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BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

AND

Friendly Greetings.

"Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the world with fruit."

VOL. VIII.—No. 8.

AUGUST, 1884.

WHOLE No. 92.

The Regions Beyond, Home and Foreign Mission Jottings.



A WORD TO THE WISE.—The field is the world. *Whose, for whom?* Rome believes that she ought to be supreme, that she is destined to be supreme, and that it is the duty of every member of her Communion to enforce the attainment of this destiny. For this end she fills the land with her priests, her schools, her monasteries, her numeries, and her colleges. She makes her influence felt in the Legislature, and in the Press, and she seeks by every art to enrol amongst her votaries the members of our noble families, the representatives of our wealth and influence. Her reasoning in this matter is strictly logical. Cardinal Manning states.—

"England is the head of Protestantism, the centre of its movements, and the stronghold of its power. Weakened in England, it is paralysed everywhere; conquered in England, it is conquer'd throughout the world; once overthrown here, all is but a warfare of detail. All the roads of the whole world meet in one point, and this point reached, the whole world lies open to the Church's will."

Let us not sleep, but watch and be sober. The Lord of the harvest demands earnest toil and fidelity to *His own Word*. For after all the true remedy for the world is the Gospel, lived and preached by every true christian—*let your light so shine*—how long would the world sit in darkness, and have no light, if all heeded this injunction? How vast the field home and foreign. Only think of London, G. B., the population in 1882 was 4,890,022 (four millions, eight hundred and ninety thousand and twenty-two), with an annual increase of 90,000 souls, equal to 246 persons every day. There are added 60 houses every day or 22,000 in a year to that vast city of commerce. Strange the mingling of light and darkness, wealth and poverty. How great the need of consecrated effort to leaven such a mass of sun-blighted humanity.

Who is sufficient for the work in heathen lands? Our returned missionary, brother Churchill, tells us of the gross darkness which covers many parts of the field and places where the population exceeds in density anything we can calculate upon, and should God give a speedy harvest, the harvesters are so few, great sacrifice will be called for and no small responsibility will rest upon the church at home. Let all who know our sisters Wright and Hamilton pray as they go to reinforce the band in India that a wide and effectual door may be opened unto them. Our bro. Churchill and his wife, now that they have returned

to rest and recruit, need our prayers that they may stir much missionary zeal, and be spared to return to carry on the work for which they have laid the foundation. We must stay the pen and gather more news.

Up in the Country.

During our visit of a few days in June to Avonport, the Lord wonderfully made us a blessing, a revival started and has since continued. During the past three weeks the work has evidenced itself to be of the Lord. July 16th a sister writes, "the work is still going on, we had a good meeting last evening, 25 young converts spoke of their sense of pardon and happiness in Christ. There are about ten young men and boys; two men rose last evening. The young men and women have each started prayer meetings, and they are doing a great deal of good. Surely we are led to exclaim, What hath God wrought! What reason we have to praise Him. The work goes on so quietly, and seems so deep." When writing in last month's Buds, "Eventide Musings," and planning to hide away for a week of quietude and rest, little did the writer, think what the purpose of God was. Weak and worn he went to the union meeting-house, and in leading the Sabbath evening prayer-meeting felt so mightily the power of God that he asked the anxious to arise, and most unexpectedly to God's faithful few, some twenty young people rose, and the breaking down was strongly evident. The people requested a meeting on the morrow evening, which only showed the fire was kindled by the Spirit, and the writer will long remember the anxiety of those who came to see him after the meetings at the house where he stayed. Strength failing and seeing God's hand so directly, we left that He might be honored, and the above extract shows our weakness prevented not, but magnifies His grace and strength in the good work.

It is said that the most of the Chinese converts to Christianity who have returned to China, stand firm in their profession.

THOUGH the Baptists labor under great disadvantages in Sweden, 46 new Baptist churches were formed last year, and 3,623 converts were baptized. There is now in Sweden 16 associations, 371 churches, 402 preachers, 25,777 Baptists and 23,310 children in their Sunday-schools.

At the time of the union of the Presbyterian churches, 12 years ago, there were 3,512 members in the native churches connected with their foreign missions; now there are 18,656, an increase of over five-fold.

Thoughts for the Independent.

(Gathered from the Independent.)



UNCONVERTED FRIEND, do not hastily charge the religion of Jesus Christ with unreasonableness. Seek not to hide your rebellion and hatred to the divine will of Him who saith, Come now let us reason together. Isa. 1. 18. If Christianity is folly, don't believe it. Whether it is folly or not only you can decide.

We would have you decide right.

But is not Christianity reasonable? You reply that you question this, that, and the other thing which Christians teach. But are not Christ's teachings reasonable? Is not Christ himself reasonable?

Have you read the four stories of Christ's sayings and doings? It will take but a little while. The four stories together are shorter than the single novel you read on a leisure Sunday. They are worth reading, and probably you have never read them carefully in your life. Take the little volume and read those four accounts - Gospels we call them - and see if what you there read of the teachings of Jesus Christ and his religion, is not good reason. Where else will you find such a religion as that? Does not that Sermon on the Mount appeal to your own conscience? Do you not believe that to be right? Then accept it. Accept Christ's teachings and obey them. Be his disciple, and be as much like him as you can. Confess your sins like the publican, and trust, like him, for forgiveness which God offers in the Good News of Jesus Christ.

We can sympathize with the honest doubter. Knowing that the god of this world often blindeth the eyes of men, lest they should see, believe and be saved. Remember that Jesus only can open the eyes of the blind, and cure blind unbelief, which is sure to err and scan His work in vain. God is his own interpreter. Reader beware of being honestly, dishonest. Reasonably unreasonableness. Rather like Saul cry, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" "What must I do to be saved?"

Ribbon of Blue, Temperance Notes.

WE rejoice to find in the Methodist Conferences, the Presbyterian, the Church of England, and the Baptist yearly gatherings there has gone out a certain sound against the liquor traffic, and that the various denominations in the name of the Lord, are pledging themselves as never heretofore to tighten the cords of liberty, and to bring down even to the death this upsetting sin, as the coloured brother termed it in his prayer.

We who love the Master should show active sympathy with the temperance movement, and aid the right by every means in our power. We fully endorse the recommendations of our Methodist brethren. From a legal aspect the Church could not approve of nor countenance any legislation attempting to merely limit or restrict the tariff. The committee regarded it as the duty of the State to prohibit and forbid rather than license any political, social or moral evil. The committee heartily supported the

Canada Temperance Act. They sympathized with all temperance organizations, especially the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. They regarded the liquor traffic as antagonistic to and destructive of all the best interests, whether secular or moral, or religious of the country. They regarded prohibition as the only remedy, and the present state of thought and feeling and labor in reference to the evil as an assurance that the time for legislation unto prohibition is now, and as a call to all to work to this end. They regard the Canada Temperance Act as the best available means adopted to the ultimate total suppression of the traffic. The committee concluded with the following recommendations: (1) More systematic labor by the Church, specific times of more prominent and definite presentation by the church of this great question. (2) The great importance of temperance literature in the school, and especially in the home. (3) The great gain of committing by pledge in the schools, day and Sabbath, and in the home, the rising generation to this question. (4) The need, upon the part of many, of the development of principle with a stiff backbone in it. Less of expediency and more of duty, are the demands of the hour. (5) The imperative duty of the church, especially in her ordinances, to practically embody one of the petitions of the Lord's prayer, viz. "Lead us not into temptation," by excluding from the Lord's table that which intoxicates, putting thereupon only the pure unfermented juice of the grape. "The blood is the life."

It is interesting to note that Lars O. Smith, the "Swedish Brandy King," who turned temperance advocate, subscribes to the doctrine that "the fewer the public houses the less drunkenness you will have, the more places where men can drink, the more they will drink."

HALIFAX by the warm greeting given to the National Division, S. of T., proves that there is life and feeling upon this important subject of staying the *drink* curse. In connection with their mass-meeting at the Rink, which was a grand temperance success, a very painful incident occurred. One man in Halifax, Mr. Lowe, who has been selling liquor in connection with groceries on Spring garden Road, attended the temperance meeting in the Rink and listened to the strong utterances of the speakers. It is said he had often been stirred and troubled about the subject of selling intoxicating drink, but put it off. *Must do it to live.* Before the sun rose the next morning he was in eternity. He died of apoplexy. Reader pause, mark the unexpected end. *Will it pay?* What is a man profited?—If he must die, and give an account? Reader why not sign the pledge right here, We leave a blank line. "Say, God help me I will abstain from now."

REV. MR. SHAW, of Madagascar celebrity, writes that the British nation sends with one hand missionaries and bibles to its people, and with the other introduces into the country that which crushes out the moral and religious life of the natives. Ten thousand barrels of rum are imported in one year on the east coast at so cheap a duty as to be retailed at twelve cents per quart. Frequently at sundown whole villages are drunk, and even little children stagger around.

Words for the Wise.

Christ himself has given a definition of a Christian. He said, "If a man loves me, he will keep my words." At another time he declared, "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." Here is the test and touchstone of Christian character. A personal love for a personal Saviour underlies all genuine purity. That heart love must be attested by the daily life. Obedience to Christ is the highest evidence of faith in Christ, and without such faith the soul is lost.

