of the camp; and He said, I am Jehovah, thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt. The commandments which are called by the Jews "the fundamentals of the faith." The number ten is the perfect number, because it receives and contains every kind of number (ver. 3). The first word declares the unity of God, and forbids any being to be worshipped but Himself (ver. 4-6). The second condemns the use of all images or representations of God, and the honour paid to them; as, for example, by the church of Rome, who in some of her catechisms leaves this word out (ver. 7). The third word forbids the taking of God's name in vain, the utterance of false oaths, and all irreverent conversation (ver. 8-11). The fourth word enjoins the keeping of the Sabbath, which, under that dispensation, was the seventh day of the week, whilst under the present it is the first, as being the day of our Lord's resurrection. The law of the Sabbath has never been repealed, though the form of its observance has in some respects been altered. These are the laws of the first table, referring to the duties we owe to God. The following six words (ver. 12-17) contain those of the second table, and forbid disobedience to parents, murder, adultery, theft, false accusation, and all coveting of a neighbour's goods. There were thunderings and lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, whilst the mountain seemed to smoke. No wonder that the people stood afar off, or fell back and asked Moses to speak to them rather than God. They had heard as much as they could bear; yet God only came to prove, not to destroy them, and Moses bade them not to fear. All these laws are still in force, hence the memory text, Matt. v. 17.

Afternoon. PAUL BEFORE THE COUNCIL. (Acts xxiii. 1-21.) This council was that of Sanhedrim, or seventy elders of the Jews, and before it Paul stood and affirmed that he had lived in all good conscience before God—that is, had always acted as his conscience dictated. Ananias, the high-priest, with great injustice, commanded them that stood by to smite him on the mouth. What was Paul's reply? It was terrible, yet just. "God shall smite thee, thou whitened wall." This expression pointed to his hypocrisy, for walls were made white by superficial paint which, underneath, were nothing but filthy clay. He professed to be a judge, yet was acting a most unjust part. Ten years later Ananias was murdered (Josephus, Wars ii. 17, 19). "Revilest thou God's High Priest?" said someone to Paul (ver. 4). The president of the council was not always the High Priest, and certainly Ananias was not the High Priest when Paul went to Damascus (Acts ix. 1), or he must have known him. He obtained the office a few years later, so that Paul was not now aware that he held it, and said, "I wist not," or I knew not, "that he was the High Priest," admitting that it was not right to speak evil of the ruler (Exodus xxii. 28). At this moment he perceived that some of the council were Sadducees, and some Pharisees, and so he adopts a different course, and says, "I am a Pharisee, etc., etc." The Pharisees believed in the resurrection, the Sadducees did not. Thus a discussion arose between them (ver. 6-9), and some took Paul's part, whilst others were

opposed. Claudius was afraid that he would have been pulled in pieces, for some laid hold of him to protect him, others, in a rage, to molest him. Hence (ver. 10) the soldiers were commanded to come from the circle and take him by force. In the night the Lord appeared to Paul, and told him that he must also be a witness for Him in Rome (ver. 11), but these factious Jews formed a conspiracy, and imprecated themselves in a curse that they would eat nothing until they had slain him. How were they released from such a vow? The Jewish Talmud says that if they could not perform it their masters could set them free. Paul's nephew, of whom we know nothing more, heard of his danger, and through his instrumentality Claudius was informed of it, and adopted means to thwart the intentions of these Jews (ver. 16-21). But God's hand was in the whole matter (see the memory text, Luke xxi. 15).

COME UP HITHER.

BY THE LATE REV.
DAVID THOMAS, B.A.

WE are weighed down, it may be, with a burden of disappointment, and sorrows, and cares, and fears. Things in our domestic or in our social relationship, or in our personal activities, go awry, or seem to be altogether against us, and there is nothing in the present, and no prospect before us, but what is dark; there is nothing to comfort and cheer us as we look back, and there is nothing before us that makes anticipation much worth while, and so we are sad, and perplexed, and ready to be impatient, and to complain that things should be ordered so. "Come up hither," we hear the voice from heaven saying; and if we obey that voice we find ourselves in the midst of a sphere where there is no pain, or sorrow, or fear; and as we look down in the light of that world upon our pains, and cares, and sorrows down here on earth, we cease to be perplexed; we are no longer impatient, we are not permitted to complain. For, looking on earth amid the light of heaven, and from the midst of it we see that the suffering of this present life is all part of the discipline necessary to prepare us for that world which is as free from sorrow as it is free from sin. Amid the turmoil and suffering of life it is good to be there for a while in thought, and good to be hoping to be there for ever.

We are mourning the departed. Nothing can ever make up for their loss; we have lost them, and we mourn with bitter sorrow. Perhaps the time for tears has passed, and the sorrow is to be lifelong. They are lost—quite lost to us in this life. "Come up hither," "come up hither," says the voice; and we go, and we find them there, and would not have them back again.

Or, we are troubled as we look forward to the inevitable end of our own life. We shrink from death, from the grave. We

listen to the voice of death, and the grave seems to speak to us. But there we are wrong; we should not be looking forward, but looking upward. We should not be listening to that voice that comes from death, from the grave below, but to that voice which comes from heaven, and says, "Come up hither."

Thus, we shall become strong and comforted under the discipline of life, in all its varied conditions and experiences; and then, by-and-by, there will come a voice from heaven to us in quite another form from that which we have been considering, and with quite another meaning attached to it—a voice from God will come to us. When the fatal disease has taken hold upon us, when the decay of nature has advanced so that it is hastening to dissolution, then the voice may be heard saying, "Come up hither." It will be the voice of God in His providence. That is the meaning of that mortal disease; that is the meaning of that slow but rare decay; that is the meaning as He touches you. He is really saying, "Come up hither." And we shall be ready to go—or at least not find it very

difficult to go—go actually, personally, in the entireness of our spiritual personality, if we are accustomed now to go often in thought. That is the great preparation for death—to be so living now in heaven, that when the summons comes we shall be going to a place that is become, to a large extent, a familiar place to us. Become acquainted with God; become familiar with Christ; make it your habit to be in heaven; accustom yourself to be with Him in fellowship with those spirits; be oftener there with the spirits; live much there, and then when the voice says, "Come up," through the disease or the decay, it is not likely you will be very loath to go. It has long been the home of your thoughts; you will not dread to go home. I have heard persons whom I believed not unprepared for the departure to that heavenly world saying—when it was spoken of to them—saying, "Oh, but this world, and

all the people in it, are so real, and all that world is so shadowy." The invisible God, the invisible Christ, the angels, the spirits that were once clothed with flesh, they are shadowy, unsubstantial; they cannot realise it; it is so strange, unsubstantial. And I have thought sometimes that they found it so difficult then, because they had not been accustomed to go there in their thoughts and affections. Had their conversation been in heaven, had they had much fellowship with Christ, been with the angels and their friends in heaven, instead of with these so much poorer friends on earth, then when the summons came to go there it would not have all been so shadowy and unsubstantial as they said it was. And the way to get ready to go is to be heavenly-minded. Live much in thought in that heavenly sphere, and then it will not seem a long way, or a very shadowy, strange way to go, when the last word of God to us on earth is spoken—"Come up hither."—From the recent *Memoir*, published by Hodder and Stoughton.

AN OPEN RELIGION.

A DISCOURSE, BY REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

"This thing was not done in a corner."—Acts xxi. 25.

