

# THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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## Editorial.

### THE HEART OF THE HOME.

The mind is, in the tender years of youth, receptive of any impression that may be made upon it; it is capable of taking any form that may be imposed on it—capable of turning in any direction that may be given to it. Whatever is engraven on it, it retains more or less for life. Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked oak will tell of the act for centuries to come. How forcibly does this figure teach the necessity of giving right tendencies to the minds and hearts of the young!

“Our most important are our earliest years; The mind, impressible and soft, with ease Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees, And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue  
That education gives her, false or true.”

Anything evil cannot, of itself, fail to exert an evil influence; but when that evil thing proceeds from the *heart*, either in word or in deed, as the native expression of the inner life, it then, so aided, exerts a far more pernicious influence. “Moral life is no creation of moral phrases. The words that are truly vital for good or evil are only those which, as Pindar says, ‘The tongue draws up from the heart.’” Now, if the outflow of the heart into the life is such a potent influence for evil or for good, who can, in this re-

spect, equal the mother? She is the heart of the house; she is all heart; she sees everything with the heart, she speaks from the heart, she acts from the heart, she treats everything through the heart. The heart of woman is her characteristic and her glory; hence the great influence she exerts over all around her. If the heart of woman is evil, alas! the moral havoc she produces in the destiny of her family. Behold the blighting influence of Jezebel on Ahab, her husband, on her household, and on the Church of God. Here are two daughters of a mother who took a little strong drink in secret, forsooth, as a medicine. They were well educated and highly accomplished; their father was an elder in the Church, a worthy and godly man; they were much favoured with the society of pious people; they were well married, the one to a minister, the other to a doctor; but, notwithstanding all these counteractive influences, they fell before the example of their mother, and became disgusting sots. How much more powerful is example than precept in the road to ruin! Again, if a mother is in her heart senseless, vain, and giddy, the same qualities enter, as ingredients, into the character of her children; or, if a mother is in her heart irreligious, the same unconcern about religion is sure to characterise her sons and daughters.

But, if a mother is a mother in Israel, the influence she exerts on her children are of another and contrary kind. Samuel is the son of that Hannah who often, in secret prayer, conversed with God in regard to him; Augustine, the son of Monica, a pious woman, who often poured out the anguish of her heart before God in prayer for him. The same thing we find in Michael Bruce and Robert Pollok, sons of pious mothers—the one singing the lovely, the soft, and the sweet sentiments of heavenly song; the other the bold, the grand, and the lofty strains of a still higher song. We might here note, in other respects, the general and plastic influence of mothers on their children. Dr. Thomas Brown, the distinguished metaphysician, received the rudiments of his education from his mother. Cuvier, the great naturalist and physiologist, traces his celebrity to his mother. Hear him speak of her in her formative influence on him: "I used," he says, "to draw under my mother's superintendence, and to her I read aloud books of history and general literature. It is thus that she developed in me that love of reading and that curiosity for all things which were the springs of my life." Nor is it different in the case of Hamilton, the celebrated martyr. He grew up surrounded with all the sweetness of a mother's love, and from his childhood the image of his mother was deeply engraven on his heart. This tender mother, who afterwards engaged his latest thoughts on the scaffold, observed with delight in her son a craving after superior culture, a passion for science, a taste for the literature of Greece and Rome, and, above all, lively aspirations after all that is elevated, and a movement of the soul towards God.

A mother, who is a zealous and active Christian, is certainly a great and blessed instrument of God in a family towards their spiritual and

eternal interests. She is decried as to her character and effect by the Word of God in this language: "*She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed.*" Here the prime function of a mother is sowing the seeds of virtue in her children, out of which will grow up the graces of the spirit to adorn them; or laying the foundation of virtue in them on which will be raised the superstructure of a noble Christian character; but she does far more than this in the religious education of her children. The vitalizing, strengthening, and beautifying influences which she exerts upon them within the domestic circle, in the formation and development of their religious character, so long as they are under her immediate management and personal control, continue to act upon them with similar effect when they have left their home, and are far from her, engaged in the business of life and affected with different influences. There are happy influences which accompany the children of a pious mother; influences which are as permanent with them as the being they received from her; influences which foster, on the one hand, what is good in them, and which counteract, on the other, what is evil, both within and without them.

There can be no doubt, abstractly considered, as to the general principle here averred; but, do actual facts, the test of all true theory, confirm it with their testimony? Hear them in attestation of the same thing as a veritable truth. Timothy is a practical proof of it in various aspects;—the high excellency of his Christian character, its being the outgrowth of his knowing in childhood, through his mother, the Scriptures, which made him wise unto salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus; the deep sincerity of the faith fostered within him by the unfeigned faith which dwelt first in

his grandmother, Lois, and in his mother, Eunice; his burning zeal and unwearied activity in the cause of Christ. His whole life, from childhood to his high position in the work of evangelization, bears the clear marks of his mother's influence upon him. Instances of a like kind abound both in the pulpit and in the mission-field. But, without naming particular cases, we proceed to draw attention to the mother's influence under another interesting and instructive form, as set forth in this fine delineation:

"A youth of some eighteen or nineteen years of age sat at an open window, a look of painful perplexity on his face, caused apparently by a letter he held in his hand. After sitting thus for some minutes, he muttered to himself, 'Yes; I must go. If I don't, Brown and Smith will be laughing at me, and calling me righteous overmuch; and, after all, there is no great harm in it; for I'll go to church in the morning, and it's only to be a sail down the river, and spend the day in the country.' Still he pressed his hand on his forehead for an instant; then, rising hastily, he said, 'There is no use bothering about it; I must go.'

As he rose, his eye lighted on the setting sun; and as he did so, his whole expression changed; a sweet, yet half sad look played on his face; his thoughts were elsewhere; another scene was before his eyes. The dark street had disappeared, and in its stead a neat country cottage had risen. In thought he was there; once more he saw the hills that rose near that cottage home; once more the blue waters of the distant lake glistened before him; once more he sat in the cottage garden with his widowed mother, and watched the setting sun; once more that mother's words sounded in his ears: "John, don't forget God. Remember His Sabbath day. Though sinners entice thee to break it, consent thou not. May the God of the fatherless guide you, may the Lord Jesus be your Saviour!"

Yes; six months had passed since he heard these and other words, and yet they seemed to sound in his ears. Tears filled his eyes; and, rising, he folded his hands and knelt in prayer; then taking up his pen, he wrote thus:

"Thanks, Brown, for your invitation, but I cannot accept it. My duty to God is to obey his commands; and he has said, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.' Spending the day in idle pleasure is not de-

ing this; and I wish you would think over the subject, and not go yourself."

How great is the influence of a godly mother's words! How wonderful the answers to her earnest prayer."

This triumph of this young man over evil is, under God, the result of a mother's influence upon him; otherwise he would have been led away into the downward paths of ruin, perhaps never to have returned. A pious mother, therefore, is a blessing, a great blessing, a continuous blessing.

"A pious mother, well inform'd,  
Entails a blessing on her infant charge  
Better than riches; an-unfailing curse  
She leaves behind her, which the faster flows  
The more 'tis drawn; where ev'ry soul may  
feed,  
And nought diminish of the public stock."

She teaches her children to hsp their prayers; she instils pious sentiments into their mind; she lays precious principles up in their memories; she fills their souls with the excellency of Christ; she imbues their spirit with the love of the truth concerning Him. She leads them to practise the truth in a life devoted to Him. In the beautiful words of a well-known writer:

"Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother will read again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable woe in the far ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect and prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality. The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the seashore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words or names in the smooth white sand which lies spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate, but the running tide shall, in a few hours, wash out and efface forever all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth and error which your conduct

imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the eternal good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold finger can erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity can obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be of herself in this treatment of her child. How prayerful, how serious, and how earnest to write the truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf in commending her dear child to her covenant with God."

Let mothers lay these things to heart, to cheer<sup>2</sup> them amid the wearing toil of family duties, which seem often dull and of small account. The true

Christian mother is a poet, an artist, a sculptor, a teacher, a legislator, a preacher. The material on which she works is the souls of her children, who may carry the image of the mother, her sentiments, her purity, her morality, her piety, into new homes, or it may be to the pulpit, to the bar, or to the Senate, where the mother speaks in the person of her son. No wonder, then, that among the Jews, a mother, after the birth of her first-born son, is no longer named after her husband, but after her son. Mary, after the birth of Christ, is never Joseph's wife, but "the mother of Jesus."

### Living Preachers.

[The preacher in our Sermon corner again this month is the same as last month.

Horace L. Hastings, the projector and Publisher of the Concordance noticed by us briefly in the January issue. There are other preachers waiting their turn to speak to us from our monthly pulpit, but we feel it hard to lay past us, or cast into the waste-basket the following "Plain talk" to the roughs and the unwashed of the British metropolis. The readers here do not belong socially to the class to which this sermon was preached, but we do belong to it in original dispositions.

Horace L. Hastings, we are told by the *Washington Chronicle* is the son of King S. Hastings, a faithful and zealous Methodist minister—deceased some years since; and was born at Blantford, Mass., November 21, 1831, and is consequently in the forty-fourth year of his age, though many, from his somewhat patriarchal beard and moderation of speech and movements, have doubtless supposed him considerably older. So far from ever having had a regular scholastic or theological training, he was, as he quaintly expresses it, "educated on a farm, and graduated in a saw-mill." But no one who has heard him preach, will accept this statement as anything more than a jest; for, like Abraham Lincoln, he has ever been a close student of men and things, which has given him a most vigorous and

trenchant style, and supplied him with his unfailling fund of pointed and apposite illustrations, which make his discourses, like those of Mr. Moody, so acceptable and effective with the common people. Although making no display of human knowledge, and "philosophy falsely so called," he has been no idle student of books, and especially of the Bible, and all works bearing upon it, as is evidenced by his share in the preparation of the Greek-English Concordance, (noticed above.) His library, a large part of which was destroyed, with his other worldly possessions, in the great Boston fire, was undoubtedly one of the most complete, in works bearing upon scriptural exegesis and hermeneutics, of any private clergyman's in the country.

Descended from a race of men who through four successive generations have preached the gospel uninterruptedly for more than a century, it is not strange that at the age of sixteen or seventeen he commenced to follow their steps, and for more than a quarter of a century he has been engaged in this very work which is so commended, having in his evangelistic labors travelled in twenty-eight of the United States and British provinces, besides crossing the Atlantic upon the same errand. In addition to preaching from five to fifteen times a week he has during the past twenty years written or edited and published prob-

ably one hundred and twenty or thirty tons of earnest, practical unsectarian Christian literature.

For the last ten years Mr. Hastings has edited and published *The Christian*, a pioneer sheet in the line of unsectarian literature, which, excluding all controversy, politics, puffs and advertisements from its columns, has attained a monthly issue of from thirty to forty thousand copies, and was recently pronounced by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, the best paper that he received. He also edits the *Little Christian*, a children's paper of about the same circulation. In addition to these multifarious engagements, he, being a peace man, and neither voting nor fighting, soon after the close of the war, gathered together, among his friends and readers, some three hundred barrels of clothing and supplies, and some six or eight thousand dollars in money, in the distribution of which, without fee or reward, and without distinction of races or class, his wife, assisted by a noble band of co-labourers, spent five seasons in six of the Southern States, ignoring politics and sectarianism, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, relieving the sick, establishing schools, holding meetings, and labouring for the common good.]

### PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

A PLAIN TALK IN GREAT ARTHUR STREET MISSION TENT, LONDON, JULY 20, 1875.

BY H. L. HASTINGS, EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN," BOSTON, MASS.

There are a number of people at home to-night in this region who would have come in here if they had known that I was going to give them a shilling a-piece. We would, perhaps, have had the tent crammed as full as it could be; but they did not know it, and so they have not come. Now I shall tell you to-night how to make not merely shillings, but pounds, if not more; and so, if you take good heed to what I say, it will be money in your pocket; and I suppose there are not many of you that object to having money in your pockets.

The Apostle Paul says that "Godliness is profitable unto all things," (1 Tim. v. 8.) Some of you have been looking for a profitable business, and you have not found it. You have tried

one thing and another, and each thing you try is a little worse than the last was, and sometimes you hardly know how you are to get through. Well, if you would really like to get hold of some good, respectable, comfortable healthy, profitable business to follow, I will tell you how—"Godliness is profitable." "Oh! that is not what we mean," some of you say; "what we mean is money." Well, I mean money too. I am going to talk to you about money, and about everything else that is worth having in this world; because "Godliness is profitable unto all things." That is what the Bible says, and I will prove it to you, and not be very long about it either.

But first let me tell you a few things that are not profitable. There are a great many kinds of business and habits of life which people follow that are not profitable. There is no profit in them. Here is a man, for instance, who hangs around the liquor shops; who drinks ale, and whiskey and brandy, and rum, and everything he can get to drink of that kind. That is not profitable. It makes him feel better, but he is not any better. People think that strong drink makes them feel better and richer, and then they spend strength, money and every thing they have, because they feel so rich. But they are no richer for all their feelings. It does not make them any richer; it makes them feel richer, no doubt; it makes them feel rich to-day and wretched to-morrow. There was a red Indian who, when they asked him how much he weighed, said, "I weigh 200 pounds; when I am mad, I weigh a ton!" Well, there are some people, who, when half drunk, think they weigh a ton; but put them on the scales, and they don't weigh any more than they did when sober. They are no richer. They are no healthier. They are no stronger. They are just killing themselves. Now when a man follows a business with profit, it is generally the rule, the

closer he sticks to it, and the more steadily he follows it, the better it is for him. How is that with this business of drinking strong drink? Is the man better off that works at it steadily than the man who does not? No; the more a man drinks the worse his condition is. Here is a man that goes after strong drink. He loses his reputation. He loses his situation. He cannot get work when everybody else can. He loses his health. He loses his friends. He loses his position in society. He loses his wealth. He loses his life. He loses his soul. It is a losing business all through. Every thing about it is stamped with a curse. He works hard, and earns good wages; but what does it all amount to? His money goes to the gin-shop; his clothes go to the pawn shop; his children go to the poor house, and he goes to the devil. That business is not profitable. There is no profit in it, except to the publican; he gets the money—but what if the devil gets him?

There is no profit in laziness. I have seen men that have followed that business steadily for a number of years, but never could make it profitable. Idleness clothes a man in rags. A little more sleep and a little more slumber brings poverty after you like an armed man. A man should be up in the morning, and about his work; "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Yonder is a man who uses up a large portion of his wages in tobacco. That is not profitable. He keeps himself poor in that way, and spends a penny or a sixpence for tobacco; and the money thus wasted would soon put a new coat upon his back. If you could save up all the pence that have been spent in smoke, you might have money enough. A man was walking along on Sunday morning with his daughter to church. She was wearing a new gown, and he a new coat. He put his hand on his daughter's shoulder.

"That's a 'baccy gown, Sally." "A what?" said she. "That's a 'baccy gown. When I stopped using the 'baccy I put the money into a box, and that is what bought it." So he bought his own clothes, and her clothes too, with the money he used to waste in that way, and he had enough left to buy some more.

A life of immorality is not profitable. People try it. They follow it a little while, and it seems very pleasant, but there is ruin at the end. A man walking the streets of London the other night, begged for twopence for a lodging. He was an intelligent man—a man who had been in a good position—a man who was capable of earning a good living. Well, what was the matter? He had been in loose company, gone wrong, lost his reputation, lost his position, lost everything, and had not a bed to lay himself on, nor a sixpence to bless himself with in the world. "Well," said I to him, "Solomon says, 'By means of a whorish woman a man is brought to a piece of bread,'—is that the way you have found it?" "Yes," he replied, "that is about it." He did not find it profitable. Whoever goes in paths of sin, finds it unprofitable. It may have pleasure for a season—a little mirth and gaiety—but by and by come the heartache, the trouble, the sorrow, pain, anguish, distress and death, and damnation at the end! There is no profit in serving the devil. There never was anybody that could make anything out of the devil yet. He is too sharp for you. He knows too much for you. Every man who trades with the devil is bound to get cheated. No matter what kind of a bargain he makes with you (and he will make any bargain you please), he never keeps one of his promises, but he always makes you keep all yours! That is his way; he gets you to fulfill all your promises in advance, and he doesn't fulfill his at all. The Germans have an old proverb, that

"if a man takes soup with the devil; he wants a long handled spoon." I tell you that is so. I have seen some people who have dipped into the devil's soup dish, and their spoon was not long enough to keep out of his clutches.