Success cannot be had without exertion. God helps those who help themselves. We must work. The success of a company composed of numerous individuals, is secured by each of these individuals doing something; and though the exertions of each one seem insignificant in comparison with the great mass to be moved, remember that a union of many hands makes a mighty force; that we can take little drops of water—each powerless alone—collect them together under favorable conditions for co operation and we have a power almost infinite.

Is there not a cause for earnestness and anxiety, as David, the shepherd lad, said when he heard the vaunting of the Philistine giant and saw the timidity and confusion of Israel's braves? We want for Christian service to day, men and women who will not trust, as Saul did to his own shame and disgrace, in a coat of mail and a sword, wielded by an arm of flesh, sustained by a heart too cowardly to strike the braggart the first blow. The truly brave trusting in God will use the spiritual and tried weapons of our faith. One thing is certain—as Professor Rogers put it—that even in the present day of great profession, of unparalleled advances in science and literature and almost universal outcry for a more educated ministry, the professedly cultured are not achieving any remarkable success; the real work is being done more prosperously, more thoroughly, and more permanently by those who depend less upon the wisdom of man, and more upon the power of God. His work must be done in His own way, not in ours.

Sensible Nonsense.

FORSAUGHT Miss Edith (aged six) "Mamma, they say the Gibbsses have come into a whole lot of money. Ella Stanford says they are real common and vulgar, but I think we had better be very nice to them, as there are two boys in the family about my age, and when I grow up something might come of it, you know."

MISTRESS. "Bridget, I cannot allow you to receive your sweetheart in the kitchen any longer." Bridget: "It's very kind of you, ma'am, but he is almost too bashful to come into the parlour."

"WHY did you put that nickel with a hole in it into the contribution box?" asked one man of another. "Because I couldn't put the hole in without the nickel and I had to put in something."

THE American Bible Society has issued, during sixty-seven years, 42,083,816 Bibles, in 42 languages and dialects. Its work proceeds so methodically and noiselessly, that its magnitude may easily fail to be appreciated.

The Study Table—New Books and Exchanges.

One of the Maze, by C. H. Spurgeon; Passmore & Alabaster, 1 shilling. This book is enjoying, and must enjoy, a very large circulation. It will be popular from the very attractiveness of itself; the get up is enough to tempt any one to enter the maze. Strange to say, this maze is not intended to lose and perplex, but contains the threefold cord of love to guide others out of the mazes of spiritual doubts and infidel insinuations.

The Telephone, a neat little publication in the interest of the W. C. T. U. of the Maritime Provinces, made its first appearance this month.

Readings and Recitations—No. 4, by Miss L. Penny. National Temperance Society, New York. It contains old time favorites and some newly written, which will push the old time pieces for favorite places. The subject of temperance is to-day occupying a conspicuous place, and we welcome this and every other good work which gives it prominence.

The Gospel of Grace, by A. Lindesie Cassell & Co., London. Not written from our standpoint, or according to our understanding of the Trinity in unity. Nevertheless, it is well and ably written, and the author evidently desires the good, welfare and salvation of others. It is well always to remember Divine ends are accomplished by human means in proportion as the means themselves are ordained of God.

The Missionary Review. Published at Princeton, New Jersey, U. S. Rev. R. G. Wilder is evidently watching the field which is the world in the interests of the King.

The Biographical Magazine. Published by the Pictorial Associated Press, New York. It is a living encyclopædia up to date, giving each month biographical sketches of prominent men, and by pictorial illustrations make their features, as well as their characters, familiar to all.

HERE is a matter of interest to young ladies who are willing to venture matrimonial alliance with drinking men. John York and Susan Mosier were married, the latter previously stipulating a pecuniary provision in case of the former's death. York was a drunkard and his wife left him. Shortly after the man died and the widow could recover nothing, the decision of the supreme court of Iowa being "His failure to keep his promise did not justify her deserting him. All the world knows that such promises made by a drunkard are always broken. In a few words, as she knowingly married a drunkard she must be content to be a drunkard's wife." A harsh decision but a just one. A woman who accepts a man who drinks, even though he be not a drunkard, does so with her eyes open to the fact that all curses which drink brings are the possibilities of her married state.

A TEACHER asked his class, "How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" A smart boy stood up and said, "That depends a great deal on whether you mean to use it on a man or a wasp?"

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WE WANT YOU

TO DO YOUR UTMOST TO EXTEND THE CIRCULATION OF
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You will do a favour by sending on your subscription. We have now a *hundred dollars* over due. Do your own part of it.

Buds and Blossoms is 75c. if pre-paid, after 6 months we can claim as per notice \$1.00. But our anxiety is to exercise patience and kindness to all in this our work for the Master, having launched out in faith with a large free issue so far 20,000 pages monthly. Believing that God will stir up friends to increase our *paying circulation*, that we may still enlarge this service for Jesus.

We rely upon and expect payment for Buds and Blossoms from our regular subscribers, thus they help us and share in the good work. We hope in the future, as in the past, few very few will say, *please stop my magazine*. Our grateful encouragement lies in the fact, our friends old and new do not like to do without their "Buds and Blossoms and Friendly Greetings." We doubled our circulation for 1884. Will you help us to do so for 1885? Now is the time to look up new subscribers, tell them they shall have Buds and Blossoms from now until the end of 1885 for \$1.00.

Many friends ask for the Editor's Portrait. We are now through the generosity of a friend enabled to promise an engraving thereof at an early day. And moreover by the same generous assistance we expect to improve our magazine by publishing each month a brief Biographical Sketch with reliable portrait of some eminent divine, or other prominent person. The price will continue the same, 75 cents. So far we have put all our receipts into the magazine, trusting in the Lord, Ebenezer.

For 6 cents we will send specimen copies anywhere. We want canvassers, and are willing to pay them. Those who can help us for the work's sake have our warmest and hearty thanks.

Home Circle.

TABERNACLE FLOWER MISSION.—We shall be glad to receive flowers and scripture text cards for the same. So far the supply is not equal to the demand. If each reader who is too distant to send flowers, and desires to share in the work would forward to Mrs. Avery, Mizpah Cottage, Kempt Road, Halifax, N. S., a few stamps, it would be greatly aiding this work, and then flowers as needed can be purchased. Some one writes from Tusket: "Christian friend, I enclose stamps, it is small, but I see how a word may thus reach a sin-sick soul, and may God's blessing rest upon your work. Miss L. G. 25c., Mr. W. D. 25c. We have to thank Mrs. G. Frazer, Mrs. Bennett, U. S. for packets ornamental text cards, also Miss A. H., flowers from Miss Steven. The British American Book and Tract Society sent this week as a donation to the work a dozen packets of very choice ones. The above are enough to supply one week, so that our friends can see that the work makes quite a demand. We opened our Mission July 9th had not quite enough for the hospital, the second week we had a more bountiful supply of flowers, some very choice indeed from Mr. Smith of the Cornwallis Nursery, flowers came from Miss Eaton, North Kingston, and reached us in excellent condition. Others nearer home sent, but flowers in a city are few, and it calls for great self-denial to pluck the window plants and treasured blossoms. We wish our friends who have flowers could see the joyous and feverish delight of

some of the very sick ones, as they eagerly and gladly grasp the flower. The text is scanned as soon as they have looked at the flowers. One said on our first visit this year: "That is true of me, I have a *little strength*," enquiring and examining the card we found it to be part of Rev. iii, 8. *Thou hast a little strength*—reading the remainder of the card, "and hast kept my word, and not denied my name." We said, friend is the latter part also true of you, "no, he sadly replied, it is not." We know not who wrote the card. Evidently it was shot at a venture, but who could doubt the Divine controller sped the arrow to its mark.

In the poor house an aged one said, "Thank you, it is the first flower I have seen this season. Pray God to bless the mission and workers, they are often very tired before the bunching and distribution is through.

A few flowers can be sent by post in a card box, cut holes or slits to show contents, prepaid, and notify us by postal card.

THE Tabernacle association letter reported for the year. Baptisms 41, received by letter 11.

THE Strawberry Festival was one of our pleasantest. Receipts, \$91.00, cleared, \$66.00. Our young people deserve many thanks for their hearty christian deportment and co-operation. Donated, Mr. J. K. Hubbley, \$3.00; Mr. J. Mason, \$2.00; Mr. Peddle, 40 boxes of strawberries; Mr. Francis, syrup, \$1.88. It was by the liberality of our friends we attained unto so large a success, otherwise the mass meeting at the Rink must have brought failure.

Grange Blossoms.

MARRIED—July 8th, John J. Eitter to Mary F. Corkum, 14th Albert Simpson to Harriet Boutlier. Both at Halifax by J. F. Avery.

FADED LEAVES.

We have to add to the list of departed friends the late Capt. Dutton, commander of the Allan fleet, he died July the 6th, aged 57. He was a man of God, and quite a remarkable character, he was ever full of zeal, and always ready to speak to saint and sinners, of the Saviour's love. Many times he has spoken unto edification for us at the Tabernacle, and we shall miss his hearty hand shake and his gem smile and greeting. May the Lord comfort the mourners, and teach us to apply our hearts unto wisdom. *We must die. Ready or unready.*


Died at Mount Uniacke, June 18th, Joseph McLare, aged 85. He suffered much agony, but died in the full assurance of a joyful resurrection. "Man giveth up the ghost and where is he?" He must be somewhere; all do not go to one place.