THE truly honest teacher conceals himself behind no curtains, mutters no incoherent incantations, but walks openly in the sunny day and shows his heart alike to the keenest reader and the simplest child. This is precisely the case with Christianity. We are invited by Christianity to look upon disclosures as open as the sky, and to rest upon assurances which are as strong and simple as the rocks. Of Christianity we may say truly, "This thing was not done in a corner." It was not done when men were asleep; it was not huddled up, lest any man should detect a flaw in the process; it was done openly; there was brightness on every side—there was a challenge to every enemy. The holy books are not stowed away in some mouldy chamber, of which a mocking priest holds the rusty key. They are in the hands of the common people; they are written in our mother tongue; they are so cheap that the poorest man can buy them, and so small that the weakest child can carry them. All this I claim as pointing towards an argument in support of Christianity. The practical conclusion which I shall endeavour presently to urge is, that what is true of the doctrine and history of Christianity ought to be equally true of the individual professor, and of the whole body of Christ called the Church. There is to be nothing secret about it, nothing mean and underhanded, nothing curtailed and concealed. All is to be open, visible, transparent, that men can walk about it and see all its bearings. How true it is of the

doctrine of Jesus Christ, that there is nothing concealed and underhanded, let me remind you by a summary of facts, known to every child, but which often lose their weight by being regarded separately, and not in their unity and marvellous accumulation. See through what a process of preparation the world was put. There was no sign of suspicious haste. Promises were sown in the heart as good seed sown in good ground. Sinai itself was turned into a platform, from which the Almighty issued his commandments. Day and night, in the sweet spring and solemn harvest time, there was the reek of blood and the smoke of incense. Again and again men were raised up who could blow the trumpet loud and long and call the attention of the nation to silence and expectation. The mantle of the prophet and the harp of the minstrel were no strange sights in the land which then held the purest civilisation of the world. All this by way of pre-

paration. Men were taught to be in expectancy. As plainly as words could say it, was it declared that a final revelation was about to be made, and the keenest attention of the world was to be upon the alert. Then came the shining star—the star of Bethlehem, of which all other stars are but pale and bashful satellites. Then followed the singing angels, which seemed to fill up the space between earth and heaven, and to make both one. Then the child. Then the man Christ Jesus. Then miracles wrought in the sight of all the people; words spoken in the publicity of the mountain side and the shore of the sea. Secrecy, fear, impatience, self-consideration cannot anywhere be found. Then the Crucifixion under the eyes of the whole nation, mad with the wrath of hell; and the tomb watched as never was watched before the pillow of the dead. Then the Resurrection, which affrighted the stoutest hearts. Then the Ascension, which seemed to suck up with it all the hope of the world! And speedily after, in the midst of the great stillness, the stormy wind and the cloven fire of Pentecost; when men of different and far-off lands, each heard in his own tongue the wonderful works of God.

"This thing was not done in a corner." Can any other religion show anything like this in width and splendour of publicity? All this publicity is but the practical side of a great argument, and applies to us in this day. For Christianity now is to be as distinct in its testimony as was the thunder of Sinai, and as obvious in its self-sacrifice as was the Cross of Calvary. There is a kind of publicity which is now happily done away—the publicity of martyrdom. But Christianity has passed even that trial. The miracles having gone, the martyrdoms came—greater works than the olden ones. Christians have suffered themselves to be led forth, to be made a spectacle to men and angels. They have quietly



THE REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

From a Photograph published by F. E. Longley, London.

submitted to be manacled and fettered and tied to the stake, and thrown to the beasts. Christianity has passed that stage, and pointing to it she can say to-day, in pleading before scrutinising and sceptical Agrippas, "This thing was not done in a corner, your majesties! It was done in the sunlight; done in the open spaces of creation." Christ demands of every man open testimony. Jesus Christ does not encourage men, anywhere, to be silent about their faith in Him and their love for Him. Everywhere He insists upon being identified. Nowhere does He lift the hand of deprecation, and say as He lifts it, "Be silent now; somebody is within hearing that will misunderstand your profession and your homage. Do not say anything just now." He says rather, "If ye hold your peace, the very stones will cry out." Again and again He invited men to be very clear in what they said about Him. He does not want any sneaking followers, that have as many faces as

here are days in the year, or devils in hell, or enemies upon the earth. He calls for courage, simplicity, boldness, emphasis, earnestness of tone. Are there not some in this audience who are imagining themselves to be as good as some who make a very loud profession; who are supposing that, therefore, they are tolerably good people upon the whole? Such reasoning is *mean*. The man who fails, as some good men have failed, is a better man than he who, resting in a merely negative condition, sits by the roadside to see how many pilgrims stumble as they pass by. That is a poor call in life. You may have the gratification of seeing a good many pilgrims, sore-footed, stumble on the road; but know ye that nothing good comes of your sitting there and mocking the poor stumbling ones. Others, again, of better mind, but some timidity, it may be, say, "Well, now, may I not be a disciple in a corner—a disciple in secret, following Jesus Christ afar off and letting nobody know anything about it?" I feel some difficulty in answering that, because so many elements ought to be considered in making up one's opinion about it. But speaking broadly, and leaving myself a large margin for exceptions, according to the temperament and training of men, I should say that such reasoning, based on such interrogation, is *false*. What possible *reason* is there for a man to shut himself up in a corner when he identifies himself with the Son of God? But he is so modest. Is it modesty—sweet, dear, beautiful modesty—or is it meanness? Is it self-distrust and anxiety not to bring reproach upon the good name—fear lest so much as one spot should be thrown upon the holy, beautiful, white linen of the great profession; or is it self-care and self-pride, and is it taking out a secret license to do a thousand little things which could not be done if an open, broad, public profession had been made? Sir, what is it? A man who loves the Saviour, never speaking about his love! Why, it is a contradiction, not in terms, but in morals. A man born again, and nobody knowing about it! It is a social impossibility. A man of fierce temper becoming as quiet and gentle as a lamb, and nobody having the dimmest notion of the change! Impossible. Crucified with Christ? Then was Jesus Christ crucified in secret? Was He crucified in the night-time, when the world was asleep? If we be crucified with Him, how can the thing be done in a corner? Why, Christian friends, should we be in a corner, and the devil have the great floor to himself, and leave him all the great platforms and the open spaces of the universe? Christianity has written its name most legibly in the history of this country, at any rate. Concerning English civilisation and English progress, Christianity may well say, "This thing was not done in a corner." There are some persons who are hardly aware of what Christianity has done for this land. If you put the thing to them, they will inquire, "Well, now, what has Christianity done?" Then they will limit their survey to theological debates and to ecclesiastical attitudes, and looking at these will say, "What have these done for the country?" As if these things were Christianity! What has Christianity done for England? Take out of English civilisation to-day everything that Christianity has done for it, and you will soon put *England* into a corner, but not Christianity. Where do I see the works of Christianity? I will go with you to every hospital, every asylum, every school, every madhouse, every penitentiary; I will wait there till you count the stones Christianity has laid; and the result will be, that if you take out the stones, there will not be left one stone upon another of all the institutions that make our history the pride and the glory and the queen of the nations. I never go to a great benevolent institution without finding that Christianity laid the foundation-stone, and brought on the topstone, and keeps the whole machinery going. We will make plain work of this, if you please. I will say, while Festus is looking on and Agrippa is listening, "This thing was not done in a corner."

So I go in directions that are not distinctly theological. Christianity has a *practical* as well as a *controversial* side. Men and brethren, take out of your history, out of your families, out of your own individual lives, all that Christianity has done directly and indirectly, and you exhaust civilisation, you exhaust yourselves. Many a man who gets up to speak against Christianity would not have been the man he is if Christianity had not taken him out of the gutter, given him his first washing, cut his first crust for him, and put him on that road which meant honour and success and fame. My young friend, do not be led away by men who ask what Christianity has done. Search English history through and

through, and see for yourself. It always spoke a word for the weak; it always struck the oppressor in the face; it always spoke for justice, and righteousness, and honour, and fairplay, and goodness. Look at all the charities that beautify this land; analyse them, know more of their histories, and you will find at the base of them the Cross of Christ!

