

# *Earnest Christianity.*

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ALLEGED SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.

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THE OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.  
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*“The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.”—PROV. xv. 3.*

*“And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded.”—GEN. xi. 5.*

THE subject which it is proposed to discuss in this paper has respect to two of the most awful perfections of God, and should therefore be approached with the profoundest reverence and humility,—reverence on account of the august character of Him to whom our investigations refer, and humility on account of the limitation of our own faculties and of our moral unworthiness to deal with a subject so sacred. These feelings become us, especially as the subject under consideration summons us, as it were, into the immediate presence of God. If the eyes of the Lord are in every place, they are here; if they are upon everything, they must be upon us; if His knowledge extends to everything, it extends to the motives and feelings with which we engage in this investigation. It becomes us, then, to endeavour to realise these truths—to bring them home to our hearts in such a way that they may exert their proper influence upon us. It should not be forgotten that the higher truths are not reached so much by the intellect as by the heart, not so much by the understanding as by the affections. Without holiness “no man shall see the Lord.” “The pure in heart, they shall see God.” Except, therefore, we approach this

subject with proper dispositions, we will only involve ourselves in denser darkness and weightier condemnation.

This subject, too, deserves to be approached with the utmost degree of thoughtfulness and care, on account of its superlative importance. The knowledge of God is fundamental to all science : there is no true science without it. He is the centre and source of the universe, and until we know Him we cannot know it. We must have a correct theology before we can have a correct cosmology. It is only in proportion as we understand the character and will of its author that we are prepared to correctly understand and interpret the facts and laws of the universe itself. Without this clue we will never be able to thread the labyrinth of Nature ; without this key we will never be able to unlock its secrets or to explore its mysteries. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Whatever knowledge there may be without this will prove in the end to be but learned and pretentious ignorance. Men may, indeed, observe, collect and classify the facts of the external world without the knowledge of God, or that state of the affections which is implied in the possession of it, but they can never properly understand them. They may indeed be able to deduce from them some practical lessons, which will be more or less valuable in their relation to the affairs of this life, but they will never be able to draw from them lessons which will be of any real value in relation to those tremendous interests which lie beyond the boundaries of time, or which will have any natural tendency to elevate and ennoble the souls of men. All knowledge which is not based upon the knowledge of God is "of the earth, earthy," and its inevitable tendency is to develop in man only that which is of the earth, having both its beginning and its end in the present imperfect state of being. Its tendency, in fact, is to despoil man of the highest attribute of his being, to bear down and crush out the spiritual element in his nature, and, by robbing him of his hope of immortality, at once to quench his noblest aspirations, to take from him his highest motives of virtue, and to deprive him of his most powerful consolation amid the trials and sufferings of the present life.

Our subject is properly the omniscience of God ; but this perfection of the divine nature is so nearly allied and closely related to His omnipresence, that they can scarcely be treated apart from each other. The first passage we have to examine occurs in the 15th

chapter of the Book of Proverbs, at the 3rd verse: "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." This is highly poetical and beautiful, one of those gems with which the Bible is so richly studded. But though it is poetical—and, like all poetry, speaks to the imagination and feelings rather than to the understanding—its meaning is easily got at. 1. It suggests to the mind the omnipresence of God. Where the eyes of the Lord are there He must Himself be; and if the eyes of the Lord are in every place, then may we say with Robert Montgomery:

"Eye hath not seen,  
Imagination cannot paint the spot  
Above, beneath, around, where Thou art not."

2. It suggests the idea of the omniscience of God. If the eyes of the Lord are everywhere, then must He see everything, especially as in Him there is no darkness at all; the darkness hideth not from Him, but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to Him. But this is not all. The eye is the symbol of intelligence. When the prophet would in the most impressive manner set forth the all comprehending perfection of the intelligence of God and the absolute character of his knowledge, he avails himself of the idea of perfection which, in the Jewish mind, was associated with the number seven, and represents Him as having seven eyes (Zech. iii. 9). Another of the inspired writers impressively sets forth the mystery of divine providence under the figure of a marvellously complicated piece of machinery, "wheel within wheel;" and in order to impress us with the fact that notwithstanding the complexity and mystery with which the subject is invested to our imperfect comprehension, the whole is regulated by the most perfect wisdom and knowledge, he represents the very "rings of the wheels" as being "full of eyes" (Ez. i. 15-20). Compare the 18th and the 20th verses in the passage referred to, and the correctness of this interpretation will be apparent. In the 18th verse the wheels are said to be "full of eyes;" in the 20th verse it is said the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels—that spirit of supreme intelligence represented by the face of a man, of boldness and resistless energy represented by the face of a lion, of patient industry and endurance symbolised by the face of an ox, and of keen discernment and prompt and rapid dispatch typified by the face of an eagle.

The meaning of the passage then plainly is, that God is not only everywhere present, but that He is everywhere present as the Supreme Intelligence, so that nothing escapes His observation or transcends His knowledge. It extends to the highest, it descends to the lowest ; it is absolutely all comprehending and perfect. "O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compasses my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me ; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy spirit ? or whither shall I flee from thy presence ? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there ; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea ; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me ; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee ; but the night shineth as the day : the darkness and light are both alike to thee."—Ps. cxxxix. 1-12. Now, it is plain that the doctrine of the Bible is that God is everywhere present—not merely potentially but actually present—essentially and necessarily present, and that His knowledge is absolute, extending to everything that has existed, that now exists, or that can ever by any possibility come into existence. And yet this awful Being is represented as coming down—moving from one part of the universe to another, and doing this in order that He may look more closely into something that is going on in a particular place. The question is asked, If He be everywhere present, so that He fills both heaven and earth, how is any movement upon His part, as from one point in space to another, possible ? And if He knows all things, and his knowledge of everything is absolutely perfect, so that nothing can possibly be added to it, what ground is there for any such special investigation or inspection as He is represented as making into the work of the Babel builders ? Here we have the difficulty with which we are required to deal, as it is believed, in the strongest form in which it can be put. It has been purposely put in this way that its full force may be felt, and that if it can be met at all it may be met fairly.

Now we proceed to look this apparent contradiction fairly in the face. And the very first thing that strikes us is, that while the inspired writers teach the doctrine of the divine omnipresence and with the utmost distinctness and fulness, they constantly speak of God as coming down to interfere with the affairs of the children of men. In illustration of this observation, we need only refer to the deliverance of Israel out of Egypt (Ex. iii. 7, 8); the giving of the law upon Mount Sinai (Ex. xix. 11); the special manifestation of the divine presence and communication of the divine Spirit to the elders of Israel (Num. ii. 16, 17). In all these instances He is represented as coming down. David, speaking of the Messiah—the Jehovah of the Old Testament and the Christ of the New—says He shall come down like rain—healing, refreshing, invigorating—Ps. lxxii. 6. The author of Psalm cxliv. prays that He may come down to deliver His Church out of the hands of her enemies, and Isaiah repeats substantially the same prayer in chap. lxiv. 1.

Now let us look at some of those instances in which He is said to have come down. In Exodus xix. 20, we are told that “the Lord came down upon Mount Sinai;” and when we turn back to the preceding verses, we learn that what is meant by this was, that he manifested himself to the Israelites in thunder and lightning, in fire and smoke, and the sound of a trumpet exceeding loud. David says (2nd Sam. xxii. 10) of the Lord, “He bowed the heavens and came down;” but when we read the whole of the sublime passage of which these words form a part, we learn that what is meant is, that in answer to prayer God was pleased to manifest Himself in a signal manner in the deliverance of His servant and the discomfiture of his enemies. “In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried to my God; and He did hear my voice out of His temple, and my cry did enter into His ears. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations of heaven moved and shook, because He was wroth. There went up a smoke out of His nostrils, and fire out of His mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also and came down; and darkness was under His feet. And He rode upon a cherub and did fly; and He was seen upon the wings of the wind. And He made darkness pavilions round about Him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. Through the brightness before Him were coals of fire kindled. The Lord thundered from heaven and the Most High uttered His voice. And He

sent out arrows and scattered them ; lightning, and discomfited them."

Now it will be seen that in each of these instances what is meant by His *coming down* is not movement from one point in space to another, but from one mode of manifestation to another. When He is represented as coming out of His place to punish the wicked, it is not meant that He leaves one part of the heavens and passes to another, but that He manifests Himself in a new form. Ordinarily He manifests Himself to men only through the voice of conscience, the operations of the laws of nature, the teachings of His Word, and the ordinances of His Church ; but the Bible teaches us that there have been instances in which He has adopted extraordinary means to make Himself known and feared by mankind. And when He does this, in the language of Scripture He is said to come down, or come out of His place. And when we think of it, what more appropriate language could be used to describe this conduct of the Divine Father? Every such act upon His part involves an infinite stoop of condescension. "Who is like unto the Lord our God who dwelleth on high ; who humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth!" (Ps. xiii. 5, 6.) The idea is, that for the self-existent, independent and eternal God—the sum of all perfection, the source of all being, whose presence fills immensity, to personally interfere in the affairs of men, so as to make them conscious of His presence and of His interest in them, involves a coming down—as has been said—an exercise of infinite condescension on His part.

The Jews may be supposed to be the best judges of the meaning of the language in which their own sacred books were written. Onkelos, an ancient commentator on the law of Moses, of very great authority, renders the words which are translated "God came down," "*Jehovah manifested or revealed Himself.*" And in Gen. xv. 7, instead of "Come let us go down," he reads, "*Come let us be revealed.*" Rabbi Shelmo, another learned Jewish commentator, says of this passage, "*It represents God as coming down from the throne of His mercies to the throne of His judgment.*" Aben Ezra, another Hebrew doctor of great authority, says, "This is thus said because everything that takes place in the world below depends upon the powers that are above ; wherefore, God is said to ride upon the heavens ; for thus the scripture speaks with the tongue of men."

Now, in the light of these expositions and authorities, it is evident that these passages are not in the slightest degree opposed to each other, for the simple reason that they refer to things which are entirely different from each other. Prov. xv. 3 refers to the essential presence of God; Gen. xi. 5 refers to the manifested presence. Of course in both there is an accommodation to human frailty. The Most High speaks to man in the language of men; but this is implied in the very nature of a revelation. Without this a revelation were impossible. This way of representing things *more humano*, or after the manner of men, is called by the Jewish Rabbis and grammarians "the tongue of the event," or *the action speaking*. This description of God's dealings with the Babel builders is simply the translation of the divine action into human speech; and right beautifully and effectively is it done. Moses was a real artist; with a few simple master-strokes he conveys to us a more vivid impression of this stupendous event than could have been conveyed by many pages of elaborate abstract statement. He tells us in effect that the Supreme Being, whose eye was all the while upon these men of Babel, allowed them to proceed with their ambitious and God-defying designs without any interference on His part, any more than if he had retired from the earth altogether and utterly abandoned the government of the world; but when their plans had been so far matured and their project so far completed that they had no doubt that their purpose would be crowned with success, suddenly He appeared upon the scene—manifested Himself as the judge of all the earth—and by a single act of judgment brought all their plans to confusion. Nay more, he teaches us that when the pride of man has soared the highest, and produced the profoundest feeling of self-exaltation, there is another higher still who is looking down upon him, and that at the very moment that he is saying, Go to, let us engage in this or that ungodly enterprise, there may be another awful voice saying, "Go to, let us go down," and teach him how vain and how foolish a thing it is for a worm to fight against God.

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"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

"But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

## REV. WILLIAM SHAW.

THE annals of missions contain many names which the Church of Christ will not suffer to be forgotten. From the days of Dr. Coke, whose remains are buried in the great deep, there have always been those in the Methodist Church who have hazarded their lives for the truth. Foremost in the honoured list stands the name of William Shaw. When his name was called in the British Conference as one who had just passed away, among other tributes that were mentioned to his memory, Dr. Punshon said : " Long before I knew anything of Christianity as a living power, Mr. Shaw was my ideal hero, although I had no conception of the grandeur of the work he was doing ; but it was not till I was brought into close connection with him, as the last superintendent under whom I travelled, that I was able to realise the symmetry of that full-orbed character. He had the sagacity of the statesman without the craft of the diplomatist. He had a mind too broad for prejudice, and a judgment too sober for passion. He was so practical as to be equal to all the needs of the present, and yet so much of an idealist as to believe in the progress of the times. He was of unbending integrity and of chivalrous honour, with a soul too noble for any littleness, and with an exquisite tender heart. He had a character so spotless that you might have been dazzled to look upon it but for the humility which, like a veil, at once concealed and revealed it : and when I look at this combination of excellences, I feel that it is rarely given to the Church to possess for so many years such an unostentatious and, withal, such a royal man."

This remarkable man, whose father belonged to the British army, was born at Glasgow, December 8th, 1798, and was therefore one of the few Scotchmen connected with the Methodist ministry. His youthful days were spent in the army, and it was the intention of his father to obtain for him a commission that he might become an officer, but the Lord had need of him, and he became a valiant soldier of the army of Immanuel. Soon after his conversion he began to preach. His early efforts were made in the barracks, where his juvenile appearance, together with his earnestness of manner and good reputation, always secured him an attentive audience.

On his father leaving the army, our hero became a school-teacher while he was still exercising his gifts as a local preacher, but he felt a strong desire to go abroad as a missionary. Various hindrances prevented him doing so until 1819, when a party of Methodist families, who were being sent out to the Cape Colony, chose him as their minister. The Wesleyan Missionary Society sanctioned his appointment, and by the aid of such distinguished servants of the Church as Revs. J. Benson, G. Morley and R. Watson, he was set apart to the work of the ministry, and sailed to his destination, where he arrived in May, 1820. There were many trying things to endure, but Mr. Shaw was not easily discouraged, and soon began to do the work of an evangelist. His first sermon, in what is now called the Eastern Province of Africa, was preached on a heap of stones, and near the very spot there now stands a Methodist church, and the place is called Port Elizabeth.

Mr. Shaw took an active part in all that pertained to the welfare of the new colony. He was a real practical man, well suited to the post which he occupied; hence he could plan houses and afford the poor people much valuable counsel. His appearance was not always clerical. "I was obliged to ride about dressed in a sheep-skin jacket and trousers, with a broad-brimmed hat, made from the leaves of the *palmiet*, which grew in some of the streams. My dress was, in fact, similar to that worn by a large number of persons; and it was well adapted for 'roughing it' on the road and in the jungle, but not exactly such a dress as an Englishman prefers when circumstances, pecuniary and otherwise, will allow of an alternative."

The religious welfare of his people was the first thing which he cared about, hence he soon got a temporary place of worship erected, which was a great contrast to the beautiful sanctuary in Great Queen Street, London, where many of his hearers had been accustomed to worship. As a true son of John Wesley, he began to itinerate, and went to distant places to feed the people with the bread of life. Grahamstown, though now the metropolitan city, was at this time a military post, where there was little religious instruction, but he soon made it one of his regular preaching places, and every alternate week he rode 130 miles and preached eight times, besides his Sabbath labours at home. He often heard the Macedonian cry for help; and though he did all that he was able to

perform, he sometimes undertook labours which occasioned him many privations. In regard to church erections, he says: "I frequently had to pay the cost of materials out of my own small allowances, and thus deprive myself and family for a time of many of what are called the necessaries of life."

As might be expected, Mr. Shaw soon wanted additional labourers, and though all his requests could not be granted, he always believed that the committee did their utmost to meet his wishes. What a pity that the exchequers of our missionary and other similar institutions should so often be in a state of depletion! The arrival of fresh missionaries always gave him great pleasure; and when the first church was dedicated in Grahamstown, in which two other missionaries took part with himself, he rejoiced with exceeding joy. He lived to see five beautiful Wesleyan churches erected there, all of which he assisted to dedicate. A marble slab is erected in the Commemoration Church in honour of his memory. He once said to a brother missionary that it afforded him pleasure to think that he had prayed in every house in this town.