From the end of Brighton pier they were watching the sea-gulls whirling in graceful circles, while the rays of the sinking sun covered the water with a flood of gold. Finally he turned to her, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, asked, "Darling, if we were sea-gulls, would you fly away with me and be at rest?" To which she answered, with her gaze fixed on a far-off mass of castellated clouds, "No, George; I'd let you fly away, and then I should have all the rest I wanted here."

SCANDAL, when it has truth in it, is like a greasy spot on new cloth; but when there is no truth in it, it is like a splash of mud, which will come off easily when dry.

THE MAN WHO LOVED HIS HORSE, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



 HERE was a cabman in London who loved his horse. We have all seen a great many drivers who did *not*, if we might judge from their habits of flogging and scolding, and, alas! too often swearing. However, *this* horse was a happy one to have such a kind master. He knew exactly what the horse could do, and he never urged him beyond it. See how carefully he is attending to his wants in the picture,

and that was what he was always doing. At night, if it was ever so late, he always made his horse comfortable before he had his own supper; in short, he ruled by love, as I have said; and do you think the horse did not know it? Of course he did, and he worked all the better for it, as every creature you have to do with will do if you go upon that plan.

Years went on, and at last the horse began to fail. He was not up to a busy London life any more, though he might still do something lighter. "But," said the

cabman, "I'll never sell him to end his days in misery; no, if we must part, I'll have him shot at once, so he'll have a happy home to the last."

So master and horse went together to the manager of the Zoological Gardens, as perhaps you know it is necessary to buy horse-flesh for the animals' food, and two pounds are generally paid for every horse brought for that purpose. "This horse is much too good," said Mr. Bartlett; "there is work in him still; I will give you a higher price for him alive than dead."

But the cabman steadily refused, saying that he would not have him ill-treated for any money; and, as he could no longer work for *him*, he would rather he ended his days altogether. At last, after much persuasion, he yielded the point, and this was the bargain: the horse was to be employed in some very easy labour about the gardens, was never to be parted with, and the old master was to be allowed to come and see him and judge of his condition as often as he liked.

So, for six years from this time, the cabman and his wife came once a week, without ever failing, to pay a visit to their favourite, bringing him apples and sugar in their pockets, and being always received with the greatest marks of pleasure and recognition which a horse could show.

I should like to have known this cabman, should not you? for he was a "merciful man." When our Saviour says, "Blessed are the merciful," perhaps He did not *only* mean being merciful to each other. The Bible words always take in *all*, as it were, and I think He must have intended to include that lower world of living creatures, which must be dear to Him, because His hand has created them and fashioned them so wondrously. "Be ye therefore merciful (to them), as your Father also is merciful." M. K. M.

ALL AT FULL LENGTH.



Looks and newspapers, when we come to a stroke like this —, or perhaps to one letter with such a stroke after it, it generally means an *oath*, or some other bad word, which the author would not put down full because it was so bad.

But there is a book in which there are no strokes, but all the bad words which people say are put down at full length. It is a book which no man has ever read. But everything that is in it will come out one day.

It is the book of God's remembrance; the book, or books, of which it is said, "And the books were opened: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books."

Everything in those books is set down at full

length: all the sins, all the oaths, all the bad words, all the wicked thoughts.

Are there any bad words written there against *your* name? Any *oaths*, such as would be put down in a common book, or a newspaper, with a —? Ask God to forgive you for them. Pray that the blood of Jesus may blot them out. They *must* be blotted out before the books be opened, or you are lost! And nothing can do it but that precious blood. Oh, seek it, and then go and sin no more.

WHO HAS SEEN CHRIST IN YOU, TO-DAY?



THE parson asked a strange question this evening," said John Sewell to his wife Ann, on his return from church on Sunday.

"What was it, John?"

"Who has seen Christ in you, to-day?" I wish you had been there to hear him, Ann; he made it pretty plain that all who love Christ ought to show by their conduct that they are in earnest."

"That's true, John. I know I often fall short of what a Christian should be."

"The boot pinched me, I can tell you, for I'm sure you and the children haven't seen Christ in me to-day. If I'd remembered to be like my Master, I should not have been so cross with you, because you wanted to take your turn out this morning."

"And I shouldn't have snapped you up and been vexed," interrupted Ann.

"Then I used Tom roughly because he worried me, and when he cried I boxed his ears, when a kind word would have made all right. There's lots of things I shouldn't have done, even to-day, if I'd acted up to the parson's question."

"We'll try and begin fresh, John. You're quick, and I get vexed. We've both a deal to learn. We must just pray that the children and our friends may see Christ in us."

Monday morning came. John was up early, and before he went off to work he asked that Christ might be seen in him that day. Ann did not forget that she too wished that Christ might be seen in her; and at breakfast time the children were told how Christ might be seen in them, and they were cautioned to be kind and loving towards one another, and towards their companions.

Thus through the family, tempers were quelled for Christ's sake, and pleasant acts were performed for Christ's sake; and John was able, in that same strength, to ask a fellow-workman to forgive the sharp words he had spoken to him on the previous Saturday.

"I've had the happiest day I ever spent," John remarked to his wife that evening. "I know I've long been a professor, but I have not shown by my

behaviour that I do really want Jesus to be seen in me."

"I'm sure, it's been just the same with me," replied Ann.

"I know now why some of our fellows in the shop find fault with religious people, and call them no better than those who have no religion at all. We Christians are not shining lights; we get into the same tempers, and use the same sharp words, and do the same actions as men of the world, and so we bring reproach on Jesus."

"That's well said, John. I mean to ask myself every night, 'Who has seen Christ in me, to-day?' I know that I shall often have to tell God that I've failed, but Jesus will help me to be true to Him, and you know there's a text which says, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'"

Dear readers, will you too take this question home, "Who has seen Christ in me, to-day?"

—♦—
JOHN BERRIDGE.



ONCE I went to Jesus as a cockcomb, and gave myself fine airs, fancying, if He were something, so was I; if He had merit, so had I. I used Him as a healthy man will use a walking-stick, lean an ounce upon it, and vapour with it in the air. But now He is my whole crutch; no foot can stir a step without Him. He is my all, as He ought to be, if He will become my Saviour, and bids me cast all my care on Him."

These words were written by John Berridge, the Vicar of Everton. He was the son of a rich farmer who lived in Nottinghamshire. He left school at the age of fourteen to help his father; but the latter soon found that John would hinder rather than help him, for he never seemed nearer learning the value of sheep and pigs.

"I find you cannot form an idea of the price of cattle, John," he said to his son one day. "I shall have to send you to college, to be a light to the Gentiles."

So to Clare College, Cambridge, John was sent when he reached his eighteenth year. After a time he was elected Fellow of his college; but he reached the age of thirty-three before he became a preacher of the Gospel and accepted the curacy of Stapleford.

He laboured here for six years, but no conversions followed his ministry, for he was himself a stranger to the truth as it is in Jesus. He preached about Christ, but Christ was not then, as he says, "his whole crutch."

The living of Everton in Bedfordshire was given to him in the year 1755, where he resided for thirty-eight years. He began his ministry at Everton by teaching his people they could win heaven by their own merit, and not that Christ alone was able to save.

He had no response; he desired to win souls, but only discouragement met him everywhere. Two more years passed ere he began to doubt himself, and to ask, "Am I to blame?" At last he became uneasy, and in his awakening went to the right place for help. He prayed earnestly to be enlightened and taught of the Holy Spirit.

He was reading his Bible one morning, and thinking over a particular text, when these words flashed before him—"Cease from thine own works; only believe." In a moment he realised that he had been teaching salvation in his own way, and not in Christ's way. He began afresh, and proclaimed Jesus Christ and faith in Him as the one great atonement made for the sins of the world.

Before long many believers were added to the Church, and people came from other places to hear the good news.

John Berridge now burnt his old sermons, and preached from memory. Nor did he merely keep to his own parish; but in all the country round he spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He lived to the age of seventy-seven. He was kept in perfect peace to the end, and looked forward with joy to be for ever with the Lord who had redeemed him. He fixed on the spot in Everton Churchyard where he would be buried, and wrote the epitaph for his grave, leaving a space for the date of his death to be added. It runs thus:—

Here lie
The earthly remains of
JOHN BERRIDGE,
Late Vicar of Everton,
And an itinerant servant of Jesus Christ,
Who loved his Master and His work,
And after running on His errands many years,
Was called up to wait on Him above.
Reader,

Art thou born again?
No salvation without a new birth!
I was born in sin, February, 1716;
Remained ignorant of my fallen state till 1730;
Lived proudly on faith and works for salvation till 1751;
Was admitted to Everton Vicarage, 1755;
Fled to Jesus alone for refuge, 1756.
Fell asleep in Christ Jesus, January 22, 1793.

—♦—
"I'M ONLY A NAIL."

BEING quite retired from the scenes of public and active life, as I was driving in a nail the other day, I thought to myself, all I want of that nail is to *be still* and *hold on*. I should be much dissatisfied with that nail if, in the wish to be useful, it should leave its place and go bustling over the house, interfering with the comfort and endangering the safety of the household.