The grace that converted Saul is wanting to convert all men. "Was Saul converted?" Yes. "But perhaps no great effort was needed to convert him; he was always almost a Christian." No—as far as the east is from the west. "But he was not as I am." What are you? "Profano." He was a *blasphemer*. "I have been exceedingly unkind and cruel in my family." He was a persecutor, and when men were put to death he gave his voice against them, and when other men were looking on half-heartedly, and almost mis-giving themselves, and were about to say, "Don't kill that one," Saul said, "Fools! let him die." He was converted. What are you? "Why self-righteous, self-confident, self-sufficient." He was a Pharisee of the Pharisees—the strictest sect of the Pharisees contained no austere man than he. There is hope for us all then. If a persecutor, a blasphemer, an injurious, self-righteous, self-sufficient man was converted by Jesus Christ's grace and love, who is there that needs despair and say there is no hope for him? The grace which *sustained* Paul, is wanting to sustain us. If Paul could live upon the grace of God, I imagine that our poor, thin lives may find in that grace enough to support them. He needed great meals from the table of the Lord, did Paul. He came home from doing the hard, rough work of the world—he could eat and drink abundantly. Yet, when he rose from the table, he had made no impression upon the bounteousness of the banquet. Write out a list of what Paul did, and then put on the other side what you have tried to do, and you will burn the paper—not for Paul's sake, but for your own.

Are any of us faint-hearted? Read the history of Paul. Do any of us doubt the sufficiency of Divine grace? Read the history of Paul. Are any of us wondering whether we shall be equal to the occasion? Hear the word: "My grace is sufficient for thee." Then, brethren, if our testimony is not offered in a corner, and if Christianity has written its name legibly upon the history of this country, and if we are continually made a spectacle of by those who are round about us as men who might be doing something, in their estimation, better than we are doing, and if these things are not done in a corner, Jesus Christ will take care that this part of the business, yet to come, shall not be done in a corner either. He does not call men up from a great broad flaming theatre, and say, "Let me speak to you in a corner, somewhere where nobody can overhear us." When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all His holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory, and openly He shall say to the righteous, "Come ye, blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundations of the world." "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him will I be ashamed when I come in the glory of my Father and all the holy angels." "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father in heaven."

Then one word before I sit down. A man says, "I cannot speak." You can *act*! A man says, "I am a poor stammering speaker." Let your *light* so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in Heaven. "I cannot get upon the platform." Never mind the platform. Have in you true life, and without speaking a word you may be witnesses for Jesus Christ. Some can speak. Let them speak, and speak more and more loudly. Some can only *act*. Only act! *That* is preaching. There is an eloquence of behaviour; there is a logic of conduct; there is a high controversy—and men of simple, pure, lustrous character, win the victory.

If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might feel for them with the finger in vain; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would that draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in that sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find, in every hour, some heavenly blessings—only the iron in God's sand is gold.—Holmes.

EVA HARRINGTON'S MISTAKE.

BY LILLIE MONTFORT.

A PRETTY old-fashioned residence was Farley Rectory, and in the early spring-time, when the new rector took home his young wife, it was looking its best. The diamond-shaped panes of glass were lighted up with the rays of the setting sun, and the spotless muslin curtains which shaded the windows seemed as though bands ought never to touch them, lest their purity should suffer defilement. As the carriage drove up to the door two maidservants made their appearance. They wore the picture of neatness in their light print dresses, checked muslin aprons, and caps (real caps, mind!); trimmed nattyly with white ribbons, in honour of the occasion. With beaming smiles they welcomed their master, and then looked somewhat anxiously as he handed from the carriage their future mistress, and led her past them into the parlour, where a bright fire was burning, and a tempting dinner-tea was spread. Only a minute or two the rector closed the door of the room, and then he called Jane and Ann, in order to introduce them to his lady.

"Mrs. Grant," he said, smilingly. "My dear," turning to his wife, "my, or rather, our two servants, Jane and Ann will, I believe, serve you faithfully. They have both been well trained for service, and will understand their duties and perform them 'as unto God, and not to men.'"

Mrs. Grant shook hands with both maids, and in a few well-chosen words expressed her thanks for the bright and cheery welcome she received, and her wishes that they all might have a happy home in the old rectory.

It was two months from the time of the home-coming of Mrs. Grant, and she had become quite an important person in the village. The poor people called her a sunbeam; the tradespeople (there were a few) spoke of her as "a charming woman"; while the country gentry decided she was every inch a lady, and would grace any drawing-room. What the rector thought I am not at liberty to say; but certainly when his wife on this particular morning entered his study and playfully apologised for interrupting him, he looked as if he rather enjoyed the interruption, and was ready enough to turn from his desk to chat with her.

"Herbert," she said, with a glad laugh, "I am going to have a visitor; that is, we are, if you have no objection, and of course you cannot have."

"Certainly not, Edith love; but do I know this 'coming man'?"

"Man!" cried the lady, with a little shriek of pretended fright, "not a man, indeed; but a beautiful young lady, just in her eighteenth year."

"When is she coming?"

"When I write to her mamma, and ask for her. You see, it is a little scheme to get her away from an admirer, whom Mr. and Mrs. Harrington totally disapprove. Eva and I were schoolfellows, and great—'chums' I suppose you collegians would say. Mrs. Harrington thinks that an invitation into Kent will delight her, and that her intense enjoyment of country scenery will both benefit her mind and body. I should like so much to see her rapture with our home and the schools, and model cottages, and then our glorious old common, and last (but not least), my husband."

"Well done, Edith! and yet in your list of beauties you have omitted that of which a clergyman (unless he has a wife) thinks the most, his church!"

"I have left that for you, Herbert; but there! I must write my letter," and Mrs. Grant went out of the study.

"Eva Harrington!" thought Mr. Grant, "surely I have heard that name before." However he could not recollect where, and so did not trouble about it.

A fortnight later Mr. and Mrs. Grant welcomed Miss Harrington at the Rectory. Her papa had travelled with her, but could only remain one night, having especial business in London the next day. Mrs. Grant did not at first perceive the alteration there was in her friend, but at length it dawned on her that Eva was often abstracted in manner, and restless beyond conception. If she was indoors she wanted to go out, and if she was out, she was so weary she must go home. She gave a languid assent to whatever Edith said about place and people, but certainly the rapture Edith expected was not manifest. Mr. Grant sometimes feared the influence of her restless irritability would tire his wife, but the good little woman persisted in taking Eva everywhere, and talking about

all the concerns of the parish, as well as the traditions of the places round.

One day, when the two ladies were sitting in the cool shade of a grove of chesnuts, the sound of the village bell struck on their ears.

"Hark, Eva!" said Mrs. Grant, "it will be three times three for a man!"

Yes! it was three times three. Then a pause. Again the solemn knell was heard, and Mrs. Grant began counting—"One, two, three," etc. Eva looked at her in blank astonishment, but at twenty-six the sound ceased.

"Dear me, Eva! who can it be? I only know of one person in the village likely to die, and that was old Arnold."

"Perhaps it is for him," remarked Eva, coldly.

"No, dearest; in our village they always toll out the age of the deceased person. Arnold was at least three-score and ten years. I fear some young man has met with an accident; let us go home to Herbert."

Eva Harrington assented to the proposition, though inwardly wondering why the death of a village school-teacher and her friend home in such a hurry. They had not to pass through the village to reach the rectory, or they would have heard the sad tale before they got there. As it was, Mr. Grant was coming out of the gate in company with the village doctor.

"O Edith," he said, "I am glad you have returned; I am going to the inn, to see if I can be of any service there. A gentleman arrived there last night wishing for accommodation for a week or two; this morning he is *no more*."

"Dead!" exclaimed Mrs. Grant. "Who can he be?"