Wickedness does not pay. It never did pay. From the first man six thousand years ago, who, by sin, lost the finest kind of a job that ever a man had—dressing a garden in paradise—sin has never paid. By breaking God's commands he was turned out to grub for a living, and work among thorns and briars; and from that time to this, there never was a man who found the service of the devil profitable. For a time there may be some money found in serving the devil; but in the long run, you cannot get anything out of it. You may keep a liquor shop, perhaps, and you may get a little money; but then, your sons are drunkards, your wife is a drunkard, and you are a drunkard, and the devil gets the whole of you; what becomes then of your money? That plan has been tried over and over again: and men who have gone that way have found it to be the straight road to hell—ruin in this world and perdition in the next. So much for that side of the question. Wickedness is not profitable.

Godliness is profitable. It is profitable unto all things. It has "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

And first, godliness is profitable because it puts a man in good spirits. There is hardly anything more important to a man than to keep good natured. Those men that grow cross and crusty, and look surly, gloomy and melancholy, do not succeed in anything. There is little comfort or blessing about their lives. If you want a man to work for you, pick out one who whistles and sings when at work. That man has got some spring in him, some spirit and energy in him. But take a man who goes dragging along through

the world, quarrelling, and snapping, and snarling, as men do the next morning after they have been out on a spree, and there is not much good in that man. He is sick. He is not what he ought to be, and never will be till he knows and tastes that the Lord is gracious. When a man has tasted God's salvation, it makes him happy in his heart. He feels light as a bird. He rejoices, and the Bible says, "Rejoice evermore." A happy man can do more work than an unhappy man. A happy man can do better work than a man that is cross. Don't you know how many jobs you have spoiled when you were angry? Don't you know how often your work has been ruined when you were fretful and nervous? Now if you had been happy you would have saved the whole of it. Many a day's work you would have saved if you had kept a calm, sweet, even temper; but you got mad; and raved, and tore, and broke things; and then had to mend them. When a man has godliness it keeps him good natured and cheerful with his neighbours. Many a shopman has lost customers by being gruff and surly. Customers would as soon go into a bear's den as go there. Well, you do not want any such men as those. You want happy men around you, men who are always cheerful.

Suppose there are two men at work for me; one of them is happy, cheerful, never cross, always obliging and accommodating, and is a Christian. The other one is cross, surly and hateful. He is afraid he will do ten minutes' more work than he is paid for. By and by work becomes slack, and I want but one man. Which one do you think will have to leave? I cannot spare this good-natured man. I must have him to make things go smoothly and oil the machinery. But as for that other fellow, why the sooner he goes the better; and I will be sure never to hire him again.

"Godliness is profitable." You take

one of these cross, cursing, crooked, crabbed children of the devil, and let God's grace get into his heart, and make him over new, and he is certainly worth three shillings more a week for any decent business. And then you can trust him. When you hire a man to work for you, and then have to hire two others, one to keep him at work and the other to keep him from stealing, he is not a profitable hand. But if you get a man who is converted to God, he will work himself and watch himself. So you save two hands, and you keep such a man because you can afford to keep him, and because it is profitable to keep him. I knew of a man in America who was an infidel, but who would hire a Christian to work for him in preference to an infidel. Why? He knew if he hired a Christian he would not have a headache on Monday morning from being drunk on Sunday night; and he would not waste stock nor steal tools. He knew he could depend upon a Christian, but he was not sure about infidels.

A Christian has a better chance than any other man has on earth, all things being equal. That agrees with what Paul said: "Godliness is profitable." It is profitable to a person in his business life. Then again, a man who has godliness is prudent and saving. Who is it that supports these hell-holes on the corners of your streets, where they sell strong drink, and poison men? Do the Christians do it? Who fills the pockets of those people, and enables them to live in such splendour? Who is it that helps to buy the roast beef that makes their bellies stick out so? Why, if it is those lanky, miserable, lean kine that go up and down the streets hunting after stale cabbage or salt herring to live on. They buy broad-cloth for the publican's back, and wear rags and tatters themselves. His wife and daughters flaunt in silks and satins, which poor men pay for, while their own wives and children—

poor things—wear filthy rags, and go barefooted in the streets, and supperless to their miserable beds.

The man that serves God stands the chance of having the roast beef himself. So godliness is profitable there. He "bays his own cherries," and his own good Sunday dinner, and his own good dinner every other day in the week.

So, then, godliness is profitable in this, that it helps us to make a good comfortable living. You know, the first step toward a comfortable living is to be comfortable yourself. There was a man who once said, "When I was young I wanted to be rich, but my wife said she did not want to be rich; she only wanted to be comfortable. Well, I have become rich—as rich as I want to be—and my wife isn't comfortable yet." There are a good many people like that. They will never have a comfortable living until they are comfortable themselves inside.

And the grace of God will make them comfortable there. Then, "bettei is a dinner of herbs, where love abideth, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." It makes a deal of difference with a man's appetite how the dinner is served; so if the cloth is clean and well laid, and everything is in order, and, maybe, a little flower or a green sprig is laid here and there, why, whatever food there may be, when everything is so neatly and tastefully laid out, it would make a man eat if he had no appetite. Take the same food and serve it up in a great mass of slush, and dump it out in a big dish, it would take a man's appetite away, if he were ever so hungry. Just so is quarreling round the table. It is the poorest sauce that ever went with a dinner. Nothing will take away a man's appetite quicker than a quarrel; and it works very much the same with the women too. I have seen people many a time sit down to table when they thought they had a good appetite, and one or two



cross words, and it's all over with the dinner. Now, godliness helps a man to have a comfortable living, for it makes him comfortable himself to begin with. He has peace in his heart, and if it be a dinner of herbs, thank God for the herbs; and if it be a stalled ox, thank God for that!

Again, godliness is profitable to health. Do you know that the religion of Jesus Christ is a mighty help to health? You go through the hospitals of this city, and pick out the people there who served God, and those who serve the devil, and you will find this to be true. Why, I heard of one physician who attended sick folks in a hospital, and he noticed this, that the sick people who were Christians got well much quicker than those who were not, and it led him to think, "Well, if the religion of Christ is good like that for sick folks, it surely must be good for those that are well." And this man, although an infidel, gave up his infidelity and served God. Don't you see why this is? Here is a man carried to a hospital. He is a Christian man. Well, I know one thing; his head is not full of rum; he has not been spreeing for the last fortnight. He has not got his head split open in a fight. He has not been living on herrings, and taking rum to wash them down with. He has been having his good food, and has washed it down with a glass of water. He has got some health left in him—something to build upon. Such a man might be run through a machine and have his bones broken, but his blood is cool, and his nerves steady, and the doctor will soon make him well again. Perhaps another man, who is full of poison, and porter, and whiskey, and brandy, if he gets a scratch in the finger, will have the lock jaw and die. "Godliness is profitable," and when a man keeps his body in good Christian order, why, if he chances to be ill, he will get well shortly; while a man who is only a

walking beer vat, full of poison and abominations, may seem portly and showy, but some little thing crosses him, cuts him down, and he dies in a day.

"Godliness is profitable," because it teaches you to regulate all your habits and passions. Many a man is made ill by getting angry. Many a man has got excited in a rage, and dropped down dead from heart disease; but if he had served God, and kept cool, he might have lived to a good old age. And Christ's religion teaches a man to keep cool. If a man has the religion of Christ, he does not rave, and tear his hair, and foam at the mouth, and turn black in the face, and drop down dead. It is the devil's children that are thus destroyed.

The religion of Jesus Christ is a good thing to help a man in hard times. "Well," says one, "I don't see how that can be." I will show you. Suppose you live all by yourself; you don't care for anybody, and nobody cares for you. You don't go to church, nor any such place. You say, "Religion is all humbug, a contrivance to get folks' money away." Very well; you dig yourself a hole, and crawl into it; and by and by hard times come, and nobody knows where you are, and nobody cares. Nobody has heard of you; nobody has seen you, nor missed you; and you might be sick, and lie there, and starve, and die, and rot, and nobody ever find you, because you have hid yourself away from humanity. Perhaps a missionary might come round and hunt you up; but people don't like to go where they have been abused and cursed, you know. Then another thing; a man who goes to church stands a chance to have a clean shirt of a Sunday, while if he stays at home he gets ragged and seedy. Going to meeting keeps him a little civilized. That is a good thing for anybody, whether he is a Christian or not. He cleans up once a week, and

so gets in the habit of having a decent suit of clothes. Suppose then you come regularly; somebody is in trouble, perhaps, and they say: "Look here, friends; here is so-and-so, ill. Can you watch with him to-night?" "Oh, yes." So you go; the person gets better, meets you, and says: "I am very much obliged to you for your kindness. If I can ever do anything for you, let me know it."

Another person is poor, out of work, and suffering; you put in a few pence with the rest, and set him on his feet again. You go to a meeting every Sunday regularly, but by and by you are absent, and somebody says: "Where is so-and-so? He used to be here. I don't know what is the matter. I must go round and see." Next morning there are two or three folks there early to see what is the matter with you, and lend a helping hand. One sits up the night with you; a neighbor comes in and helps to regulate the house, or takes the baby home and keeps it all day; each one is kind and helpful, and soon you are all right and out again. So all Christians help one another. Why is it that they do it? Because they love God, and get acquainted with one another, and don't live like hermits in a hole. So you see "godliness is profitable unto all things." You never heard of a faithful child of God that got into trouble, but had friends, plenty of friends; but it is those folks that don't care for anybody that find that nobody cares for them. They hide themselves out of the reach of humanity, dig a hole and burrow there, and die, forgotten and unknown. I tell you, Godliness is profitable. If you want to get through hard times, make friends with Christ and his people. You will find that "godliness is profitable unto all things." It gives you good friends. There are persons who are friends as long as your money lasts, and you stand treat, and when your money is gone that is the end of

their friendship. God's people are a different kind of friends. They are just the same when you have not a penny as they are when you have two or three sovereigns jingling in your pocket. If you are ill, they take more care of you; if you are in trouble, they aid you; if you are perplexed, they counsel you; if you are in sorrow, they pray for you.

Godliness gives you a good home. Money cannot make a good home; it takes the peace within the heart for that; but godliness gives you that peace. It gives you a quiet home, a happy home, a home where parents are loving, and children obedient, and where God is honoured, and Christ is served.

Godliness gives you good hope beyond this life. There is "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." I have been showing you simply how in *this world* there is money to be made, money in *your pocket*, by serving God. When you serve God, you don't lose so much time; when you serve God, you don't waste your money; when you serve God, you don't get in among a miserable class of wretches that would swindle you out of your last farthing. When you serve God, you have God to bless you, Christ to help you, the Holy Ghost to dwell with you, and everything on earth goes smoothly beneath that blessing; and then beyond this is life everlasting. The heavens shall roll away like a scroll, and all things shall be dissolved when the day of judgment shall come, but godliness has a promise of that life that never ends. Godliness has the promise of a home beyond the scenes of earthly sorrow; godliness has the promise of a life that shall last forevermore.

I put these things to you as men and women of common sense. Now, I ask you who have not served God, I ask you, for your own good, temporal, spiritual, and eternal, to serve the

Lord Jesus. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." You will find friends among strangers, and blessings everywhere.

Years ago, a boat touched at a landing on one of the American rivers, and the people of the little hamlet came down to meet their friends. One took one, and another another, and they were all taken off but one. He stayed there till the last. Nobody seemed to know him, and as they were all going away, said he: "Is there anybody here that loves Jesus Christ, because if there is, I am *your brother*?" Well, they turned round and gladly took him in tow, and he had a home and friends with the rest.

You go into a strange place, and if you love Jesus Christ, you will find brothers there, and sisters, and fathers, and mothers. Some people want to join some secret society and learn some

grip or other, in order to get through the world. If you learn the good old Christian grip, it will take you farther than any I ever heard of. You cannot be deceived very much about it. But you just get initiated into the religion of Jesus Christ, and get the genuine Christian grip, and it will pass you almost anywhere. You will find fathers and mothers, and God will bless you wherever you go. I want you to serve God henceforth—every man and woman of you. Go, put up your family altar, and say: "I will go into this profitable business of serving God. I have served the devil till he has almost ruined me. The road has been down hill all the time, and hard work and poor pay. But now I am going to change masters, and share the blessing of the Lord." Do it, and you will find it the best thing you ever did. "For godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

### Poetry.

#### JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON.

The minister said last night, says he,  
"Don't be afraid of givin'";

If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,  
Why what is the use o' livin'!"

And that's what I say to wife, says I,  
There's Brown, the miserable sinner,  
He'd sooner a beggar would starve  
Than give a cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime; he is.

But I couldn't quite determine,

When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,  
Just who was hit by his sermon.

Of course, there couldn't be no mistake  
 When he talked of 'long-winded prayin'  
 For Peters and Johnson, they sot and scowled  
 At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister, he went on to say,  
 "There's various kind o' cheatin';  
 And religion's as good for every day  
 As it is to bring to meetin'.

"I don't think much of a man that gives  
 The loud amens at my preachin.'  
 And spends his time the followin' week  
 In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough  
 For a man like Jones to swaller;  
 But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,  
 Not once after that to holler,

Hurrah! says I, for the minister—  
 Of course I said it quiet;  
 Give us some more of this open-talk;  
 Its very refreshing diet.

The minister hit him every time:  
 And when he spoke of fashion,  
 And riggin' out in bows and things,  
 As woman's ruling passion,

And a-coming to church to see the styles  
 I couldn't help a-winkin'  
 And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you,"  
 And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;  
 But man is a queer creation;  
 And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks  
 Won't take the application.

Now if he had said a word about  
 My personal mode of sinnin',  
 I'd have gone to work to right myself,  
 And not set here a grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,  
 "And now I've come to the fellers  
 Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends  
 As sort o' moral umbrellers.

"Go home," says he, "and find your faults  
 Instead of huntin' your brothers';  
 "Go home," says he, "and wear the coat  
 You've tried to fit for others."

My wife, she nudged, and Brown, he winked,  
 And there was lots o' smilin',  
 And lots o' looking at our pew;  
 It sot my blood a-bilin'.

Says I to myself, Our minister  
 Is gittin' a little bitter,  
 I'll tell him when meetin's out that I  
 Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

### THE MAN OF MACEDONIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD, OLD STORY."

Acts xvi. 9-10.

"Oh for a vision and voice to lead me,  
 To show me plainly where my work should lie!  
 Look where I may, fresh hindrances impede me;  
 Vain and unanswered seems my earnest cry.

Hush, unbelieving one! But for thy blindness,  
 But for thine own impatience and self-will,  
 Thou wouldest see thy Master's loving kindness,  
 Who by those "hindrances" is leading still.

He who of old through Phrygia and Galatia  
 Led the Apostle Paul, and blessed him there,  
 If he forbid to "preach the word in Asia,"  
 Must have prepared for thee a place elsewhere.

Courage and patience! Is the Master sleeping?  
 Has he no plan, no purposes of love?  
 What though awhile his counsel he is keeping?  
 It is maturing in the world above.

Wait on the Lord! In his right hand he hidden,  
 And go not forth in haste to strive alone:  
 Shun—like a sin!—the tempting work "forbidden:"  
 God's love for souls, be sure, exceeds thine own.

The Master cares! Why feel, or seem, so lonely?  
 Nothing can interrupt real work for God:  
 Work may be changed; it cannot cease, if only  
 We are resolved to cleave unto the Lord.