Then I thought there were some human nails, and I concluded I was one; so here I am, waiting to hold whatever may be hung upon me, that's all.



THEN WE SHALL KNOW.

“WHEN we get up on the mountains, we shall see *why*.” I turned to look at the speaker; for it was one of the common trials of life of which we were speaking, and I did not know that I understood aright; but the calm look of heavenly trust assured me, and I admired, as I had often before, my friend’s desire to acknowledge Divine wisdom in every event of life that is permitted to take place, however small.

“On the mountains!” Ah, what wonders shall we then behold! With what now unimagined intelligence shall we look down upon the paths from which we shall then have ascended, and admire the wondrous Wisdom that guided us through the dark and difficult places. Could we but always look *up*, instead of stopping to tremble and shudder by the way, how much easier would be the ascent. Truly, as some writer has said, “Our tears hinder us from seeing the way clearly.”

God help us to be brave amid these life-trials, and to walk firmly, until the danger is past, and high up in the eternal home we rest safely.

SAM’S ARITHMETIC.

“COME, Sam, let’s go in and take a little. Old Bob keeps the best cask in town. Come along; a little drop will do you good.”

“Jim, I have been thinking this matter over since I saw you last, and I *can’t* do it. The fact is, Jim, I mean to give up drinking, and I hope you will never see me take a drop again. Besides, I have been figuring on this matter, and what do you suppose it costs us to patronise old Bob?”

“Well, two or three shillings a week, I suppose,” said Jim.

Sam, taking a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket-book, handed them to J., and said, “Let us

look at it fully, and make a fair calculation. You deposit—

- Your money—and lose it.
- Your time—and lose it.
- Your character—and lose it.
- Your health of body—and lose it.
- Your strength of mind—and lose it.
- Your manly independence—and lose it.
- Your self-respect—and lose it.
- Your sense of right and wrong—and lose it.
- Your self-control—and lose it.
- Your home comfort—and lose it.
- Your wife’s happiness—and lose it.
- Your children’s rights—and lose it.
- Your country’s honour—and lose it.
- Your own soul—and lose it.”

“Well, Sam, I never saw it in that light before. Come, let’s go and sign the pledge together.”

The two friends did so, and of one thing we may be certain—that they never regretted the step they then took together.

HOLY THINGS.

There is a holy Name,
So sacred and so dear,
We speak it in a tone subdued,
With mingled love and fear.

There is a holy Place,
Where Christians meet for prayer;
And Jesus Christ, whom we adore,
Is surely with us there.



There is a holy Book:
In mercy it is given
To guide us in the narrow way,
And light our path to heaven.

There is a holy Day,
Which God Himself has blest,
And set apart from other days
For worship and for rest.

Lord Jesus, help us all
To love Thee and obey,
Teach us to reverence Thy Name,
Thy House, Thy Word, Thy Day.



ALMOST TOO LATE.

TOM HOLLIS led a busy life. He owned a little farm called the Oaks, about two miles from Welwyn, Hertfordshire. He had a nice bright wife, and three pretty, good-tempered children. He lived in the days of stage coaches, when the roads were bad and people did not travel about as now, and when it was quite an event to go to London.

The farmer never left home, he disliked strange faces and strange places too much. Though the journey between Welwyn and London occupied only a few hours, he had but once in his life been to the great metropolis. He had no pleasant remembrance of his visit; it comprised some of the saddest days he had ever spent.

"One thing happening will tempt me to London again," Tom said to his wife.

"I understand," she answered.

"Yes, you know, Susan. If Nelly ever should come back and ask me to go and see her, I would set off to London or anywhere else within reasonable distance."

"Poor Tom!" replied Mrs. Hollis, softly, "I wish

Nelly would come back to us, for your sake as well as her own. I'm afraid you will never hear of her again. She must have been a widow for four years; surely she would seek help from you if she were alive."

"I often think so, yet I never forget to pray that she may come. I always finish up with 'Thy will be done,' for God knows best, Susan."

Nelly Hollis had left her brother's home ten years before the time of which we write. She ran away to London, and married a man who was not worthy of her. Tom followed her, but was too late to prevent her having her own way. He came home with a heavy heart, and this was why he never cared to repeat his visit to London. He said to his sister at parting, "If ever you want a friend, remember I love you."

Nelly believed in the wisdom of the choice she had made, and was very angry, and quite sure Tom judged her harshly. Four months later she wrote a few lines to say she was starting that day, with her husband, to America. Six years passed before further tidings came of her, and then Tom learnt, in a roundabout way, that she was a widow. More he did not know, and he could only wonder what Nelly was doing; how she was living; and sometimes he feared his wife was right, and that he would never more hear of his sister.

The season had been a good one for the farmers, and the harvest supper was fixed for no very distant date. It was the last day of August. Tom's heart was full of thankfulness when he rose in the morning. He owned God's hand in all that befell him; he thanked Him for the fine weather, and for his good crops; and, as he breathed the sweet morning air, he exclaimed,

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Farmer Hollis was very busy up to nearly eight o'clock, and then he turned his steps towards home to breakfast. As he came in sight of the house the postman appeared in the opposite direction, and they met at the gate. Tom took the letter from him, paid the postage, said a few words about the fine day, and walked on, breaking the seal as he went.

His wife was waiting for him. "Have you got a letter?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, giving it to her; "I don't know who it's from; perhaps it's about the cow."

Mrs. Hollis uttered such a loud exclamation, that her husband thought she was ill. "What is the matter?" he cried.

"Oh, Tom, she's alone in London, and dying."

"Who—what, Susan?" he asked, taking the letter. The first words he read made his hands tremble and his heart beat. It was not a long letter, and ran thus:—

"Mrs. Brown, of Holland Place, Pimlico, London, writes to Mr. Hollis to tell him his sister is dangerously ill at her house. Come directly if you want to see her alive."

"I must go, Susan. What time is it? I must catch the coach."

"I doubt you will be too late, Tom. It's just gone eight, and the coach is due at the White Horse at Welwyn by nine o'clock."

"I shall do it."

"You'll have to walk. If John wasn't in the far field he might saddle the colt."

"I shall manage it, Susan. Tie me up a bundle of things, and I'll change these clothes and put on my best. If only I can see my Nelly once more!"

Ten minutes later Tom had blessed his wife and children, and was hurrying over the fields at a brisk trot. He had no time to think of his farm, or that he was leaving his wife, or that he disliked travelling; his one prayer was, "God grant that I may find the coach, and be in time to see poor Nelly."

One more field had to be crossed, one more stile to be jumped, and the high road which commanded the White Horse would be reached. Onward Tom went, and caught a glimpse of the coach; but it was just starting. He ran at full speed, and cried "Stop!" at the top of his voice, and waved his stick aloft. The guard was mounting behind. He hoped he would turn round and see him. It was his last chance. The old dog Rover's face was towards him; but all eyes were fixed on the coach.

As the guard took his seat, he noticed Tom's stick, and the latter caught sight of the guard's uplifted hand. "Thank God for that!" he ejaculated.

Some hours later Tom reached his sister. She was tended by her kind landlady, who told him the doctor gave no hope. "Where is she?" was all Tom managed to stammer out.

The meeting between the brother and sister, so long

separated, was sad enough; very few words passed at first.

Nelly seemed scarcely able to speak. She revived a little, and by degrees recounted her sorrowful story to Tom, and told him he was right and she was wrong.

"Why did you not come back to me when you were left alone?" he asked.

"I was not alone. I had one boy, a darling; I lived for him, and worked for him; he died a few months ago, and then, Tom, I had only one wish, that was to see you again. But I was very ill, and thought I should never get to England alive. When you have told me you can forgive me, I can die in peace."

"Forgive you, Nelly, I did that years ago; you will not die, you will live to see the old home, and the children and Susan, and we will love you back into health."

"No, Tom, that cannot be. I have only a few hours more. I am quite happy now I have seen you, for I love Jesus, and for His sake God has forgiven me all my sins. Kiss me again and again, dearest brother. Good-bye—good night—come very near to me."

Tom bent down and raised his sister in his strong arms, and soothed her with words out of God's Book and his own loving heart. A great silence fell over the room, and before daylight fled, Nelly had gone to the land which is not so very far off.

THE LORD'S WALL.



ABOUT fifty years ago, one bitter winter night, the inhabitants of the little town of Schleswig were thrown into the greatest distress and terror. A hostile army was marching down upon them, and new and fearful reports of the doings of the lawless soldiers were hourly reaching the place.

While all hearts quaked with fear, an aged Christian passed her time in crying out to God that He would build a wall of defence around them.

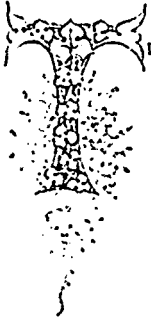
Her grandson asked her why she prayed for a thing so entirely impossible; but she explained that she meant that God would protect her.

At midnight the dreadful tramp was heard; an enemy came pouring in at every avenue, filling the place to overflowing. But while the most fearful sounds were heard on every side, not even a knock came to their door, at which they were greatly surprised. The morning light made the matter clear, for just beyond the house the drifted snow had reared such a massive wall that it was impossible to get over to them.