"I was called in last evening," said the doctor, "and found him very ill. He had only been an hour in the house when he complained of weariness, and went to bed. Soon after he rang for help, he could not get to bed without it. I was sent for, and have remained with him until I came to fetch the Rector, that we may together examine his papers to find out where to send to his friends. I fancy he has formerly known either you or Mr. Grant, as almost the only thing he has said was this—"For God's sake, don't alarm them at the Rectory!"

"Strange!" murmured Mrs. Grant, "and you can't remember his name?"

"No! it is on his portmanteau, but has slipped my memory; you will hear it when Mr. Grant comes back."

Eva laid her trembling hand on his arm, and asked falteringly, "Is it—is it, Meredith?"

"Yes, that's it," said the doctor, "do you know him?" but Eva Harrington had fallen, and Mrs. Grant knelt down by her, and loosened her clothes and bathed her face, mourning all the while,

"Dearest Eva! you have made a mistake; you have made a mistake!"

Eva did not revive, so the doctor took her up, and carried her into the house, and placed her on a couch in the morning room. There was no need now to examine Mr. Meredith's papers; when Eva rallied she could give them the address of his friends. It was long ere Eva was able to speak to her friends, and then her words were,

"O papa! mamma! I have made a mistake! I told him where I was going."

There was much for Mr. Grant to do now; he must communicate both with the Merediths and the Harringtons, and he hesitated as to whether he should offer the hospitality of the Rectory to the representatives of both families, or only one, but as Edith could not come to advise with him, he gave no invitation, but stated facts.

In the evening, when Miss Harrington has fallen asleep, and Jane was seated beside her, Mrs. Grant went with sad heart to converse with her husband.

"O Herbert!" she cried, "who would have thought that my first visitor would have brought us so much trouble! How thoughtless she has been! I hope I have not been hard upon her, but I could not help telling her, she had not been open and true either with her parents or friends."

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend," replied Mr. Grant; "but Edith, love, we need not keep them open; let us try to show her the right way, and soften for her this heavy sorrow."

"I wonder if Mr. Meredith will come here," said Mrs. Grant. "I am sure I hope not, for Eva's sake; he might reproach her."

"Certainly, Edith, the gentleman will not see Eva, nor will he necessarily see you. I shall expect to meet him at the inn, as the doctor has promised to come for me. Do you know

that I believe poor Meredith was a college friend of mine; how little I thought to mourn his early removal!"

To the surprise of the Grants, Mr. Meredith's father did not come to Farley, but sent his butler, who made all arrangements for the removal of the body, took possession of the property, and settled the claims of the doctor and innkeeper; only calling at the Rectory to leave a note for the Rev. Herbert Grant. This note proved to be from Mr. Grant's college friend; he was brother to the deceased gentleman, and was much moved by the suddenness of his death; but he made no allusion to Eva Harrington, and Mr. and Mrs. Grant could not judge whether or no he was aware of his brother's reason for visiting Farley.

Eva Harrington only very slowly recovered from the shock she had received. Her mamma came to the Rectory, and stayed with their friends a week or two, wishing after that time to take Eva home with her, but the spoiled girl would not yet arouse herself, declaring she was too languid and weak for the exertion, and firmly believed she should die. Mr. Grant urged Mrs. Harrington to leave her for another month, when he fully expected she would have recovered from the effects of her mistake, and be again her own bright self. So Mrs. Harrington went away, and Mr. Grant set himself "to manage Eva"; this is what he told Edith, and well he did it.

"I am going to have a visitor," he announced, one morning.

"H", Herbert," said his wife, "say no, or else I won't prepare!"

"Never mind, my dear Eva will, I know she will, fancy him."

"H!" exclaimed both ladies; but Mr. Grant did not at that time enlighten them further.

To Edith's great amusement, that very day Eva spoke of her late attachment and her great mistake.

"You know, dear, it was not that I cared so much for Charlie Meredith, only I did not like being opposed, and I guessed dear old dad's motive for sending me here was to make me forget him, so I just sent a line saying, 'I am going into Kent to spend a month—only fancy Farley Rectory immortalised by your pencil.' I was sorry directly I had done it, and dreadfully afraid he might really send up his card some day. Poor fellow! I wonder if the excitement of the journey killed him? Was there an inquest?"

"No, it was not necessary; it was an illness through which the doctor watched him, and was, therefore, able to give a satisfactory certificate. Had Mr. Meredith's friends been disposed, they could have demanded an inquest, but they did not hint at such a thing. But really, Eva, your part in the affair was highly reprehensible, more especially so if, as you say, you did not care for him."

"Well, Edith, don't preach, there's a dear," said Eva. "I have made up my mind to my circumstances; I am not too old to form another attachment."

"Nor to make another mistake," said Mrs. Grant. "Take my advice, Eva, and consult your parents before accepting attentions or gifts from any gentleman. Be careful, too, that you have no friendship with anyone who boldly professes himself a sceptic."

"Who told you that Charlie Meredith did that?"

"Your mother said it was their only objection to him, and you knew it!"

"Well, Edith, I am not myself a Christian in your sense of the term, and I cannot expect an offer from a Christian gentleman."

"Certainly not; but why are you not a Christian, dear Eva? Do not make a mistake here, and delay to accept the offer of salvation through Christ Jesus!"

"O Edith!" said Eva, lightly, "I have no idea of what sort of people Christians are made."

Very seriously Mrs. Grant replied,—

"They are made of the chief of sinners, Eva. Once, like you, I knelt at Pleasure's shrine; once I sought happiness in worldly goods, and amongst volatile companions, but I never found it. Notice that, Eva! it was a grand mistake to seek it there. I was always restless and irritable, and knew so well that I was only trifling with serious matters, and bringing myself into greater darkness. But a blessed change was at hand, and I was led to throw myself on my knees, and cry for mercy for a sinner, and

When I took the place of sinner,
And at mercy's footstool lay,
Jesus took His place as Saviour,
And at once put sin away!

I am happy now, Eva darling, because I am the Lord's, and He is mine."

Eva Harrington did not reply to Mrs. Grant's narration, and took care not to give her another opportunity of introducing the subject. Every day she tried her utmost to draw from Mr. Grant some description of his coming friend, but he only excited her curiosity, and refrained from gratifying it. Eva must find out where the rarest wild flowers grew, for his friend would be sure to want to study the flora of the lanes and commons. Eva must go and decipher the old monuments, so that she could at once take his friend to the spot where some remarkable inscriptions were to be found. Eva must go and see an old man who lived in the next parish, and tell him that Mr. Grant expected a visitor shortly, whom he intended to bring or send to see him, and in whom he would find a friend of former years. So Eva was kept busy and curious, and determined to do her best to make a favourable impression on "the coming man." At length came the announcement from Mr. Grant, "My friend is coming to-day. I am so glad Eva is looking so fresh and bright. I do hope the old gentleman will not fall in love with her."

"Old gentleman!" said Eva, with a pout; "what a shame!" then she quickly added, "Never mind, Mr. Grant. I doat upon old gentlemen, I will do my best to please him, and he shall love me."

Notwithstanding Eva's boast, there was evidently a little vexation at having been so easily led into making exertions, and taking up matters of interest to another; but all her after life she had reason to be thankful that she had learned how much pleasure may be derived from striving to give pleasure to others; and before Mr. Grant, senior, left Farley (for he was the visitor), he had preferred a request to Eva's father that he might be allowed to take her with him into Scotland, in order that she might visit some places of note; there Eva went, and when in the following spring she returned home, she had found the good part which could not be taken from her, and could bless God who had so overruled her great mistake.

A LEGACY OF LOVE.

BY W. H. VAN DOREN, D.D.