Though Mr. Shaw had much labour to perform among the people of the new settlements, he was not satisfied to labour for them exclusively. He yearned to preach Christ to the Kaffirs, for whom nobody seemed to care. After making the necessary preliminary arrangements he went forth beyond the bounds of civilisation to establish a mission in Kaffraria, as he anticipated the time when there would be a chain of stations extending to Natal and Delagoa Bay. Many doubted his prudence in engaging in such a hazardous enterprise, but he lived to see the object gained. His noble wife was always ready to help him even in his boldest schemes, and in respect to the mission in Kaffraria, she said, "Let us go in the name of the Lord." How great must have been her faith, thus willingly to accompany her husband to a race of savage men where there were no English soldiers to protect them. The journey was perilous, and was attended by privations of which we can form no conception. The first station which was planted in the wilderness of Kaffraria was called Wesleyville. Our space will not allow us to detail all the sufferings endured by those noble pioneers, whose lives were often in danger by reason of the tribes being at war with each other. More than once "the White Chief," as Mr. Shaw was termed, was employed as a peace maker. The

frequent wars greatly impeded the work of the missionaries, but they laboured through good report as well as evil. In twelve months after the formation of the mission, a Sabbath school was formed for the Kaffir children. The first class-meeting was attended by six natives, one of whom said, "I am always glad when I hear the bell ring to call us to church. I could not be at rest to live where I could not hear the great word." Mr. Shaw would sometimes leave home for five or six days and visit distant tribes. Some of his journeys were exceedingly tedious, as he had literally to make his own path in the wilderness. He would often sleep out of doors, or on the floor of the native hut. Sometimes he would be in perils and would be necessitated to take shelter in the branches of the trees, as his best place of safety from the ravening wolves and other ferocious beasts of prey. During the period of his General Superintendency, he was often from home six months in the year, during which he would seldom sleep in bed, and once his friend Shrewsbury and he slept twenty-two nights in succession in the open air.

The success of the first Kaffir mission greatly pleased him. Some three hundred families took up their abode near the mission premises, and for several years prosperity crowned the labours of the missionaries. But Wesleyville has often been destroyed by the Kaffir wars; now it is the scene of missionary toil, and it is to be hoped that the tocsin of war will not again be heard in all the peaceful habitations.

After some years' residence in Africa, Mr. Shaw returned to England, and spent three years in the town of Leeds. He was frequently employed on missionary deputations, when his narratives did not fail to greatly interest crowded congregations and fanned the flame of their missionary zeal. He was soon, however, called to return to Africa. The information he had given respecting the wrongs of the Kaffirs, and the erroneous policy pursued by those in authority, made him a person of influence, and he was often called to give his views of certain questions which were then agitating the public mind. The Kaffir wars were ended, and the Government entreated the Wesleyan Missionary Society to recommence their labours among that people. Mr. S. was accordingly sent out again, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the various missions re-established. He was now in reality a travelling

preacher. Stations were established hundreds of miles into the interior, all of which, as General Superintendent, he had to visit, travelling sometimes with oxen, which tried his patience very much. Once the waggon got fast in a river, and all their clothes were saturated, so that they were in the greatest straits. As years rolled on and improvements were made, he would often tell of the hardships and inconveniences endured in the early days.

It has been a matter of surprise with some how that, with such multitudinous duties to perform, Mr. Shaw could find time for mental improvement. In the early period of his ministry he gave attention to reading extensively Methodistical works. His biographer says, "Whoever heard him preach recognised the influence which the study of the thirty volumes of 'the Christian Library' had left upon his mind. That invaluable collection of the old English Episcopalian and Puritan divinity is too much neglected in our day. Many object to it, because the various treatises are found in an abridged form, though the abridgments have been made by the hand of a master. In its place the book shelves of many a study are crowded by voluminous series of Nichol's Puritan Divines, which no minister in full work can possibly find time to read, and which are only valuable for occasional reference. So, refusing to avail themselves of the treasures contained in the 'Christian Library,' many grow up with but a slender acquaintance with the great theologians of the seventeenth century. In some cases, the places of these giant minds are occupied by sensational and sentimental divines of what Sir Fowell Buxton terms 'the Bible and water school.' The effect of such twaddle or the ministry of the future may be imagined."

Mr. Shaw became a man of great influence in the Cape Colony, and was often consulted even by governors as to what was best to be done under certain circumstances; and when the jubilee of the colony was celebrated in Grahamstown, he was selected to preach on the occasion, though the service was held in the Episcopalian church, and on the same occasion his honoured wife was called to lay the corner-stone of the "Commemoration Church," which was a large and valuable structure. Missions were also established among the Bechmannas, Fingoes, Hottentots, and in Port Natal among the European settlers; some of whom had been Methodists in Yorkshire, and were therefore glad to enjoy such

religious services as they had been accustomed to from their youth. Schools were established for the instruction of the native teachers, grammars were made, and the Scriptures translated into the vernacular of the people. At Mount Coke, the Watson Institution was established, a printing office was erected, from which books for the missions were issued, and an Industrial School was also established at Heald Town. As Mr. Shaw was General Superintendent, the reader may readily conceive what a variety of duties would devolve upon him.

In the year 1856, after spending 36 years in Africa, Mr. Shaw returned to his native land, with his health considerably impaired. He soon however entered upon the duties of a circuit minister, and at the Conference of 1860, his brethren gave him proof of their attachment by electing him to the office of President. He proved himself well qualified for that onerous position.

Nine years afterwards he was obliged to ask for a supernumerary relation, and for the next four years he was comparatively retired, though he still took a lively interest in every matter which pertained to the welfare of Methodism. He was a man of public spirit; hence, during the educational controversy, he delivered more than one important speech. He was also chairman of the *Watchman* Newspaper Company, and thus, as far as possible, he was diligently employed, until December 3rd, 1872, when he entered the joy of his Lord.

As will be readily supposed, Mr. Shaw was a man of great administrative ability. Several years ago, he recommended that the missions in South Africa should be formed into a separate conference, but for various reasons this has not been done until now, though while we write Rev. G. T. Perks, M.A., is on a visit to that country, and very probably the plan submitted years ago by Mr. Shaw may now be adopted. Mr. Shaw had not time for authorship. His was a busy life. "The Story of my Mission" was a grand narration of missionary toil; and his memory is honoured by all classes, not only in Cape Colony, where he was so well known, but by tens of thousands of Methodists throughout the world, for his heroic labours and abundant usefulness.

E. B.

## THE STREET OF HELL.

IN 1870 there were in the United States 140,000 licensed liquor saloons. If formed into a street with saloons on each side, allowing 20 feet to each saloon, they would make a street 26½ miles long. Let us imagine them brought together into such a street, and let us suppose that the moderate drinkers and their families are marching into it at the upper end. Go with me if you have the nerve and patience, and stand at the lower end, and let us see what that street turns out in one year.

What army is this that comes marching down the street in solid column, five abreast, extending 570 miles? It is the army of 5,000,000 men and women who daily and constantly go to the saloons for intoxicating drinks as a beverage. Marching 20 miles a day, it will take them more than 28 days to go by.

Now they are gone, and close in their rear comes another army, marching five abreast, and 60 miles in length. In it there are 530,000 confirmed drunkards. They are men and women who have lost control of their appetites, who are in the regular habit of getting drunk and making beasts of themselves. Marching two abreast, the army is 150 miles long. Scan them closely. There are grey headed men and fair haired boys. There are, alas! many women in that army sunk to deeper depths than the men, because of the greater heights from which they fell. It will take them seven days to go by.

It is a sad and sickening sight. But do not turn away yet, for here comes another army of 108,000 criminals—from jails, and prisons, and penitentiaries they come. At the head of the army comes a long line of persons whose hands are smeared with human blood; with ropes round their necks, they are on the way to the gallows. Others are going to prison for life. Every crime known to our laws has been committed by these persons while they were under the influence of drink.

But, hark! whence come those yells, and who are those, bound with strong chains and guarded by strong men, that go raging by? They are raving maniacs, made such by drink. Their eyes are tormented with awful sights, and their ears ring with horrid sounds. Slimy reptiles crawl over their bodies, and fiends from hell torment them before their time. They are gone now, and we breathe more freely.

But what gloom is this that pervades the air, and what is that long line of black coming slowly down the street? It is the line of funeral processions. 100,000 who have died the drunkard's death are being carried to their graves. Drunkards do not have many friends to mourn their loss, and we can put 30 of their funeral processions into a mile. We have thus a procession 3,333 miles long. It will take a good share of the year for them to pass, for funeral processions move slowly. Yes, most of them do, but every now and then an uncoffined corpse in a rough cart is driven by, and we hear the brutal driver sing,

“Quick, rattle his bones, rattle his bones over the stones,  
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.”

Look into the coffins as they go by. See the dead drunkards. Some died of delirium tremens, and the lines of terror are still plainly marked on their faces. Some froze to death by the roadside, too drunk to reach their homes. Some stumbled from the wharf and were drowned. Some wandered into the woods and died, and rotted on the surface of the earth. Some blew their own brains out. Some were fearfully stabbed in drunken brawls. Some were roasted alive in burning buildings. Some were crushed to shapeless masses under the cars. They died in various ways; but strong drink killed them all; and on their tombstones, if they have any, may be fitly inscribed, “He died a drunkard's death.”

Close behind them comes another long line of funeral processions; we know not how many, but they are more numerous attended by mourning friends. They contain the remains of those who have met death through the carelessness and the cruelty of drunken men. Some died of broken hearts. Some were foully murdered. Some were burned to death in buildings set on fire by drunken men. Some were horribly mangled on the railroad because of drunken engineers or flagmen. Some were blown up on a steamboat because a drunken captain ran a race with a rival boat.

But here comes another army—the children, innocent ones, upon whom has been visited the iniquities of their fathers. How many are there? 200,000! Marching two abreast, they extend up the street 30 miles. Each one must bear through life the stigma of being a drunkard's child. They are reduced to poverty, want and beggary. They live in ignorance and vice.

Some of the children are moaning with hunger, and some are shivering with the cold, for they have not enough rags to keep

them warm. A large number of them are idiots, made such before they were born by brutal, drunken fathers. And, worse than all the rest, many of them have inherited a love for liquor, and are growing up to take the places and do the deeds of their fathers. They will fill up the ranks of the awful army of drunkards that moves in unbroken columns down to death.

It has taken nearly a year for the street to empty itself of its year's work. And close in the rear comes the vanguard of next year's supply. And if this is what liquor does in one year, what must be its results in all the world through the long centuries!

Thus far we have listened to the stories that the figures tell. But they cannot tell all; they give only the outline of the terrible tragedy that is going on around us. They cannot picture to us the wretched squalor of a drunkard's home. They cannot tell us how many unkind and cruel words strong drink has caused otherwise kind and tender-hearted husbands and fathers to utter to their dear ones. They cannot tell us how many heavy blows have fallen from the drunkard's hand upon those whom it was his duty to love and cherish and protect. They cannot tell us how many fond expectations and bright hopes, which the young, fair bride had of the future, have been blasted and turned to bitterest gall. They cannot number the long weary hours of night during which she has anxiously awaited, and yet fearfully dreaded, the heavy foot-fall at the door.

Figures cannot tell us how many scalding tears the wives of drunkards have shed, nor how many prayers of bitter anguish and cries of agony God has heard them utter. They cannot tell us how many mothers have worn out body and soul in providing the necessities of life for children whom a drunken father has left destitute. They cannot tell us how many mothers' hearts have broken with grief as they saw a darling son become a drunkard. They cannot tell us how many white hairs have gone down in sorrow to the grave, mourning over drunken children. They cannot tell us how many hard fought battles the drunkard, in his sober moments, has fought with the terrible appetite; how many times he has walked his room in despair, tempted to commit suicide because he could not conquer the demon. And finally, we cannot search the records of the other world, and tell how many souls have been shut out from that holy place where no drunkards enter, and banished to the regions of eternal despair, by the demon of drink.

What man, what woman, what child would not vote to have that whole street, with its awful traffic in the infernal stuff, sunk to the lowest depths of perdition, and covered ten thousand fathoms deep under the curses of the universe?

R. T. CROSS.

## THE MASTER'S CALL.

THEY tell me a solemn story, but it is not sad to me,  
 For in its sweet unfolding my Saviour's love I see;  
 They say that at any moment the Lord of Life may come,  
 To lift me from the cloud-land into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning : I may not even hear  
 The rustling of His garments as He softly draweth near ;  
 Suddenly, in a moment, upon my ear may fall,  
 The summons to leave our homestead, to answer the Master's call.

Perhaps He'll come in the noontide of some bright and sunny day,  
 When with dear ones all around me, my life seems bright and gay ;  
 Pleasant must be the pathway, easy the shining road,  
 Up from the dimmer sunlight into the light of God.

Perhaps He'll come in the stillness of the mild and quiet night,  
 When the earth is calmly sleeping 'neath the moonbeam's silvery light ;  
 When the stars are softly shining o'er the slumbering land and sea ;  
 Perhaps in holy stillness the Master will come for me.

I think I would rather hear it, that voice so low and sweet,  
 Calling me out from the shadows, my blessed Lord to meet ;  
 Up through the glowing splendours of a starry, earthly night,  
 To "see the King in his beauty," in a land of purer light.

## READ THE BIBLE—READ IT ALL.

Dr. Parker, the well known pastor of the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, London, has recently returned from his annual vacation, which he spent this year on the Continent. Giving his impressions and the lessons he had derived from a temporary absence from home, he stated that he was more than ever convinced of the necessity for purely biblical preaching,—the exposition of God's Word in all its scope and simplicity. The following Sunday morning, accordingly, his theme of discourse was the Bible. Having quoted the passages—"Search the Scriptures," "Let the *Word* of Christ dwell in you richly," "The sword of the Spirit which is the *Word* of God," and remarked on the unity, cohesion, and entirety conveyed by the phraseology of these texts, he proceeded :—

THE BIBLE *ought to be read right through*. It is only then you can know the music, the swell, the cadence, the rapture and sorrow, the triumph and the tears, of God's Word. What would you know of our boy's letter, if you were to read the superscription on Monday, to look at the signature on Friday, and read a little in the middle of it three months afterwards? I get tired towards the end of July and I go away to the mountains. I take the Bible with me ;

I read it *through*, and I feel as if I had never seen the Book before. I have spent most of my life in reading and expounding it, yet it seems as if I had never seen it. It is so new, so rich, so varied, the truth flashing from a thousand unexpected and undiscovered points, with a light above the brightness of the sun. And that summer-reading of the Bible is what I call tuning the instrument.

If anybody does not believe the Bible, he has never read it through; he may have read a little here and there, with general commentaries and criticisms between, but he has not read the whole. Once, two men said, "We will disprove the conversion of Paul." They read it through—and wrote a book in proof of it. So will God deal with all destructive critics who really make themselves masters of the situation they intended to overthrow.

It is wonderful, if you read the whole, how it gets hold of you somewhere. I have tried it; and I appeal to you who know it best, whether you will willingly let it drop out of your fingers, when it has once got into the movement and necessity of your being.

Suppose you should ask a man to read this book clean through at one sitting. What would his notions be? I do not ask him the memory of particular texts, but I would say, "What are your general notions?" I should not be surprised to hear him say: "It is a *very solemn* book. There were deep soundings in it that made me shudder with a chill the like of which I never felt before."

What more? "The infinite reluctance with which God gives up man; that struck me in reading the Book from end to end. The pain, the yearning of God, the moan of a mother, the cry of a broken heart—it was very wonderful. I felt in reading it as if God were putting out both his arms, straining his eyes after me, and crying out to me, 'Come back!' I cried at some parts of it myself; I forget just now where they were, but I think you will find the tears on the pages here and there even yet. It seemed as if God was saying, 'Image of my countenance, upright like myself, susceptible of immortality, companion of my life, wrecked and shattered, wounded and dying, yet how can I give thee up? Ye were not made for death; why will ye die?'"

What more? "I remember it was a *righteous Book*. There were pages in it when the wicked man had his own way; but presently God searched him out and brought him to judgment. It made me glad, and in the middle of my reading I thought—would that the Book were at the basis of all political legislation, at the heart of all commercial enterprise; would that it were the secret of all civilisation, and the inspiration of all domestic and national life.