"There," said the old woman, triumphantly, "do you see, my son, that God could raise up a wall around us! Truly, with God all things are possible."

THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.

READ LUKE vi. 39.



It is one of the shortest and simplest of parables. Indeed, we should have rather called it a proverb, had it not been called a parable by Luke. It seems to have been spoken by our Lord on two occasions, as recorded by Matthew and Luke.

There is no difficulty therefore in understanding this short parable.

The blind leaders mean the Scribes and Pharisees; the blind who were led mean the ignorant Jews whom they taught; and by falling into the ditch we are to understand going astray as to spiritual things, wandering from true doctrine and practice, and so coming to ruin, or at least suffering danger and loss. The people therefore were not to follow such teachers; for, not knowing the way of God themselves, they could but lead others astray.

The only true spiritual light comes from God, and this light He has given in His Word. The Scribes and Pharisees were blind leaders, because they forsook the Word of God. This was their fault, and it was this that made them unsafe teachers.

All who forsake or disregard the Word of God are but blind leaders, for that Word is still the only sure guide. Manners and customs, forms and ceremonies change, but the Word of God remains the same. The Jews had but a portion of it, we have the whole. The light which they enjoyed, though true, was but faint and dim, compared with the light of the Gospel. So that we may say, with even more confidence than David, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." For there we find light indeed, and no darkness: the light of truth, the light of God, the light which never misleads, the light which guides, cheers, and comforts all who walk by it.

Yet there are still blind leaders, and for the same reason as of old: they do not take the Word of God as their light.

Some pay so much attention to forms of man's invention, that their mind is drawn off from the Word of God.

Some refuse to submit their understanding to the

Word. They doubt and cavil, and find fancied defects, and venture to set up their own little reason against the plain word of Scripture.

Some, though sincere, have never sought the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and therefore the main truths of the Word of God are hidden from them. The light is before them, but the eyes of their understanding are darkened.

Some are careless. Though by profession teachers of others, their heart is not in their work. They have no knowledge or love of Christ in their hearts, no concern for souls, no earnest desire to lead them aright.

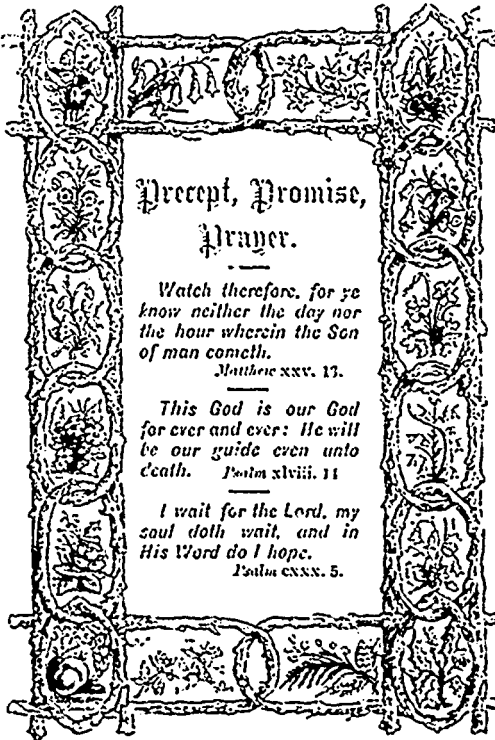
These are all blind leaders of the blind. They cannot teach what they do not know. They cannot lead others by a way which they have not found themselves.

The poor and ignorant who go to them for guidance do not find what they seek. For surely one cannot lead another to Christ who has not sought Him for himself, and it is hard to think that a soul can receive spiritual light by means of one who shows no sign of having received it himself.

The test to which all teaching should be brought is the Bible. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."* All religious teaching should be judged by this rule. Scriptural truth is the point of first importance; and no teaching can be really good and wholesome in which this is lacking or even obscured. As it would be the height of folly to trust oneself to the guidance of a blind man, so it cannot be right or wise to listen to unscriptural teaching. A proud,

captious, criticising spirit must indeed be guarded against by hearers; but, in humility and sincerity, with an earnest desire to know the truth, and to be fed with spiritual food, it is not only their right, but their duty, to judge what they hear by the standard of the Word of God.

Let those who are placed by God's providence where the truth is faithfully proclaimed, bless God for this great mercy, and seek earnestly to bring forth fruit to His glory. Let those whose lot is less happily cast make it a matter of continual and persevering prayer that God will give His Holy Spirit, and bring both teachers and hearers into true Gospel light. And let their prayer be the prayer of faith.



* Isaiah viii. 20.



The Last Salute.

THE COST OF WAR.

A THOUGHTFUL perusal of the numbers of human beings killed and wounded during the late Franco-Prussian campaign is well calculated to quench the ardour of those who delight in war.

From the report of the medical inspector general of the French army, it appears that France lost no fewer than 138,871 men, while the wounded amounted to another 143,000. The losses on the German side were very considerably less—44,000 dead and 127,000 wounded. As many as 11,421 men in the French army were disabled by ill-fitting and defective socks or boots, a cause from which the Germans suffered only very slightly.

It is a startling fact that 17,270 prisoners of war should have died in Germany. Disease, indeed, as in the Crimea and Italy, was much more fatal than bullet or bayonet, and at Gravelotte, the hottest battle of the war, only 1,220 Frenchmen were killed. To reflect how very little has been purchased by the lives of

183,000 soldiers, and the sufferings of the 290,000, may well make statesmen pause in those preliminary steps which lead to bitter hostilities.

The truths contained in the following lines by Dish-Porteous should be pondered by all:—

The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
 Became its boast. One murder makes a villain,
 Millions a hero! Princes were privileged
 To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
 Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
 And men that they are brethren? Why delight
 In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
 Of nature, that should knit their souls together
 In one soft bond of amity and love?
 Yet still they breed destruction, still go on,
 Inhumanly ingenious to find out
 New pains for life, new terrors for the grave—
 Artificers of death! Still monarchs dream
 Of universal empire growing up
 From universal ruin. Blast the design,
 Great God of Hosts, nor let Thy creatures fall
 Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

THE SCATTERED BIBLES,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



SOME years ago, when Mr. Wilder, an American merchant, and a party of his friends were engaged in visiting the manufactories established in the mountainous tracts of the departments of the Loire and the Puy de Dôme, they arrived at the skirts of a hamlet, on the declivity of a mountain. Being very desirous of finding a shorter and more retired track, they stopped at a little house to inquire the way. From the windows several women were watching a little child; and just as Mr. Wilder inquired for a road across the mountains, the infant was in danger of being crushed by a coal cart which had entered the street. The cries and alarms of the women were met by the activity of the travellers, who rescued the infant from its danger, and placed him in the arms of his mother, who expressed her regret that they should have been put to such trouble.

"Madam," interrupted Mr. Wilder, "my friend is only performing his duty: we ought

to do to another as we would that another should do to us. You are kind enough to direct us in the right road, and the least we can do is to rescue your child from danger. The Holy Scriptures teach us these duties, and the Gospel presents us the example of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, when we were in ignorance and danger, came to our world to seek and to save that which was lost."

"Ah! sir," replied the good woman, "you are very condescending, and what you say is true; but your language surprises me; it is many years since, in this village, we have heard such truths, and especially from the lips of a stranger."

This led to further conversation, and, much to his delight and surprise, Mr. Wilder learned that, scattered over the mountains in that district, was a handful of three or four hundred consistent humble followers of the Lord Jesus. The termination of this extraordinary meeting was most affecting; tears of pleasure, gratitude, and regret streamed from the eyes of the mountaineers, while the travellers, more deeply moved by having seen the grace of God than by all the natural beauties through which they had passed, went on their way rejoicing.

Some months after, having occasion to revisit this district, Mr. Wilder prepared a large case of Bibles, Testaments, and tracts, which was set up on end in the basket attached to the back of the diligence. The road lay through a part of the country inhabited by Roman Catholics, where the year before Mr. Wilder had distributed a number of Bibles and tracts, the reading of which he subsequently ascertained had been forbidden by the priests, who had consigned most or all of them to the flames. He thought it desirable, therefore, in this journey, to suspend the distribution in the immediate vicinity. But the providence of God so ordered it, that, without the instrumentality of men, the sacred records were spread among that people. On reaching the place of his destination at the foot of the mountains, and alighting from the diligence, Mr. Wilder discovered that the box had burst open at the top, and that Bibles and Testaments had been scattered along the way. These were picked up by those who were passing along the road. Both travellers and the inhabitants had been supplied by the diligence, as the books had fallen out whenever they descended a hill, or travelled over rocky and uneven ground.

For several days afterwards, Mr. Wilder was waited upon by those who had thus accidentally become possessed of the Word of God, willingly offering to return them to Mr. Wilder, but which he as cheerfully requested them to accept. This apparently trivial circumstance led to many delightful meetings for conversation and prayer, and during his subsequent residence in Paris he had the satisfaction to find that persons from this district who came to solicit orders for their manufacturing establishments, also brought orders for an additional supply of the sacred volume.