THE two most precious legacies ever left by love, created or uncreated, are recorded by John—the mother, bequeathed to a devoted disciple; and His parting but mysterious words to the inner circle of His followers. These legacies have proved deep mysteries to the sceptic in every age. Professor Renan, as the spokesman of them all, thus utters one of the saddest testimonies ever penned by man. Over this heart-cry of infinite love, this cold-blooded alien from the truth writes: "Those portions (John xiv.—xvi) are full of the dryness of metaphysics and the darkness of abstract dogmas." "Dry," "dark," "abstract"? He might as well call the warm effulgence of a noontide sun dry, cold, or abstract.

For eighteen centuries millions of breaking hearts have watered those pages with tears of pure love. Those burning words of Divine compassion are as full of comfort as the stars in the blue vault above are full of light. "I will not leave you orphans." So "comfortless" should be translated. An entire volume of consolation is wrapped up in those rich and precious promises—promises which the wrath of men or spirits from beneath can no more darken or destroy than they can quench in gloom "those burning sapphires" of Milton, kindled by the breath of God.

Those matchless words, the warm breath of boundless Love whispering the same serene but eternal inspiration with, "My peace give I unto you," ring with the echoes of heaven's melody; so full of infinite affection, that, read a thousand times, they ever seem coming new and fresh from the depths of the heart of the Lamb slain, filling the central throne. Poor benighted Romanists, with Antichrist for their teacher, bind John i. 14 as a charm next their breast. They fondly believe they are safe while that lies next their hearts. But it is no delusion, but everlasting truth, that while the promises in themselves are utterly useless, to the heart of the loving reader, and to the inspired eye of faith, these same words beam with the sacred effulgence of the gems on the high-priest's breast-plate.

The thoughts of God who inhabiteth eternity, thoughts of mercy to the broken-hearted "orphans" of earth, are thus found in these precious, priceless promises, a legacy of love

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

"Faith"

T. C. O'KANE

1. There's seed time and har-vest, but who can fore-tell. If what we have sown we shall hap-py be well.
 The drought or the too-past may come to des-troy. The rich fields or the hour we sowed for an-joy.

2. When the Lord of the vine yard shall come and shall call. For the la-bour he needs does it mat-ter at all.
 To the ser-vant who reat-ters the seed in the ground, If his name with the har-vest-ers ne-ver is found.

Or life may be har-vest-ed ere we can know, though he ne-ver may reap.
 1. Or life may be har-vest-ed ere we can know, though he ne-ver may reap.
 2. He's bid-den to sow, though he ne-ver may reap. He's bid-den to sow, though he ne-ver may

Who-ther God will in-crease what in weak-ness we sow.
 But the Lord of the vine yard his re-cord will keep.
 know Who-ther God will in-crease what in weak-ness we sow.
 reap. But the Lord of the vine yard his re-cord will keep.

3 It may be the seed which is given to sow
 May seem to us worthless—too broken to grow,
 But why should we question the wisdom which plans
 The thoughts of our hearts and the work of our hands:
 In faith if we sow as the Lord shall provide,
 He will give us our wages—: what need we hesitate!

4 There's seed-time and harvest, and always will be
 For those who will labour, though many may see
 A stranger's hand reaping in fields they have sown.
 While they gather harvests where others have sown,
 And many may sow, yet they never may reap,
 But the Lord of the vineyard : their record will keep!

which would bankrupt a world to buy. J. J. Rousseau, the Byron of French literature, saw that these words had changed the poor penniless "orphans" of the Church into the princely heirs of crowns and kingdoms. He therefore wrote that "the inventor of this system would be a greater miracle than Jesus Christ." And the German poet, Herder, declared such words, as pure and bright as the stars in the blue vault above, must have come from the pen of an angel. "Yes, they did come from the lips of the Lord of angels."

Need we wonder then that faith, "the substance" of all the hopes, transfigures the humble homes of "orphans" into the "mansions" of glory. They change the sad implements of hungry saints into sceptres, and their empty boards into the banqueting-tables of cherubim and seraphim. They convert the threadbare covering of the poor believer into the royal robes such as kings wear before the throne of the everlasting God. Then let the "orphans" dry their tears, take down their neglected harps, and sweep their strings with a song that shall meet the anthems flashing over the jasper walls of heaven.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

IN all cases where we have heard of objection being made to one sermon and the Sabbath-school on the Lord's Day, instead of two sermons, it seems to have been under the impression that the Sabbath-school is not a full half-day service for the house of the Lord. In other words, it is not up to the proper ideal of public worship, for the whole congregation. It is a service for children, and perhaps for those who live so far from the sanctuary that it is inconvenient to go home for lunch, to whom it may be a relief from the tedium of waiting for the hour of intermission to pass. To make this a substitute, therefore, for one of the usual regular preaching services, is lowering the dignity of God's ordinance of worship; it is releasing the minister from one-half of the labour which he has agreed, and is paid to perform; to deprive the older and more solid portion of the congregation of their appropriate share of the Sabbath ministrations; and to make an unseemly departure from the good old ways of our Puritan fathers.

We are glad to know that there are congregations—an increasing number—who exhibit a much more creditable view of the subject. In these the Sabbath-school is made worthy to occupy the place of the more formal service. The whole congregation expect to attend it, and all have their assigned positions in it. The devotional services are in the hands of the pastor, and, after the usual recitations, he gives a *resumé* of the points embraced in the lesson, with such a practical use of the whole as he deems appropriate. During the recitations he usually instructs one of the classes. The exercises are brief, lively, and adapted to the capacities of all, from the smallest child to the oldest and wisest present. And wherever such a method has been practised long enough to insure a fair trial, the experiment, we believe, has uniformly proved successful. The interest surpasses that of the former method, and is general among all classes. The smallest child feels that he is recognised, and has a personal share in the performance. As a means of instructing in Divine truth it undoubtedly excels the sermon. For awakening and deepening religious impressions it presents the most favourable opportunities. The faithful teacher can apply God's Word to his class with a directness and discrimination which is impossible in the more formal discourse of the pulpit.

Let it be understood that a service thus conducted requires much patient and faithful labour. A lazy congregation will not be apt to like it. Something more is requisite than to take one's seat in a luxuriously cushioned pew and listen in a half-somnolent way to the flowing sentences of a polished preacher. There is *work* in it, and *because* work [there are] fruits. God honours those who honour His Word. Every part becomes a stimulant of every other part. The classes are incited to study the lesson when they know there is a wide-awake teacher to question them upon it. The teacher will strive to master the subject if he is to come before intelligent and expectant pupils. The pastor will, in his turn, be roused and fired with new courage, when he knows that he is to sow the seed in hearts that have been broken up and mellowed and watered by fresh living contact with the Divine Word. And a congregation thus prepared for a blessing from above will most surely receive it, not merely in frequent revivals, but in continuous, quiet, individual conversions,

that attest the constant presence of the Spirit of God.—
Christian Mirror

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

THE following letter, from Canon Harrison, will doubtless be interesting to our readers:—

I have this year adopted a system of Sunday-school teaching, which has been so successful that I am induced to invite the attention of my brethren to it. My own attention was called to it more than a year ago by a published letter from the rector of Chesham Bois, who advocated it as the great remedy for all our Sunday-school difficulties. Having tried it for the last six months, I am able to pronounce upon its capabilities, and to say that in the judgment of our superintendent and teachers it has fully answered its pretensions. The advantages of this system may be summed up as follows:

1. Nothing is imposed on the teacher beyond the task of communicating the lessons orally.
2. These lessons consist of a systematic arrangement of all the facts, characters, doctrines, and practical teaching of the Bible, together with Gospel history, hymns, prayers, and graces. Hence its title of "The Systematic Bible Teacher."
3. The children thus taught are neither wearied nor disheartened, but are able to reproduce (as in the case of our school) all that they have learned during the foregoing three or six months.
4. The system makes its way into the homes, and thus indirectly leaves the household, which fact is the ultimate object of the promoter.

Should any minister or superintendent be desirous to ascertain more about this matter, a letter addressed to The Depository, 15, Paternoster-square, London, will be immediately attended to.