"And I remember this about it, that *it seems to be all other books*. I have read a great many books, and I feel now that I need not have read them; they are all here. Novels—it is all there in the prodigal son. Two men, the runaway son, the scape-

grace, the far country, the riotous living, the harlot, the evil companionships, the bad treatment, and the coming home again. Joy! I never heard such silver bells ringing in my life as the chimes in this Book. Sorrow! None like it. Its woes swallow up all other grief. Its cross, like the rod of Moses, swallows up all other crosses in its great tragic sorrow."

"But are there not some terrible things in that Book of yours?" "Yes, there are. There are stories in the Book that no minister dare read in the congregation. There are chapters that no publisher could take out separately and put in his shop window. Yes; but 'blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God' even in that shame. These stories are in their right place in the Bible, surrounded by the lightnings and thunders and judgments in the Old Testament, and by the tears and tenderness, and touching death on the cross in the New—all that is unfolded in the word Redemption."

Do not vindicate the Bible, if you please; let it alone. It needs no vindication; it is there. It has been assailed; still it is there. It has been assailed from points from which it does not start. It does not contemplate the things which have been turned into means of assault against it. Suppose a man should say, "An alkali neutralises an acid, therefore the New Testament is not inspired." What would you think of it? Suppose a man should say, "Two and two are four, therefore there can be no resurrection from the dead." Why, there is no link of connection—nothing to bring them together. So it is: the Bible has its own work; it starts from its own point; delivers its own message. It is not a book that comes within the region of logic, but of feeling, sorrow, want, imagination.

But does not the Apostle Paul reason? Not as if he wished to prove the existence of the thing, but in the sense that a man turns a diamond round and shows all its angles and sides and beautiful proportions—not as if he would prove that it is a diamond,—so Paul turns the truth round, that every phase of it may catch the sun; he never lays it down as a thesis or proposition, that there is a God. So with this Book. It does not say, "I am inspired, and I will prove it;" it simply says, "Read me, and read me all."

I want to remind you that it is possible to read a part as if it were the whole; to make too much of certain texts, and forget their bearing upon others, and so miss the proportion and analogy of faith. The man who takes out a solitary text and finds a denomination on it is not biblical, but only textual. He is not a statesman, only a politician. He takes out a single line, exaggerates it, and does not consider its relationship to the manifold infiniteness of the remaining revelation.

I can prove by geography that the world is not round—that is to say, by taking a partial and local view of the surface of the earth, I can defy any man to prove that it is round. There are great

rocky points, great crags and rocks shooting up into the air, some ten thousand feet high, others fifteen thousand and more. Then there are great valleys, sinking as deeply into the ribs and heart of the earth. Looked at in this light, no proposition can be more monstrous than that the earth is round. But you must not look at the part, but at the whole. You must look at astronomy. The greater includes the less, and thus you proceed to establish the rotundity of the earth. So you must not look at one parable or text; "let the Word of Christ dwell in you *richly*."

"I have not time to read the Bible through." I will not grant it in reality, but suppose I admit it argumentarily. Every man has time to read the Bible through as a matter of fact. But take one book, and read it through. Let me tell you what I did the other night, and let me invite you to do the same. I took the Book of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, and read it through at once, right away. I never stopped from the first verse to the last. And it was a grand lesson. I used to look over the book, and pick out bits here and there, and I could make nothing of it. It is the story of to-day, and to-morrow and the third day, written in great, grim, wonderful types and symbols. And every now and then there was a great, green place, with fountains and trees, and I lingered there, and said, "I know that bit." When he was showing the locusts out of the smoke, "and the sound of their wings was like the sound of chariots," I said, "I cannot follow him there." But when I came to "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us in His own blood," I said, "Wait there; I know that part." When he spoke of the woman, "clothed with the sun," and "a time, and times, and half a time," and six, and six, and six again, and all these figures piled up before me, I could not understand it; but when he said "I saw One, and on his vesture and on his thigh was written, 'King of kings and Lord of lords,'" I said "Wait there; that is familiar." When I read of the trumpets and the vials and the horns and the woes, I could make but little of them; but when the writer said, "I saw an angel flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel," I looked with the eyes of my heart, and I hailed that messenger as a friend.

So, if you will read through this great Book, I do not promise you will understand it all, and give a clear logical statement and proposition about every part of it. Nothing of the kind. You will come out dazzled, bewildered, stunned, as if the thunder of heaven had struck you. And yet when you have time to recover your breath, and cleanse your vision, you will say to your friend, "Do go! Be where I have been, and go at once. There is nothing like it."

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"Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me."

## LOST! LOST! LOST!

**W**HAT is lost? A human soul. A soul made a little lower than the angels; a soul created in the image of God; a soul worth the price of a Saviour's blood. A soul reared under the benign influences of Christianity; trained in the truths of the Bible; striven with by the Holy Spirit; admonished by an enlightened conscience; lured by heaven's choicest rewards; warned by hell's deepest moan; yet lost, eternally lost. A soul, mayhap, that was once enlightened; tasted of the heavenly gift; run well for a season; exalted unto heaven, yet thrust down to hell.

Lost! Lost to what? Lost to all earth's pleasures of the past; lost to all enjoyment for the present; lost to all hope for the future. Lost to a Saviour's love; lost to a Father's pitying eye; lost to its best friends; lost to itself. This were a scene o'er which angels might weep, o'er which Jesus might once more groan in agony, and Mercy might even dare to blunt the keen sword of Justice.

Heaven pity the soul that shall cry, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended," and I am lost! lost! lost!

M. CAMERON.

## SPECIALTIES.

**M**UCH has been said in the way of criticism in regard to making holiness a "*specialty*." Perhaps those who urge this objection have not well considered its true relation to the common or ordinary instrumentalities of the Christian Church. It has seemed to the writer, each and all the operations of Christianity are in their proper bearing and idea a "*specialty*." This is true of all the institutions of religion, and equally true of all modes and forms of religious endeavour.

The Sunday school is a "*specialty*," and one of great importance. Individuals of peculiar talent have been selected and appointed to the special work of promoting that interest. Various combinations are formed, societies instituted, prayer and experience meetings organised, and even great camp meetings are held for the particular purpose of promoting the Sunday-school cause. Bishops, agents, secretaries, ministers and laymen, all have approved and co-operated in such movements. So might we say of a popular and noted camp-meeting, called a "*fraternal gathering*," with the senior bishop of the Church to preside. The "*specialty*" was clearly announced and understood all over the country. Great and good men gave it their sanction, and it is contemplated that this "*specialty*" will be continued. The Lord make it a great blessing to all concerned.

Then there are other and as clearly defined "*specialties*." The

Missionary Society, the Tract cause, Bible distribution, the Book Concern, Temperance organisations, and associations for the observance of the Sabbath, are each and all of them great and useful "specialties." Nor is the fact that they are "specialties" any valid objection against any of them. The truth is there is nothing much in the world but "specialties." Every sermon, every prayer meeting, all teaching, all forms of enterprise and labour, and all modes of education, business, and religion, are simply so many "specialties;" and they succeed and prosper, and contribute to the general good, to the extent to which they are so understood and prosecuted.

Who would think of saying to the Sunday-school friends, why don't you drop your "specialty" and go into the general work of saving sinners? Why not give up Sunday-school teaching and go to soul saving? The reply would at once be made, the ultimate and legitimate object of all Sunday-school endeavour is to save sinners. Would it be deemed in place or proper to say that these bishops, editors, agents, secretaries, and professors, while engaged in promoting and caring for the "specialty" committed to their charge, are likely to produce "over-strained" government, reading, learning, and giving? It is pleasant and refreshing to see our bishops "magnify their office." Our Book Concern, as now conducted, is a grand demonstration of the propriety of getting "special" men for a "special" work in a "special" place. The devotedness of all of some men's resources and energies to the special work of an "editor" has given us several magnificent religious periodicals. The consecration of eminent capacity to the work of teaching has furnished the best educators the world has yet known. Should some of us presume to enter the private rooms of these agents, editors and professors, and seriously present it as an objection to their business or work that it was a "specialty," and that therefore it would be better for them to engage more directly in the general or particular work of saving sinners, would we not be considered as holding strange and untenable notions? Are they not each and all of them, notwithstanding the "special" character of their work, contributing to the general good?

But it may be said these men are all regularly appointed to their particular work by the authorities of the Church. Very true. But this only strengthens the position with which this article was commenced, viz.: That the fact that any line of religious or moral endeavour is pursued as a "specialty" is not unusual, improper, or perilous, and cannot be urged as a valid objection against it. That is all I aimed to establish. In my next article I will endeavour to show that the "specialty" attaching to the National Camp Meetings, and other meetings for the promotion of the doctrine and experience of holiness, is Methodistic, Scriptural, and in harmony with the custom of the Church in all ages — *J. S. Inskip, in Christian Standard.*

## A BEAUTIFUL SCENE.

GOD has put great honour upon Mr. R. P. Smith, whose labours for the promotion of holiness have been so eminently productive of good in France, Germany, and Switzerland. He was the prime mover in the convention held at Brighton last May, which continued some ten days, and was attended by about 10,000 persons, including 200 ministers from the continent whose expenses were paid by Mr. S. Morley, M.P., and other wealthy Christians. The services were continued each day with but little intermission from 7 a.m. until 10 p.m. Two large buildings were occupied constantly, besides smaller ones occasionally. The following is an account of one meeting entitled *A Breakfast Scene*, which we gladly insert :

"One of the most delightful seasons was an occasion of a breakfast for continental pastors, when a number of representative Christian men and women were invited by the Earl of Kintore, the Earl of Cavan, Samuel Morley, M.P., George Moore, Donald Mattheson, J. Butterworth, and T. B. Smithies, to meet Mr. Pearsall Smith and the pastors of various nationalities who were at the Convention. After the breakfast, at which Lord Kintore presided, thanks were returned in a few words, each in his own language, by brethren representing England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Italy, America, India, Holland, Belgium, Spain, and last of all by Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem, in the Hebrew tongue. Mr. R. Pearsall Smith very appropriately read passages from Rev. vii. and Acts ii. asking the foreign brethren to repeat together, each in his own language, the words from Rev. vii. 10, 'Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.' The effect of this was most touching, and all hearts were melted and subdued. Then all ascribed praise to God by repeating verse 12: 'Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.'

"Mr. R. P. Smith, referring to Rev. vii. 14, said it was not unlikely that some there would be called to seal their testimony with their blood, but drew encouragement and strength from the subsequent verses, 'They shall hunger no more,' etc., 'For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

"After prayer by Mr. Varley and a few more words from Mr. Smith, the following hymn was sung, the chorus in a different language after each verse :

'JESUS SAVES ME NOW.'

"Mr. Pearsall Smith, when holding evangelistic services in Germany, said, 'I have learned only one sentence in the German

language, but this is enough to carry me safely all through life, and then right into glory. This is, "*Jesus errettet mich jetzt.*" Pastor Gebhardt has written a hymn in the German language suggested by these words, and which God has greatly used. The chorus of the English hymn is an exact translation of the German, but has been written specially for the Convention.

## GOD'S MESSAGE.

This is the glorious gospel word—  
 Our God his heavens doth bow,                    Isa. lxiv. 1.  
 And cry to each believing heart,                Ps. cxliv. 5.  
 Jesus saves thee now!                                John iii. 18, 36.

*Chorus*—Jesus saves thee now,  
               Jesus saves thee now;  
 Yes, Jesus saves thee all the time—  
               Jesus saves thee now!

## THE BELIEVER'S RESPONSE.

God speaks, who cannot lie; why then        Heb. v. 18.  
 One doubt should I allow?  
 I doubt Him not, but take His word—        1 Cor. ii. 12.  
 Jesus saves me now!

*Chorus*—Jesus saves me now!  
 I trust not self; 'twould throw me back  
 Into despond's deep slough;                    Rom. x. 6-9;  
 From self I look to Christ, and find        Isa. xlv. 21, 22.  
 Jesus saves me now!

## CHORUS.

*German*—Jesus errettet mich jetzt  
               Jesus errettet mich jetzt!  
 Ja, Jesus errettet mich alleze it,  
               Jesus errettet mich jetzt!

Temptations hard upon me press;            John xv. 10.  
 No strength is mine, I know;                Gal. v. 17, 1 Pet. v. 8.  
 Yet more than conqueror am I—            Rom. viii. 35, 37.  
 Jesus saves me now!

*French*—Jesus me sauve maintenant!  
               Jesus me sauve maintenant!  
 Oui, Jesus-Christ me sauve toujours;  
               Jesus me sauve maintenant!

Whate'er my future may require,            2 Cor. ix. 8.  
 His grace will sure allow;  
 I live a moment at a time,                    Exod. xvi. 21.  
 Jesus saves me now.

*Dutch*—Jesus redt my nu;  
               Jesus redt my nu!  
 Ja, Jesus redt my t'alle tyd,  
               Jesus redt my nu!

Why doubt Him? He who died now lives ;  
 The crown is on His brow ; Rev. i. 18.  
 The Son of Man hath power on earth :  
 Jesus saves me now ! Matt. ix. 6.

*Italian*—Gesu mi salva gia !  
 Gesu mi salva gia !  
 Ognor mi salva il mia Gesu,  
 Gesu mi salva gia !

And when within the pearly gates Rev. v. 11, 14.  
 I at His feet shall bow,  
 The heaven of heavens itself will be— Rev. vii. 17.  
 Jesus saves me now.

“The Italian chorus was sung by brethren from Spain, as a Spanish chorus has not yet been composed.

“It would be impossible to describe the meeting. The holy fellowship in which all hearts were knit together was, as indeed the whole convention has been, a foretaste of heaven on earth. The effect on the foreign pastors may be judged from this:—One from Holland told us, on Sunday morning, that the French and German pastors had confessed that some of them had come with bitter feelings in their hearts, but their hearts had been broken and had flowed together in love, and on the morning of the first day of this week they meet to break bread together in remembrance of the Lord Jesus. And on Monday evening, in the two large halls, the Dome and the Corn Exchange, there was a united communion, presided over by the foreign pastors. Who can tell whereunto, in blessing, this will grow? If these pastors go home filled with love to God and man, ‘Oh, what will the harvest be?’”

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## A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

[The following, from the *Banner of Holiness*, is severe, but we fear it is not altogether undeserved.—ED. “E. C.”]

THE “leading official” advocate of the M. E. Church, published in New York city, contained an article recently, written by a “leading official” minister of the same Church, in which the following pious protest against boat-racing appeared: “Suppose the Methodist, Episcopalian, and Baptist ministers of New York city should select a crew to exhibit their power in a boat-race on the Hudson, accompanied by the side shows of a few foot races, jumping matches—not to mention greased pigs and other practices for which the world is not yet quite ripe—hundreds of thousands would meet to see the fun; boys and girls of all ages would wear the respective colours,—Baptist, Methodist, etc.,—on the boats; ‘pools’ would be formed; bets would be quoted in the sporting papers; the respective combatants, stripped to their skin, would be

portrayed in the illustrated newspapers. But what would be thought of American civilisation?"

Yes: and suppose "the Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Baptist" Churches of our whole Christendom should institute church "*fairs*," at which each should vie with the other in turning a quantity of pennies that are not honest, and in filching under false pretences the money of comers and goers, thereby at one and the same time increasing the Church revenues and decreasing the Church honour and honesty, what *then* "would be thought of our American civilisation?"

And suppose "the Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Baptist" Churches should put forth to public notice a patch-work quilt, or a gold-headed cane, or a fine jewelled chronometer, or the smartest and sweetest lady teacher in the Sunday school, or any other convenient and captivating "stake," *to be voted for* by the crowd of eager and clamorous contestants, for so-much of a money consideration; and suppose that as the result of all this pious (?) competitive chicanery, "the Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian or Baptist" Church should realise \$1,000 to buy a pipe organ for the new church, or *send the gospel to the heathen*, or to pay the current expenses of a sensational scandal suit on account of their preacher, what then, we beg leave to submit, would be thought of our American civilisation?

The affecting of all this pious horror on account of a religious boat-race on the Hudson, while the thousand-and-one other impieties and dishonesties that "the Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Baptist" Churches are daily practising, are either wholly ignored, or tacitly commended, or "charitably" winked at, is either the boldest inconsistency or the baldest hypocrisy. A boat-race is not a more unchristian thing than a church raffle. The "Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Baptist" Church would not compromise its piety or its decency one whit more in running a yacht race, or in running a foot-race, or in running down a greased pig, than it *does* compromise its piety and its religious decency by upholding and patronising the modern church festival or fair, with all its anti-christian accompaniments.