The events of these few days becoming widely known amongst the Roman Catholic population, the priests

were on the alert, and endeavoured to counteract such heretical proceedings, but in vain. The deputy-mayor, who had been sent to put a stop to a meeting Mr. Wilder was importuned to hold in the village in the mountains, was so deeply affected that he went away wiping his eyes with the cuff of his sleeve, taking with him a Bible, and declaring that if what he now heard was true, so far from persecuting these harmless people, he would in future be their friend.

Mr. Wilder never lost his interest in this people, whom he had been the means of more fully establishing in the fold of Christ. A Protestant Church was afterwards formed at St. Etienne, and schools were established among the neighbouring Roman Catholics. The Lord has continued to watch over and to bless them.

THE CRY OF A QUAIL.



A GERMAN pastor relates the following very striking incident. He was appointed the minister in a village of lawless and immoral people, who were entirely opposed to the Gospel. At length they went so far as to threaten him with bodily injury. He says:—I was not discouraged by this, but continued to preach the Gospel, and added to the usual Sunday services a Bible

class in the week, which became the means of a great awakening. One evening during the Bible class, which I always tried to enliven by the introduction of Christian anecdotes, I related, from Schubert's *Old and New*, the story of a man who, in crossing a field one evening, on his way to commit a sin in a neighbouring village, heard in the field the regularly repeated cry of a quail, which seemed to him to say, "Where art thou going? Where art thou going?" This so struck him, that he acknowledged his sin, honestly repented, and forsook his sinful ways. I related the story from memory, and concluded my class at the usual hour.

I had scarcely reached my home when I heard some one following me upstairs with quick and heavy steps. There was a knock at the door of my room, and before I could say, "Come in," a man of the parish, who had always been an inveterate foe of God's Word, entered. With angry countenance he came up to me and asked,

"Who told you that story about me, Mr. Parson? I will know."

I inquired, in surprise, "What do you mean, my good man?"

"Why, you know well enough. You related to-night before the whole congregation what occurred to me a few days ago about the quail."

"To you, good man, did that happen? Do you think that any one told me about you?"

"Yes, indeed. Don't keep it back. I will know who told you."

I stood amazed and astonished. Without saying another word to the man, I fetched Schubert's work, opened it at the page, and gave it to the man to read. At first he did not know what to make of the book,—he was boiling over with rage; but when he saw the page and read the story, his fury changed into the deepest emotion. He could scarcely hold the book, and told me, in a voice choked with tears, that the very same thing had happened to him when, with like intent, he was crossing the field in the evening, and had heard the quail's cry.

Now I had an opportunity to work upon his heart, and the Lord blessed it. He who makes winds and flames of fire His servants, who aroused St. Peter through the crowing of a cock, here in two cases had used as His instrument the cry of a quail. Thus the Lord, whose name is Wonderful, helped me. That man did not leave my room until we had bent our knees before Him. This was the first case of conversion in my parish, and the Lord gave a Pentecostal air and the fire of His Spirit in further blessings.



THE LOST AND FOUND CHAPTER.



READ the 'lost and found chapter' to me, if you please," was the request made by an invalid with whom I loved to read and pray and offer my few weak words of consolation.

"What do you mean by the 'lost and found chapter?'" said I.

"Oh, I mean the chapter about the lost sheep, the lost piece of silver, and the lost

son—the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. See if I am not right in calling it the 'lost and found' chapter."

So with fresh interest I opened the holy volume, turned to the chapter, and began to read the wonderful parables of Him against whom the Scribes and Pharisees had been murmuring because, as they said, "This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

I felt, as I read, that I was among the friends and neighbours who rejoiced with the man who had found the sheep which was lost, and then with the woman who had been seeking diligently for the missing piece of silver; and my tears fell fast upon the sacred page as I mourned for the lost son, and went with the father who saw him a great way off, and rejoiced with him to meet the returning prodigal.

"Thank you," said I, closing the blessed book. "I never before read those wonderful stories with half the interest. I shall always remember where to look for the 'lost and found' chapter."

"Well," said my suffering friend, "I am sure I am very glad; for to me it is a most blessed and encouraging chapter. No doubt you have often noticed in the newspapers whole columns headed, 'Lost and Found.' Some one has lost a valuable watch, or article of jewellery, or a pocket-book containing money and papers; some a pet dog or bird; and sometimes even a lost child or missing friend is advertised; and their return is watched and waited for, often hopelessly, for a long time. And then again, among the notices, 'Found,' we feel glad with the owners. This chapter is just like it. 'Lost and found' follow each other all the way through; and how thankful ought we to feel that 'there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'"

"Yes, James, you have given me some new ideas," I answered. "Each and all of us were among the lost sheep; and Jesus Christ Himself has left His home of glory and blessedness to come to earth to seek and save us all. His offers are to all; and yet how many will not come to Him that they may be saved. It is marvellous to think that so many will persist, like the lost son, in taking all the good and perfect gifts which the heavenly Father sends to them, and waste these blessings in sinful and selfish indulgence, until at last body and soul are among the lost—lost for ever and ever. All have erred and strayed like lost sheep; and we must pray that all may be brought back into the way of holiness, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd."



MY BIBLE TELLS ME SO.

WHEN, faint and weary with the strife,
Temptations to o'ercome,
I long to leave this toilsome life,
And lay me down at home;
Then sweetly comes this thought to me,
Whate'er betide, I know
That as my day my strength shall be:
The Bible tells me so.

When sin brings clouds of doubt and fears,
To spread before my eyes,
And faith grows weak, and scarce can pierce
Those clouds to reach the skies,
My heart cries out in trembling tones,
Oh, whither shall I go?
"Come unto Me, ye weary ones!"
My Saviour tells me so.

Yes, I will come, I'll trust Thee, Lord,
The needed strength to give;
Oh, let me never doubt Thy Word—
I'll trust Thee while I live,
And when I lay me down to die,
I need not fear to go;
I have a home beyond the sky:
My Bible tells me so.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THIS extraordinary man was born at Corsica in the year 1769. Although signs of genius were noticed in him when a boy, yet none could have anticipated that the quiet and studious youth was afterwards to play so remarkable a part on the stage of life. Having chosen the military profession, he remained for some years in the ranks of the army, noticed only as an attentive and intelligent officer. The great outburst of the first French Revolution, however, soon took place, and circumstances arose which called into action his wonderful powers. Toulon witnessed the first marked display of his great military talents.

Stepping from one post to another, he found himself ere long, from being an obscure officer, appointed to the command of the army of Italy. Young and enterprising, he displayed qualities of ardour, energy, and perseverance worthy of a better cause. Victory followed victory. The skill of the oldest and most experienced generals failed when brought into contact with him, and he was soon placed at the head of an army flushed with success.

Returning home, he was consumed with a passion for military glory, and, with a bold but unscrupulous genius, he designed his expedition to Egypt. Egypt, long sunk under oppression, was made, under his rule, to bear some resemblance to the bustling and prosperous land which it had been in the days of the Pharaohs. He was made First Consul of France. The fortunes of the country, which had long declined, began, under his hand, to rally. Even the physical barriers imposed by nature did not present obstacles too great for his perseverance to overcome. The Alps themselves were

scaled by him. The crown, for which he had so long panted, was at last placed upon his brow. The Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church travelled to Paris, to preside at the ceremony of his coronation; and art lent all its aid to make the spectacle gorgeous.

Even this elevation, however, did not mark the zenith of Napoleon's power. In a series of battles he defeated every army which opposed him. As he grew in power, however, he grew also in pride. His levees and ante-rooms were crowded, not only with courtiers, but with princes and kings, longing for his smiles or a glance of approbation. But, based on unrighteousness, even this mighty empire was to pass away like the mirage.

Blinded by pride, he was tempted to invade Russia. Amidst the snows of that vast empire, he saw entombed an army surpassing in magnitude any which had ever been led forth by a conqueror in modern times. His power was sapped by this disaster. The combined monarchs of Europe rose, in the hope of deliverance from the oppression which had so long weighed them down. One by one, he saw the fragments of his authority pass away. Like a desperate gambler, he risked his all upon the die, and found himself at last a captive on the barren rock of St. Helena.

And now was to be exemplified the vanity of worldly ambition. The mighty monarch's train was reduced to a few attendants, and his territory to a plot of garden ground. He, who had made so many widows and orphans, was himself deprived of his wife and son. The schemes to which his active mind turned for recreation proved abortive. "Let us live on the past!" he exclaimed. But the retrospect exhibited only a course of selfish aggrandisement. He sickened, and pined for death. "Why," he would ask, "did the cannon balls spare me to die in this manner? I am no longer the Great Napoleon." "How fallen I am! My strength, my faculties forsake me. I do not live; I merely exist."

At other times his reflections took a religious turn: "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon love, and at this hour millions of men would die for Him. I die before my time, and my





Joseph and his Brethren.

body will be given back to the earth to become food for the worms. Such is the fate which so soon awaits him who has been called the Great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extending over the whole earth!"

In his last hours, his thoughts mingled with the battle strife: "Steingell, Dessaix, Masséna," he exclaimed, in the midst of his wanderings of mind, "victory is declaring itself. Run! hasten! press the charge! they are ours."

Soon afterwards he died. A narrow grave, overhung by a weeping willow, long marked the spot where the remains of the mighty conqueror reposed.



JOSEPH'S HISTORY.