W.M. HARRISON.

Birch Rectory, Colchester.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

GREAT distress prevails in Southern India, in consequence of the famine prevailing there. About 5,000,000 people are dependent on the Madras Government for bread. Shocking details are given in the press of the horrors daily enacted. Two cases are reported of mothers who have killed and eaten their infants. From January to July 500,000 deaths were recorded, and the death-rate reached 599 to the 1,000.

The death of M. Thiers was an event of national importance to France. That unhappy but great nation never had a truer patriot, and though he sometimes made grave mistakes, his general sagacity was held in high esteem; and though an octogenarian, his removal is regarded as a national loss. This is not the place to trace his history, if we had the space, but his life is worth studying, and affords many lessons, from his early struggles to his latter day. Born in comparative obscurity, he was in old age crowned with honours, and he was borne to his grave in the presence of 1,000,000 spectators.

The "Peter's Pence" presented to the Pope on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee amounted to 16,476,281 francs. 4,600,000 francs are to be paid into the permanent fund for the Apostolic Chair; 4,000,000 for a fund for the officials, ex-officials, and others who have remained faithful to the Pope; 4,000,000 for the repair of the various ecclesiastical monuments, churches, etc., in Rome, and for the furtherance of art and science; the remainder to be divided amongst various charities.

The Rev. John Lomas, a minister of high repute, and an ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, recently died at Bristol. For several years Mr. Lomas held the office of theological tutor, first at Richmond (in 1861), and finally at Headingley College (in 1865), until failing health compelled him to retire from the actual duties of the ministry.

Mormonism again comes to the front. Its second prophet is dead, and inquiries are many as to the probable successor of Brigham Young. As we go to press we are informed that John Taylor, senior elder, is the favoured possessor of the prophet's mantle. Whether he possesses the dauntless energy of Young; whether he will pursue similar tactics, or carve a course of his own; whether he will unfold new revelations, or confine himself to the political and social questions of the community—these and other questions as to the future of the

new leader of the Mormons have yet to be solved; but surely the spread of knowledge, both secular and religious, will have its influence, sooner or later, in dissipating the allusions which have so strangely charmed its adherents, who are spread abroad throughout all the principal nations of the earth.

A fourth Christian Convention is being arranged for at Dublin. It is intended to hold the meetings in the Exhibition Palace, from the 15th to the 18th of October. The Dublin Conferences have been the most successful of the many which have been held in various centres during the last few years. Professor Monod, the Revs. Marcus Rainsford, W. Haslam, Canon Wynne, Edward Best, and the Hon. Captain Moreton, Mr. T. B. Smithies, and others have promised to take part.

Writing to the editor of the *Messiah's Herald*, Mr. Spurgeon says:—"The more I read the Scriptures as to the future, the less I am able to dogmatise. I see conversion of the world, and the personal pre-millennial reign, and the sudden coming and the judgment, and several other grand points, but I cannot put them in order, nor has any one else done so yet. I believe every prophetic work I have ever seen to be wrong in some points. I feel more at home in preaching Christ crucified than upon any other theme, and I do believe He will draw all men unto him."

The forty-fifth report of the American Baptist Home Mission Society has been published, showing that 233 missionaries were employed during the past year; 1,581 persons were baptized; sixty churches were organised; and 19,233 children were gathered into Sunday Schools.

The American Presbyterian Church (North) reports a total of 5,153 churches, 4,801 ministers, 557,674 communicants, and 581,606 Sunday-scholars. In five years the membership has increased 91,510.

The Bishop of Manchester was recently waited upon by a deputation on the subject of the confessional. His lordship replied that in future he would neither ordain any candidate nor promote to the cure of souls any clergyman who admits holding the doctrine of sacramental confession, or who encourages habitual confession.

About 150 ladies volunteered, by permission of the Home Secretary and the police authorities, to sit at various street-corners, railway-stations, and places of public resort in the metropolis and suburbs, with collecting-boxes for contributions to the Hospital Saturday Fund.

Slavery has ceased to exist in Madagascar, the Queen of that country having, by public proclamation, liberated the whole of the slaves on the island.

The consecration of the Rev. Rowley Hill, late Vicar of Sheffield, to the Bishopric of Sodor and Man was performed on the 24th of August. The ceremony took place in York Minster.

The British Association has held its sittings at Plymouth. The various papers read and subjects discussed—social, educational, and scientific—covered too wide a range to be enumerated here. Professor Allen Thomson presided, and in his inaugural address dwelt on the development of animal life. He spoke in opposition to the spontaneous generation theory. Mr. W. Spottiswoode was nominated president-elect for the next meeting. The places of meeting are forecast for the next four years as follows:—1878, Dublin; 1879, Nottingham; 1880, Swansea; 1881, York. The association held its first meeting in the latter city, and as it was formed in 1831, it was desired that its jubilee year should be celebrated in the city of its nativity.

There is some probability that Newcastle-on-Tyne or Hexham will become the seat of an additional bishopric, if the question of endowment will help to settle the question, Mr. Thomas Hedley, a barrister, of Newton, Northumberland, having bequeathed £200,000 for the endowment of a bishopric for the county of Northumberland. The unparalleled rapidity of the increase of population in the diocese of Durham, more particularly in the county of Durham, which has quadrupled itself within the last half-century, and the consequent multiplication of churches are adduced as reasons why the episcopate should be further extended in the northern counties.

THE WINTER ROSE.—Certain flowering shrubs, as the winter rose, for instance, put forth their blossoms at a period of the year when others around them have faded and died down. This has its parallel in Christian faith, which develops

its reserves of energy and vigour in the winter of adversity, to the wonder and admiration of all beholders.

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

Good Bishop James once said, "A minister's sermons ought to be so preached that the children will understand them. Then if the parents can't understand them, they must take the consequences." He also said "that on one occasion a prominent doctor of divinity declared that he didn't propose to come down to the children in his preaching; he didn't think he was called to do that. 'No, doctor,' said the bishop, 'you need not. We'll excuse you, and all others like you. Only we plain men of common sense should preach to children.'"

THE CHEAPEST TEA SOLD.—The Temperance Societies' 10lb. Chest of 2s. 6d. Tea sent carriage free to any railway station in England or Wales on receipt of P.O.O. for 21s. 8d., payable to William Geeves, Cheltenham. The tea is packed by Geeves' patent process, and subdivided suitable for division between friends or sale by retail (no licence required).—Bros. GEEVES and Co., Wholesale Tea Packers by Royal Letters Patent, Cheltenham.

True friendship will not retail tormenting trifles; but what we want is one friend, at least, who will extenuate nothing, but with discretion tell the worst, using unflinchingly the sharp knife which is to cut away the fault.—F. W. Robertson.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Laxatives, which are sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. N.B.—They contain no opium or preparation thereof.

POND'S EXTRACT of Hamamelis, for Painful Inflammations and Swellings of the Flesh and Veins, or for Hemorrhage from any organ, is renounced as the most healing lotion in the world, and is sold by all Chemists.

CAUTION.—BOND'S CRYSTAL PALACE GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK. By Royal Command to the Queen and Court of Holland. Instructs the million indrawing, never can be washed out, prevents theft, loss, or mistake. Enlargement of bottles. Some chemists and stationers, for extra profit, palm off colourable imitations Genuine Label has Address—75, Southgate Road, London. Vendors are cautioned and reminded of action tried Jan. 15th and 16th, 1870.

HINTS ON BIBLE MARKING.
With a Prefatory Note by
MR. D. L. MOODY.
And Eight Specimen Pages. Octavo. Price 6d.
Post free, 7d.
SAMUEL BAGSTER AND SONS,
15, Paternoster-row, London.

FLAGS, BANNERS, DECORATIONS,
ON SALE OR HIRE.
LARGEST WORKS IN THE KINGDOM.
BAZAARS FITTED.
Catalogue, One Stamp.