Our American civilisation and our American Christianisation will be set down (as it already is) as an arrant sham, and a contemptible humbug, in just so far as it gives countenance to and upholds *all* or *any* of these devilish iniquities. *And it ought to be!* Amen.

THE laxity of morals now so alarmingly pervading nearly every department of social and civil life, and exerting a baleful influence in even religious orders professedly devoted to Christianity, calls for a more practical religion. The time imperatively demands a religion that will not only exhibit a more Christ-like life, but a religion that will characterise lying, cheating, defrauding, and stealing by their proper names.

## THE LARGEST BILL OF ALL THE YEAR.

“NEW Year’s presents, you see, Mr. Johnson!” said Mr. Henry, pointing to a number of papers which were spread before him on the table, and which, it was evident, were occupying his somewhat anxious attention.

Mr. Henry, we may explain, was a clerk, holding a good position in the office of a large public company, and Mr. Johnson was his minister. It was the evening of New Year’s Day; and Mr. Johnson had called, partly that he might wish Mr. Henry and his family a happy new year, but partly also on a little business. Mrs. Henry and the children were in the drawing-room, and Mr. H. had left them for a short time, and was sitting in a little room which he called his study. The postman had just left a number of letters, in which were some of the papers to which Mr. Henry had pointed.

It required only half a glance to see what they were. The headings of most of them, and the lines ruled for pounds, shillings and pence, and the columns of figures, made it quite plain that they were bills.

“Presents, I suppose,” said Mr. Johnson, “such as we all get at this time of the year; and I am afraid they are not always quite as welcome as some other presents one gets. For my part, I don’t like them, and I take care to have very few of them.”

“Indeed!” said Mr. Henry; “and pray how do you manage that?”

“By a very simple method indeed,” replied Mr. Johnson; “by paying cash for everything I can. There are a few things I cannot pay for in that way, and I am obliged to wait for the yearly or the half-yearly accounts; but I know pretty well what they are and what they will amount to, so that they cause me no surprise.”

“A good plan,” said Mr. Henry, “for I must confess that accounts come in now and then which do surprise one. Many of the things had been completely forgotten, and the total amount is often rather startling. We must take your plan this year, and for the future.”

“I am quite sure,” said Mr. Johnson, “that you will find it more satisfactory than the credit system, and certainly a great deal more economical.”

“Well,” resumed Mr. Henry, “although there are some things which had been forgotten, and some of our bills are rather larger than I expected, I can still pay all I owe.”

“So far good,” said Mr. Johnson; “but are you sure you have all your bills before you? Since some have come in which have surprised you, don’t you think there may possibly be some others

which you have overlooked, and which you may find more surprising still?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Henry, looking a little uncomfortable; "I hope not. But even though there should, I don't think we should be quite bankrupt. I feel pretty sure we could make all square."

"And yet, will you excuse me if I say, Mr. Henry," asked Mr. Johnson, "that there is *one* creditor whom you have forgotten, and His bill is the largest of all the year?"

Mr. Henry did not at first see Mr. Johnson's meaning, or who it was he had in view. "Indeed!" he said; "no; I think not. There may be a few small accounts to come in, but nothing so large as you speak of. I could not possibly have forgotten anything of that kind. Oh!" he said, as the light suddenly dawned upon him, "I see what you mean. How dull I was not to see it at once! You mean God?"

Mr. Henry was a kind, upright man, a good servant, and greatly respected by his employers. He attended the house of God, too, with tolerable regularity. Still, Mr. Johnson was afraid—and Mr. Henry's subsequent confession confirmed his fear—that he yet lacked the "one thing needful."

"Yes," replied Mr. Johnson, "I do. Now, will you allow me to ask you if you have ever seriously thought how much you owe to Him?"

"I hope," said Mr. Henry, "I have not been altogether forgetful of that; and nobody could attend your ministry without being often reminded of it. Still, perhaps I have hardly thought about it as I should have done."

"Well now, Mr. Henry," said Mr. Johnson, "let us have a little quiet talk together about this. It is a matter of which we all need to be reminded, and of which we are all apt to be sadly forgetful. You told me, I remember, some time since, that it had not been without many a hard struggle that you raised yourself to your present position."

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Henry; "I don't care who knows it. I began life—my working life, I mean—as errand-boy in the service of our company, when I was only twelve years old. My father was in poor health, and unable to work, and all of us who could earn anything were obliged to do so. I determined to make my way if I could; but I had only a poor education. One of the clerks, however, was kind enough to help me in the evenings, and he spoke a good word for me to the manager; and when I was fourteen I was taken on as junior clerk. I well recollect how proud I was when I took my seat at my desk. Some of the other clerks looked rather scornfully on me; but I made my way, step by step, till now; and I hope I have prospects of something better still."

There was a slight air of pride in the way Mr. Henry said this, such as we often see in what are called "self-made men," when they speak of their struggles and successes. Mr. Johnson made no remark on that, however, but replied—

"It is always pleasant to hear of vigorous endeavour like yours; especially when, as in your case, it has been crowned with success. You have reason to be very thankful to the kind friend you have mentioned, and to others who helped you in your early struggles; but may I ask if it has ever occurred to you to think how much you owe in this very matter to God? He gave you the energy which enabled you to cope with your early difficulties; it was in His Providence you were led to the place where you began your work; the friends who helped you were His gift; and without His blessing you would still have been struggling and poor."

Theoretically, Mr. Henry would have admitted all this at any time, as he frankly admitted it now; but who does not know that it is one thing to admit a truth as a theory, and quite another to hold it as a conviction and a principle? Really, Mr. Henry ascribed all his success to himself. Mr. Johnson thought he saw this, but he made no remark.

"I think," he resumed, "you have had good health during the past year, Mr. Henry?"

"Never better," replied Mr. Henry. "I may have had a slight cold once or twice, but I never ailed anything that kept me from business or confined me a single day to the house. I had a good constitution to begin with; and then I am a temperate man, and know how to take care of myself."

"A great mercy that," said Mr. Johnson. "Only those who have passed through sickness and suffering know the value of good health. But I think I could name some who had originally just as good a constitution as yours, and who were just as temperate, and in every respect just as prudent, who have been greatly afflicted during the past year, and brought very nigh to death. There's your friend Edwards, for instance."

"Ah, poor fellow!" said Mr. Henry, "I never thought he would pull through. He is sadly shattered."

"And yet," said Mr. Johnson, "although *you* have enjoyed good health yourself, you have had some anxiety about your family."

The fact was, that Mr. Henry's eldest daughter Mary, a sweet girl of seventeen, had been so extremely ill that for some little time her recovery had been despaired of. Mr. Johnson had been a frequent visitor during her illness, and he had reason to think that it had exerted a very salutary influence on her mind. He had prayed with the family very earnestly for her recovery; and he believed that if ever her father had really prayed it was then. Through

God's great goodness she had been restored, and now she was as healthy and blooming as ever.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Henry. "Poor Mary! I thought we should have lost her; and I do not know what we should have done if we had."

"Everything, I know," said Mr. Johnson, "was done that could be done to promote her recovery. It was in your power, through God's goodness, to procure the best advice; and nothing was wanting in the way of gentle, careful nursing. Still, all would have been in vain without God's blessing. It was really He who gave her back to you. It was a great mercy, and don't you think you owe Him much for that?"

Mr. Henry made no reply, but his eyes filled with tears. He remembered, though Mr. Johnson did not know it, how in that very room in which they were sitting he had poured out his earnest cry that He would spare his child; and how he had vowed, if God would only do so, that he would serve Him as he had not served Him hitherto.

"Then," said Mr. Johnson, "whilst Mary was restored, all the rest were spared. The disease was infectious, but you took all precautions, and it spread no farther. Mrs. Henry was greatly harassed by her long watching, and I know you were afraid about her, but she is quite recruited, and in good health. Is it not a great mercy that through the whole year your circle has been unbroken, and that your home has been such a happy one? How many homes, as bright and happy as yours, have been completely broken up during the bygone year! You and I, whose homes still remain to us, owe God a large debt of gratitude for that great blessing."

"You are right, sir," said Mr. Henry. "One is strangely forgetful of these things, however."

"When we talk about mercies," said Mr. Johnson, "it is difficult to know where to stop. I might recount a great many things which are present and earthly, every one of which has come from God, for which we ought to be deeply thankful. But, after all, by far the most precious blessings God has given us relate to our immortal souls and to eternity. Ah, Mr. Henry, how I wish you were a Christian!"

"A Christian! Mr. Johnson," said Mr. Henry, somewhat offended; "am I not a Christian? I am neither an infidel nor a heathen."

"Forgive me, Mr. Henry," said Mr. Johnson; "I had no wish to offend you. I will tell you what I mean by a Christian; and then you shall tell me whether you are a Christian or not. I mean not just one who admits that the Bible is true, and assents to the great facts of Christianity, and attends a place of Christian worship—I mean a sincere and lowly follower of the Lord Jesus Christ—

one who, having felt himself to be a sinner, believes in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, and who, having obtained mercy, has devoted himself wholly to Christ, and takes the law of Christ as the guide of all his life. I cannot tell you what a joy it would be to me to think that you are thus a Christian. Are you?"

Mr. Henry hesitated. After a moment or two, however, he said, "Well, Mr. Johnson, honestly, in that sense, I hardly think that as yet I am one."

"If you had really been a Christian," said Mr. Johnson, "I should have had to claim your gratitude for the enjoyment of the greatest of all mercies—for a year's forgiveness, granted day by day; for a year's experience of the grace of the Holy Spirit; for strength for conflict; for rich consolation in trouble; for deep and abiding peace; and I can scarcely tell you what besides. Ah, you don't know what you have missed through not giving your heart to Christ!"

"I have had a great deal to make me happy," said Mr. Henry; "but I can readily believe I might have been far happier if I had been a real Christian—a Christian, I mean, in your sense of the word."

"And yet," said Mr. Johnson, "although you cannot thank God for the actual enjoyment of such blessings as He gives to none but His own children, how much you owe Him for mercies by whose gift He has bought your salvation. He has prolonged your life; He has kept you from that greatest of all calamities, a hardened heart. I think His Word has sometimes come to you with power; and then the troubles through which you have passed, and the mercies He has shown you in connection with them, have led you to feel how strong His claims were on your trust and love. Am I not right in saying all this?"

"Yes, sir, I think you are," replied Mr. Henry. "Certainly you are right in what you say about God's great forbearance and goodness; and I hope also in what you say as to its influence on my heart."

"Then, putting all together," said Mr. Johnson, "your temporal and your religious mercies, is it not true that, of all the debts you owe, beyond all comparison the largest is the debt you owe to God?"

"Yes, yes, sir," said Mr. Henry, with deep feeling. "How strange it is that I should have so forgotten it!"

"You told me," said Mr. Johnson, "that you had no debts you could not pay, even though a few accounts should come in which you had overlooked. But we can never any of us pay the debt we owe to God. Still, we can acknowledge it, both in our words and our life. May I tell you how?"

"I think," said Mr. Henry, "I have some idea of what you mean; but do tell me."

"You remember," said Mr. Johnson, "those words of the apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans: 'I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service.' The first thing for you to do is to confess your sin, in having so long withheld the surrender; and yet not that sin only, but all your sins. What a joy it is to know that through 'the precious blood of Christ' all our sins can be freely and completely forgiven, and that we have only to believe in Him in order to have them forever washed away! Then, too, He is willing to grant us His Holy Spirit to change our hearts, and to make us able and glad to serve Him. Of all things, the wisest you can do is, to begin this new year by thus repenting of sin and believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, and then to yield to Him your whole self, that you may be His servant for ever."

"Thank you, Mr. Johnson," said Mr. Henry. "Will you pray for me that from this day I may lead a new and better life?"

When this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon radiant sun,  
When I stand with Christ on high,  
Looking o'er life's history;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,  
Dressed in beauty not my own;  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinning heart;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.

Now on earth, as through a glass,  
Darkly let thy glory pass;  
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,  
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,  
E'en on earth, Lord, make me know  
Something of the debt I owe."

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand: and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her."

## "FROM GLORY TO GLORY."

(2 COR. III. 17.)

"FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY!" Be this our joyous song,  
 As on the King's own highway we bravely march along!  
 "FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY!" O word of stirring cheer  
 As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad New Year.

Our own beloved Master "hath many things to say,"  
 Look forward to His teaching, unfolding day by day;  
 To whispers of His Spirit, while resting at His feet,  
 To glowing revelation, to insight clear and sweet.

"FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY!" Our faith hath seen the King,  
 We own His matchless beauty, as adoringly we sing:  
 But He hath more to show us? O thought of untold bliss,  
 And we press on exultingly in certain hope to this:—

To marvellous outpourings of His "treasures new and old,"  
 To largess of His bounty, paid in the King's own gold,  
 To glorious expansion of His mysteries of grace,  
 To radiant unveilings of the brightness of His face.

"FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY!" What great things He hath done,  
 What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!  
 We marvel at the records of the blessings of the year!  
 But sweeter than the Christmas bells rings out His promise clear—

That "greater things," far greater, our longing eyes shall see!  
 We can but wait and wonder what "greater things" shall be!  
 But glorious fulfilments rejoicingly we claim,  
 While pleading in the power of the All-Prevailing Name.

"FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY!" What mighty blessings crown  
 The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so freely down!  
 Omnipotence to keep us, Omniscience to guide,  
 Jehovah's Triune Presence within us to abide!

The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way;  
 The fulness of His promises crowns every brightening day;  
 The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,  
 While more and more we realise the fulness of His love.

"FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY!" without a shade of care,  
 Because the Lord who loves us will every burden bear;  
 Because we trust Him fully, and know that He will guide,  
 And know that He will keep us at His beloved side.

"FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY!" though tribulation fall,  
 It cannot touch our treasure, when Christ is all in all!  
 Whatever lies before us, there can be nought to fear,  
 For what are pain and sorrow when Jesus Christ is near?

"FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY!" O marvels of the Word!  
 "With open face beholding the glory of the Lord,"  
 We, even we (O wondrous grace!) "are changed into the same,"  
 The image of our Saviour, to glorify His name.

Abiding in His presence, and walking in the light,  
 And seeking to "do always what is pleasing in His sight,"  
 We look to Him to keep us "all glorious within,"  
 Because "the blood of Jesus Christ *is* cleansing from all sin."

The things behind forgetting, we only gaze before  
 "FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY," that "shineth more and more,"  
 Because our Lord hath said it, that such shall be our way,  
 (O splendour of the promise!) "unto the perfect day."

"FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY!" Our fellow-travellers still  
 Are gathering on the journey! the bright electric thrill  
 Of quick, instinctive union, more frequent and more sweet,  
 Shall swiftly pass from heart to heart in true and tender beat.

And closer yet, and closer the golden bonds shall be,  
 Enlinking all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;  
 And wider yet, and wider shall the circling glory glow,  
 As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to know.

O ye who seek the Saviour, look up in faith and love,  
 Come up into the sunshine, so bright and warm above!  
 No longer tread the valley, but clinging to His hand,  
 Ascend the shining summits, and view the glorious land.

Our harp-notes should be sweeter, our trumpet-tones more clear,  
 Our anthems ring so grandly, that all the world must hear!  
 Oh royal be our music, for who hath cause to sing  
 Like the chorus of redeemed ones, the Children of the King!

Oh let our adoration for all that He hath done  
 Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one!  
 And let our consecration be real, and deep, and true;  
 Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew!—

**"In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to Thee,  
 Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be;  
 O Son of God, who lovest us, we will be Thine alone,  
 And all we are, and all we have, shall henceforth be Thine own."**

Now onward, ever onward, "from strength to strength" we go,  
 While "grace for grace" abundantly shall from His fulness flow,  
 To glory's full fruition, from glory's fortaste here,  
 Until His Very Presence crown our happiest New Year!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

*PART III.—FAITHFUL IN MUCH.*

## CHAPTER IX.

## ON THE SEA.

I KNOW now that this was one of the perfect hours of my life. I had almost said, "Would to God I had known it then!" But would it not have been a greater grief to have recognised its perfectness, and to see it waning, than to have gone through it with a heart a little fretted from its happiness by small cares which seemed to tarnish the brightness, but served to soften it into light that did not dazzle my half-dim eyes?