HEAVEN'S favourite down a darksome pit they cast,

His rich-lined robe and lofty dreams deriding;
Then, from his tears their ruthless faces hiding,
Sell him to merchants who with spicery past.
The changeful years o'er that fair slave fleet fast:

Behold him now in glorious chariot riding,
Arrayed in shining vesture, and presiding
O'er Egypt's councils,—owned by Heaven at last.
In pit or palace, God's own hand was weaving

The "many-coloured" texture of his days,
The brightest tints till last in wisdom leaving.

So when in dismal paths our feet are sinking,
Let us be looking soon for lightsome rays,
For our wise Father "thoughts of peace is thinking."

Rev. E. Wilton.

LOOK UP!

LOOK up, James! Look up, I say; up, up!"

How earnestly, and with what intense emotion the father spoke these words to his son. James stood on the edge of the scaffold of the capacious barn, catching on his fork the hay which his father tossed up to him from the loaded cart on the floor. Mr. Holton was a strong man, and as he threw up the heavy masses, none but a dexterous hand could catch them and give them a second throw back "under the eaves."

More than half an hour James had stood there, with the perspiration dripping from his brow, when suddenly his foot slipped, his head reeled, and his father saw with alarm that he was about to fall. Then came his sudden exclamation, "Look up, James; look up, up!"

And James did look up. Almost with the suddenness of an electric flash, he turned his eyes towards the roof; and as he did so, the giddiness passed away, he saw just above him a beam, which he grasped, and he was saved.

James thought of this often afterwards. He remembered it many years, and it became a life-lesson to him.

Five years after, he stood on the verge of another height more dangerous than the first. He had left the farm, and sought the counter. New temptations assailed him; pleasant young men invited him to their resorts, and the red wine glistened before him in the glass. Such were the reports which reached his home, and the father's heart was pained. His prayers ascended, while earnest letters pleaded with the tempted youth. "Look up, James; look up!" the father wrote. "When your foot stands on the slippery verge, look up. Your head will become steady, and you will see Jesus. Grasp Him, and you will be safe."

The young man remembered that narrow escape in his father's barn. Was he really now in so dangerous a condition? Was he really sliding, as he felt his feet going on that scaffold's edge?

Then came a letter from the mother, tender, and full of Jesus. How it struck upon the heart of the son! He knew that all her every-day life had been like that letter, full of Christ. He remembered her prayers, and now she was beseeching him to pray. He had almost forgotten to do that. His evenings had been so full of enticement, and exhausted nature had demanded so much sleep in the morning, that there seemed no time for prayer. Conscience admonished as he read the letters whose words had been winged by prayer, and whose pages were blotted with the tears of the writers.

"Look up, James; look up, up, I say!" He could hear the ring of the words, even as he heard them on that morning in the hot barn. There was a new meaning in them now. He knew there were prayers for him at home, and the Holy Spirit followed him now in his wanderings. He could not doubt it. At length he looked up, and what a flood of light illumined him! He prayed timidly, vaguely at first, then with a clearer light, then with earnestness. He was saved. His Sabbath-breaking companions could persuade him no longer; the evening revel lost its charms; he looked no more upon the "wine when it is red."

Life, light, and love were in his heart, and high up before him he saw an everlasting crown. Whenever he saw any downcast, he bade them "look up;" when any sinned he pointed up; and when temptation assailed, he still looked up. Thus he became a blessing; for wherever he went, he still heard the words, "Look up, James; look up!"

THE GREAT TEACHER.

READ ST. JOHN xiv. 15—31.



On Sunday, or Pentecost, is one of the most important seasons of the year. It was the day on which the promised gift of the Holy Ghost was bestowed on the disciples.

No doubt the Holy Spirit was given oftentimes before. Holy men of old felt the Spirit's power in teaching, comforting, sanctifying their hearts. But on the day of Pentecost He came down from heaven with a fuller power than had ever been felt before: He came to abide in the hearts of Christ's people. And oh, that the blessing of Pentecost may be given, as it were, over again!

We speak of the Holy Spirit, of His work in the heart, and of His powerful influence in the world; but the natural man, the unenlightened man, understands it not; it is folly to him. He cannot see the Holy Spirit with his bodily eyes, and therefore he does not believe in Him. It is very different, however, with the people of God; "But ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." They understand what the Holy Spirit is; for they have experienced His mighty power within them. And whatever they know of God, or of true holiness, they feel that they owe it all to the gracious Spirit who has bestowed His gifts upon them.

Our Lord further speaks of the Holy Ghost as the great *Teacher* of His Church. He calls Him "the Spirit of truth," to show the difference between Him and all the false spirits that were in the world; and to show also that He alone is able to keep us from error, and to bring home God's truth to our hearts. And then He declares concerning Him, "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." The fact is, we know nothing as we ought to know unless the Spirit teaches us. We cannot feel our sins as we ought to feel them, we cannot find pardon and peace in the Saviour, if the Spirit does not enlighten us. "No man," says the apostle, "can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost." He must take of the things of Christ, and show them to us. He must bring to our recollection, and write upon our hearts, the precious truth of God.

Above all, without the Spirit's teaching we cannot love Christ; and certainly if we do not love Him we cannot obey Him. Our Lord dwells on this in the passage before us. "If ye love Me," He says, "keep My commandments." True love and obedience will always go together. And then a little further on, in the twenty-first verse, He says, "He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth

Me: and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him."

There are some to whom the Saviour manifests Himself (or reveals Himself) in a peculiar manner. There are some who see in Him a preciousness and a power which others cannot feel. And who are these highly favoured ones? Who are these to whom the Saviour thus reveals Himself? It is those who come to Him with true and loving hearts, and who earnestly desire to do His will, and to obey Him in all things. He vouchsafes to them His light and love.

Yes, if you and I are true to Christ, if we love Him and try to serve Him, this promise will be fulfilled in our case, "I will manifest myself to him."

How truly blessed are those who thus know the Saviour, and not only have the love of God and of Christ in their hearts, but have God Himself and Christ Himself thus dwelling within them! "My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
Oh make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

ALMOST LOST.



ONE few years ago, in the month of July, a noble steamer was ploughing the blue waters of the broad Atlantic. The sky was clear and brilliant, and the deck was crowded with passengers, enjoying the invigorating breeze, and gazing with delight on the varying phases of the magnificent ocean. Not even a passing cloud appeared to mar the joyousness and glory of the scene.

In an unexpected moment, an excited cry was heard through the ship, "A man overboard! a man overboard!" All hurried to the side of the vessel, when one of the younger officers was seen battling for life with the merciless waves. Never can I forget the distress and agony depicted on every countenance. A boat was instantly lowered, manned by brave sailors, who, with strong arm and determined will, pulled towards him. After an agonising suspense, they succeeded in dragging him, exhausted and half dead, safely on board, amid the plaudits of rejoicing and loud exclamations, "Saved, saved!"

Does not this incident suggest to the reflecting mind the appalling fact, that not one only, but vast multitudes all around us, are in extreme peril, about to be engulfed in the vortex of everlasting ruin?

"Can nothing be done to save them ere they sink to rise no more?" Thanks be to God, the life-boat of

the Gospel is already prepared by infinite mercy. But the life-boat must be manned and sent forth without delay to the rescue of perishing souls.

Shall not we, who have been recovered from like perils by the great Saviour, put forth new and vigorous efforts to save those whom we know to be in imminent peril? Whatever is done must be done promptly, for the shadows of the night are about to fall, and the victims of sin and Satan are even now almost lost.



CHRIST OR CÆSAR.

"**W**E have no king but Cæsar," cried the Jews, when Pilate asked them, "Shall I crucify your King?"

Tiberius Cæsar, whom the Jews preferred to Jesus of Nazareth, was the Roman emperor who ruled the world in those days; a cruel tyrant who delighted to shed the blood of his people.

In one part of his reign he retired to the beautiful island of Capræ, in the Bay of Naples; and now the spot is shown where poor unhappy men, who displeased him, were first tortured and then cast headlong into the sea.

Thirty-seven years after the Jews crucified Jesus of Nazareth, Titus, the son of Vespasian, the Roman emperor, laid siege to Jerusalem. The Jews suffered terrible privations; famine raged in the city, and one mother is said to have killed and eaten her own son. The Temple was reduced to ashes, and to crown the whole, six thousand people, who took refuge in one gallery, perished by fire at the hands of the soldiers.

The Jews made a deliberate choice when they refused Christ, and declared, "We have no king but Cæsar."

This choice is being repeated now. Men and women are saying every day, "We will not have Christ to reign over us; we would rather have our own way, and do our own will, than yield to His loving invitations. We care not for the future, we will enjoy ourselves in the present." And all the time the Master stands and knocks at the doors of their hearts, and wants them to invite Him in.

So Jesus had to turn away at last, and say, "Ye will not come unto Me, that ye might have life!"

Let not your choice be self and sin, but Christ and holiness. Believe in the living, loving Saviour, who waits to be gracious, and choose Him as your King, your Elder Brother, your all and in all.

PRECEPT.—Be at peace among yourselves.

1 Thessalonians v. 13.

PROMISE.—Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Matthew v. 9.

PRAYER.—Scatter Thou the people that delight in war.

Psalm lxxviii. 30.



A SUMMER HYMN.