HENRY BEVIS,
149, PENYONVILLE ROAD, LONDON, N.

A NEW ERA.
HOW TO PREVENT DISEASES.

THE GREAT QUESTION of the DAY—How to prevent premature death from disease, or prevention of the propagation of infectious diseases. Startling but true. How long are we to be left in sanitary matters at the mercy of the ignorant and careless? The *Times* states that 100,000 cases annually of illness from typhoid fever alone may be set down as preventable. Upwards of

500,000 PERSONS HAVE DIED of this preventable disease since the Death of **PRINCE ALBERT**, the Great and Good.

UNDER the Mosaic law the nations were in a higher position in sanitary matters than the world to-day, while their appliances were rude in comparison to ours.

LORD BEACONSFIELD justly stated the other day that

"**THE** health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and power as a State depend." For the most practical mode of preventing disease and premature death see a large illustrated sheet given with each bottle of **ENO'S FRUIT SALT.** The information is invaluable. As an invigorating summer beverage use **ENO'S Fruit Salt** (prepared from sound ripe fruit). It is the best preventive and cure for biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, impure blood, pimples on the face, giddiness, feverishness, mental depression, want of appetite, sourness of the stomach, constipation, vomiting, thirst, etc., and to remove the effects of errors of eating and drinking.

INQUESTS.—A startling array.

PREVENTABLE DEATH.—Why should fever, that the slayer of millions of the human race, not be as much and more hunted up, and its career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The murderer, as he is called, is quickly made example of by the law. Fevers are almost universally acknowledged to be preventable diseases; how is it that they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer almost without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder. Who's to blame? For the means of preventing premature death from disease read a large illustrated sheet given with each bottle of **ENO'S FRUIT SALT.** The information is invaluable. The **Fruit Salt** (one of Nature's own products) keeps the blood pure, and is thus the best of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers, blood poisons, liver complaints, etc., ever discovered.

WHAT every TRAVELLING TRUNK and

HOSEHOLD in the WORLD ought to contain, a bottle of **ENO'S FRUIT SALT.** Without such a simple precaution, the jeopardy of life is immensely increased.

AS a HEALTH-GIVING, Refreshing, Cooling, and Invigorating BEVERAGE, or as a Gentle LAXATIVE and Tonic, in the various forms of indigestion, use

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—M. D. (Edin.) and M. R. C. S. L.A.C., London, writes:—"I am much pleased with your Fruit Salt, having tried it on myself. Your theory and remarks are most reasonable. Having nearly died of typhoid when studying at College, being only one out of 16 who recovered, I mean to go in well for purifying the blood. Though I am 63, I have not the least doubt it will be very serviceable to me."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—"Your Fruit Salt is beyond all praise. I wish you would sell it here; it would make its own way by its own merit."—T. A. Somerby, Councillor-at-Law, No. 20, Old State House, Boston, U.S.A.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—Messrs. Gibson and Son, Chemists, of Hexham, say:—"Since we introduced your Fruit Salt at Hexham, a few months ago, we have sold upwards of 1,000 bottles, and it gives general satisfaction, as customers who get it almost always recommend it to their friends. We have had numerous instances of its great efficacy in the cure of bilious headaches, indigestion, or stomach complaints, etc."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—"14, Rue de la Paix, Paris, Jan. 16, 1877.—A gentleman called in yesterday. He is a constant sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, and has taken all sorts of mineral waters. I recommended him to give your Salt a trial, which he did, and received great benefit. He says he never knew what it was to be without pain until he tried your Salt, and for the future shall never be without it in the house."
—M. Beral."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—Sold by all Chemists, prices 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—Sole Agent for Paris, Pharmacie de Beral, 14, Rue de la Paix.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE
WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE.
Now ready, in 4to. Cloth, red edges, price 7s. 6d. Cheap Edition, crown 8vo. price 5s.
WESLEY'S HYMNS AND NEW SUPPLEMENT, with TUNES, containing more than 600 Tunes, original and selected; arranged for FOUR VOICES, in COMPRESSED SCORE, under the Editorship of the late GEORGE COOPER, Esq., of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, and E. J. Hopkins, Esq., of the Temple Church.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK FOR THE YOUNG Preparing for Publication, Profusely Illustrated
THE CHRONICLES OF CAPTAN CALIB, or, **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR,** by J. JACKSON WRAY. Imperial 8mo, price 2s. 6d.

WORKS BY MARK GUY PEARSE.
UNIFORM ILLUSTRATED EDITION.
Five Volumes, crown 8vo. (14th, gilt edges, price 2s. 6d. each).

CHRISTMAS STORIES C and 14s.—"Mr. Stubbs' Dream," "Farmer Oldway's Last Suit," "How Squire Geoffrey Wined Himself," "Little Brechts, and What he did at Christmas"

SHORT STORIES, AND OTHER PAPERS Contents:—"The Forgive Rich Inward," "Can I be Saved?" "Billy Pray," "Gentle," "Saved," "A Good Old Prescription," "What the Lark Sang to Robert Morley," "Harry's Pint," "My Old Friend John," "Old Rosie"

MISTER HORN AND HIS FRIENDS; or, **GIVING AND GIVING.** Eleventh Thousand
"If you know a stingy professor who wants enlargement of mind and of heart, send him a copy of this book."—Irish Evangelist.

SERMONS FOR CHILDREN. 10th Thousand
"A very charming book for the young."—Standard.

DANIEL QUORM AND HIS RELIGIOUS NOTIONS. Thirty-sixth Thousand.

London: **WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,** 2, Castle-st., City-road, and 66, Paternoster-row.

PIANOFORTES, HARMONIUMS,
AMERICAN ORGANS,

AT WHOLESALE PRICES,
Saving from 30 to 60 per cent.
Elegant Walnut and Rosewood
Pianofortes,
Full compass, from 12½ guineas.
Oak, Mahogany, American Walnut
Harmoniums,
Full compass, from 4½ guineas.

Prize Medal American Organs, Centennial Exhibition, 1876, from 12 guineas.
SOLE AGENTS (United Kingdom), for
"Carl Riethheimer's," Stuttgart, Pipe and Pedal Harmoniums,
For Cottage, Parlour, or Church (7 Prize Medals)
These Instruments are manufactured from the best Materials, contain all improvements, and are **WARRANTED SEVEN YEAR.**
Illustrated Price Catalogues post free.
Most Instruments carriage free to any part of England.

BENNETTS & BENNETTS,
80, GLOUCESTER ROAD,
SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON, S.W.



PATENTED
TONIC AND APERIENT.
To be had of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, in Boxes at 1s. 12d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.
DARLOW and FAIRFAX, 448, West Strand.

THE PLANT & MACHINERY SUPPLY ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

This Association supplies every kind of Machinery, Tools, and Implements on the best system of hire, with the option of purchase at the end of one, two, three, four, or five years.

Payments according to hirer's option, weekly, monthly, or quarterly. No Bill of Sale. No Registration. No Fees. No Law Costs, and no restriction as to the maker of Goods required. Terms are liberal and the Goods supplied promptly.

A Letter or Post Card, with merely the Name and Address of Applicant, will insure Hiring Terms. Opinions of the Press, and full Particulars by Return of Post.

Head Offices:

GREAT WESTERN ARCADE, BIRMINGHAM.
JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S

PERFECT PURITY FROM PREMATURE DECAY



REGISTERED TRADE MARK V. 30 HALL MARK

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S TOILET AND NURSERY POWDER, celebrated for its purity and exquisite fragrance.
Sole by all Chemists and Perfumers, and at ANGEL PASSAGE, 93, UPPER THAMES ST., LONDON. E.C.