None are good works, for thee, but works appointed:  
 Ask to be filled with knowledge of his will,  
 Cost what it may! Why live a life disjointed?  
 One work throughout! God's pleasure to fulfill!

But if indeed some special work awaits thee;  
 Canst thou afford this waiting time to lose?  
 By each successive task, God educates thee;  
 What if the iron be too blunt to use?

Can walls be builded with untempered mortar?  
 Or fish be caught in the unended snare?  
 Must not the metal pass through fire and water,  
 If for the battle-field it would prepare?

O thou unpolished shaft! Why leave the quiver?  
 O thou blunt axe! What forest canst thou hew?  
 Unsharpened sword! Canst thou the oppressed deliver?  
 Go back to thine own Maker's forge anew!

Submit thyself to God for preparation:  
 Seek not to teach thy Master and thy Lord!  
 Call it not "zeal." It is a base temptation,  
 Satan is pleased when man dictates to God.

Down with thy pride! With holy vengeance trample  
 On each self-flattering fancy that appears!  
 Did not the Lord himself, for our example,  
 Lie hid in Nazareth for thirty years?

Wait the appointed time for work appointed,  
 Lest by the Tempter's wiles thou be ensnared;  
 Fresh be the oil wherewith thou art anointed!  
 Let God prepare thee for the work prepared!

### Christian Thought.

#### WHERE ARE THE OLD CATHOLICS?

The Chairman of the Evangelical Alliance spoke recently at Belfast as follows, in regard to the position and prospects of the Old Catholics:

In the month of August he went with his friend, Lord Plunket, to the

Conference at Bonn. They went simply as visitors, and by no means to take any part in the proceedings. They considered the invitation given by Dr. Dollinger to all Europe included them, and so they went; and there he learned much which seemed to him of considerable importance, and which he would gladly communicate to them,

and they would judge whether or not it was worth repeating. There were lights and shades in the picture.

#### LIGHTS.

He would begin with the lights. The interesting part was to see above one hundred members of various churches which had been ranged in the most hostile attitude against each other for more than one thousand years—to see them on a friendly footing was, indeed, interesting. When they looked back and considered the anathemas that had been hurled from one side to another, and compared it now with the acknowledged domination of Christian love, he thought they might augur most happily for the future, more especially so when he told them that the action of the Old Catholics was a progressive one, and from which they might expect much. He had often heard it said that Dr. Dollinger and his followers in no way differed from the Church of Rome, except on the question of infallibility. There could not be any greater mistake. He had in his hand two authorities for this statement; one was the report of the proceedings of the Conference at Bonn in the year 1874, translated from the German into English, and published this year, with a preface by Canon Liddon; the other was a report of the proceedings of this year, which appeared in the *Guardian* of the 25th of August. This report was furnished by a correspondent, a much-esteemed English clergyman, who supplied an accurate account of the proceedings. These were the authorities he now relied on, and let them see the solid gains which these interesting men have obtained. They knew that the Council of Trent had declared that the Apocrypha was an equal authority with the Holy Scriptures. The Old Catholics had given that up, and it had been declared that the Apocrypha was not of equal authority. Secondly, the

Council of Trent had declared that the translation of St. Jerome or the Vulgate was the only true one. That had been ostensibly repudiated, and it had been declared that there could be no translation superior to the Hebrew. Thirdly, the Council of Trent forbade the reading of the Scriptures to the laity unless they had episcopal authority; but the Old Catholics considered that the reading of the Scriptures could not be denied to any human being. They had also decided that conducting the service in the tongue of the people was the proper manner to conduct public worship, and they were endeavouring to form a liturgy for that purpose. Next, they dealt with the question of justification by faith. Many of them were aware—especially those who had studied the works of Bishop O'Brien—that the Roman Catholics consider faith to be a mere assent to historical facts; but the thesis of the Old Catholics puts it in this way—faith working by love, and not faith without love. The Roman Catholic dogma would be, faith without love; but the expression used by the Old Catholics seemed to him to bring the word into the Protestant view of it, and that was surely progress. The Council of Trent had declared that there was a certain merit of condignity in unconverted men which entitled them to salvation. The Old Catholics had denied that a man could by any merit whatever be saved, but through Christ. They repudiate in the severest manner indulgences. They hold that there were no indulgences except in Church censure; but, as to applying indulgences to those who had passed to the throne of God, they utterly repudiate that. As to the giving of the cup to the laity, they admit that it is a better practice, and they were endeavouring to arrange matters so as to introduce it into their regular worship. The two sacraments which they (Protestants) called sacraments, were re-

cognized by them as primary. As regards the other five of the Church of Rome, they were secondary. They distinctly recognize the supremacy of the two sacraments. From these things, he held they were in a better position now. In the year 1874 a thesis was introduced about purgatory, and it was agreed to abandon it for one year, as they had not agreed to the manner of bringing it forward. They brought it forward this year. It was then agreed that the ancient Church knew nothing of purgatory, and that it was introduced first into the West in the reign of Gregory VIII., in the year 600. The doctrine of Papal indulgences grew and spread until this year, 1875, when they had a grand jubilee of indulgences, in which the Pope might, perhaps, clear out purgatory. The Old Catholics declared that they repudiated the whole system of Papal indulgences, and they believed what the old Church taught about the middle state, but they did not attempt to define that state. He thought that these were circumstances of great progress. Another very satisfactory thing, to his mind, was the expressions used by Dr. Dollinger in his speeches in 1874 and 1875. He refers to the cruelty, frauds, and forgeries by which the Church of Rome obtained its bad pre-eminence. He thought that all this was a very hopeful state of mind in a man who once held a foremost place in the Church of Rome—a man whose books were taken as text-books—a man who was respected by the Roman Catholics throughout the West; the fact of that man now speaking of the cruelties and forgeries of the Church of his youth, he thought, was a very hopeful sign. He could not but express his admiration that, through the grace of God, he had got so far. He commended him to their prayers, that he may go, leading many others with him, a good deal further still.

## SHADOWS.

Now he came to the shadows in the picture. A prominent person among the High Churchmen present was Canon Liddon, who, they were aware, was perhaps their most eloquent preacher; a man of great learning, a man of true and deep piety; but he thought he had gone wrong in writing in approbation of two or three tenets which they had laid down. The speaker then referred at some length to the belief in the doctrine of the repeated sacrifice of Christ, which, he said, was contrary to what was taught in Heb. x. 18: "There is no more offering for sin." Canon Liddon had said that Holy Scripture was the source of divine truth, while at the same time it was to be interpreted according to the traditional teaching of the Church; but they had an excess of demonstration that they could never have more than one offering. Gentlemen who find it necessary to go to the traditions to understand Scripture, plunge into some bibliotheca, and bring back this, among other things, that Christ was continually renewing the sacrifice which He made on earth; and this was what they called the exposition of the Scriptures according to the authority of the ancient Church. The Old Catholics and the High Churchmen were as one at present in regard to this doctrine of the Eucharist and of tradition; but they had only crossed the same path, for the ultra-High Churchmen were moving with their faces Romeward, while Old Catholics had their backs in that direction. Thus they would see there was a great difference. The Word of God has many deep things in it, but it has enough, indeed, to satisfy every soul. Let Episcopalians and non-Episcopalians stand by the Word of God, and they would be one in Christ.



## WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES.

[We are indebted to our excellent contemporary, the *Canadian Independent*, for the following paper.]

The autumnal meeting of the English Congregational Union, recently held in London, was signalized by a most important and interesting discussion on the teaching of Mr. Pearsall Smith, and the Oxford and Brighton Conferences, on the subject of holiness. Two papers were prepared at the request of the committee—one by the Rev. G. W. Robinson, of Brighton, in defence of the Conference; and another by the Rev. W. Kingsland, of Bradford, not indeed in opposition to Mr. Smith's views, but yet a *critical* paper in regard to them. We have read them with very great interest, as well as the addresses by which they were followed, and should like to present them in full to our readers; but that being impossible, we shall endeavour to *boil down* what the writers have evidently boiled down before, so as to give the substance of the discussion:

FOR

Mr. Robinson first cleared the way by showing what was *not* the teaching of the school referred to, though they were often falsely charged with it. Men are taught, it has been said, "that sanctification consists in folding the arms and leaving the Holy Spirit to act; that watching and prayer are no longer needful; that there are no more difficulties, or struggles, or sorrows in the life of the true Christian; that there is no further room for progress; that we are sanctified the moment we imagine ourselves to be sanctified; that there is no more need of pardon, or of the daily efficacy of the blood of Christ; that there is no longer any danger, or even any possibility of sinning." What they do hold, he said, was "the duty of yielding the whole being unreservedly to God; of pre-

senting the body a living sacrifice to Him. It was shown to be impossible that God should dwell in a heart where one lingering idol or rebellion is consciously retained. And this great act of surrender was declared as a present and possible duty. Seen in the light of God's holy law, no man has in him the power to sanctify or separate himself perfectly to God; but each man has at the present moment a power, which, being the utmost power he can exercise, is the power for which he stands accountable. And each one *can* at the present moment exercise this will-power, be it more or less, and present himself a living sacrifice. And having thus yielded himself as well as he is able, he is then, in relation to his own will and purpose, altogether the Lord's. To-morrow, with an increased light and power, he may make a completer offering; and the next day an offering still more complete.

The next thing insisted on is "Trust." Not only must his sins be abandoned; but his unbelief must be abandoned. He must trust. And trust means this—he must now believe that God has become God to him according to His promise and His nature. He has come out from evil, and made himself separate, and now God is to be his Father, and he is to be a son of the Lord Almighty. "All this is summed up in the promise of the Holy Ghost. And the man who yields himself to God has, at the instant of yielding, not only the right, but the duty of believing that the Holy Ghost is given to him in that fuller operation, which only becomes possible when the will is quite surrendered. He is to believe that the offering of himself, which he by his own strength cannot sustain for an hour, is accepted of God, and that God will keep it by His own almighty power. He is to trust, and this independently of feeling and consciousness, that God has begun to live in him, and walk in

him; that henceforth he has only, with child-like simplicity, to yield himself to be led by the Spirit of God."

This complete surrender, he said, usually has taken place at some period subsequent to conversion, and has sometimes been called a "second conversion;" but he thought it might take place whenever such a fuller revelation of the resources of the Gospel is made to the repentant sinner, as will enable him to trust for forgiveness, for providential care, and for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

Does this, then, he asks, supersede the necessity of growth in grace? Is there no room for advance beyond? Nay, the man has simply taken the true attitude for sanctification. Progressive sanctification lies before. The distinction is here. In relation to the present state of his own will, the man is sanctified—that is, separated. With all the strength of his will he gives himself to God. He would do more if he could. But in relation to the future possibilities of his own will, and especially in relation to God's law and the universe, the man is not sanctified. He is full of ignorances and weaknesses. Old habits of sin cling to him. He is loaded with infirmities. And progressive sanctification—growth in grace and in the knowledge of Christ—must follow, to develop the resources of his own inner being, and to put him into the true relation with the universe and God. Wherefore it is conceivable that a man should be perfect, that is, absolutely sincere, before God, in relation to his own will, who should yet be abundantly imperfect when judged by God's law, or even man's law."

This state of sanctification—if such a term can properly be applied to such a condition—can only be maintained by the diligent use of the means of grace. He who would retain it, "must watch and pray and read, and all these with increasing diligence and fervour. Nor has the man passed beyond the

likelihood of failure and blacksliding. The closer he walks with God, the less will the danger be; but the danger is always there. But the habit of keeping this attitude of soul grows, like all habits, till at last it becomes natural and easy. Nevertheless, it is possible to slip from this posture of surrender and trust ten times in the day, and ten times to calmly resume it on the first consciousness it is lost."

Those who have attained to this state tell us, said Mr. Robinson, "the Bible is a new book to us. While we stand thus with God, a light from His face—a light which is surely a smile—seems to fall on the familiar page, and discover recesses of meaning we never saw before. As in a moment, we are strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. The sins which have mastered us for years—the sins against which we have wept and prayed in vain, lie conquered at our feet; and yet not by us, but by Him through whom we can now do all things."

#### AGAINST.

Mr. Kingsland, in his paper, while cordially recognizing in the movement much that is right and scriptural, had the less gracious task before him of "pointing out chiefly what might be thought faulty." Two broad features in the reports of the Conferences had struck him as seriously out of accord with Scripture. There was first, he considered, "the absence of thought and intelligence in the interpretation of Scripture. Seldom had it been his lot to read a number of addresses in which, with an equal quantity of Scripture quoted, there was so much catching at the letter, and missing the spirit, and such constant forgetfulness of how the context and cognate passages modify the meaning of particular texts. What is worse, if possible, the faculty for tracing fanciful analogies seems to have been mistaken for

a true spiritual discernment of the things of God."

Secondly. There was at the Conferences in question "a dissociating of inward Christian experience from the great facts and truths which alone can produce it." The importance of experimental religion was insisted on, and great stress was laid upon peace, joy, rest, trust, the victory over sin, and so forth; but the external truth in its relation to these inward experiences was but scantily exhibited. "The movement is abnormally and hurtfully subjective." Admitting, for argument's sake, that we are sanctified by faith, "the Apostle, in enforcing his doctrine, always sets in the foreground, not the faith, but Him in whom faith centres. At the Conferences this method is reversed. I am told that I am to be sanctified by faith in Christ, but it is the faith and feelings flowing from it, not the Christ, of which I hear most, far the most."

Again he says: "The finger is always on the spiritual pulse to ascertain whether there is feeling or not; but seldom do any of the speakers get fairly out of themselves, lost in an intelligent, appreciative, spiritual apprehension of the object of all faith and love. It would be difficult to exaggerate the mischievous tendency of this characteristic of the movement in substituting, especially in the young, who seem much drawn to it, a bad habit of introspection for the healthful practice of intelligent, impartial self-examination."

Mr. Kingsland next proceeded to speak of two or three of the distinctive tenets advocated at the Conferences. "Our praise is due to those who have so fully pointed out the defectiveness of the religion of such as hope for pardon, but strive only feebly for holiness. But he contended, that to teach that, as in justification by faith free pardon for all past offences is apprehended, so in sanctification by faith purifica-

tion from all previous sin is immediately experienced, is neither according to Scripture nor to the experience of avowedly sanctified men." And he thought that "what is designated sanctification is nothing more than the experience, again and again repeated upon the consciousness of sin in the heart, of the peace and joy of forgiveness."

He further thought the doctrine unscriptural in another respect. "It represents men as wrought upon in sanctification, not as working themselves; it is the sanctification of things, not of men; it empties of meaning such exhortations as, 'Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God,' and seems to teach that the more fully a man believes, the less of a real free agent, willing, working, and striving, he becomes; whereas I understand the truth of Scripture to be that faith does not supersede our own true agency, but raises it to the highest intensity. Our friends make statements respecting the indwelling of Christ and union with God; sincerely meant, no doubt, to exalt divine agency, but which do this—as it seems to me the Scriptures never do—by disparaging and dishonouring man, by making him spiritually an automaton. Is it not evident that there cannot be holiness in a man except as the product of his will and working?"

This objection Mr. Kingsland urges with great clearness and force. He does not think the difficulty is fairly met by the reply, that "the will once yielded, we are to trust to Christ to live in us, and to keep our will in the attitude of entire surrender," unless, indeed, by this surrender is meant the *doing* of God's will, which is that "we run with patience the race set before us," "fight the good fight of faith," "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling," and "be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect."

Anything less than this is not Scriptural holiness. "For I am holy only whilst, free to rebel against it, I choose it as the law of my being. Our friends appear to wish us to emasculate the will; God encourages us to retain it in its entirety as one of His most precious gifts."