One thing I grudged—that Philip should gain so little personal advantage from his wealth. Certainly he bought a vessel of his own, and he and his father went hither and thither as they pleased. They came home oftener; but every time they stayed on shore longer than a few weeks it became more evident that as long as Captain John Champion was living, Philip must still spend the best portion of his time on the sea.

"It baffles me rather," said Captain John Champion to Mrs. Transome one day, "why the wise Lord spared me so long in Africa, and leaves me now to be a burden on my son. I look upon it as a hardship for him."

"Never say the word again, Captain John Champion," cried Mrs. Transome, excitedly. "Love's no hardship. There can't be any hardship between father and son, or husband and wife, like me and Transome. No, no! True love knows no hardship, whatever it brings to us. Never say such a word again."

It was about two years after Philip came into his inheritance that at last a plan for sending out to America some of our rescued girls became practicable and advisable. It was a new step for us, and gave us much anxiety. But Philip had already joined in some emigration movements, and had given free passages to many a poverty-stricken artizan and his family to Canada and the States. For the times were bad in England just then; and there was a great clamour of distress and want, which reached our ears more directly than it could have done in former days. George and Philip and I discussed the matter in and out, from every possible point of view.

"Milly," said George, "what would you say to going out yourself to America, and seeing the ladies who are to take charge of our girls?"

Such a question positively made my heart cease to beat for some seconds. If you will think that for five-and-twenty years I had never spent a night, except one at Liverpool, from under our own roof; that I knew absolutely nothing of friendly visiting, or excursions to the sea-side; that for a whole quarter of a century I had slept in the same room, and opened my eyes each morning on the self-same objects, you will see how the question stunned me as though a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet. It opened out such vast changes, such undreamed-of revolutions in all the habits of my life, that I shrank back frightened.

"Could you spare her," cried Philip, all aglow with excitement.

"To be sure," said George, calmly, as if it were no unusual thing; "I should like her to go, if you promise to bring her home safely in two months or so."

"There is nothing I should like so much," exclaimed Philip; "you shall have no trouble at all, Aunt Milly; and we shall be back in two months at the latest, with three or four weeks to spare on the other side. You will know something of the sea then! Say you will come."

I felt fluttered and frightened; yet an irresistible yearning came with my fears to break loose for once from the safe moorings of home, and see something beyond its narrow confines. I wished George had not suggested it; for the idea would never have come of itself into my head. But now it was there it could not be dislodged; and the restlessness I had conquered in my girlhood threatened to assert itself again.

"You might as well take Mrs. Transome," I said; "I am too old now."

"I will take her," answered Philip; "she will come if I ask her, and you cannot say you are too old then. Say no more, Aunt Milly. I shall run down to Liverpool this very night, and see that everything is made comfortable for you. It will be the greatest pleasure I've had since I was a boy."

I made some faint remonstrances; but it was impossible to me to oppose him when George was on his side. There were only a few days for me to prepare in; for all our arrangements had been made, and our emigrants were waiting to go. After all, it was far less trouble and exertion than I had expected. Philip came back from Liverpool to fetch Mrs. Transome and me; and I had simply to leave myself in his hands, and have everything done for me. It was I who obeyed now, not Philip. I bade George farewell, and left home, with a strange sensation of losing almost my own identity.

But there were no good-byes at Liverpool. All we had to do was to cross over to the steamer, which lay in the river ready to start; for we must get over the bar at the next tide, and the last hour was come. As we drew near I was surprised to see how large it was.

"That is not your own ship, Philip?" I said to him.

"No," he answered; "ours is much smaller, and not as steady a sailer as this is. So we are all going as passengers only; and I shall have nothing to do but take care of you both."

"Why wouldn't you let us rough it with you?" I asked, disappointed that we were not to cross the Atlantic in Philip's ship, and under Captain John Champion's command.

"Nothing rough should come near you, if I could help it," he said, tenderly.

Certainly he had no intention to let us meet with any hardships on the sea. The state-room he had chosen was the best on board, and was furnished luxuriously. The saloon upon which it opened was fitted up at a still greater cost, with a magnificence that astonished me, and still more amazed Mrs. Transome.

"Wait till you visit the steerage," said Captain John Champion.

I went there with Philip that evening, before the sun set. The low, long cabins, where a man could hardly stand upright; the crowded berths, one shelf above another, with little more space left than was necessary to crawl into them; the close herding together of over five hundred emigrants of the lowest class; the rough struggling for places at the narrow boards which served as tables; the unwholesome stifling atmosphere; the wailing of babies and the cries of children; all these things sent me back to my state-room sore and grieved at heart.

"Oh, Philip!" I said, "there ought not to be this difference between man and man; and only a few planks between us!"

"Yes," he answered sadly, "there are hardships on the sea."

But there was nothing that I could do. There was my place in ease and luxury; and between me and them was a great gulf fixed. Philip and Captain John Champion went often among the steerage passengers; but they would not let me go. Whenever I thought of them—and that was often, for I was grieved for them—I wished Philip had let me rough the passage in his own boat. There I should have felt at home; and if it had rocked somewhat, I should not have been frightened with him close at hand.

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## CHAPTER X.

### IN PERIL.

WE had been out seven days, and more than two-thirds of the voyage were over; yet the same unvarying, shimmering, tossing plain of water stretched round us to the unbroken circle of the horizon. From the first the sky had been almost cloudless, and the vast dome of it bent over us like an hospitable roof, which would shelter us from all storms; for no one could dream of change in

heavens so clear and calm. Now and then a distant vessel glided, phantom-like, across the same blue field. The water at times looked strong enough and solid enough to walk upon; like that sea of glass, mingled with fire, upon which John saw the victors standing, having the harps of God.

"What are you looking at so earnest, Captain?" asked Mrs. Transome on the seventh evening, as we watched the solemn setting of the sun into the crimson sea. A low streak of livid purple, with a line of gold on its ragged edge, lay along the horizon southward; and Captain John Champion, with his brown hand shading his eyes, was searching the sky above it with keen glances. When Mrs. Transome spoke, he went off, and leaned over the great magnet, opposite the wheel. I asked Philip what it meant.

"A change in the weather," he said lightly; "you must get ready for some slight hardships, Aunt Milly."

We lingered late upon the deck that night—so late that Mrs. Transome, who felt chilly with the night air and the dew, left us. The moon was at the full, and we watched it rising in the clear eastern sky. It seemed to mount up quickly, and then pause, half wearied. Below it a silvery light spread over the rippling water.

"Look there!" said Philip, in a low tone.

Under the moon itself lay a dark yet glistening spot, but above and below it, and on each side of it, a sparkling stream of light stretched for some little distance on the waves. It formed the image of a cross, silvery and shining, which rested upon the black and tossing waters that whirled about our ship. For a few minutes only could we see it, for as we changed our position, and the moon rose higher in the sky, only a lustrous ring of light shone upon the sea.

"Yes," said Philip, half to himself, "even a cross becomes a glory and a sorrow a great gladness."

We bade one another good-night then, but after he had taken me down to my cabin I heard him go up on deck again. Even to me there was a difference that night in the sound of the waves, as they beat against the thin planks between me and them. There came, too, all at once, a low, long, suppressed moan of the wind across the sea; the first sigh of the storm that was driving towards us. I shall hear it to my dying day: a sound never to be forgotten, sad and inexpressibly mournful—as if it were what Paul heard when he wrote, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

All the next day, until the night following, did the storm rage. At first the passengers took little heed of it; but as hour after hour passed by, and the tossing of the sea did not lull for a moment, they grew frightened. The steerage-passengers were almost unmanageable. Whenever we saw the captain, he looked grave and anxious; but he remained on deck most of the time, as did Philip and Captain John Champion. After the night set in I sat with Mrs. Transome

in our cabin, listening to the heavy splash of the waves against the groaning timbers of the vessel, till Philip opened the door.

"Lie down," he said, "but do not undress to-night."

"Is there any danger?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "there is some danger, but the storm is past, and my father and I are here to take care of you. You must trust yourself to me, and promise to obey me implicitly, and at once, whatever I may tell you to do."

"Philip?" I said, questioningly.

"Obey me like a child," he continued. "We have sprung a leak, and if the danger increases, there will be mad confusion on board among the steerage-folks. Your only safety will rest in simple obedience, even if we have to be parted for a little while. Do you understand me?"

"Oh, Philip!" I cried, "do not let me be parted from you."

"Not if I can help it," he said. "But it may be our duty to separate. Will you leave me when I bid you go? Promise me, my darling."

"You will not leave me if you can help it?" I asked.

"Not for a moment," he answered cheerfully. "And you promise me the same, mother?"

"No," said Mrs. Transome; "no, Pippin."

She was gazing at him earnestly, with a placid smile. Philip gazed back at her; and a solemn, steadfast, happy expression passed over both their faces. She had been reading in the Gospels before Philip came in, and her hand rested on the open page still.

"Listen, Pippin," she said; "this is the verse I am at now: 'And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'"

"It didn't hurt him much after that to hang upon the cross," said Mrs. Transome: "he'd keep saying to himself, 'To-day, to-day, I shall be with Him in Paradise.' All of us, sooner or later, must hang upon the cross beside the Lord; but He'll remember us, never fear. We're more likely to forget Him."

Philip had bent over her to follow her finger as she pointed out the verses; and now she put her arm round his neck, and drew his face down to hers.

"God bless thee, my boy Pippin!" she said. "I think I see thee like thee was when I saw thee first! God bless thee!"

He left us then; but we could not sleep that night. The rattling of the pumps never ceased, and the beat of the engines became more and more laboured. But the darkness was not long, and we watched the daybreak dawning slowly over the waste of waters, that washed against the cabin-window. It strengthened very slowly into a dull leaden light. But suddenly there went a shiver through

the great clap; and a cry, as of one voice, rang through all the sound of the waves. Captain John Champion ran down to us. All the saloon was thronged already with hurrying and frightened people. We struggled up the ladder on to the deck; some hands helping us, and others dragging us back again. The deck was covered with panic-stricken men and women, fighting for their own safety. But Captain John Champion pushed a way for me through the crowd; and all at once I felt Philip's arms about me.

"Shall we all be saved?" I cried.

"Not all," he said,—“not all. But I promised George you should go home safely. I must do all I can for you.”

"Will you be saved yourself?" I asked.

He did not speak. But the look upon his face—the young, beautiful, solemn face—was answer enough for me.

"He saved others; Himself He cannot save."

"Let me die with you!" I cried, clinging to him.

"No! there is George at home," he said; "you must go for his sake."

He unclasped my hands from about him, and carried me across the deck to the place where the last boat was filling rapidly with passengers. I looked over the sea, heaving and swelling still, though the fierceness of the storm was over. Here and there rose peaks of black rock, against which the white foam was tossing. Some of the boats were already hurrying away, so heavily laden that they sank dangerously in the water; while below the deck there was a mingling of fearful sounds, of cries and shrieks for help which none could give. Every face about me wore a terrified aspect; except Philip's and Mrs. Transome's, who looked at me sorrowfully indeed, yet peacefully, as though they were thinking of me, not of themselves.

"Isn't she coming?" I said to Philip.

"No, she may stay with me," he answered.

"Good bye, my dear," she said; "to-day I shall be with Him, and with Transome."

"There is not another moment!" cried Philip. "Good-bye, my darling. God keep you."

I know nothing of the next few minutes. Only as the boat cast off from the ship's side I heard Philip's voice again calling to me. God gave me strength to look up and see his face once more. He was standing a little apart from the throng now, for there was no more work for him to do, and his father and Mrs. Transome were beside him. I could see their faces clearly, their eyes following me, and their hands waving a last farewell to me. The sun was breaking through the mass of drifting clouds, and shone full upon them. "Is there no hope?" I asked from one of the sailors beside me, who was putting all his strength to his oar.

"No; she is settling down fast," he answered; and I saw that all the crew were urging the boat onward, to get well out of the swirl of the water when the ship went down.

Oh, Christ! Thou knowest how much anguish a human heart can bear without breaking. For though Thine own heart was broken, it was not from the burden of our sorrows, but under the weight of our sins.

"TEST IT."

A DISCIPLE of the Lord Jesus, poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, became greatly perplexed with regard to the meaning of a certain verse in Matthew. The words are, "Give to him that asketh thee: and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." After a season of prolonged mental inquiry, as to whether the language was to be regarded as literal or not, she suddenly paused, and exclaimed: "It is easy enough to find out; test it; and see."

It was Saturday. Her money, all but two dollars, had been expended in providing for the Sabbath. The amount left, which was absolutely needed for the following Monday, she put in her pocket, and went out.

On the street, a friend, whose husband had been for some time out of business, met her, and stated their distress, and asked if she could lend them two dollars over Sabbath.

She was surprised. The test had come sooner than she expected, but without hesitation, the money was "lent to the Lord," and the now penniless believer went home to wait and see.

Now mark the result. Monday came, and with it the need to be supplied. While pondering what course to pursue, a knock was heard, and on opening the door a lady, with a bundle in her hand, inquired if she could do a little work for her. Replying in the affirmative, and naming the price, the lady took from her pocket-book two dollars and handed it to her, saying, "It is more than you ask, but you might as well have it." "I was never more astonished," said this true disciple, "and literally shouted for joy. I had tested and proved that the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Glory to God. I have never doubted since; and though often in straits, I have always been delivered."

Would it not be well for Christians to "test" where they cannot understand? "Ye are my friends," said the blessed Lord, "If ye do whatsoever I command you." Obedience will solve difficulties that reasoning cannot unravel. Try, and see.—*Baptist Union.*

## THE VISIT OF THE ANGELS.

“And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.”—Luke ii. 18.

THE little lambs slept by their mothers  
 All under the silver sky,  
 And they dreamed of the lilies that grew in the grass,  
 And the water that glided by.

By the stars on God's great dial  
 It was midnight, solemn and calm ;  
 The shepherds sat on the gray old rocks  
 And chanted this ancient psalm :—

“In every land, Jehovah !  
 Thy name is excellent !  
 The babes and sucklings praise Thee,  
 And the starry firmament !

“When I behold Thy heavens,  
 The work Thy hands have wrought,  
 Lord ! what is man the sinful,  
 For whom Thou takest thought ?

“A step below the angels  
 Who all Thy glory see,  
 Thou crownest him with honour  
 On earth to reign for Thee.

“Thou givest him dominion  
 O'er all Thy flocks and herds,  
 O'er all that swim Thy waters,  
 O'er all Thy beasts and birds.

“O Lord ! our Lord Jehovah !  
 Let all the earth proclaim  
 How great Thy power and glory,  
 How excellent Thy name !”

Then over the chanting shepherds  
 There suddenly flashed a light,  
 As though the glow of a myriad moons  
 Was filling the lonesome night.  
 For wearing a glory that dimmed the stars  
 Came an angel down the height !

“Fear not,” he said, “but rejoice instead !”  
(For the men were sore afraid,  
And unto the Lord of life and death  
Each one in his terror prayed.)

“Fear not,” he said, “but rejoice instead !”  
And his voice like a flute-note fell ;  
“I bring you tidings of greatest joy,  
For you, and the world as well !”

“The Lord of Glory has come to men,”—  
And his tone grew high and clear,—  
“For the babe is born in Bethlehem,  
And the Christ who should appear !”

Then all at once with the angel  
Was a marvellous company ;  
The sky was full of a shining host  
That was singing an anthem high.

“Glory to God in the highest !”  
Were the words they heard them say ;  
“Good will toward men, and peace on the earth,  
And glory to God alway !”

And still as they floated higher,  
Till they vanished far up in the blue,  
The burden of words that the shepherds caught  
Was “glory to God,” anew !

So they passed away to heaven,  
And the calm stars shone on high ;  
And still the little lambs lay asleep,  
And the water glided by.

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### HOLD YOUR TONGUE.

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**M**EN can guide ships, bridle horses, tame lions, run telegraph cables under the ocean, navigate the air, signal the storms and tunnel the mountains, but the tongue remains unconquered.