M. LEADER BERLIN WOOL AND GERMAN NEEDLEWORK
IMPORTED DIRECT.

SHEWLAND, ANDALUSIAN, AND FLEECY WOOLS. SCOTCH FINGERING AND MERINO YARN. HENLOPE, JAVA, AND OTHER CANVAS. PERFORATED CARDBOARD. FLOSELLE, ETC., ETC.
PRICE LISTS POST FREE.
9 NEW INN YARD, SHOREDITCH, LONDON. E.C.

CANCER AND TUMOURS CURED

By an entirely new and painless process, without the knife, totally different to any treatment at present adopted. Pamphlet 12 stamps. Particulars, stamped envelope.

EDWIN W. ALABONE, M.D., M.R.C.S. Eng.,
LYNTON HOUSE, MILDMAY ROAD, LONDON, N.,
Physician to the Home for Reclaimed Females, the Clifton Orphan Asylum, etc., etc.

Under this treatment many Cases pronounced hopeless have recovered.

DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS PREVENT CONVULSIONS ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS

For Children Cutting their Teeth, to prevent Convulsions.
Do not contain Calomel, Opium, Morphine, nor anything injurious to the tender babe.
Sold in stamped boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. (great saving), with full directions.
Sent post free for fifteen stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.
Read FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK which contains valuable hints on Feeding, Teething, Weaning, Sleeping, &c. Ask your Chemist for a free copy.

SAFE TEETHING

EASY TEETHING

TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS

Not satisfied with the Results of their Work.

Have you tried the Systematic Bible Teacher, 2s (over 700 Lessons)? Bible Voices for the Young, 1d., 2d., 3d.?

BOTH FREE BY POST FOR HALF-A-CROWN.
Teachers can easily teach them; Children can both learn and teach them; Parents can use them at home; and Ministers without study can examine upon them, and the Lord does bless them.
Apply at the Systematic Bible Teacher Depository 15, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

A GOLDEN CHRISTMAS.

A FACT IN MEDICINE!

WHITWORTH'S POWDERS are a really marvellous remedy for the cure of Neuralgia, Tic-Doloreux, and most affections of the Nerves and Muscles. In cases of Neuralgia of some weeks' standing, one Powder has given immediate relief, and three Powders have effected a cure. The following Testimonial selected from many others which the Proprietor has received, bearing evidence of the remarkable curative powers of these Powders) speaks for itself:—

TESTIMONIAL.

155, St. Vincent street, Birmingham, Feb. 27th, 1874.
SIR.—Three of your Powders have effectually cured me of an attack of Neuralgia, which I had been suffering from during the past fortnight.

Yours, etc., CAROLINE CONSTABLE.

Sold in Packets, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each. Sole Proprietor, F. WHITWORTH, Chemist, 33, Piccadilly-street, Birmingham. Sold by Sanger and Sons, 150, Oxford-street; Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street; W. Edwards, Old Change; F. Newbery and Sons, Newgate-street, and nearly every respectable Chemist or Patent Medicine Vendor in the Kingdom. Sent post free on receipt of 14, 24, or 55 stamps.

THE PIANOFORTE, HARMONIUM, & GENERAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CLUB

The object of this society is to supply first-class Musical Instruments of every kind, at bona-fide cash prices, payable by small quarterly subscriptions.—Prospectus, Rules, etc., post free, one stamp.
PROPRIETORS:—E. D. POWELL and CO., HENHAM-ON-TYNE, Manufacturers and Importers of EVERY DESCRIPTION OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Price Lists on application.

TRY FOSTER'S 9s. 6d.

TROUSERS.

Ready Made or to Measure. Warranted as good as those you are paying 13s, 16s, or 18s. for. MONEY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED. Sent to all parts. Send a pattern, pair, or, for Guide and Tape to measure, patterns, etc. TOO to be made payable at Winsbury-square. 15, WINDMILL STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

TOOTH-ACHE. INSTANT CURE. BUNTER'S NERVINE.

PREVENTS DECAY.
FORMS A STOPPING.
SAVES THE TOOTH.

MEDICAL TESTIMONIALS.

From J. HOUNSELL, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport,
Dorsetshire.

"I consider BUNTER'S NERVINE a specific for tooth-ache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief. I therefore give my testimony of having used it with invariable success, and recommend its use to the Profession and the Public as invaluable to all who suffer from tooth-ache."

From E. SMITH, Esq., Surgeon, Sherston, near
Cirencester.

"I have tried BUNTER'S NERVINE in many cases of severe toothache, and in every instance permanent relief has been obtained; I therefore strongly recommend it to the public."

From N. CUSSE, Esq., Brook House, Cricklade.

"I can with confidence recommend BUNTER'S NERVINE to all who suffer from the toothache, having applied it in many instances, and never knew it fail from giving immediate relief. No family should be without it."

A gentleman at Bristol writes: "For six years a decayed tooth prevented mastication on the side it was situated, as well as causing many sleepless nights; but having used BUNTER'S NERVINE, I am not only relieved of the most troublesome of all pains, but can now use the tooth without the slightest inconvenience, and therefore can confidently recommend it to all who suffer from toothache."

BUNTER'S NERVINE

May be had of all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. & 2s. 9d. per packet.

DR. WARNER'S LOTION

Is confidently recommended as a Cure for Sores and Ulcers, whether the result of accident or of disease. It will at once relieve the pain of Burns and Scalds, and (if used immediately) will prevent the formation of blisters.

It will prevent Chilblains from breaking, or, if broken, it will heal them, and will at once relieve the intolerable itching. For Bruises and Sprains it is invaluable, as it entirely removes inflammation and swelling, and prevents discolouration of the skin. From its easy application and invariable success in cases of accident, no family, school, factory, or public institution should be without it. Numerous Testimonials have been received of its efficacy.

May be had of any respectable Chemists,
in Bottles, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each.

DR. WARNER'S EYE WATER,

For Weakness of Sight and Inflammation of the Eyes.

The immediate relief derived by numbers from the use of this excellent remedy, for nearly half a century, has established it a cure for Weak and Inflamed Eyes, arising from cold or constitutional causes. It is strongly recommended to Emigrants, many of whom, particularly in Australia, have experienced great benefit from its use.

Numerous Testimonials in its favour have been received.

May be had of any respectable Chemist,
in Bottles, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each.

Oldridge's Balm of Columbia.

ESTABLISHED SIXTY YEARS

THE BEST and ONLY CERTAIN REMEDY ever discovered for preserving, strengthening, beautifying, or restoring the HAIR, WHISKERS, or MOUSTACHES, and preventing them from turning grey. Price 2s. 6d., 6s., and 11s.

C and A. OLDRIDGE 22 Wellington St. Strand, London, W.C.
AND ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS

For children it is invaluable, as it forms the basis of a magnificent head of hair it prevents baldness in mature age, and obviates the use of dyes and poisonous restoratives.

"HEALTH AND HAPPINESS"

May be secured by the use of

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS,

Which have for over fifty years been recognised as the
BEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

Sold by all Chemists and other Vendors of Patent Medicines, in Boxes,
at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

VALUABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.



BY the use of these pills during more than FIFTY Years, many Thousands of Cures have effected; numbers of which cases had been pronounced incurable.

The numerous well-authenticated Testimonials in disorders of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver, Kidneys; also in Rheumatism, Ulcers, Sores, and Skin Diseases, are sufficient to prove the great value of this most useful Family Medicine. It is a DIRECT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD and of the fluids of the body.

Many persons have found them of great use both in relieving and preventing Sea-sickness; in warm climates they are very beneficial in Bilious Complaints.

Sold in Boxes, price Sevenpence-halfpenny, (Shilling and Threepence), and Two Shillings. Ninepence, by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Court, Fleet Street, London, and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors at Home and Abroad. Sent by post in the United Kingdom for 8, 14, 33 stamps.



ESTABLISHED



OVER 50 YEARS.