Mr. Kingsland also very properly points out the fact that sanctification is not merely a negative thing. "There are positive excellences, many and great, which a man must attain ere he can be holy. He may have conquered his pride, his ambition, and his lust, but is he then 'perfect as his Father in heaven is perfect?' Surely to make the words, 'He shall save His people from their sins,' to mean, 'He shall save them from sinning,' is perilously to narrow their meaning. \* \* \* Is this all that Paul meant when he said, 'I have fought the good fight?' Where is that conception of 'the good soldier of Jesus Christ' as the true knight-errant, fighting to deliver others from

sin, and not merely himself! Where is the view of those 'who, through faith, subdue kingdoms, work righteousness,' and forgetting themselves, fight enthusiastically in the interests of the universe with Him who goeth forth 'conquering and to conquer?'"

Mr. Kingsland finally questions the genuineness "of a peace which knows no conflict, of a victory preceded by no battle, of a rest which implies no exhausting exertion of energy;" and says he would have felt "more drawn to the Conferences, as he is to the Man of sorrows, had they exhibited those sorrows either in theory or life. How could some thousands of Christian men and women, with a consciousness of sin within them, and with a distracted church and a perishing world around them, spend so much time in talking of their own personal peace and joy?" At the same time, he recognizes much that is true and Scriptural in the teaching of the Conferences referred to, and hopes that good will come out of them.

### Christian Life.

THE REV. DR. JOHN WILSON,  
F. R. S.

There is no difficulty in recognizing the hand of Dr. Smith of the *Edinburgh Review* in the following sketch of Dr. Wilson, who passed to his rest recently after forty-six years labour for Christ in India.

All Scotland has suffered a loss in the death of the great missionary-scholar of Western India, whom Bombay mourned on Saturday as the city, natives as well as Europeans, followed his remains to the tomb. Whether we look at the mighty dead or the ill-

ustrious living, at a man so unique as Livingstone, or at Duff, Moffat, and Caldwell, it is enough to say of John Wilson that he was not the least of the group of remarkable men whom our country has sent forth to civilise by Christianising two continents, since it awoke to its duty at the beginning of the century. Fully ripe, at the age of seventy-one years, forty-six of which were given to the people of India who loved him, John Wilson has been taken away by a disease of the heart which he believed to be not organic, and but for which his marvellous elasticity of mind and activity of body might have still

enabled him for a time to spend and be spent in his Master's service.

John Wilson was born in the Berwickshire burgh of Lauder on the 11th December 1804, and there he received his early education. Passing in due time to the University of Edinburgh, which he ever loved and honoured in his subsequent career, he came under the influence of the great Edinburgh preacher of these days, Dr. Andrew Thompson, of St. George's. During his literary course he taught in the school of Horndean, but his association with Andrew Thomson, in the height of the Apocrypha controversy, led him to take a prominent though anonymous part in some local literary undertakings. Even as a student he showed that omnivorous desire for knowledge of all kinds, and love of mastering it, which betokened the future scholar. He offered himself to the Scottish Missionary Society at a time when the Church of Scotland as a Church was only making up its mind to enter on that missionary work which Dr. Duff was afterwards sent out to organise. In the course of the summer of 1828 he was licensed by his native Presbytery of Lauder, ordained as an agent of the society, married to Margaret Bayne, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Kenneth Bayne, of Greenock, and one of a group of remarkable sisters, the last of whom passed away a few weeks before himself, and sent forth to Western India, after an address which he ever remembered from the Rev. Dr. David Dickson, one of the secretaries of the society. It was a dark morning at the end of August when the young missionary and his wife sailed from Newhaven Pier for London *en route* to Portsmouth, a thick haze hiding the city they loved. Not till the 13th February, 1829, after the long Cape voyage of those days, did they land in Bombay, a city with which, for the next half century nearly, John Wilson was to be so closely indented, that it will

be long till Anglo-Indians cease to think of the one without the other. For six years the earlier agents of the society had been at work in the two coast stations of Bankote and Hurnee, to the south of the city. The mistake of not occupying the centre of influence in the country was rectified in a few months after the arrival of Dr. Wilson, who had meanwhile added to his mastery of Hebrew and the cognate languages at home, a rapid acquaintance with the vernacular Marathee and the rudiments of Sanskrit. Hardly had he settled down when, as we find from his letters, his ever active mind had taken in the situation, and planned agencies for evangelising the various elements of the population, who were at that time a quarter of a million in number. Surveying the Hindoos, Mahomedans, Parsees, Jews, and Romanist Portuguese, he in due time became acquainted with their principal men, their languages and literatures, and thus laid the foundation of that influence with the people which led the next, or present generation to venerate him as a father and love him as a friend. All that philanthropy, all that learning, all that catholic Christianity prompting and directing both, could do for these races he did, so that our readers may have some dim idea of what John Wilson made himself to the people, not only of that city, now of half a million of inhabitants, but to castes and tribes and communities all along the shores of the Indian Ocean, of which it forms the *sentina gentium*.

Hardly had he, aided, among others, by such a colleague as the learned Dr. Stevenson, who soon became a Government chaplain but never ceased to be a missionary, fairly organised his work, when the mission was wisely transferred to the Church of Scotland, which had sent out Dr. Duff to Bengal about the time that Dr. Wilson had removed to Bombay city. The school which he had superintended became in 1835 the

General Assembly's Institution, and from that ever since there has streamed forth throughout Western India the light not only of sound learning, but of a pure faith and a perfect morality which was not without its fruit even when Christ, its author, was rejected. The new college had not been open a fortnight when two Parsee boys were enrolled, and in due time became the first-fruits of that long roll of converts who are building up the native Church of Western India. Some of our readers will remember the effect created by the ordination of Dhanj bhai Nourjee, the first of them, in Canonmills Hall, a few years after the Disruption, Dr. Candlish conducting the services. The direct spiritual progress, so far as it may be estimated by human tests, may be gathered from the sight which the present writer lately witnessed when, in a large and ecclesiastically becoming church, Dr. Wilson and this native missionary preached Sunday after Sunday, in Marathee and other vernaculars, to a great congregation of Christian families gathered out of the false creeds and castes of the East. This, however, is not the place to eulogise Dr. Wilson as a minister of Christ to Gentile and Jew.

Were we writing for those who know India, we could tell what really amounted to the romance of his connection with the various Governors and Governments of Bombay. It is no exaggeration to say that no great public event took place in the Province, no great political undertaking devolved on its Government in which this missionary was not secretly consulted, and did not take an indirect part. We might go down the whole annals of the old Presidency, from Sir John Malcolm and his collision with the Supreme Court in 1832 to Sir Philip Wodehouse and his mismanagement of the Mussulman riots in 1873, to show this. For he alone was permanent while all European society

fluctuated; he alone knew the people and was trusted by them, while officials were here to-day and away to-morrow; he alone, or best, could read their sacred books or decipher their treasonable or criminal correspondence. This chivalrous Scottish gentleman, too, was the friend of every Governor and official worthy of such friendship, while all who lived the higher life or appreciated the spiritual virtue of the man sought converse with him. Glancing along the events of these forty-six years, we may say that John Wilson's career is the history of Bombay. Lord Elphinstone especially, a man different from him in all things save the courtesy of a refined nature, leaned upon him in the mutiny, and found in him a help often unknown to other members of the Government. Hence it was that when, in 1868, Dr. Wilson had reached what we may call his Indian jubilee—the completion of forty years of missionary labour—the whole community, from the English Governor to the Parsee shopkeeper, the Hindoo merchant, the Mahomedan clerk, and even the Portuguese menial, united to honour him by a demonstration unparalleled in the history of Missions. Governor and Chief Justice combined, as the representatives of the community, to present him with the sum of 21,000 Rs., the interest of which only he consented to enjoy, devoting the capital sum to the endowment of a chair of Comparative Philology in the Bombay University, of which he had been the ornament from the first, as Fellow, Examiner, and Vice-Chancellor.

But Dr. John Wilson was more than a missionary, a civilizer and interpreter between races, a scholar. He belonged above all things to India, but he was all the more the possession of the Free Church, of the whole true Scottish Church, by whatever name it may be called. It was just before the Disruption that he took his first fur-

lough home, devoting the time to a careful examination of "The Lands of the Bible," and then to the publication of the book of that name, which was recognized as equal to the best on the subject when it appeared, and which is still the highest authority on certain of the corrupt Eastern Churches and Christian races. His first wife, whose life he had published, had been taken away so early in their Indian career as 1835, leaving behind two sons who still survive—Andrew, a graduate of Edinburgh, and the author of that successful work, "The Abode of Snow," and another who studied medicine. He was again blessed in his second marriage with Miss Dennistoun of Dennistoun, who also was removed after some years of incessant labour for the good of the native women of Bombay, for whom her husband was preparing a record of her life. After this bereavement he was affectionately tended by a niece, who continued to make the dear "Cliff" on Malabar Hill the bright centre of all that was at once enlightened and godly in Bombay, where natives and Europeans of all ranks met in a way we shall never see again, and the old Indian hospitality was added to a Scotch welcome for many a passing traveller. In 1870 the Free Church did itself honour by summoning home to its Moderator's chair the now venerable missionary and scholar. How well he filled that position, alike as a man and a minister; how welcome he made himself to every circle by his catholic spirit, his marvellous learning, his genial intercourse, his spiritual conversation; how his old-world preaching and his lofty pleading for the land of his adoption, and the people of his affection won all—that and more we need not recall. As we look at the picture, for which a few friends induced him to sit to Mr. Norman Macbeth, now hanging in the Common Hall of the New College, we almost expect the

fine old man to greet us as of old. Here, too, as in India, he never sacrificed his principles to a desire to conciliate, and yet he never made an enemy. Union was near to his heart, for had he not spent his life in the high places of the field? The childish bigotry which would exalt trifles into essentials and make divisions for nought, he never hesitated to expose, as in his speeches on hymns and psalms in praise. None had more friends in the Established, as in all Churches, but he was a true Scotchman, who knew his country's as well as his Church's history.

Having watched with a keen interest the proceedings of the last General Assembly of his Church, he used those words, in another letter, which have now a new meaning as applied to himself:—"None of the great men removed from us will be reproduced in their individualities and combinations. Yet the Lord will not overlook the exigencies of His Church and people." As the last hot season passed into the stifling rains of the low coast, Dr. Wilson was ordered, as usual, to the sanitarium of Mahableshwar, followed by Poona. In the mission-house there, he was attacked by severe palpitation of the heart, which seemed likely to prove so immediately fatal that he took farewell of his friends. But what his old friend and former colleague, Dr. Murray Mitchell terms his marvellous elasticity both of body and mind prevailed, as it had often done before during those journeys in native states and among jungle tribes, when he carelessly exposed himself to fever. He returned to Bombay, and wrote on the 17th of September last of his mission work, into which he had thrown his hardly restored energy. On the 1st November he wrote the last letter which has yet reached this country. The opening sentence of the then dying saint is very pathetic; but,

himself to the last, he goes on to discuss the duties to which he had returned:—"You have no doubt heard of my severe illness. In the goodness of my Heavenly Father, I think I am a little better; but if you saw my difficulty of breathing, etc., you would pity me. Let that pity pass into petitions addressed to the throne of all grace." On Friday, the 3rd December, he was no more. The mail of this week will tell how a whole city of Christians, Parsees, and Hindoos alike, followed him to his burial, and made great lamentation for one who, like Livingstone for Africa, lived and died for them. All that is mortal of the grand old man lies in the land, in the city of his adoption, though not,

we fear, in the tomb of the old Scotch cemetery, consecrated to him in life by the dust of his loved ones. When he took the writer there and calmly contemplated his end, for he was then on the verge of threescore and ten, he expressed regret that as an Act of the Legislature had closed the place where his Indian grave was ready, he was denied the one satisfaction to which the exile may cling. We think with sympathy of the bereaved Native Church, whose Bishop he was in a sense far higher than that of any who bears the name. Who shall tell the sorrow of his friends and the Church at home? Let it rouse them to send out successors worthy to take his place.

## Christian Work.

### CHRISTIAN WORK.

Our readers, by turning to the April number of the *Canada Christian Monthly*, for 1875, will find an editorial on "*Chiniquy and his Countrymen*," which concludes as follows:—

"Were he a young man of the age Luther was when he began his work, Chiniquy might live to see the power of Popery shaken, and considerably shattered among his countrymen; but he is now advanced in years. There can be no doubt, however, that his presence and preaching in Montreal will exercise a powerful influence on his countrymen. It must do this (1) because of his decided way of speaking as to the question at issue between Popery and Protestantism. He does not appeal to the history of the early Church as Dollinger, nor to sentiment as Hyacinthe, but, like Luther, he goes directly to the word of God and men's consciences, and on their authority denounces in language vigorous and outspoken the principles and practices of the Church of Rome as contrary to pure morality, political freedom, and scriptural truth. The experience of the past proves that this mode of warfare is the shortest and the best,

though it may at first grate on the tender nerves and morbid sensibilities of Protestants whose zeal for the truth is neither cold nor hot. It is not sufficient in the eye of Chiniquy to 'lop the branches of papistry,' as John Knox expressed it, but the tree must be cut down by the root. This characteristic of his preaching and lecturing cannot fail to rouse opposition; but it cannot fail to do good; "for truth, like a torch, the more its shock it shines." Further, we augur well of his work among his countrymen (2) because he goes to them with the precious Gospel of Salvation. Little thanks is due to a man who knocks down the old house over people's ears, and offers them nothing better to shelter them from the cold. This is not Chiniquy's way. As a preacher he is very evangelical, and as tender and winning towards enquirers after salvation as he is bold, fearless, and unsparing towards the haters and corruptors of the truth. A lion in controversy; he is a lamb in conference. Strong and unmerciful in pulling down; he is skilful and wise in building up. If he takes away from his countrymen refuges of lies, he points to the God-man who is 'a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a shelter from the storm, a shadow from the heat when the blast of the



terrible ones is as a storm against the wall."

The hopes we then expressed have been more than realized, as one can see by reading the following, from the pen of Dr. McVicar, addressed to the Editor of the *British American Presbyterian*:—

SIR:—I send for publication in your next issue a document full of significance to our Church and to Canada, viz., the solemn protest of 254 Roman Catholics who have, within the last twenty days, abjured Romanism, through the labours of Mr. Chiniquy. It will be remembered that you published, on the 3rd instant, the names of 157 converts, who, with the present list, make a total of 411, in about six weeks. What hath the Lord wrought! Are not our most sanguine expectations surpassed? The converts are from all ranks and classes of the people, and nine-tenths of them are French Canadians. All of them heartily abjure the tyranny of the priests, and not a few of them at once become zealous and effective missionaries to their fellow-countrymen. They have opportunities in business and in social circles of repeating and spreading the truth they hear in the great congregation, of which priestly vigilance and craft cannot deprive them. As an instance of what is being accomplished in this way, I mention the case of one convert who has already brought twenty pupils to Mr. Chiniquy, all of whom abandoned the errors of Rome.

#### SABBATH-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

Last Thursday night the anniversary of the French Sabbath-school in this city was celebrated. Russell Hall was filled to its utmost capacity. There were over 120 scholars in attendance. The chair was occupied by one of the converts, a nobleman from the Old World, who enjoys a high reputation in Europe as an archæologist and

scientist, and of whom our Church will hear more in due time. The meeting was a decided success; for which, as well as for the rapid growth of the school, we are greatly indebted to Professor and Mrs. Campbell, our French students, and other friends. Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Messrs. Chiniquy, Boudreau, and myself. To the children, an object of special attraction was the richly-laden Christmas tree, which stood in one of the class-rooms, and bore appropriate gifts for all, including Father Chiniquy, who, with his sixty-six years upon his shoulders, felt as young and happy as any in the assembly. And why should he not be so? He is the honoured instrument in God's hand of doing a work such as has never before been witnessed in this Province. The few English-speaking friends who were with us by special invitation, including such well-known persons as Messrs. Warden King, Jos. Mackay, James Croil, etc., expressed themselves surprised and delighted with what they witnessed; and yet they did not see a tenth part of the good that is being done among the people.