The tongue was made to speak words of hope, to sing anthems of praise, to console the broken hearted, to encourage the doubting, and proclaim the beauties and glories of an immortal world. Its words were to distil like the dew, and to be as sweet as honey, but how perverted. It is sharper than a sword, stings like the viper

and wounds the hearts of men. Words of blasphemy, of distrust, of despair are uttered, when there should be only words of hope, of truth, and of love, falling like rain-drops on the new mown grass.

It was the tongue of an eloquent Greek which calmed the stormy passions of the multitude. It was the tongue of an angel that proclaimed the tidings of love and hope to the fallen earth. It was the tongue of our blessed Lord that proclaimed the world's forgiveness in His name. And we behold cloven tongues of fire ready to proclaim the pentecostal gospel, when the tidings of life were to go forth to the nations. Unknown tongues were heard in the infant Church, and uttered the wonderful words of the Father's love.

But there are times when the tongue should be silent. Men are to be judged by their words. When two men are in a quarrel, hold your tongue ; when you have nothing good to say of others, hold your tongue ; when your words are to be carried by feet that are swift in running to mischief, hold your tongue.

Remember that the seven sins of the body include the sinful tongue. Says Solomon :—" These six things doth the Lord hate ; yea, seven are an abomination unto Him :"—A proud look, a *lying tongue*, and hands that have shed innocent blood, a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness, and he that soweth discord among brethren." Prov. vi. 16-19. He who would see long days, enjoy the comforts of truth, be ready for angel-greetings, must refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips, that they speak no guile.

The tongue is indeed a little member, but it boasteth great things. Let the heart be imbued with love and purity, then from its abundance of goodness the tongue will utter words of hope for the fallen, and messages of peace to those who sit in the valley of death.

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### MODEL HOLINESS MEETING.

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MRS. FLETCHER'S meetings for holiness we consider a pattern or model. They were *so near* the fountain-head of Methodism, under the supervision of the " father " of it, conducted by one so deferential to his counsel and advice, which in all things she so earnestly sought, that we can but believe these meetings were with his knowledge and sanction.

Taking this position, do we not rightfully deem these meetings *one feature* of Methodism ? And as such a necessity, which will continue until the majority of the Lord's people " come in the unity of the faith, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ ?"

They were called "meetings for holiness," "holiness meetings" (see life of Mrs. F., pp. 73-77), and were a "speciality." She says, "It must be observed, none were admitted as members into our meetings but those who were *truly awakened to seek for holiness, as before they had been to seek for pardon.*" When their number increased, so that "we grew too numerous (for they began to come from many miles around), I advised those who were able, to gather a meeting of the same kind near their own homes. This was attended with many blessings. We sometimes visited these infant meetings, and *they increased and spread, as well as ours.*" Notice this: a *cluster* of these meetings for the special promotion of this experience.

*She gives advice to these "Infant meetings."*—"I would recommend you to be very careful whom you admit into your meetings. Consider no one as a member thereof who is not steadily seeking after Christian perfection. Whosoever agrees not with you on this point, will greatly interrupt your design."

*The terms she uses.*—Within the space of twenty lines, she makes use of four special terms to denote the experience for which she was labouring, viz., "holiness," "sanctification" (or entire sanctification, *Wesley*), "purity of heart," "that liberty." And a few lines further on, she calls it "Christian perfection."

*The effect of these efforts upon herself.*—These meetings were to me a singular blessing. They cost me many a wrestling prayer. And when the night approached when we were to meet, O the sinking into nothing before God my spirit used to feel! Of all the meetings I ever was engaged in, while in Yorkshire, I know not that I ever felt my soul so conscious of the divine approval as in these.

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## TEMPERANCE.

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**F**EW persons can form a proper conception of the fearful extent of drunkenness in the civilised world. Savages and heathens are not so refined as to need intoxicants. It is only when they mix with the enlightened portions of mankind that they learn the evil practices of drinking.

On motion of the Hon. John Bright a return was recently made in the English House of Commons, relative to the amount yielded by public house licenses, when it was found that, taking into the account beer houses and wine licenses, the total was £1,133,212, more than five millions of dollars. Cornwall has the reputation of being the most "temperance" county in England, hence the amount of its licenses was only £3,160. In Lancashire the amount is no less than £104,026. These items do not by any means show how much the revenue of Britain is made up by taxes on liquors, for to the above has to be added the Customs and Excise duties, which make a total of £31,917,849, being an increase for the year ending March 31, 1875, of £600,000. If we further add £7,507,032, the year's produce of the tax

on tobacco and snuff, we have a grand total of £39,424,881, being £700,000 more than the preceding year, and considerably more than half the entire public income of the United Kingdom.

Sir John Holker, Solicitor General, recently delivered an address at the annual dinner of the Licensed Victuallers' Association of Preston, when he took occasion to extol the Association and its business, in which he said there was an invested capital of one hundred and seventecn million pounds, almost equal to the capital invested in the cotton, woollen and iron trades put together, and also that it employs 900,000 persons. Sir John no doubt felt himself under obligation to "the Association," seeing it was mainly by its influence that the ministry of which he is a member was elevated into power.

Tourists who visit England are often surprised at the prevalence of beer drinking in the country. One said that it seemed to him as though everybody drank beer. Liverpool probably surpasses all other places in this respect. It contains 2,300 public houses. Recently, between Saturday night and Monday morning, 218 persons were arrested for drunkenness, while only 117 were arrested during the same period the week before. Rev. C. Garrett, who is certainly an authority on this matter, declares that £10,000 are spent every day for strong drinks in Liverpool. One week's drinking may thus be estimated. On Monday two Wesleyan churches are consumed, which could be erected at £5,000 each; then on Tuesday, two Baptist churches; on Wednesday, two Presbyterian churches; on Thursday, two Congregational churches; on Friday, two or three Primitive Methodist churches, as they are rather more moderate in their expenses; and on Saturday they swallow two or three school rooms. And that is one week's drinking. If such things are true, and they cannot be refuted, we need not wonder that a contemporary should say that England contains millions upon millions of unhappy creatures, who, but for drink, might be happy and respectable.

The question certainly is an appalling one, and there are those who think that temperance people are not accomplishing any good. But such persons are mistaken, for, but for temperance efforts, the evils of intemperance would be multiplied. In these days of conventions, we are pleased to see that in many cities of England conventions have been held purposely to see if some combined effort could not be put forth to stop the ravages of this plague. Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and London, have all spoken through their clergy and laity. Archbishop Manning presided at a Roman Catholic convention in London, which was attended by priests and others from all parts of England and Scotland. The Romish clergy and laity are very zealous in their temperance advocacy. The various conferences generally adopted resolutions, thus: (1.) To secure more efficient control of public houses by an adequate staff of inspectors. (2.) A reduction of the number of public houses. (3.) Reduced hours of sale on week days, and entire closing on Sundays.

The various religious denominations are becoming more thoroughly organised in their opposition against intemperance in every form. The Church of England Temperance Society has several thousands of enrolled members, and the Rev. Basil Wilberforce says that 12,000 of these are clergymen. The Queen has recently become its patron, and a lady has subscribed £1,000 to its funds. This society employs Rev. Prebendary Elison as its chief manager. Some time ago it was resolved to establish street stalls in London for the accommodation of working men, where they can obtain light refresh-

men's without being obliged to enter a public house. The stalls are to be set on wheels so as to be easily moved from place to place. How far the scheme will be successful remains to be seen. There can be no doubt but that the originators are actuated by the purest motives.

A still better scheme has been started at Liverpool by the formation of a British Workman Public House Company. One such house has been opened near the docks, where more than 20,000 men are employed; and this vast number of men have no place of shelter or warmth to go to whilst they are waiting for work or during the dinner hour, except existing public houses. The details of the scheme are best given in a speech by the Rev. C. Garrett. He remarked that the object of the British Workman Company was to rival the public house—to offer to the working man all that the public house could offer them without the constant temptation to intemperance. They intended to provide places such as that in which they were then met with good rooms, well-furnished, lighted, warmed and ventilated, where all the wants of their social nature could be met, but without the tempting glass. They hoped to provide good plain food for those who required it, and an abundant supply of first-rate tea, coffee and cocoa. In addition to that they hoped to organise a corps of men who would promenade the docks with warm coffee and cocoa. They would thus have ready access to everything necessary for refreshment at the lowest possible price, and so would be preserved from the necessity of spending their hard earnings on stuff that poisoned the blood, inflamed the brain, and produced temporal and eternal ruin. The result of their arrangements was that when men came to their work at half-past five in the morning they would be able to obtain a good warm cup of cocoa for a halfpenny. This would keep them going till breakfast time. Then for breakfast they need not trouble themselves to bring their tea-cans, for at the British Workman Public House they would find everything ready, and could obtain a pint of good hot cocoa for a penny. They could at that cost rest and enjoy their breakfast, renew their strength, and read all the morning papers, and if that was not a good pennyworth for their penny he thought such a thing could never be obtained. In the middle of the morning the men with the cocoa in cans would wait upon them at their work with another supply, so that their thirst would be quenched, and they would be preserved from a longing for the public-house. Then at dinner time their wives or children could bring down their dinners, and, instead of haunting the public house door, they could go into the British Workman, have access to a splendid cooking-range, and, while sheltering from the wet and cold, warm up what they had brought and lay it smoking hot before them. A penny pint of good coffee would wash it down, and they would go back to their work refreshed and sober.

A somewhat similar house has been opened at Glasgow, and no doubt, if the scheme thus happily inaugurated should prove successful, other houses will be established in various parts of the country.

The various temperance organisations in Britain are doing a noble work. The veteran Sir Wilfred Lawson continues to move in the House of Commons for a permissive bill, and although always defeated, he still renews the attack, and thus annually he delivers some home truths to the representatives of the people. He is well sustained by the temperance organisations generally. The I. O. G. T. is doing much to create a public sentiment in

favour of temperance. It is believed that in England alone there are 14,000 templars who have been reclaimed from drunkenness; 400 lodges have libraries, and there are 1,600 singing classes or choirs belonging to the order. During the past year, besides 166,000 lodge sessions, over 200,000 public meetings, an average of 68 per day, were held. Two weekly illustrated papers and about twenty monthly magazines are issued, and at least £5,000 are spent annually in purchasing temperance literature from the Grand Lodge, which has printing presses, a large office, and a numerous staff at Birmingham. Several noblemen contribute liberally to the funds of "the Alliance," and quite recently Lord Hanley sent £5 to the treasurer. His lordship has been a practical abstainer for twenty-five years, and has lately suppressed a public house on his property, with the general approval and sympathy of the residents in the locality.

Canada is often admired by those who visit it from the Old World; but lately we have had some sad evidences of the extent of drunkenness in our midst. The fall assizes of Ontario have exhibited such calendars of crime as were never seen before. Never were so many persons under sentence of death at the same time. Of course it is the old story—drink was blamed. The grand jury of Toronto recommended the liberal use of the lash for criminal assaults upon women, and urged the necessity of a law to restrict the number of licensed taverns. Justice Morrison, in his charge to the grand jury, did not fail to speak strongly in favour of some stringent means to lessen the traffic which, more than any other, is such a fruitful source of crime and misery. Of course such sentiments have been uttered again and again, and everybody believes them. But who among our judges and grand juries will combine with temperance people to put down the iniquitous traffic, of which the Bishop of Manchester recently said that he would sooner keep a brothel than engage in that traffic, and yet our governments license men, and women too, to sell the liquor that produces evil, only evil, and that continually. Here is a scene from *the traffic*:—A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord, "you have had delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more." Though a tavern keeper, it seems he had a conscience. He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they finished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now—I was a man of fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now, sell me a few glasses more, and your work will be done! I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they shall be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for Heaven's sake sell no more to them." The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God helping me, this is the last drop I will sell to anyone!" And he kept his word. Would that all would do so.

We were glad to see that Dr Clarke, M.P.P., did his duty so nobly a few days ago in the Ontario House, when he reminded the honourable gentleman at the head of the Government of their associations twenty years ago in the temperance cause, and called upon him to use the influence of his

high position against the monster evil. In the Quebec Legislature, the honourable treasurer, who has long been an out and out temperance man, and with whom the writer has often been associated, said that, though in favour of prohibition, he could not advocate it in the house seeing that the country was not yet prepared for it. We hope our friend is not backsliding. We have always advocated that Government should pass a prohibitory liquor law, and then provide means for its execution. But the treasurer needs money, and so he proceeds to increase the revenue by imposing a larger liquor tax than before. So far good. The honourable gentleman does not fear the effects of an increase in the license for large hotels, seeing that their profits are so great. The bar of one hotel in Montreal yielded a profit last year of \$30,000. Nor does Mr. Robertson fear relative to the tax on the steamboats, seeing that he had been informed that the Richelieu Company's boats sold from \$100 to \$150 worth of liquor in their bars daily. It is pleasing to find that if the sale of liquor is not suppressed by the Legislature, yet the traffic is made to pay for some of the burdens it inflicts on the country. We wish, when the hon. treasurer for Quebec province was making alterations for the regulation of the license system, that he had abolished shop licenses altogether, as facts prove them to be the cause of much drinking in families.

A convention was recently held in Montreal, which was numerously attended from almost all parts of the Dominion, to devise means for legislative action. Of course all are not agreed as to what is best to be done in regard to the suppression of the liquor traffic, but all are agreed that the convention was one of the most important ever held in Canada, and that nothing less than prohibition will remedy the evils of intemperance; and should the Dominion Government enact such a measure, the convention recommends that it first be submitted to be voted upon by the people, before it becomes law. Rather a clumsy mode of legislation; but in the meantime, the various temperance organisations should do their utmost, by lecturing and all other means, to create such a public feeling so that there will be a likelihood of securing a large majority of votes in favour of such a law as the Dominion Parliament may see fit to enact. All along the line, action is now to be the order of the day. The various organisations have an increased number of lecturers in the field, so that it is to be hoped the day is not far distant when the curse of intemperance shall be banished.

The Grand Lodge of I. O. G. T. recently met in Guelph. We are glad that it has forbidden dancing in all lodge rooms. We are pleased that Bro. Casey is continued in the office of secretary, at an advanced salary—no bad sign. The *Casket*, under the able editorship of the Rev. W. Scott, is the organ of the order. In looking at the list of officers in this and some other temperance organisations, we are gratified that so many of our ministers occupy prominent positions. Rev. M. Pearson is G.W.C. Rev. J. Williams, president of London Conference, is also president of the Western Temperance League, of which Rev. Geo. Case is lecturer. Rev. W. H. Cairnduff is in the service of the Ontario League. It is but meet and right that the denomination, one whose general rules forbid "buying or selling spirituous liquors or drinking them, unless in case of extreme necessity," should be well represented in all organisations designed to destroy intemperance. On the temperance question the Methodist Church is sound.

The truth spreads. Lately a luncheon was given jointly by the Corporation and Board of Trade, in Montreal, to some distinguished visitors from New York, and there was no intoxicating liquor to be seen on the festive board. Honour to all concerned. The King of the Sandwich Islands has come out strongly in favour of temperance, and is doing his utmost to persuade his people to follow his royal example. So mote it be.

Dean Hook, a dignitary of the Church of England, who has just ended his earthly course, used to tell the following story of one of his parishioners: I had in my parish at Leeds a man who earned 18s. a week; out of this he used to give 7s. to his wife and spend the rest in drink; but for all that he was a good sort of man. I went to him and said, "Now, suppose you abstain altogether for six months." "Well, if I do, *will you, sir?*" was his reply. "Yes," I said, "I will." "What," said he, "from beer, from spirits, and from wine?" "Yes." "And how shall I know if you keep your promise?" "Why, you ask my 'Missus,' and I'll ask yours." It was agreed between us for six months at first, and afterwards we renewed the promise. He never resumed the bad habit that he had left off, and is now a prosperous and happy man in business in St. Petersburg, and I am Dean of Chichester.

Our future numbers will not fail to speak out for temperance.