#### MAGNITUDE AND NECESSITIES OF THE WORK.

It is impossible for persons at a distance to realize what is meant by this heading. The work is now four times larger than our indefatigable missionary can overtake. Think of what he has to do. To preach and lecture on Sabbath and week-days. But this is the smallest part of his toil. His house is daily crowded with enquirers. Ministers can understand what is involved in meeting and instructing 411 enquirers in six or eight weeks; and these, be it remembered, are not ordinary enquirers. How much Popish ignorance, superstition and idolatry must be driven from their minds. But this is not all. Mr. Chiniquy meets with scores of

others—some of them drunkards, spies, rogues, and tempters, sent by their masters. He has the care of the poor largely thrown upon him; and this is no ordinary task during the present unprecedented distress, when hundreds of strong men are marching up and down our streets, calling for work, to keep themselves and their families from starving.

He has scores of letters and questions of all sorts to answer; and, with all, he has to endure ingenious annoyances, and repeated threats of violence sent him by his old friends, the priests; to say nothing of the indifference of some Protestants.

But none of these things move him. It is plain, however, that he requires more help. Our Students' and Ladies' Society are rendering efficient aid; but it is insufficient. We have secured, without a cent of expense to the Church, the services of a French Bible woman connected with Russell Hall. She will go from house to house, reading and teaching the Word of God. But what is she among so many? And here, let me say, Mr. Editor, what a marvellous change God hath wrought among his people through our mission! A few years ago, a devout and earnest French Bible woman was sent into this very field. She was repulsed at every door; her work proved a failure; and she was so persecuted and abused that she died of ill treatment. Now, such a messenger of truth will be cordially welcomed in scores of houses.

But this is not enough. We should have at once two first-class missionaries enter this field, to instruct carefully these hundreds of persons who have so recently abandoned idolatry, and to follow up a movement which, if our Church is faithful to the trust God has put into her hands, promises to become universal. We should, without delay, open other preaching stations in the city. Rus-

sell Hall is quite insufficient to accommodate all our converts. Shall we stand still, or shall we go forward? Let ministers and their congregations answer the question. If we are to extend, expenses must be increased; and we have already been forced to borrow four thousand dollars. Let no one plead in excuse for withholding his money that our mission is uncertain or unsuccessful. Let no Sabbath-school, Bible-class, or congregation send us the smallest sum appropriated from their contributions to any of the schemes of the Church on this ground. Let none suppose that Home or Foreign Missions have a better claim. Our mission is fundamental to the weal and stability of our country; and through God's great mercy we are able to show results such as have never before been announced in this country.

#### ENCOURAGEMENTS.—(Monetary).

That "a great door and effectual" is opened unto us, none can deny, and this strengthens our faith and cheers our heart, but I refer now to encouragements of another sort. These are confessedly hard times, but in spite of this the friends of truth are sending us money and words of cheer. A lady, who is a member of the Anglican Cathedral here, sent me \$25. The Rev. Peter Lindsay, Sherbrooke, Que., encloses \$5 from an unknown lady friend, and writes: "Let Protestants be true to themselves, and yet we will curb the Man of Sin." Yes, and we shall do more; we shall by God's grace, make his followers Protestants and Christians. The Rev. W. J. Dey sends \$15 as his personal contribution, and says: "Your account of the persecutions of missionaries and converts cannot fail to arouse Protestants to a livelier sense of their duty towards this work. The Church will see in the opposition of the enemy a call to more determined action."

Three weeks ago I presented our cause to the Sabbath-school of Cote street Church, and in response \$40 were sent to aid the French Sunday-school in Russell Hall. This Church has already contributed in special subscriptions over \$400, and we look for a further grant at the annual distribution of its Mission Fund. I have also addressed the Sabbath-schools of Knox and Erskine Church, and feel sure, although I cannot now give figures, they will not fail to manifest their usual liberality.

#### ENCOURAGEMENTS OF ANOTHER SORT.

The Jesuits are doing their worst all over the world, and especially in this Province, and in this I see good hope for the future. Before the great day of judgment; when the righteous shall be glorified, and the wicked consigned to eternal punishment, the world will become darker and apostate as in the days of Noah, and so with Jesuitry. It must fill up its cup and complete the measure of its iniquity before the nations rise, like the empire of William and Bismarck, and cast off the yoke. Now, the Ultramontanist are, doing the work speedily in Quebec. The darkness, as the following figures show, is already dense enough, but they are determined to make it perfect. At present 35 per cent., of the people cannot read, and 45 per cent. cannot write. Of all those in the Dominion who cannot read, 48 per cent., or nearly one-half, are in this Province, and 59 per cent., or more than one-half, of those who cannot write! But the Jesuits are not satisfied with this. As they have the little Parliament of Quebec in their hands more thoroughly than if it stood at the Pope's door, under the shadow of the Vatican, they are determined to make laws to suit themselves. This winter they are making progress which will astonish the civilized world. They have handed over

the so-called secular education of the people to the bishops and priests. They have prepared a law to prevent the occurrence of any more Guibord cases, or, in other words, to cut off the right of appeal to the Sovereign when the authority of the hierarchy is concerned. They have incorporated a Holy Order of Bare-foot-Nuns, and procured the solemn sanction of Parliament for these poor women to go without shoes and stockings amid the snows and frosts of the Lower St. Lawrence. They incorporated another Holy Order of Nuns, to make and vend patent medicines. And they are thus speedily turning our numerous and enormous religious corporations into manufacturing and trading companies, so as to enrich the Church, grasp thoroughly the industry of the Province, and cut off the chance of subsistence from all who refuse to place their necks under the heels of Jesuits. How many more similar charters were obtained, or old ones improved to their mind, I cannot tell. Where were the Protestant members of the House when all this was in hand? In their seats or in their lodgings? What did they say? Nothing, or nothing worth speaking of.

This is not all. The St. Sulpicians seem encouraged by the success of the Jesuits to follow in their wake. They own millions of real estate and money, and by their charters they are bound to care for the poor and provide for their support out of these estates, but they let them starve at their doors. They do more,—they not only invade and destroy private homes through their minions, as in the case of Laprise of whom I told you in another letter, but they pull down and destroy the Protestant church at Oka, and expose to starvation and death the poor Indians there whom they are bound to support; and then, in this very city, through that convenient little-

work-shop of theirs at Quebec, they and the Jesuits compel Protestants to pay the taxes which should be levied on their own enormous estates. What more is needed to complete the programme? A Tetzels to sell indulgences to finish St. Peter's, Montreal, in time for Father Chiniquy to open it. We shall soon reach the limit of patience.—Protestants will not always slumber and foster unbelief as to the deadly nature of the system against which we contend. The formation of the "Protestant Defence Alliance of Canada" is one step, and will be followed by others. It is one blow properly aimed against tyranny, and it will be followed by others which even pliant, time-serving politicians will feel.

Yours truly,

D. H. MACVICAR.

Montreal, Dec. 25th, 1876.

[We have given our readers the views and estimates of Mr. Moody that prevail among religious papers. We give, this month an estimate of his work, and ways, and words, by the celebrated writer Charles Wordhoff, who thus addressed the Editor of the *New York Herald*.]

To the Editor of the Herald:

I send you, at your desire, some details of the remarkable meetings held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Brooklyn.

Mr. Moody is a short and somewhat stout man, with a full, dark beard, rather small eyes, and an active, energetic, but not nervous habit. His manner is alert and prompt, but not graceful; his voice is unmusical, and indeed harsh; his enunciation is very clear, but somewhat too rapid, yet can be heard and understood in every part of the Tabernacle or Rink. In the latter place he has spoken to 7,000 people. He gesticulates but little, and his gestures are evidently extremely unstudied. His style of speaking is entirely conversational, and hearing

him perhaps a dozen times I have never detected him in any attempt at eloquence. He is evidently, by his pronunciation, a Yankee, clipping some of his minor words in sentences, as the farmers in the interior of Massachusetts do; but he has no "Yankee drawl." He speaks the language of the people, and has the merit of using always the commonest words; and that he had no early educational advantages is plain from his frequent use of "done" for "did" and other ungrammatical colloquialism. In short, his appearance is not imposing; his figure is not graceful, but that of a farmer or hard-working labourer; his voice is not melodious, nor has it a great range; his language is not choice. His externals, therefore, are all against him.

#### HIS MAGNETISM.

In spite of all these disadvantages he has succeeded in attracting in England and here vast crowds day after day, who, at some of the Brooklyn meetings at least, are composed largely of cultivated people; he has evidently succeeded in interesting these crowds in what he has had to say; for nothing is more remarkable at the meetings than the absolute quiet and order, the attitude of interested listeners, which prevails among the audience. He has so entirely controlled his audiences that all noisy manifestations of religious feeling have been entirely suppressed; and at the same time no one who has sat in the meetings at the Rink or the Tabernacle can have failed to see that Mr. Moody's manner of presenting his subject is to an extraordinary degree effective in moving the hearts of his hearers, in stirring devotional feelings, in producing a profound impression upon them of the importance of the message he has to deliver.

Indeed it has been a common remark that the audience were even more remarkable than Mr. Moody, for

not only are they spontaneous gatherings; to some of the meetings admittance can be secured only by the presentation of a ticket, and these ticket meetings, where each person must be supposed at least to have had a desire to attend strong enough to induce him to take the trouble of securing a ticket, are as crowded as any others. Nor are convenient hours selected for the meetings. There is one from eight to nine in the morning, which yet has seen the Tabernacle filled with an audience at least a third of whom were men. There is another at four o'clock in the afternoon, and again not less than a third of those present have been men. After the Rink meeting in the evening there has been held a meeting in the Tabernacle for young men exclusively, beginning at nine o'clock, and this, too, I have seen crowded, the large auditorium being on several occasions incapable of holding all who came. Nor is this all. Not the least remarkable evidence of the real and profound interest excited by Mr. Moody's exhortations is seen in what are happily called the "overflow meetings," composed of persons who could not gain admittance to the regular meetings where Mr. Moody exhorts and Mr. Sankey sings, and who adjourn to a neighboring church to listen to some other preacher and to sing the songs which Mr. Sankey has made familiar to them. If any considerable part of the crowds who go to the meetings were composed of the merely curious, these "overflow meetings" could not exist.

Nor is even this all. Mr. Moody does not hesitate to advise people to stay away from his meetings. He has repeatedly urged that his labors are for non-church goers; that he desires room left for this class, and he has taken special means to exclude from some of his meetings all who regularly attend a church—that is to say, he does not court his audiences, but the

contrary. If you go to hear him it must be because you want to; if you go the second time it must be because he interested you the first.

#### RELIGIOUS COMMON SENSE.

I have heard him a number of times, and always with interest and gratification; and it seems to me that this arose mainly—aside from the interest which any thoughtful man may have in this subject—because he gives the impression of possessing remarkable common sense, the clear head of a business man, and the habit of attending to the one thing which he has on hand and making all parts of the audience do the same. The meetings are opened and closed promptly at the preappointed hour; there is not even a minute of time lost during the meeting by delays; his own prayers are brief, very earnest and directly to the point; and his exhortations are a running commentary on passages of Scripture which he reads rapidly, always asking the audience to turn to the passage. Indeed, so far as Mr. Moody is concerned, there is little or know "machinery." He opens a meeting as though his audience were the stockholders of a bank to whom he was about to make a report. He has the air of a business man to whom time is extremely valuable, and slow and tedious people are evidently a trial to him. In some of the prayer-meetings persons in the audience take an active part; and it happened not seldom in those that I attended that some earnest but indiscreet soul made a long and rambling prayer. Mr. Moody knew how to bring back the assembly to the strict object of the hour. In one of the morning meetings a clergyman made a very long, loud and rambling prayer, full of set and stale phraseology. The moment he ceased Mr. Moody said, "Let us now have a few minutes of silent prayer; that will bring us back to ourselves, and that's where we need

to get." After a brief but impressive silence Mr. Sankey spoke a few words, pertinent, pointed and forcible, of prayer, and the meeting proceeded. I hope I shall not be thought disrespectful to the clergy if I say that the prayers some of them speak at these meetings contrast unfavourably with the brief and pertinent petitions of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. The formal and threadbare phraseology of the former is strikingly inappropriate in such meetings as these, and seemed to me often to jar painfully on the feelings of the people around me.

#### NOT A FANATIC.

Again, in one of the morning meetings prayers were asked by people in the audience for people in whom they were interested. One asked the prayers of the assembly for his sister; another for her brother; one for her mother; sons for fathers; fathers for sons and daughters; wives for husbands; one for a church out of town; another for a church in New York. Finally a man shyly asked the prayers of the congregation for himself. Instantly Mr. Moody said: "That's right. I like that. I like to hear people ask prayers for themselves. That's where they are often most needed." Such an incident seems to me to show that he is not an enthusiast who has lost his self-possession; and indeed this is evident at every meeting. He is, of course, enthusiastic in his work, but with the sobriety of a business man and of a general in battle.

Again, he is never in the least afraid of his audience. Indeed, no one can hear him without feeling that he is entirely unconscious, as much so as a child. His own personality does not trouble him. Thus at the Rink one evening, while impressing upon the assemblage the importance of immediate conversion, he said: "I wish that friend over there would just wake up, and I'll tell him something which is

important to him." And again, at another meeting, he said: "Salvation is offered to every man in this Rink, now, to-night, at this very moment; to that man there, who is laughing and jeering—the Son of Man comes to him to-night and offers salvation."

#### TOO MUCH PREACHING—WORK NEEDED.

Though he aims to reach more particularly the non-church-going population he concerns himself also about church-goers. "The churches," he said on one occasion, "need awakening; it is too easy nowadays to be a church member. If you pay your debts and keep out of jail, that seems to be enough." At a meeting for young men, held at nine o'clock p.m. in the Tabernacle, he said, "You don't need that I should preach to you. There is too much preaching. It's preach, preach, preach all the time; and you, young men have heard sermons enough here in Brooklyn to convert every one of you. What you need is to work among yourselves. Let the converted speak personally with the unconverted—friend to friend. Then you'll see results."

#### DRAMATIC UTTERANCES.

He has a good deal of dramatic power, and sometimes is very effective in a natural but strong appeal or statement. When the prisoners at Philippi with Paul cried "Amen," he said, "God Himself answered them Amen!" Speaking of the probability that we forget none of the events of our lives, and that this is, perhaps, to be a means of punishment in a future state, he pictured an unrepentant sinner awakening in the other world, and his misdeeds coming back upon him. "Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!" he said, suiting the action to the word. "Do you think that Judas' after nearly 1,900 years has forgotten that he betrayed his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver? Do you think that Cain,

after 5,000 years, has forgotten the pleading look of his brother Abel when he slew him?" he continued. In speaking of Bible incidents or parables he usually brings them in a dramatic form—as when he remarked, "If I want to know about some man in Brooklyn I don't ask only his enemies, nor only his friends, but both. Let us ask about Christ in this way. I call first Pilate's wife"—and relating her warning to Pilate went on to call other witnesses to the character and works of Jesus.

He has made an extremely close study of the Bible, and is evidently that formidable being, a man of one book, and thus he is able to give often a novel view of a Bible passage. Thus, speaking of Jacob, he remarked that his life was a failure; pointed out that Jacob himself had complained of it, and enumerated his tribulations, which followed his misdeeds. He enforced upon the audience the necessity of reading the Bible biographies not as though they were the lives of saints, but the truthfully written lives of moral men, in which their bad as well as their good deeds were set forth for our instruction.

#### EPIGRAMMATIC ELOQUENCE.

He has in perfection that faculty of epigrammatic statement which one often finds among the farmers and laboring people of New England, and this has sometimes the effect of humor. Thus, preaching at the Rink from the text, "Where the treasure is, there the heart will be also" he remarked: "If you find a man's household goods on a freight train, you may be pretty sure to find him on the next passenger train." On another occasion he told of a woman who came to him saying that she sought Christ three years without avail. I told her there must be some mistake about this, because an anxious sinner and an anxious Saviour could not need three years to find each other."

Speaking of persons who were ambitious to make themselves prominent, he remarked: "It does not say make a light shine, but let your light shine. You can't make a light shine. If it is really a light it will shine in spite of you—only don't hide it under a bushel. Let it shine, Confess Christ everywhere." "Satan got his match when he came across John Bunyan," he remarked. "He thought he had done a shrewd thing when he got the poor tinker stuck into Bedford Jail, but that was one of his blunders. It was there that Bunyan wrote the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and no doubt he was more thankful for the imprisonment than for anything else in his life."

Speaking of the goodness of God and of "grace abounding," he told a striking story of a rich man who sent to a poor friend in distress \$25 in an envelope, on which he wrote, "More to follow." "Now," said he, "which was the more welcome—the money or the gracious promise of further help? So it is with God's grace; there is always more to follow." Let us thank God, not only for what he gives us, but for what he promises is to follow." Contrasting the Law and the Gospel, he said, "Moses, in Egypt, turned water into blood, which is death. Christ turned water into wine, which is life, joy and gladness." Speaking of future punishment in one of his Rink sermons, he said, "God will not punish us. We shall punish ourselves. When we come before God, He will turn us over to ourselves. 'Go and read the book of your memory,' He will say." Urging the duty of immediate repentance and the joy in heaven over a repentant sinner, he said, "If the President should die tonight, or if the Governor of the State should be shot, that would make an outcry here. But perhaps even so great an event would not be mentioned in heaven at all. "But," said he raising his voice a little, "if some sinner

in this assembly were just now converted, there would be a great shout of joy in heaven." Dwelling upon the certainty of future punishment, he remarked, "Some people doubt it; they think God is so loving that He will make no distinctions in another world. But do you imagine that when men had become so wicked that God sent a flood to exterminate them because they were not fit to live on earth—do you suppose that when the waters came and drowned them, He took all this wicked generation into His bosom, and left poor righteous Noah to drift about in his ark? Do you suppose that when His chosen people crossed the Red Sea, and Pharaoh's host were drowned, God took those idolatrous Egyptians directly to heaven, and let the children of Israel wander miserably over the desert for fifty years?"

#### THE MIDNIGHT RESCUE OF PERISHING LADS IN LONDON.

Some months ago, writes Mr. Fegan, of the Boys' Home, London, we resolved, with God's blessing, to increase our happy family so as to have 80 poor little fellows sheltered, fed, clothed, and under training by the end of the year. This task, in addition to the many calls made upon our time and strength by the extensive evangelistic work we are carrying on in the three important river-side towns of Deptford, Greenwich, and Woolwich, has not only taxed our energies to the utmost during the daytime, but also necessitated very frequent all-night searchings for fatherless, motherless, friendless, and homeless street lads, in the nooks where they secrete themselves from the dreaded grasp of the Industrial Schools' officer, or the unceremonious shake of the policeman. Will you in thought kindly join us in one of these nocturnal rambles, that

you may become the better acquainted with our *modus operandi*?

Carefully wrapped up so as to secure the maximum of warmth with the minimum of fatigue, and accompanied by a friend and one of our lads who carries a bull's-eye lantern (which will be frequently called into requisition) we take a late train to the centre of the Great City, and visit some "kitchens" in a notorious locality where young "timber merchants" and other street lads who have prospered during the day and successfully resisted the attractions of the cheap-cook shop, the low theatre, or petty gambling, are wont to seek a lodging at night. We have rescued several lads from this quarter; indeed, the lad with us was met with in the house we now enter, but it is not till we mention the fact that the denizens of the "kitchen" are able to recognize in the fresh-complexioned, warmly-clad, brisk-looking boy at our side, their quondam emaciated, ragged, shuffling drudge. While expressions of admiring astonishment, more forcible than polite, issue from every mouth, and a half-tipsy woman pours into the boy's ear advice which, however much its intrinsic value, certainly does not come with the weight of example, we learn from the old "deputy" that no lads of the class we seek are here to-night, and gratify that important personage with good tidings of an orphan lad lately sent to us from this house. Although our quest here to-night has been fruitless, on other occasions these dens have furnished us with some of our happiest and most interesting cases. One very pleasing instance we will talk about as we make our way to a place some distance off. A few nights ago, when the snow lay thickly on the ground, we sallied forth to penetrate into some of the lowest "kitchens" in St. Giles, and succeeded in rescuing from their baneful influence, a poor lad, from



the abstract of whose history we gather the following:—

“Born in Bristol. Father and mother are both dead, the latter died seven years ago; some time previously, the father, a betting man, had removed family to London, and become terribly addicted to drink. On the death of mother, children were placed in charge of a woman who left because she was so frightened when the father visited the house in drink; at length delirium tremens set in, and the father looking for a razor to cut the lad's throat with, the latter ran away, and did not dare to return; slept for some months in a cab-yard, then got a situation, but was discharged for breaking a plate-glass window while putting shutters up; father died in a work-house; one younger brother sent to reformatory for five years for stealing; the other, and little sister, sent by a lady to an institution in the country; after many vicissitudes, having no character, the lad commenced as a shoeblack in the summer, and lately has been a crossing sweeper in Regent Street”—but now we are near a railway arch, where we hope to discover some shelterless boy. Obstacles are surmounted, casks are inspected, crannies are scrutinized, when—stop! in the stillness all around, we hear the sound of heavy muffled breathing; waiting to reassure ourselves that we are not deceived we turn the light from our lantern first in one direction and then in another to find whence the noise can proceed. It is evidently near, and yet we thought every spot had been diligently investigated. Our friend detects a little heap of straw a few feet from where we are standing; we immediately remove one or two small handfulls and disclose the pinched and pallid face of a lad fast asleep, but now and again convulsively shuddering with the cold. We tenderly rouse him, and sitting down by his side take his little trembling hand in

ours, while we explain what we wish to do do for him: For a moment he scans our faces with a look of intense earnestness, and then unhesitatingly accepts our proffered friendship, and comes along with us while we continue our quest. As hand in hand we briskly pass along the streets, our new companion tells us how roughly his little bark has hitherto been tossed on the ocean of life.

“Father a coastguardsman, has been dead thirteen years, and mother died eight years ago of consumption. Was sent to an orphan asylum, and placed out last March in a situation, but had to leave as the work was too hard, and there was not enough food given him. Then got occasional work at different places, but soon was reduced to selling cigar lights during the day, and sleeping out at night. Has sometimes had as many as ten boys sleeping out in same place with him.”

The church clocks now chime 2 a.m. as we emerge into a large thoroughfare, and suddenly catch sight of a small figure quickly darting round the corner of the next street. We cautiously follow till the coatless little waif having successfully evaded a policeman stolidly going his rounds, and quite unsuspecting any interest on our part in his condition sits on a doorstep a few yards down the street. Evidently, from the account he gives of himself, he is a runaway from his parents; a strong, bright, bold, hardy young fox who, on the spur of the moment, concocts a story that recommends itself for immediate investigation, and promises complete refutation on the morrow when we expect the pleasure of restoring him to his friends. During our labours amongst street boys we often meet with cases where children brought up carefully by respectable parents, having fallen in with bad companions at school, on an errand, or when playing in the

streets (their only available place of recreation); have been enticed to spend money entrusted to them; or to stay out late, and then, being afraid to go back, have been introduced by their tempters into the mysteries of sleeping out, light selling, crossing sweeping, &c.

A few weeks ago, about three o'clock in the morning, we found an idiot lad, who had abstractedly wandered some miles from home, lurking about a market place in a deplorable condition which quite defies description. With the suspicion of strangers, which so frequently characterizes those afflicted in this way, he suddenly sought to draw away, muttering the while, "I'm going home, I'm going to mother, I'm going home," till we suggested the enjoyment of a cup of hot coffee; this invitation proved an irresistible attraction, and under its genial influence his confidence was won, and he came with us to stay in our institution until his anxious mother was communicated with and sent to fetch him home.

For the sake of the sleep-burdened, benumbed lads, we now bring our ramble to a termination by calling a cab which speedily conveys our party to the Home where our arrival is expected, and our treasure-trove cheerily welcomed.

After some sleep to recruit exhausted energy the varied business of the day must be engaged in, but in the evening we reward ourselves with a visit to the Home, and are instantly surrounded by a throng of boisterously

happy boys, whose unrestrained affection is often the cause of wonderment on the part of our visitors. We know no restorative so effectual when weary, or stimulus so inspiring when depressed by difficulties, as a survey of their round, rosy, rollicking faces which glow with health and contentment and look as if they had never known a moment's care. To us, of course, the enjoyment of witnessing their present happiness is considerably enhanced by the recollection of their former misery. One boy glances at us rather obliquely—poor little fellow, his mother, a desperate vagrant woman, used to ill-treat him shamefully, and deprived him of the sight of an eye while beating him in a drunken frenzy; the one next him was rescued on his discharge from gaol; that bigger lad never knew a kind mother's care, but was sent to a boarding school by his father, a publican in a large way of business, who died leaving the boy in a destitute state; yonder lad is going out shortly with another to an Australian friend—but the bell rings for evening school, and with military precision the boys file off into the school-room; and so, after visiting a lad who has met with an accident and is confined to the infirmary, we go away, praising God for giving us these dear lads to love and train for Him, and praying Him, at whatsoever cost to ourselves, to use us more and more for His own glory, and resolved unceasingly to labour on in this blessed work.

## Practical Paper.

### THE BLUE RIBBAND.

BY S. GELDARD.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue; and it shall be unto you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them."—Numbers xv. 38, 39.

I daresay some of you young people think this a very strange text. I should not be much surprised if some of you had never read it before, or at any rate thought that such a direction had nothing to do with you. Well, in the first place we must remember, as I heard Miss Smiley say once, "*There are no idle words in the Bible.*" If God thought it worth while to put a verse in the Bible He meant us to learn something from it; and it is a perilous thing to put aside any declaration of God's Word and say it has nothing to do with us. (You don't know what you miss if you treat the Old Testament so.) But look at the last verse of the chapter and you will be struck by its emphatic solemnity, "I am the Lord thy God that brought thee out of the land of Egypt to be thy God. I am the Lord thy God." You will observe that the word used here is shewn by the capital letters to be that word Jehovah which the Jews held in such reverence that it was never pronounced. Here we have it twice in one verse, and the divine name, God, three times repeated besides, in reference to this seemingly trivial command. Can it be trivial with such solemn sanction and authority attached to it? If you will glance at the opening verse of the next chapter you will see it opens a distinct subject, having

no connection with the chapter before. So here we have God-Jehovah announce his name, his purpose, his authority, to enjoin what? the making of a fringe, the wearing of a "Ribband of Blue." It is as if God said, I am your God; you know what I have done for you. I brought you out of captivity that you might be mine. Surely I have a right to say what badge you shall wear, and how you shall be known as mine. The importance of the command is shown again in a clause in the 38th verse—"Throughout your generations." It was no temporary enactment to pass away; it was to be continuous. And when our Redeemer came on earth He, too, wore the badge of every true Israelite, the "ribband of blue" on the border of the garment.

Now, when we find a command so enforced I think we may be sure that if we are not to obey it literally, it must have a meaning for us, and in a sense be still obligatory on us, and its teaching has been so direct and precious that I want to share it with you. What does God mean by it? One answer I think is clear if we look at what the effect would be of literally carrying out the command at the time it was issued. What a busy day there would be in the camp! How the needles would be plied in every tent; and when next the congregation assembled at the Tabernacle door how the gleam of blue would be seen on every side; how ribbands would flash and the fringes wave as group after group draw near to present themselves before the Lord. They had been the Lord's before; now there was a mark on each one that showed he was the Lord's. True, the Lord knoweth them that are His, but

He wants them to be known as His. This command was just issued when the Israelites were about leaving the desert and entering the countries bordering on the Promised Land. While they were in the desert they were distinct enough. They were kept distinct in every way; the guidance of the cloudy pillar, the glow of the pillar of fire; the miraculous supply of water; the corn of heaven which came daily to supply their daily wants could only be enjoyed by their keeping close to the camp. There was little to tempt them to wander. But now the circumstances were about to be altered; their way of living was no longer to be marked by prodigy and miracle; their food was to be the result of labor; wells must be dugged, corn sowed, vines pruned, cities dwelt in, and above all, they would be surrounded by nations all hostile to the Lord God of Israel, and all ready to tempt God's people to become like themselves—to bow at their altars, and to become partakers of their sins. Now was the need of a distinct, unmistakable testimony for God. "Whose I am and whom I serve" was to be written on their garments, and every step was to manifest it. You see the effect would be that there would be no need to ask, Is that man an Israelite? The question would be, "Does he wear the blue ribband?" You could tell him at the other end of the street—on the house-top, on the mountain-side. His blue ribband said in unmistakable language, I am the Lord's! Now I want to put a question to you, or rather, I want you each one to put it to yourself. If this command were announced to-day; if God said, "It is my will that every one who is mine should wear a blue ribbon to show that he is mine," would you put it on? Men as well as women. Brothers, would you wear the blue ribbon on your coat. Think of it, would you? I asked this question at a small gathering of ladies one afternoon, and I got a response I

did not expect; for a dear old Christian sister whose, grey hairs were a crown of glory to her, said, "Of course I would, and be proud of it, too." But would you! In England there is an order of knighthood, and when there is man who has done some noble deed, the Queen sends him a medal and a scrap of ribbon, and the man puts it in his button-hole and wears it proudly. If you said to him, How odd you look wearing a bit of ribbon not long enough for your little girl to put on her dolls neck, you don't surely mean to wear that; do hide it; it makes you so singular; folks talk about you; do lay it aside. What would the man say? "What, lay aside the badge my Queen gave me! What, be ashamed of her gift! I am proud to be known as hers anywhere and at any time." Yes, proud to wear the Victoria Cross, and ashamed of God's blue ribband! Well, would you have obeyed the command? Remember it was to be worn on all garments. Not only on a Sunday coat, worn at church and class meeting, where everyone wears them, and then folded up, and laid aside carefully till Saturday night, or rather Sabbath morning brought it out again.

Dear Christians, is that what you do with God's blue riband! No, the Israelite was to wear it week in, week out, Sabbath and work day, in the synagogue and in the harvest field—alike on the scribe's long robe and the fisher's coat was to be seen (if God's command was obeyed) the gleam of the ribbon of blue.

Well, we can all see what this means, and we can see one great advantage arising from it. God's people would know one another. A Jew in a foreign city, thinking himself a stranger in a strange land, would thrill with delight if, among the Babylonish garments around him, he caught sight of a blue ribbon, telling that he was not alone, that there were at any rate two who knew what it was to call on the name

of the Lord. We all understand this. You boys may have heard of four boys, strangers to each other, who were to occupy the same room, and when bed time came each one listened and seemed uncomfortable till at last one of them went to his box and took out his Bible to read his chapter. He showed his blue ribbon. Another took courage and brought out his Bible; then the other two did the same—all Christian boys, but ashamed of their Master's colours. Is it not a shame that we should treat our Master so? Young men, if any of you are going into a new home do let me intreat you *shew your colours at once*—you don't know what it may save you from, nor how it may encourage some timid disciple longing for companionship.

I need not dwell on this point, and there are so many this subject brings before us that I must hurry on, only begging you to dwell on the passage for yourself. Well, then, look at a parallel passage where the order is given "on the four quarters of thy garment." The intention is that on whichever side you approach an Israelite he might be recognized. If you meet him, if you walk behind him, if you pass him on the right hand or the left you saw the ribband. I heard a minister say once to a member of his congregation, "Some Christians are right one way and some another, but Mr. Henry is right all round." I think surely none of you are cowardly enough to hide your ribband, nor even to lay it aside when it is inconvenient to wear it. But let me ask, is it on all the borders of your garments. If we meet you do you speak of Jesus? If we visit in the house where you have been do we find you have left a testimony for Jesus behind you? Are you living that all may take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus? No doubt there would be plenty of vanity in the blue ribbands and the way they were worn—dark and light,

fresh and faded, glossy and dull, perhaps some with so much of gold thread in them that you could hardly tell whether it was blue or green, (heavenly blue or earthly green), broad borders for the Pharisee in later days, and the very narrowest strip of blue which would satisfy (?) a man's conscience and yet not expose him to the accusation of being righteous over much—God seeing all as he does now, and judging by his own unvarying standard of perfection. Probably then, as now, there would be broad borders for the Sabbath, and paler, narrower ones for the office and store. But all were to wear them. Alike on the robe of Moses, the man of God, and on the dress of the least and weakest child was to be worn God's ribbon of blue.