E. B.

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## RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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**THE RELIGION OF LIFE.** By the Rev. J. G. Manly. This is a 12mo volume of 156 pp., good paper and clear type, and is issued from the Methodist Book Room, Toronto. The execution and workmanship is creditable to that establishment, which we are glad to see is becoming more and more a Publishing House; and with the facilities which it possesses, we cannot see why it should not be more extensively patronised by Methodist authors. It ought to be able to publish as cheap as any other "concern." We know that the worthy incumbent of the establishment is very anxious for profits, and who can blame him? hence, he will not undertake any risky business, and doubtless the limited capital at his command will not allow him to give long credit. To make the Book Room a success, he must have quick returns. Our zealous book-steward is, however, worthy of all praise for the success which has crowned his labours during the period of his incumbency; but our connexional loyalty prompts us to wish to see the *imprimatur* of the Book Room more frequently on the title page of books. But we are digressing.

Rev. John G. Manly, the author of "The Religion of Life," entered the Methodist ministry in Canada more than forty years ago, and has laboured in the West Indies, then in England and Ireland, and now again in his beloved Canada. At sixteen years of age, as he tells us in his little book, he felt a longing desire for the religion of life, and by the watchful care of beloved friends, he was guided into the way of life, since which time he has been exhorting others to enter the way of life; and, with a view to be more successful in helping those who are still in darkness and the region

of the shadow of death to experience the blessed life, he has sent forth the little book whose title is given at the head of this article.

"The Religion of Life" is mainly an exposition of the third chapter of the Gospel according to John, which contains the conversation between Jesus and Nicodemus. That interesting narrative has been the theme of many a discourse, but we venture to assert that the subject of the narrative has seldom been so ably expounded, so critically analysed, and so faithfully applied, as it is here done by Mr. Manly. Every page contains evidence of the most careful painstaking. Authorities, ancient and modern, are consulted, and a fine devotional spirit runs through the whole book. Of course, the theology of the book is strictly evangelical, of the Arminian type; and while there is evidence of critical acumen, there is also an earnest desire to commend the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Mr. Manly excels in analysis. Some would no doubt consider his book occasionally dry, but the thoughtful reader will not peruse what is here written without being much profited. The book is eminently calculated to be useful, and deserves an extensive circulation. It would be a good omen if books of this description were more widely disseminated.

We are glad to meet Mr. Manly in this chosen field of biblical literature, and hope that he may receive ample encouragement to prosecute his labours therein. There are many other portions of Scripture of which we should be glad to see the author's exposition, as we feel sure, from what we have now before us, they would be valuable contributions to biblical studies.

E. B.

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THE OLD PATHS, by Jesse P. Gilbert, A.M., of the Newark Conference, M. E. Church, is the title of an interesting and neatly printed volume. Though the book only contains 158 pages, yet the author has compressed within that space many of the great truths which deserve and command the attention of men. He touches with a master's hand the scepticism of Darwin and Huxley, and makes his book a brief compendium of theology. While the whole will repay a careful perusal, the chapters on The Immortality of the Soul; The Inspiration of the Bible; The Resurrection of the Human Body; The Personality of the Holy Ghost, and the Eternity of Future Rewards and Punishments, are well calculated to counteract much of the lax teaching of the present day. We hope that many will, through the reading of this volume, be led to ask for the old paths, saying, "Where is the good way, that we may walk therein?"

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## MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

## MORAVIAN CHURCH.

**T**HE Moravians were the first to lead off in the modern missionary work. As early as 1730 they proclaimed that the Church of Christ was a missionary Church and every member of it a practical missionary. Acting under the influence of these sentiments, they have accomplished wonders in the salvation of the world. They have missionaries in nearly every part of the globe. The following are the last published statistics of their missions: stations in Labrador, Greenland, among Indians of North America, Noskito, coast of Central America, the West Indies, Surinam, South Africa, Australia and Thibet,—92 in all; 333 missionary agents, of whom 28 are natives; 1,389 native assistants. Of the total number of persons belonging to the missions (69,322), 2,744 are Esquimaux; 1,144 Indians; 9,329 South Africans; 55,750 negroes; 154 natives of Australia and Thibet.

In Surinam, there have been gathered from a motley group of liberated slaves, Chinese coolies, and white colonists, 24,000 people into their congregations. The Chinese are greatly disposed to hear the Word. Many are earnestly desiring to become Christians.

Mr. E. W. Forster has gone to the East African Mission as a medical missionary.

A missionary writes from Kaffraria, South Africa: There are twenty-eight candidates receiving instruction, preparatory to baptism. The women and girls have had rough usage from the men, but they have remained faithful. With baptism is connected the relinquishment of heathenish customs, such as the use of red paint, non-participation in the numerous native festivities and ceremonies. With Christianity they also put on decent apparel, and to procure this is by no means an easy matter for dependent women and girls, for whom, according to heathen custom, a price is paid at marriage. Some of them have come a distance of eight or nine miles twice a week to receive instruction, and no matter what kind of weather prevailed, they were punctual in attendance. To see young girls who once openly and shamelessly rejoiced in the life of sin they were leading; youths who formerly made a boast of their evil doings; and old men, at one time drunkards and quarrelsome, now gentle and orderly, filled with an earnest desire to receive of the true bread from heaven, is humbling as well as encouraging for the missionary who has been privileged to be instrumental in their conversion.

From Greenland there comes very cheering tidings. Generally, the past year was one of great prosperity. Some of the stations have been reduced in the number of members owing to numerous removals. New Hurnhutt has been a mission station since 1733, and has suffered materially from this cause.

## JAPAN.

A recent number of the *Missionary Herald* says: The year past has been one of great prosperity to all the protestant missions in Japan. Three churches, and possibly more, have been organized, and the church membership must have reached nearly four hundred. There are not less than ten

places in Yokohama, twenty-five in Yeddo, and others elsewhere, making in all fifty places in Japan, where regular services are held as often as once a week, with audiences varying from twenty to two hundred. The people are rapidly losing all fear of Government interference in religious matters, while their interest in the truths of Christianity seems to be increasing.

There are twelve societies, English and American, labouring in this hopeful and interesting field. One hundred missionaries, including ladies, are residing in Yeddo, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Nagasaki, and Hookoolati. In five of these cities Christian churches have been formed. The Scriptures and other religious works carry light and salvation to places where the missionary cannot secure a hearing, by reason of the restriction which prevents his journeying more than twenty-five miles from a treaty port. The benevolence of Christianity is daily illustrated in the relief from pain and sickness which is afforded at the mission hospitals and dispensaries. Schools for boys and girls are doing an important service, in training up persons who it is believed will occupy useful positions in the Christian Church not many years hence. The benign influence of the Sabbath school is not lost sight of; but this agency is made use of at the various stations with the most gratifying results. Verily, there is hope for Japan.

Osaka has a population of 330,000, with 1,380 Buddhist and 538 temples of the ancient Sinto faith.

There is scarcely a single village without a school. According to a recent census the number of scholars between six and thirteen years is 8,598,596. That is a fair figure for a population of 33,000,000,—far better than many Christian countries can show.

An officer at the head of the Educational Bureau, who decided that no Christian minister should be engaged in Government schools, has been dismissed, and his place filled by one of the returned students who were educated and converted in America. Hence the missionaries who were employed in the college at Yeddo, and were about to retire on account of the order of the dismissed official, have been pressed to remain. A Japanese secular journal says: Christianity seems to be becoming more popular and powerful, while our religions are moving in the opposite direction, and are decaying.

The missionaries' translation of the Gospel of St. Luke has been published at Yokohama.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into Japanese, and issued by a native publisher.

The Japanese are a newspaper reading people. About 5,000,000 copies were taken last year. These newspapers are actively discussing the doctrines of Christianity. They are generally opposed to it; but by this very discussion the attention of the people will be drawn more fully to the subject and the truth made manifest.

The two brethren in Japan, the representatives of our Church there, send most interesting accounts of their labours and prospects. They are evidently doing a good work. Rev. G. Cochrane is at Yeddo, and meets twenty persons five evenings in the week to read the New Testament together. Every morning a few natives join the family at prayers. On Sabbaths Brother C. is fully occupied, besides preaching a sermon in English, which several Japanese youths of intelligence enjoy. Mrs. Cochrane and daughter also teach a Sabbath school, the young people of which study the catechism well.

Dr. McDonald resides at Shidzuoka, and has also many encouraging signs of success. Twenty-six have professed faith in Christ, and have received baptism. He also has a regular society class, in which he has a Japanese leader and assistants. Books are in great demand. A bookseller has begun in a quiet way to sell religious books. Dr. McDonald teaches a day school in a Buddhist temple; he has often seen the people go up for prayer, but they never presume to pray to their gods until they have made an offering, by putting a piece of money into a box which is kept there for that purpose. Our dear brother also administers medicines to the sick, so that we may be sure his hands will be full; so much are his labours in this respect appreciated, that recently a Japanese gentleman of his own accord gave him two hundred dollars to purchase medicines. Both our missionaries think that the field in Japan is white unto harvest. What a pity that a reinforcement cannot be sent thither immediately. The Committee of Consultation and Finance have authorised the secretaries to send another missionary immediately; but what are even three among so many?

#### ROMISH MISSIONS.

The statistics of Roman Catholic missions in India, Ceylon, Siam, the Portuguese territory, and other places are thus officially given: bishops, 25; priests, 1,735; Christians, 1,476,168; schools, 1,134; pupils, 48,014.

Roman Catholic officials claim superior methods of education over those under the public school system. Here is one out of many facts with which any Protestant may confront them: In Catholic Spain, in spite of nine Roman Catholic archbishops, ninety-three bishops, 100,000 priests, 14,000 monks, and 19,000 nuns, out of fifteen millions less than one million are able to read and write.

A young lady, Miss Emily B. Gould, has been a resident fifteen years in Rome under the shadow of the Vatican, and she does not hesitate to declare her belief that Vaticanism has ruined body and soul in tens of thousands of instances. This is her account of the clergy. "I know that so corrupt are the highest in clerical dignity in this city, that decent women will not live as servants in the houses where they visit, because they fear their outrageous insults. I know that an ecclesiastic who has stood for years on the steps of the Papal throne, neither knows nor cares how many children he has. That their name is legion he and everybody else here knows. I know that an American young girl who was copying in the Vatican, had her rights disputed by an Italian woman, who based her pretensions on the simple fact that she was a cardinal's plaything. I know that a Roman artist of distinction was condemned to long years of poverty because his wife would not break her marriage vow for one of these same red-petticoated corrupters of society. I know—what do I not know of the horrors of this Church here, in its centre, in the abode of its head."

No wonder that in Mexico all the Roman Catholic buildings have been made the property of the State, and only a certain number are allowed to persons of the Roman Catholic faith in each city or town; public feast days are abolished; the Sisters of Charity are banished; and in future no man or woman can wear a religious habit in the street; the clergy are forbidden to receive property or gifts of any description for service to the sick and dying;

and all members of the Church are given the same right of petition as bishops and other Church dignitaries.

In too many instances the hierarchs of the Romish Church have controlled or set at defiance the civil Government, but Bismarck continues to enforce the laws to such an extent, that in a few years the priests have paid 10,000 francs in fines, and spent 50,000 days in prison.

The question is often discussed, as to whether Romanism is increasing. Some contend that in England especially its increase is somewhat alarming. It is said there are nearly a million Roman Catholics in England and Wales, though some estimate them as much larger; these are divided, according to their nationality, thus:—English, 179,000; foreigners, 52,000; Irish, 732,500. But look at the other side of the picture. In 1801, the population of Great Britain and Ireland was fifteen millions and three quarters, of whom four millions and a quarter were Roman Catholics, or twenty-seven per cent. of the whole population. Now, the population is nearly thirty-one millions and a half, of whom little more than five millions and a half are Roman Catholics, or only eighteen per cent. of the whole population. In other words, while the Roman Catholics have increased at the rate of twenty-eight per cent., the Protestants have increased at the rate of one hundred and twenty per cent., or nearly five times faster than Romanism, since the beginning of the century. Still the picture is dark enough, as there are in England 1,893 priests, 1,453 churches, 86 monasteries, 286 convents, and 1,260 schools.

Romanism is however losing its power in Europe, as the Old Catholic movement evidently proves. In Switzerland and France, it is stated by an ex-priest that not less than sixty-seven priests have withdrawn from the Church in two years.

Here is a pleasing incident how a French priest got enlightened, related by unquestionable authority. An anxious penitent confessed to a priest that she had been to a Protestant service. He questioned her closely, for his curiosity was greatly excited. She gave him a full account, and acknowledged that a great impression had been made upon her mind. The impression communicated itself to him; and shortly after he requested his own sister to go to the nearest place where Protestants assembled, to listen as with *his ears* and under his responsibility, and to bring him a full detail of everything. Reluctantly she did so, but faithfully reported all. The priest was convinced that there were truths of which he was ignorant, entered into communication with the pastor, appointed a secret place for a prolonged interview, and found peace in the finished work of Jesus then and there. The secluded place in which he labours allows him comparative freedom of action; he preaches Jesus; all his parishioners have the New Testament; the children learn more of Christ than of ceremonies; confessions are stopped short; and belief in the full satisfaction wrought by the Lord Jesus is substituted for penance.

Previous to 1868 there were but 49 Protestant congregations in B. Bohemia. Since that time their number has been considerably increased in consequence of the introduction of more tolerant laws. There are seventy-two of them now, four new churches having been opened since New Year.

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## METHODIST MISSIONARY REPORT.

This volume, of more than 200 pages, will amply repay a careful perusal. It records a few of the acts of the Methodist missionaries in Canada for the year ending June 1875. We hope many of our readers are entitled to a copy. We wish all were. We would gladly refer to all the departments of the Methodist missions, but limited space forbids. It is worthy of note that this report is an account of the first year of the second half century of the Society's existence, and also the first of the union of the Wesleyan and the New Connexion Methodist Churches between the two oceans, which also has a mission established in Japan. The mission at Oka near Montreal is in many respects the most deeply interesting. The Indians there were until seven years ago all Roman Catholic, but having become Methodists, they have been subjected to a series of the most bitter persecutions, disgraceful to all concerned; but the sufferers have so far remained faithful. The priests who got possession of their lands did little for the moral improvement of the poor people, who are now attending the missionary's services, while the children are being taught the common branches of education, besides reading the New Testament and learning the Catechism. There have been some happy deaths both among the older people and the children. The exemplary manner in which the people have conducted themselves have won them many friends among the Protestants of Montreal, who, with their well known liberality, have often relieved their necessities. Distant and neighbouring tribes have also been favourably impressed, some of whom have expressed an earnest wish for a school and a missionary. We learn that the Government have made a grant of land to the Oka Indians, so that after winter they will be out of the reach of their priestly oppressors; but during this dreary season many of them will be largely dependent upon charity for the means of subsistence. No doubt the missionary committee would gladly do more for the Indians and all others who are reiterating the Macedonian cry for help. Wide fields for missionary labourers are to be seen in Newfoundland, the coasts of Labrador and other parts of the Maritime Provinces; while in Manitoba, British Columbia and Japan, there are open doors which would soon be entered if the means were but forthcoming. But how can the committee respond when an enormous debt cripples them? True, other missionary institutions may be in a similar condition or even worse, but still the cry for help is made. Facts have been published of a most startling description; and notwithstanding all the complaints that are made about "hard times," we feel sure that the friends of Methodist Missions have abundant means to relieve the treasury and meet the growing demands of the mission field. Would that all could be induced to contribute as God hath prospered them. Complaints are sometimes made relative to the expensiveness of the machinery of the Church; but while there is necessarily a great apparent difference of the scale of allowance to missionaries according to their stations, we believe that no missionary society of the same dimensions is carried on more economically, seeing that the expense of salaries of officers, expenses of committees, travelling and office charges, do not exceed four and a half per cent. of the gross expenditure. Some societies are said to be very economically conducted, when for similar charges more than seven per cent. is expended. No doubt between now and the time of holding the next General Conference, the missionary reports will be carefully pondered, and perhaps by that time

some means may be devised for the reduction of expenses, but should not something be done immediately to aid those who are likely to suffer? Should not brethren on independent circuits, and all others who are receiving salaries of \$1,000 dollars and upwards, be willing out of their abundance to contribute two or three per cent. of their salaries to relieve their brethren who will not receive \$500 from all sources! Such an act of brotherly kindness would greatly tend to equality, and not only strengthen the bonds of the brotherhood, but cause the people to contribute more munificently than they have ever done in the past. Which Conference will move first in this matter?

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### REVIVALS.

This word possesses a charm. Christendom is now being moved as it never was before during this century. Evangelists, such as Messrs. Moody and Sankey, are greatly in demand. The work is not spasmodic, but deep and thorough. Both in England and America, as well as on the continent of Europe, the Churches are struggling for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Conferences are being held purposely to make preparation for revival campaigns. Reports of some that have reached us are of the most gratifying kind, and it is no wonder that, after such confessions and humiliations, and renewed consecrations, showers of blessings should descend. It is Old Methodism revived. At a recent convention held at Leeds, which began by a prayer meeting at 7 o'clock a.m., Rev. J. Farrar said he had known Methodism in Leeds for fifty years, and yet he never beheld it in such a delightful fashion. Too frequently conferences are so much confined to routine business, that even a small portion cannot be occupied in "conversation respecting the work of God." We are therefore glad that "all-day meetings for conference and prayer on Holiness and Christian work" have now become so common, especially in England. They would do good in Canada, where a few have been held. A correspondent says respecting one conference which continued four days, that five services were held daily in various churches. Some meetings were special, chiefly for personal holiness. The following lines were often sung:—

" My body, soul, and spirit,  
 Jesus, I give to Thee,  
 A consecrated offering,  
 Thine evermore to be.  
 My all is on the altar,  
 I'm waiting for the fire ;  
 Waiting, waiting, waiting,  
 I'm waiting for the fire."

Each day a number of requests for prayer were presented to the meetings, and then laid before the Lord; and beautiful expositions of Scripture, bearing on the higher Christian life, were given by gifted ministers and other gentlemen, illustrated by their own experiences of its blessedness, listened to with interest and delight, especially those of the venerable Dr. Mahan, from America, who has walked in the light of Christian purity for forty years; and still, by his public ministry and valuable writings, witnesses a good confession before the Churches of this and other lands. At every meeting God was in the midst of His people, bearing testimony to the Word

of His Grace ; many hearts were subdued and melted by the influences of His Spirit, which powerfully rested on them ; several persons were enabled to enter into the life of full consecration to the Saviour and the perfect rest of faith ; and many others were greatly quickened, and led to feel their need of fuller devotedness to God. Never shall we forget the effect of one of the early morning meetings, when the people of God who had obtained special blessing were requested to express their feelings by passages of Scripture, and immediately about twenty or thirty persons, one after another, quoted passages of praise to God for what he had done for them. At the last service 1,600 persons were present, and great grace was upon them all. Among other fruits of this memorable conference is the following letter from a gentleman, in which he details his experience thus : " I wish to acknowledge God's gracious dealings with my soul during the special services held last week. I have been led to feel that for upwards of twenty years I have been wandering in the wilderness, and now seek for grace to enable me to consecrate myself and my all to his service. From the gracious manner in which I have been blessed I feel there is still a greater measure in store both for me and his Church and people. I feel assured that these droppings of the shower only prove that the Lord is waiting to pour ' all the spirit of his love.' I lay my all upon the altar. May God show me my duty and give me grace to perform it."

When the conferences are followed by special efforts for the conversion of sinners they are sure to be successful, for a revival of holiness is always followed by accessions to the Church. One gentleman states that at Adelaide, Australia, there was a revival of Christian holiness, which resulted in the conversion of 700 persons in a few days.

Personal effort for the salvation of sinners is one grand result of these conventions. Here is a specimen of what we mean. The gentleman referred to is a city merchant, has a large store, and employs a large number of young women as clerks. On Monday evening of each week they are gathered together in the store—their attendance being entirely voluntary—for reading the Scriptures, singing, prayer, and exhortation. Between thirty and forty usually attend, and a deep interest is felt in the services.

#### DEATHS.

The destroying angel has recently cut down two persons of more than ordinary distinction, viz. : Dean of Winchester, better known as Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds. Though technically a High Churchman, yet his zeal and self-sacrifice deserve commendation. When Vicar of Leeds, he very generously relinquished a large amount of his salary, that provision might be made for an increase of clergymen in that town, and during the period of his residence there, he was not only abundant in labours for "the Church," but also was conspicuous among those who laboured for the moral elevation of their race. He signed the pledge of total abstinence for life, that he might encourage a poor inebriate to persevere in his course of abstinence. It is but due to his memory to say that he had no sympathy with the extreme ritual practices of many of the High Church party.

The other victim of death is *Joseph Barker*, whose singular career is well known to many of our readers. Thirty years ago, he was one of the most-

powerful preachers in the North of England. His zeal knew no bounds. He was an earnest minister, a popular lecturer, and a voluminous author. Unhappily he became sceptical, and for several years he travelled extensively both in England and America, delivering lectures against the Bible and Christianity in favour of which he had often spoken most eloquently. In the midst of his degeneracy, there were those who always believed that he would return to the faith of the Gospel, and no doubt they often prayed for this. Some years ago he happily came home to his Father, and spent the remainder of his days in labouring to the utmost of his ability to undo the evil which he had formerly done. He now exalted Christ and the atonement, and a short time before he died on his farm in Kansas, U.S., he called some friends to his bedside, and assured them of his unshaken faith in Christ, and the peace of mind in which he contemplated his demise. Thus he died a trophy of grace.

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 IN THE FURNACE.
 

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 BY T. CLEWORTH.
 

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IN the furnace of affliction  
 Sinks my spirit fill'd with grief.  
 Can these flames give benediction?  
 Lord, Thy love is my relief!

I can bear this outward burning  
 If Thy fire be l't within,  
 All my soul to true gold turning  
 By the outpurged love of sin.

In the furnace of affliction  
 Walk with me, oh, Son of God!  
 Frown not on my heart's defection  
 But apply Thy cleansing blood.

Great my griefs; but Christ is greater.  
 Lo! He brings the promised rest!  
 Folded in His spotless nature,  
 In the furnace I am blest!

Thornbury, 10th Nov., 1875.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

## ADVENT OF WINTER.

AS each successive season brings with it its own peculiar privileges and opportunities, it imposes upon us new duties and responsibilities. Winter brings to the rural population of our country comparative rest and relaxation from the excessive toil or other portions of the year, and affords opportunity for intellectual pursuits and social enjoyment beyond that of any other season. To the well-to-do in the towns and cities it is a season peculiar to festivity; while to the earnestly religious its numerous anniversaries and other religious gatherings constitute its chief charm. It must not, however, be forgotten that there are thousands, even in our own highly-favoured land, to whom winter brings little else but suffering. Neither rest nor recreation has any meaning to man or woman suffering the combined horrors of cold and hunger; and neither intellectual improvement nor social enjoyment are possible to such as are ready to perish. Amid the jingle of merry bells, and the festivities and gaieties of the season, we are liable to forget the tragic aspect which it presents to those of our brethren and sisters in the flesh who are less favoured than ourselves. The multifarious activities of the highly artificial state of society in which we live are but too apt to divert our attention from the scenes of wretchedness which are all around us. When the sound of the harp and the viol are heard in our feasts there is but little opportunity for the wail of suffering humanity to come into our ear. Even pursuits which are in the highest degree laudable in themselves are liable to lead us to neglect one of the most pressing duties of the hour.

The cry of "hard times" is in almost everybody's mouth; the stringency of the money market and the depressed condition of trade are among the most common topics of conversation; but to not a few of those who talk most loudly upon these subjects they have little significance beyond the difficulty of collecting accounts when they are due, of meeting promptly bills as they mature, of doing as large a business and securing as large gains as in some more prosperous seasons. In some instances it may involve the necessity of shortening sail, or of reducing the domestic establishment in order to bring their expenditure within their income; in others it may resolve itself into a stern struggle to keep the sheriff from the door and to prevent the earnings of years from being swept away with a stroke; but even in those cases in which the pressure of the times issues in absolute bankruptcy, terrible as the calamity unquestionably is as a rule, it is a very different thing from a poor labouring man thrown out of employment with a wife and family dependent upon his earnings for their subsistence. In many instances of this kind, for the head of the family to cease to work is for the whole family to cease to eat, and even to forfeit the very shelter which is over their heads. Cases of this kind, unfortunately, are not rare. There are hundreds of them in our city, and it is to be feared that the number will be, before the close of winter, greatly increased.

Now the practical question is, what can be done for the relief of these destitute poor? It is evident that the work is too great to be overtaken by private beneficence. The matter deserves, as it will doubtless receive, the earnest attention of the civic authorities. If any public works can be opened which will afford an opportunity to such as are able to work to help themselves, it will be the very best form that public charity can possibly take. To make a pauper of a man is in most instances to inflict upon him an incurable injury. There is, however, a class of unfortunates whose case cannot be met in any other way; and for these judicious provision must be made. But after all that the city authorities can do there will be an ample field for churches and benevolent societies to exercise their munificence. There are not a few of the deserving poor whose cases can be reached in no other way. There are those among us who have seen better days, who know from experience how much more blessed it is to give than to receive, to whom subsistence upon charity is an alternative scarcely less terrible than death; and to find out such cases and extend to them the help which they deserve requires the utmost degree of delicacy and tact.

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#### THE MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARIES.

In spite of the hardness of the times and the scarcity of money which is so deeply felt by so many of our people, there is good reason to believe that the receipts of our Missionary Society will be considerably in excess of the income of any former year. Methodism has been described as "A system of vital doctrines and practical expedients—a breaking away from the old dead weights which had encumbered the march of the Reformation—a revival Church in its spirit, a missionary Church in its organisation." And this particular branch of this great family of churches distinguished by this generic name evinces a growing determination to maintain this character, and to manifest in unimpaired efficiency to unborn generations the sacred trust which we have received from our fathers. In nothing is this more apparent than in the ever-increasing liberality with which this department of Church work is supported. It may well be doubted whether any other Protestant community can be found which, in proportion to its numbers and wealth, contributes more largely for purely evangelistic purposes than the Methodist Church of Canada to day. What it has done already in this respect is truly wonderful; and we confidently expect that the future will far outstrip the past. The fountain of this beneficence, so far from showing any signs of exhaustion, is constantly increasing; with increased disposition there is increased ability to give. The ever-enlarging liberality of the Methodist people of this country has not prevented them from constantly and rapidly improving their temporal circumstances. And while the enlargement of the field of the Church's operations laid their resources under such weighty contribution, the means for the thorough cultivation of the ground already occupied has not been diminished. The work of church extension has been rapidly pushed forward. The educational institutions of the Church have been liberally supported. Large sums have been expended upon Sabbath

schools and Sabbath school libraries. And at the same time the altered circumstances of society and the diminished purchasing power of money has made a very considerable increase in the salaries of ministers an imperious necessity. And yet with all this increased burden at home there has been both disposition and ability for continually increased contributions for the work abroad. The present condition of the treasury calls for increased liberality, and that the call will be promptly responded to there is every reason to believe. There is no department of the work that our people would consent to have given up, there is not one mission that they would consent to have abandoned, or one missionary that they would vote to have withdrawn. Forward! has been our watchword hitherto, and the time has not yet arrived when we are prepared to beat a retreat. But to hold the ground we have already involves the necessity of a very considerable increase in the funds of the society. The case has been put fairly before the Church in the impressive appeal issued by the treasurer of the society, and there need be no misgivings in respect to the response of the people.

#### EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY.

The sentence of the unhappy persons convicted of the murder of the unfortunate girl Gilmour has been commuted to imprisonment for life; and if the public were quite sure that this decision was absolutely final, probably most persons would feel as if substantial justice had been done. It is possible too that the deterrent influence of absolutely perpetual imprisonment would be sufficient to prevent anyone from engaging in the same nefarious business for some time to come. It is the uncertainty which is so generally felt on this point which makes many thoughtful persons think that a grave mistake has been committed. Whether right or wrong, the opinion prevails that the sentence of imprisonment for life is seldom or never carried out, where the convict lives beyond a very few years. Indeed, some persons who have given considerable attention to the subject are of opinion that practically it is a more serious punishment to be sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years than to be sentenced for life, inasmuch as those upon whom the latter sentence is pronounced are generally pardoned before they have served a term of ten years. So long as this opinion prevails the deterrent influence of such sentences will be comparatively small. And this is the grand difficulty which lies in the way of dealing with capital punishment generally, as in particular instances like the one under present consideration. The *feeling* of the age is undoubtedly averse to hanging; there is no vindictive or bloodthirsty sentiment clamouring for the infliction of the death penalty upon even the worst of criminals; and if anything could be substituted for it which would be likely to prove equally effective as a deterrent from crime, the people would cheerfully consent to the abolition of the death penalty; but the instinct of self-preservation makes them hesitate to exchange it for a term of imprisonment which may be terminated at any time by executive caprice, or in deference to the clamour of friends.



MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter.....4th, 10.6 a.m. | Last Quarter.....18th, 3.32 a.m.  
 Full Moon .....11th, 1.5 a.m. | New Moon .....26th, 8.24 a.m.

1	S	Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.— <i>Ps.</i> ciii. 2.
2	S	Let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant.— <i>Jer.</i> 1. 5.
3	M	What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits.— <i>Ps.</i> cxvi. 12.
4	Tu	As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.— <i>Josh.</i> xxiv. 15.
5	W	Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?— <i>Acts</i> ix. 6.
6	Th	Go work to-day in my vineyard.— <i>Matt.</i> xxi. 28.
7	F	Why stand ye here all the day idle?— <i>Matt.</i> xx. 6.
8	S	The night cometh when no man can work.— <i>John</i> ix. 4.
9	S	Let us go into the house of the Lord.— <i>Ps.</i> cxlii. 1.
10	M	Every one that asketh receiveth.— <i>Matt.</i> vii. 8.
11	Tu	If we ask anything according to his will, He heareth us.— <i>John</i> v. 14.
12	W	Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.— <i>1 Tim.</i> i. 15.
13	Th	All things work together for good to them that love God.— <i>Rom.</i> viii. 28.
14	F	Love is the fulfilling of the law.— <i>Rom.</i> xiii. 10.
15	S	Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart.— <i>Deut.</i> vi. 5.
16	S	Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever.— <i>Ps.</i> xciii. 5.
17	M	To be carnally minded is death.— <i>Rom.</i> viii. 6.
18	Tu	To be spiritually minded is life and peace.— <i>Rom.</i> viii. 6.
19	W	We have the mind of Christ.— <i>1 Cor.</i> ii. 16.
20	Th	If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.— <i>Rom.</i> viii. 9.
21	F	Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?— <i>Acts</i> xix. 2. [viii. 14.]
22	S	As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.— <i>Rom.</i>
23	S	Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God.— <i>Eccles.</i> v. 1.
24	M	Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.—
25	Tu	Dost thou believe on the Son of God?— <i>John</i> ix. 35. [ <i>John</i> i. 29.]
26	W	Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.— <i>Mark</i> ix. 24.
27	Th	Without faith it is impossible to please Him.— <i>Heb.</i> 11. 6.
28	F	He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.— <i>John</i> iii. 36.
29	S	He that believeth not shall be damned.— <i>Mark</i> xvi. 16.
30	S	Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.— <i>Ps.</i> xxix. 2.
31	M	Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me.— <i>Ps.</i> l. 23.

# SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saved to the ut - ter - most : I am the Lord's. Je - sus, my Sa - viour, sal -  
 2. Saved to the ut - ter - most : Je - sus is near. Keep - ing me safe - ly, He

- va - tion af - fords. Gives me His Spir - it a wit - ness with - in.  
 cast - eth out fear. Trust - ing His prom - is - es, how I am blest,

**Chorus,**

Whis - per - ing of par - don, and sav - ing from sin. Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost.  
 Lean - ing up - on Him how sweet is my rest.

Saved, saved, by pow - er di - vine, Saved, saved, I'm

saved to the ut - ter - most, Je - sus, the Sa - viour, is mine.

3. Saved to the uttermost : this I can say.  
 "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"  
 Beautiful visions of glory I see,  
 Jesus in brightness revealed unto me.

4. Saved to the uttermost : cheerfully sing  
 Loud hallelujas to Jesus, my King, [blood,  
 Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by His  
 Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to God