And now I want to say a few words about the color—blue. If some Christians had given the command, I think, it would not have been *blue* ribbon they would have ordered—it would have been grey, or drab, or brown—if not black. Now this is not God's choice. He commands blue—the loveliest colour surely we make. Take the lesson from this that God's grace beautifies, that a Christian girl should be happier as well as holier than her unconverted sister, that a Christian should be more honest, more liberal, more kind, more courteous, more tender than any unconverted man. We have need to pray, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." How great is His beauty. Surely we, the children of a King, should be so adorned that all may know that He giveth richly all things to enjoy. Fringes were to be added to the garment, not cut off. The ribbon was to be blue. Only think what an ornament God's ribbon on God's fringe would be to the garments of the people. Here is our *uniform—white garments, blood-washed, spotless, with the tinge of heaven in the blue border, telling of the land where we*

go to claim our inheritance laid up there.

What do I mean by the blue ribbon? I can tell you better when I see it. If I go into a house and glance round and see a Bible laid on the window, with an old man's spectacles laid in to keep the place where he had been reading, I recognize it there. When I see the family gather morning and evening for family worship, I see it there; when we sit down to the table and I hear God's blessing asked reverently and distinctly, not muttered as if it were mere matter of form, I see it there; when I hear conversation where the name of Jesus is no strange thing, but where He is the subject on which the speakers seem to love best to dwell upon, I hear the rustle of the ribbon and the waving of the fringe, and I know that Jesus himself hearkens and is writing them down in His book of remembrance; when I watch a little child happy, obedient, gentle, loving to hear of Jesus and to sing his praise, I thank God who has given His little one grace to wear His blue ribbon. You can recognize it wherever it is worn as God directs.

There is another very sweet thought connected with the colour of the ribbon which will bear dwelling on. You know that the symbol of God's presence among the Israelites was the

Ark, generally kept shrouded from view within the curtains of the tabernacle, but when the children of Israel journeyed it was brought out and borne before them. Thus it—He—crossed the Jordan; thus it compassed the walls of Jericho. Well, when thus borne before them it was still hidden from sight, covered with a cloth of blue. So we have the spectacle of the Ark, covered with blue, at the head of an army, every one of whom had on his garments a border of the same, something of likeness to their mighty, wonderful Leader.

And now, in conclusion, one word to those who as yet cannot wear this badge; only the Lord's people had the right to wear His ribbon. You could not make yourself an Israelite by sewing the blue border on the raiment; you must be born an Israelite to have such a privilege. How are you to get this privilege? Jesus told Nicodemus the secret:—"Ye must be born again." Only birth can give entrance into God's family. Come to the Saviour to-night—just as you are. He has promised to receive you. Look to Him on the Cross as bearing your sins, and by that look you get the new life, the new birth. To as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God. Then, as a child of God, wear God's blue ribbon.

### Facts and Opinions.

It is mentioned by the *Congregationalist* as a rather remarkable coincidence, that while the Rev. Dr. Harris, from New Orleans, who was a Confederate soldier, has been called to the pulpit of St. James' Protestant Episco-

pal Church, Chicago, in the vestibule of which there stands a monument to Union soldiers, the Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Chicago, who was one of the most outspoken Union men among the Protestant Episcopal clergy during the

rebellion, has become the pastor of Trinity Church in New Orleans. These facts are also important as indicating that the "bloody chasm" is fast filling up.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF ENGLAND ACCORDING TO DR. ALLON.—Whatever test may best demonstrate spiritual life—its tenderness, its fidelity, its activity, its self-sacrifice—this test would never in our history have elicited a more satisfactory result than now. Ragged schools, theatre preachings, and a hundred forms of ingenious and self-sacrificing Christian agency, attest a keener Christian sensibility, a larger sense of the presence of Christ, and a more pervading love and service of Christ than our church life has ever known. Nay, in our very social atmosphere there is a more pervading and intense Christian element than we have known heretofore; so that everything pertaining to Christian thought and life touches more responsive susceptibility, and elicits more ready and practical response. Let a man speak of Christ almost where he will—I had almost said, and well nigh *how* he will, ignorantly, foolishly even—men listen with respect for his theme, and respond to the simple power of it. This feeling pervades all churches, from the Roman Catholic and the High Anglican to the Unitarian and Positivist, and according to their different characters and forms it is filling them with life. For all which we thank God, and take courage. Of the brotherhood, the purity, the intelligence, the devotedness of our ministerial life I must not speak, nor of the general peace and prosperity of the life of our churches. Much might be said about both. But speaking relatively, and making all reasonable allowance for exceptions, we have abounding cause to be thankful to God. We live in a good time; an earnest, let us hope, of a still better time which is coming." Surely a

cheering picture. May the hopes expressed be more than realized.—*Speech at Eng. Cong. Union.*

JERUSALEM.—Mrs. Burton, in her "Inner Life in Syria" (vol. ii. p. 103), relates: "Every new Sultan sends by the Pasha of Jerusalem a key of this (the Jaffa) gate to the Chief Rabbi of the Jews, which is a permission to live and circulate freely about Syria and Palestine. If it is forgotten or deferred, as it was accidentally when Abdul Aziz came to the throne, the Jews are out of the pale of the law, and have to be confined to their own quarter until the keys are sent. The Israelites pay high for the privilege, and it is one of the proofs of the tenacity with which they cling to their old privileges. It amounts, in fact, to a claim of possession, and the Turks allow it—for a consideration." She also says (vol. ii. p. 107): "I am told that although all the numerous Christian sects hate one another, and fight amongst themselves (to the intense amusement of the Moslem, who, on great fete days, flog them into order in and out of church like a pack of hounds), if an unhappy Jew were to cross the enclosure of the Sepulchre during Holy Week they would all for once unite, and tear him to pieces on the spot. These things sound curiously in Europe; here they seem natural." Mrs. Burton, describing the service on the eve of Passover, which she attended as a visitor in the house of a Jew at Jerusalem, says that "they (the Jews) slung the flat unleavened bread, or rather cakes, over their shoulders in a napkin, as if ready to depart at a moment's notice." This is a proceeding which we believe is unusual in Europe, at least among German and Polish Jews. We, however, believe that such is the practice among the Samaritans.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

**Christian Miscellany.**

THE SMALLEST.—What standard of Christian life have you adopted, brother? Do you aim at the highest possible excellence, or the lowest that will ensure escape from woe? Do you desire to be wholly saved from sin, or only saved from hell? Do you aspire to the utmost usefulness, or shirk responsibility and labour? Do you ask for work to do, or to be excused from duties imposed? Is your heart set on holy living, or inclined to indulgence and self-delights? Do you strive to know and do all the Lord's commands, or only such as are absolutely essential to eternal life? Do you yearn for the largest measure of grace, faith, love, strength, labour, sacrifice, usefulness, or are you content to live at a "poor, dying rate," barely enduring religion, but not enjoying it? There are Christians who answer all of these questions diminutively, contrary to the leadings of grace, and to their own shame and confusion. It is not modesty that contents them with a weak, uncertain faith, but indolence, slavery to the flesh, sordid impulses, earthly passions, grovelling tendencies. They are in great danger. If not saved here, hope of salvation in heaven cannot be trusted. The spirits of the regenerate hunger and thirst for righteousness, and are filled.

While the storm was fiercely blowing,  
While the sea was wildly flowing,  
Angry wind and angry billow  
Only rocked the Saviour's pillow—  
"Jesus slept."

But when sudden grief was reading,  
Human hearts in sorrow bending,  
When He saw the sisters weeping  
Where their brother's form was sleeping—  
"Jesus wept."

A MAN whom Dr. Chalmers engaged to manage a disorderly Sunday-school kept his eyes wide open during prayer, and when one boy thrust a pin into another, he marched up the aisle, still praying, and cuffed that boy's ears, and went back again, praying all the way. After that he was master of the situation, for the boys thought that a man who could watch and pray like that, could not be put down.

**WATCH THE LIPS.**

Words of detraction and slander require the watch. It is not all mention of a neighbour's faults and evil deeds that is wrong, for we cannot but notice gross faults, and to speak of them in a right spirit may be perfectly right and needful for self-defense and the good of society. The sin and wrong is in being quick to see and punish faults, magnifying them, imagining them, meddling with them when it is none of our business to do so, and speaking of them from promptings of envy, resentment, and rivalry. A slanderous tongue moves as naturally in the element of hatred as a fish in the water. One who loves his neighbour as himself, and seeks to do unto others as he would they should do unto him, can hardly be called a slanderer. The mischief of detraction springs from a mean, unloving spirit, soured by disappointment, fretted by envy, urged on by middlesomeness and miserable curiosity. When one with such a frame goes from house to house with the preface, "They say," or "they do say, but I don't know how true it is,"



that this man drinks; or, that man and his wife don't live very pleasantly together; or, that man did not come by his money very honestly; or, this woman is no better than she should be, it is very probable that then a busybody and slanderer is at work, who greatly needs the prayer, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—*W. H. Lewis, D.D.*

### THE LOST CHILD.

There is a little story going the rounds of the press, that made a deep impression on me as a father. A father took his little child out into the field one Sabbath, and he lay down under a beautiful, shady tree, it being a hot day. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to his father and saying, "Pretty! pretty!" At last the father fell asleep, and while he was sleeping the child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought was, "Where is my child?" He looked all around, but could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, and all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Running to a little hill he looked around, and shouted again, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. No response! Then going to a precipice at some distance, he looked down, and there, upon the rocks and briers, he saw the mangled form of his loved child. He rushed to the spot, took up the lifeless corpse, and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murderer of his own child. While he was sleeping, his child had wandered over the precipice. I thought, as I heard that, what a picture of the Church of God! How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men, are sleeping now, while their children wander over the terrible precipice, a thousand times worse than that precipice, right into

the bottomless pit of hell. Father, where is your boy to-night? He may be just out here in some public-house; he may be reeling through the streets of London, drunk; he may be pressing on down to a drunkard's grave. How many fathers and mothers there are now in London—yes, praying Christians too—whose children are wandering away while they are slumbering and sleeping. Is it not time that the Church of God should wake up, and come to the Lord as one man, and strive to beat back those dark waves of death that roll through our streets, hearing upon their bosom the noblest young men we have? Oh, my God, wake up the Church! And let us trim our lights and go forth, and work for the kingdom of God.—*D. I. Moody.*

### EARLY CONVERSIONS.

The old-time hesitancy in receiving children into the Church is fast passing away, in the light of careful study and observation. Childish piety develops well under the fostering care of a healthy Church. A large part of a pastor's work is in caring for these tender plants. They are neglected at the peril of all that is precious in the growth of the Church. The strong men and women to-day labouring in positions of large Christian influence, began their experience in youthful days. Few are converted in middle life. The following statistics, taken at a Methodist ministers' meeting in New York, are thrilling in their testimony to the value of early conversion. Of seventy-six ministers present:—

20 were converted under 14 years of age.  
 22 " " between 14 and 16 yrs. of age  
 14 " " " 18 and 21 yrs. of age.  
 Only 7 when over 21 (less than one-tenth) yrs. of age

What grander argument for earnest toil and large faith in Sunday-school, and everywhere, among the young! In the Central New York Conference

this matter was under discussion, and in answer to the question of age at conversion, it appeared, that of 250 ministers present, the youngest at conversion was only seven, the oldest twenty, the average fifteen; not a

single man of that great company of Christian labourers being above twenty when entering the Lord's fold. Early conviction, and early conversion, are the hope and joy of the faithful Church. —*Congregationalist.*

## Children's Treasury.

### COVERING UP.

"I will do my best," said the little rue-leaved fern on the wall.

It was a very bare stone wall in Somersetshire, and it wanted a vast deal of covering-up to make it look respectable. And the rue-leaved fern is very small and makes so little show, that unless you were close to it you would never know it was there. But you must have noticed what a resolute, independent little plant it is, and how what it had set itself to do was nothing less than covering-up that bare stone wall with the beauty of its own tiny stems and fronds. So it crept into all the crevices and sent its thread-like roots into the crumbling mortar, and, nothing daunted, kept on getting a little bit farther every day, as cheerily as though it had been the easiest and most natural thing in the world.

"I am very thirsty," gasped the little fern, at last; "it is so hot and dry here; if I could only grow now like the great shield-fern under the hedge yonder it would be so nice; but never mind, I'll cover up a little bit of the wall if I can do no more, and there will be so much more green in the world by every step I take across it."

Just the other side of the wall was a canal, and a little way beyond the canal crossed over the road, and of course there was a bridge, and of course the bridge consisted of an ugly red-brick

archway. It wanted something to cover it worse than the stone wall, and something there was doing its best to do so. It was the little plant with dull green leaves and whorls of dull reddish flowers, decidedly dull in its whole aspect—the wall pellitory. Nobody ever gathers it for a nosegay; nobody looks at it a second time. You have seen it often and often, probably without knowing the least what it is like now I am talking about it. But the humble flower had its own purposes, nevertheless, and it nodded to the fern in approval of what it had been saying, and had a word to say, too, on its own account.

"Yes, I too am a poor weak thing, and yet I can do something that grander plants cannot, for I can grow where they cannot. My roots rather like the taste of brick. There's no accounting for taste, you know; and I have a fancy for covering-up what is ugly and unsightly. I am trying to do just what the ivy does, only he is so dignified, and I but a mean, worthless weed. Our object is the same, he covers up the castles and I the common wayside walls. So, one brick at a time, some day I shall wave my green mantle over the whole archway."

The wind carried the words of the little pellitory to a bank at the other side of the field. It was not bare, like the stone wall and the arch; but it would have been without the moss

which had made a covering, oh, so soft and green, over its length and breadth. There were hard, rough stones on that bank, there were sharp pieces of rock, and there were dark clods of earth, but you saw them not. It was all buried and hidden under the moss, covered up and cushioned over by the fairy handicraft of the humble yet wonder-working moss.

"Humbler than either of you," said the moss, gently, "yet I feel I am a fellow-labourer with you, and my end is the same as yours. Perhaps it goes a little farther: I like to soften the sharp edges, I like to smooth over what is rough and rude, and only give me leave and give me time enough, I would fling my own greenness and beauty over all the world."

"Heigho!" cried the grass in the field, so suddenly that it made the pellitory start and the moss tremble. "Why, don't you know that all this is what I am doing, and have been doing ever since creation? I wonder what would have become of the earth without me? I don't want to set myself up, but just think what a state of things it would have been if I had not this mission of covering-up. Look at those mountain slopes, and fancy what they would have been with no grass on them. There would have been no lights and shades, no bright vivid green for the eye to rest upon, but only the dreary fallow from which all the beauty had

died away. And beneath the hills it would not have been much better, there would only have been the dull dark soil, instead of the verdant pasture and the rich carpet of my never-fading grass. Ah! if the world only knew how every blade is at work in its cause it might well be grateful! If people only knew what might have been!"

"Ah," whispered the moss, quietly, more as if it was talking to itself than to anybody else, "there are other places in this world that want covering-up, and there is something that is always doing it even as we are. But it is neither ferns nor flowers, they only shadow forth faint pictures of that higher life which lies above them and around them. There are those who move about in that higher world flinging as they go a soft green mantle over the roughness and the rudeness, over the sharp points and the cutting edges, until you would not know that they were there; they are all covered up and mossed over by the soft, magic cushion of love!"

And the last word that I heard on that mossy bank and which I carried back with me to a working, jarring, inharmonious world, was that one sweet undertone—love.

"Charity (or love) shall cover a multitude of sins. Charity (or love) never faileth. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hoping all things, endureth all things."

### Notices of Books.

#### NEW BOOKS.

WHITAKER'S ALMANACK FOR 1876. Jas. Bain & Son, Booksellers, Toronto

It has been said of an eccentric

Scotch clergyman that his library consisted of the Bible, and Oliver & Boyd's Almanack. The Bible, he said, was sufficient information on things religious, and the yearly issue

of the celebrated publication named above, gave him sufficient information on things mundane. Should any one be disposed thus to abridge his library he might very safely substitute "Whitaker" for "Oliver & Boyd."

It is only, however, its religious statistics that concern us in the present connection. From time to time we will make use of the information it supplies as to the religious denominations of Great Britain. At present we content ourselves with the following extract in regard to the Methodist Churches:—

#### THE METHODIST CHURCHES.

Under the general designation of **METHODISTS** are included all those religious bodies which owe their existence, directly or indirectly, to the efforts of the Revds. John and Charles Wesley, clergymen of the Church of England. The most numerous and influential of them all are—

*Wesleyan Methodists*, the original body founded in 1739 by these two brothers. Whilst students at Oxford, in 1729, they gathered a number of young men together for the purposes of study and devotion, who, because they agreed to live by rule and method, were nicknamed, first, "The Holy Club," and afterwards "The Methodists." In 1735 they were joined by George Whitefield, who rendered the greatest assistance to their evangelizing work for many years, though he afterwards adapted Calvinistic doctrines combined with Congregational practices, and separated from them. In 1739, after two years' missionary service in Georgia, John Wesley, driven by the bigoted opposition of the clergy to what were termed irregular proceedings, founded the "Religious Societies" in which the germ and first beginnings of Methodism are to be found. The number of members rapidly increased, until a more definite and extensive organization than Wesley at first gave them was imperatively demanded. The first Conference, consisting of six persons, all clergymen, was held in 1744, "to consider (1) What to teach; (2) How to teach; and (3) What to do." During the first two days several doctrines, evangelical and Arminian, were defined with precision. On the third, fourth, and fifth days the relations of the Methodist Societies to the Church of England were discussed. Secession from the Establishment was discountenanced; but there was an evident

change in Wesley's opinions of "Church order," at the close of another Conference, five years later, when Methodism may be regarded as having taken an organic and permanent form. It had its annual conference, class-meetings, and love-feasts; its ministers, lay preachers, leaders, trustees, and stewards; it had divided Great Britain and Ireland into circuits for ministerial labour, and commanded a ministerial force of about 70 men. From this time up to Wesley's death, in 1791, Methodism gradually grew into independence of the Church of England. It is now entirely separate, and is governed by an annual Conference, with a president and secretary at its head, elected year by year; by semi-annual meetings of the ministers in each district, over which a chairman is appointed by the Conference; and by quarterly meetings of the ministers and lay officers of each circuit. The authority of both these last meetings is subordinate to the Conference, which has the supreme legislative and judicial power in Methodism. When Wesley died the number of members was 76,968, and since then the increase has been so great that above 13,000,000 of people are said to be now receiving Methodist instruction in various parts of the world.—*President*, Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D.; *Secretary*, Rev. Gervase Smith, M.A.

Various sects have seceded from the original community, the most important being these:

1. *The Methodist New Connexion*, which was formed in 1797, by the Rev. Alexander Kilham; the chief difference between it and the parent body being the different degrees of power allowed in each communion to the laity.—*President*, Rev. William Wilshaw.
2. *The Primitive Methodists*, who sprang up in Staffordshire 1810, under the leadership of Hugh Bourne. Next to the Wesleys they are the most numerous of all the sects which have arisen out of the Methodist movement.—*President*, Rev. William Rowe.
3. *The Bible Christians*, founded in 1815 by William O'Brien, a Wesleyan lay preacher in Cornwall. They exist principally in the West of England.—*President*, the Rev. J. Tremelling.
4. *The United Methodist Free Churches*, which are an amalgamation of three different secessions—the Protestant Methodists, formed in 1828; the Wesleyan Methodist Association, which sprang out of a controversy, in 1834, concerning the training of ministers; and the Wesleyan Reform Association, founded in 1849, during a great agitation in the Wesleyan societies. The union was effected in 1857.—*President*, Rev. J. Garside.

5. *The Wesleyan Reform Union*, which consists of those seceders in 1849, who refused to amalgamate with the United Methodist Free Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN YEAR BOOK AND ALMANAC FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND. C. Blackett Robinson, 102 Bay Street, Toronto.

This publication is in its second year. The following is its summary of the Presbyterian Churches of the North America Continent for the year 1875:

SUMMARY FOR 1875.

Denomination.	In the United Kingdom.				In Great Britain.		In Other Countries	
	Minist'rs	Local P'chrs	Members	On Probation.	Chapels	Sunday Schol'rs.	Minist'rs	Members
Wesleyan Methodists .....	1,991	14,057	371,356	27,998	6,250	701,871	1,822	231,402
Methodist New Connexion .....	157	1,135	22,833	2,569	417	71,657	4	387
Primitive Methodists .....	1,040	14,310	169,720	..	8,918	316,985	84	7,103
Bible Christians .....	134	1,381	18,324	487	565	39,697	112	8,375
United Methodist Free Churches..	308	3,227	62,379	5,575	1,210	164,978	46	6,273
Wesleyan Reform Union .....	18	588	7,587	560	242†	18,710	..	..
	3,648*	35,248	652,199	36,889	12,602	1,307,948	2,068	253,540

\*Not including members on probation.

†This includes rooms used for service as well as chapels.

Summary of Statistics of Pres. Churches in Canada and U. S. for 1875.

Churches.	Synods.	Presby.	Congregation.	Minist'rs	Communi-cants.	Total Contribut'rs
Presbyterian Church in Canada.....	4	23	1,119	634	30,653	*\$746,912
"    "    U. S. (North).....	36	173	4,990	4,706	506,034	9,626,594
"    "    "    (South).....	12	64	1,697	1,084†	107,384	1,167,658
U. P. Church of North America.....	8	56	775	611	76,073	872,668
Ref. Church in America (Dutch).....	4	32	330	523	70,928	1,225,021
"    "    U. S. (German).....	2	44	1,842	655	120,363	569,000
Welsh Presbyterian Church, U. S.....	1	5	768	76	8,696	..
Ref. Pres. Church (General Synod)...	1	1	158	16	7,500	..
"    "    (Synod).....	1	10	105	59	9,969	219,651
Cumberland Presbyterian Church.....	24	110	1,900	1,282	68,242	295,886
†Associate Reformed Church.....	1	10	674	67	..	..
Total .....	94	536	12,695	9,703	1,095,492	14,715,300.

\*Contributions of Canada Presbyterian Church and Presbyterian Church in Maritime Provinces. †These include licentiates. ‡These figures where number of congregation is not reported, they are made same as number of ministers reported. (From report of 1874.)

Here, again, is the summary of the Presbyterian Church throughout the world for 1875:

## ALLIANCE OF REFORMED CHURCHES.

From the information given in the preceding pages the following enumeration may be given as an approximate census of the constituency of the Alliance of Presbyterian Churches for 1875:—

IN AMERICA.	
CHURCHES.	COMMUNICANTS.
Presbyterian Church in U. S. A. (North) . . . .	506,034
Presbyterian Church in U. S. A. (South) . . . .	107,334
United Pres. Church . . . .	76,073
Synod of Reformed Pres. Church (O.S.) . . . . .	9,969
General Synod of Reformed Pres. Ch. (N.S.)	7,500
Associate Reformed Pres. Church (South) . . . . .	.....
Welsh Presbyterian Ch. Reformed Church in U. S. A. (German) . . . . .	120,363
Reformed Church in America (Dutch) . . . .	70,628
Cumberland Pres. Ch. . . . .	98,242
Presbyterian Church in Canada . . . . .	90,653
<b>Total for America . . . . .</b>	<b>1,095,492</b>
IN EUROPE AND AUSTRALASIA.	
Established Church of Scotland . . . . .	460,500
Free Church of Scotland	272,000
United Pres. Synod of Great Britain . . . . .	187,761
Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland . . . . .	6,516
English Presbyterian Church . . . . .	26,856
Welsh Pres. Church . . . . .	94,147
Irish Pres. Church . . . . .	109,156
Minor Branches of Pres. Churches in Great Britain . . . . .	50,000
Presbyterian Churches of Australasia . . . . .	45,000
Christian Reformed Ch. of Holland . . . . .	50,000
Waldensian Church . . . . .	5,000
<b>Total for Europe and Australasia . . . . .</b>	<b>1,306,936</b>
	<b>2,492,428</b>

We leave out of this enumeration the Presbyterian Churches in France, Switzerland, Hungary, Russia, Germany, Austria and Transylvania because we have no official document of these Churches before us.

With these included the Presbyterian population (we do not mean communicants) of the world is estimated at about 30,000,000.

PROTESTANTISM AND CATHOLICISM IN THEIR BEARING UPON THE LIBERTY AND PROSPERITY OF NATIONS. A Study of Social Economy. By Emile de Laveleye. With an introductory letter by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. James Bain & Son, booksellers, Toronto.

This little treatise on a great subject was originally written in French, by a Belgian author of note, and has been translated into English at the special request of Mr. Gladstone, who has prefixed to the English Edition a preparatory letter. In that letter Mr. Gladstone states thus the question that M. de Laveleye undertakes to discuss: "Whether experience has now supplied *data* sufficient for a trustworthy comparison of results, in the several spheres of political liberty, social advancement, mental intelligence, and general morality, between the Church of Rome on the one hand, and the religious communities cast off by, or separated from her, on the other." Mr. Gladstone thinks that there is a wide field open from which to gather for the sake of comparison, the *political and social fruits* of Romanism and Protestantism; and he thinks M. de Laveleye has done service to the cause of freedom and humanity by placing on the table before his readers a specimen of the fruit borne in Christendom during three centuries by these two trees respectively, and also by showing so clearly the reasons why the fruit of Romanism is bitter and poisonous, and the fruit of Evangelical Protestantism sweet and healthful.

Our author begins by contrasting Popish with Protestant countries in Europe, and Popish with Protestant

districts in the same country. After showing what the Reformation did for Scotland, and what Popery has done in Ireland among the same race, he says:—"What a contrast even in Ireland between the exclusively Catholic Conaught and Ulster where Protestantism prevails. Ulster is enriched by industry; Conaught presents a picture of desolation." He passes over to Switzerland, and compares Protestant canton with Popish, and Popish parish in the same canton with Protestant to find:—"On the one hand Protestantism, education, activity, industry, relations with the outer world, and by necessary consequence wealth; on the other hand (Popery) inertia, routine, ignorance and poverty." There is no disputing of the facts stated by M. de Laveleye for they are facts that speak to eye and ear.

The next enquiry is, why is it that every nation in the world to-day, subject to Rome, is stricken with barrenness; why is it that the expression applied to Rome by M. Their *viduitas et sterilitas* may be applied to them; why is it that their past is brilliant, their present gloomy and their future disquieting; why is it that in the slow progress of centuries supremacy has passed over from the Catholic States—France, Austria, Spain, Italy, South America, to Germany, Britain and the United States, the countries of heretics and schismatics; why is it that in the year 1700 France alone represented 31 per cent., or one-third of the force of the five great powers together, whereas, now, counting six great European powers, she possesses no more than 15 per cent., or one-fifth part of their total force; why is it that Protestantism is thus more favorable than Catholicism to the development of nations?

These are the reasons given by M. de Laveleye:—1. *Education.* Knowledge

is power. It is ignorance of nature and its laws, and the application of these laws to industry that leaves the savage poor. "With regard to elementary instruction," these are the words of the author, "Protestant States are incomparably more advanced than Catholic States. England alone is no more than on a level with the latter, probably because the Anglican Church, of all the reformed forms of worship, has most in common with the Church of Rome. All the Protestant countries such as Saxony, Denmark, Sweden, Prussia lead the van; the Catholic countries fall far behind, having a *third part* of the population ignorant, as in France and Belgium, or *three-fourths* as in Spain, Italy, or Portugal.

2. *Morality.* In a still higher sense goodness, purity, virtue is power. Where morals are corrupted, the State is lost. "It is an established fact," says M. De L., "that the moral level is higher among Protestant than among Catholic populations." "In France," says M. Teine, "the moral principle is founded on the sentiment of *honour*; in England, on the idea of *duty*." "From the height of the Pyramids forty centuries look down on you." "Soldiers! when returned home, you will be able to say, 'I was at Jena, at Austerlitz.'" That was the way Napoleon spoke to the first Catholic nation in the world. Nelson, at Trafalgar, says simply, "England expects every man to do his duty." The men of the Low Countries, of the English Revolution, of the United States, appeal, like Nelson, to love of country, to duty, to Divine approval. The men of the French Revolution, "so full of enthusiasm at the outset, soon wearied of the effort; and ere long sought, or at all events submitted to the repose of slavery under the Empire. The 'Guex,' of Holland,—a mere handful of men,—

felt neither lassitude nor discouragement, and they conquered in the end. And why? *They had faith.*"

3. *Political Freedom.* The political form of Government that is most congenial to Romanism is Despotism. "Logically," says M. De L., "in a Catholic country government ought to be despotic; first, because such is the government of the Church which serves as its type; next, because kings hold their power directly from God, or the Pope, which power can neither be limited nor controlled. The Réformation, on the contrary, being a return towards primitive Christianity, engendered everywhere a spirit of liberty; and resistance to absolutism. It tended to bring into existence republican and constitutional institutions. . . . We are in the habit of giving the credit of the famous principles of '89 to the French Revolution. This is a grave historical error. . . . The Puritans and the Quakers have proclaimed and practised them in America for the last two hundred years; and it is from thence, and from England, that Europe first adopted the idea, towards the end of the eighteenth century.

4. *Depth of religious sentiment.* "The enemies of all religion upbraid the Americans and the English with what they call their narrow bigotry; the strict observance of the Sunday rest, the public prayers and fasts, and lastly their rigid piety. . . . The excesses of superstition (in Romish church, purile ceremonies, miracles, pilgrimages) lead inevitably to infidelity and this to anarchy."

But we cannot save in one instance more multiply extracts from this remarkable pamphlet which should be in every Protestant household in Canada. No better work could the Protestant Defence Association of Montreal do than import this work in its original

French form, and sow it broadcast over the Province of Quebec. Though we have already exceeded the limited space belonging to our Book Reviews, we cannot part with M. De Laveleye without giving here his concluding words especially as they confirm opinions advanced more than once in the *Christian Monthly* and particularly in that editorial, "Are we on the eve of a religious war?" The following are the words to which we refer, and which our readers would do well to ponder:—

"Everything seems to be leading up to a great conflict of which religion will be one of the chief causes. Already in 1870 Ultramontanism has declared war on Germany. If Henry V. or Napoleon IV. ever reach the throne it will be with the concurrence of the clergy who will push on a new crusade in order to deliver their persecuted brethren beyond the Rhine on whose future assistance they will reckon. This is the policy which is preached in France by *L'Univers*, and elsewhere by the other organs of the Roman Curia. The restoration of the legitimate sovereigns in the three Latin countries—Spain, Italy and France; Protestant Prussia crushed in the dust; Germany given over to Austria; Rome restored to the Pope, and supreme power given to the Church: the return of the true principles of Government, that is to say, to those proclaimed in the Syllabus, and by Catholic tradition—this is the grand scheme the realization of which is every where in preparation by the Ultramontanes. Will they succeed? Who can say? But if they fail in this assault on German Protestantism what will be the fate of the vanquished? We may tremble when we reflect on the calamities in store for Europe through the dream of the restoration of universal dominion to the Church which at this moment she claims with greater audacity and obstinacy than ever.