It is summer in the meadows,
 And the earth is bright with shadows
 Of the white clouds floating lightly o'er the sky;
 The bells are gaily ringing,
 And the joyous lark is singing,
 Ever sweeter, as unseen he soars on high.

Praise! praise! in sweetest measures,
 For all the countless treasures
 Of summer beauty which we look upon;
 For friend, and sun, and flower,
 That bless the present hour,
 And for the memory of summers gone.

For the hope that points before us,
 When winter darkens o'er us,
 And the leaves by tempests scattered round us lie,
 To the summer coming after,
 With flower, and song, and laughter,
 And the warm sunshine, and the cloudless sky;

For the promise to us given,
 Of the summer rest in heaven,
 When the pleasure and the toil of earth are o'er;
 Where songs are ever flowing,
 Where joy is ever growing,
 And the winter's blight can reach us never more.

HELPING TO SAVE, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



She faced the horrors of darkness and shipwreck.

ANNA GURNEY was the youngest child of Richard Gurney, of Keswick. Her father and mother were Quakers. She was born on the last day of 1795. When very young she was attacked by a paralytic affection, which deprived her for ever of the use of her lower limbs. She passed through her busy life without ever having been able to stand or move without mechanical aid.

She went to live near Cromer, and found consolation and happiness in dispensing every kind of benefit and service around her.

Miss Gurney had procured at her own expense one of Captain Manby's apparatus for saving lives of seamen wrecked on that most dangerous coast, and in

cases of great urgency and peril she caused herself to be carried down to the coast, and from the chair directed all the measures for the rescue and treatment of half-drowned sailors.

We can hardly conceive a more touching and elevating picture than that of an infirm woman, dependent for the least movement on artificial help, coming from the luxurious cottage to face the furious storm, the horror of darkness and shipwreck, that she might help to save some from perishing. Nor was her benevolent activity satisfied with the preservation of life. She supplied the seamen's wants and helped them on the way home. Sometimes they were foreigners, then her remarkable knowledge came in aid of her kind heart, and she listened to their sad story, and acted as their interpreter.

She devoted her attention to the education, as well as the material well-being, of the poor around her, by whom she was justly regarded as a superior being. To the children of her friends and neighbours she was ever ready to impart the knowledge with which her mind was so amply stored. Even children, far too young to appreciate her rare goodness, were attracted by her cheerful countenance, and won by her ready sympathy.

Miss Gurney was buried in the ivy-mantled church of Overstrand, on the verge of the ocean. Above two thousand people congregated from all the country-side to see the beloved and revered remains deposited in their last resting-place. They were borne thither by hardy fishermen, whose weather-beaten cheeks, furrowed with tears, were more eloquent than words.

She has left an example of a life, marked at its very dawn by that which seemed to rob it of everything that is valued by woman, and to stamp upon it an indelible gloom, filled to the brim with usefulness, activity, and happiness. She was cut off from the elastic joys and graces of youth; from the admiration, the tenderness, and the passion which peculiarly wait on woman; from the light pleasures of the world, or the deep happiness and honoured position of the wife and mother.

And yet never was there a more complete triumph of cheerful and thankful piety over incurable calamity. With the apostle she could say humbly but confidently, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." She loved and enjoyed life to the last, in spite of nearly unceasing bodily suffering, and clung to it with as much fondness as is consistent with the faith and hope of a real Christian. May some murmuring hearts, and some listless minds, be drawn by her example into a better and more thankful employment of God's gifts.

Even strangers, drawn within the wide domain
Of that large heart, caught up a higher tone;
Nor sage, nor saint, nor scholar, came in vain;
Each spirit found its noblest aims her own.

Oh, might of Christian love! who would not seek
Her life of life, her treasure, sought and found?
Whence daily strength went forth to bless the weak,
And nightly dews of mercy fell around

RICH BOTH WAYS.



HERE'S Carrie Morton, papa!" My seat in a large assembly one day was so near to a father and his little girl, that I overheard some of their conversation before the exercises commenced. She was a bright-looking, curly-haired child, and was evidently much interested in all about her. "There's Carrie Morton!" and as her eyes sparkled with delight, I knew that Carrie must be one of her dearest little friends.

"Oh, she's so good!" she continued, with much enthusiasm, "she's rich both ways!"

What could the child mean? I felt interested to know, especially when I found her father was in doubt concerning the particular kind of riches she had in mind as belonging to Carrie, and I listened for the answer when he asked, "How is that, Katie; 'rich both ways?'"

"Why, yes, papa. She has real nice clothes, so she's rich one way; and she's real good and kind, so she's rich another way, and isn't that both ways?" Her father smiled, and so did I; but the exercises of the day began and the conversation ended.

Among my young friends there are some who are poor, if their wealth were counted in money; some who are comfortably well off, as we say, having an abundance of the necessaries, and even many of the luxuries of life; and some who are rich, whose fathers own costly houses, elegantly furnished, who can ride in a carriage when they will, and whose clothes are very fine. It would be well if all these dear children realised that although none of them can be "rich both ways" except those who have a great deal of money, yet they all may be rich in *one* way. My reader, can you tell how?

Did you ever hear of any one being rich in faith, hope, and love? Carrie Morton was rich in kind words and acts, else her little friend would not have spoken of her as she did; and I hope she was also rich in that love of Jesus which makes the poorest child richer than a king with millions, if gold is his all.

Would you not much rather be poor in money, and rich in the love of those about you, and most of all in the love of God, than rich in money but poor in all the rest? Dear children, if God has given you a home in which everything is elegant and costly, and where your every wish is gratified, remember that your accountability is great for such a home and with such friends, and ask Him to make you rich both ways. And if you are not rich in fine clothes and money, remember that a meek and quiet spirit and a loving Christian heart are ornaments more precious than diamonds and pearls, for the diamonds and pearls of this world must be left here at last to perish.

SUNDAY REST.

EACH of the three names by which we are accustomed, more or less, to denote the day of holy rest, has a charm and beauty of its own: "SABBATH" means just rest,—that name therefore indicates a primary property of the day,—the rest-day; as opposed to the work-days; the LORD'S DAY introduces the Christian element, and places us in the Saviour's company, with our thoughts swinging between the remembrance of His great victory, and the prospect of His coming again in glory; and SUNDAY,—the day of sunshine,—may be held as denoting the result when the idea of rest and that of fellowship with Christ are brought together—the peculiar lustre and radiance of the day—and the pre-eminent happiness and blessing which it brings.

The Divine appointment of the Sabbath is surely a blessing of peculiar value to working men. If God had not stopped the wheels of labour for them on one day of seven, they would have had very hard work in getting them stopped for themselves. Of the discoveries recently made from deciphering the Chaldean inscriptions none is more interesting than that which tells that the seventh day was appointed a day of rest and holy service. "The Sabbath," as our Lord said, "was made for man."

As regards the health and strength of the working classes, it has been proved that a periodical day of rest from labour is as indispensable as the interruption of toil during the night. It is about as inconsistent with experience and physiology to suppose that men could labour every day in the year in succession without impairing their health and hastening their death, as that they could work day and night without sleep.

On this subject a few facts and testimonies will be useful and interesting.

During the war in the beginning of this century, it was proposed to work all Sunday in one of the royal manufactories, not for occasional service but as a regular thing; and it was found (according to Mr. Wilberforce), that the workmen who obtained the consent of the Government to abstain from working on Sundays executed more work than the others.

Captain Stansbury, the leader of the United States surveying expedition in the Salt Lake district, in his official report to the Government, bears this testimony to the value of the Sabbath: "I here beg to record, as the result of my experience, derived not only from my present journey, but from the observation of many years spent in the performance of similar duties, that as a mere matter of pecuniary consideration, apart from all higher obligations, it is wise to keep the Sabbath. More work can be obtained from both men and animals by its observance, than where the whole seven days are uninterruptedly devoted to labour."

Mr. Bagnall, an extensive iron-master, discontinued

the practice of working his blast-furnaces on Sunday, and seven years after he bore his testimony thus: "We have made a larger quantity of iron than ever, and gone on in all our six iron-works much more free from accidents and interruptions than during any preceding seven years of our lives."

Dr. Estlin.

AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

AN earnest Christian woman, who had a great dread at the thought of dying, and feared that she should make shipwreck of faith, was heard to whisper just before she passed away, "He giveth light at eventide."

"The night is dark, I cannot see
The way, O God, Thou leadest me;
But keep me ever near Thy side,
And give me light at eventide.

"I am so weak and prone to stray
Out of the strait, the narrow way,
Yet for the sake of Christ who died,
Give me Thy light at eventide.

"And death is near: I seem to stand
Upon the borders of that land
Where earthly cares are laid aside.
Oh, give me light at eventide!"

Thus spake a servant of the Lord,
Who long had loved her Father's Word.
She feared to cross death's chilly tide,
Yet longed to reach the other side.

Ere long the struggling gasp for breath
Foretold the near approach of death,
And one, who praying, watched beside,
Said, "Is it light at eventide?"

They listened in that darkened room,
And 'mid the twilight's gathering gloom
The sick one's feeble voice replied,
"He giveth light at eventide."

And then she said, "I come! I come!
Yes, blessed Lord, I'm coming home."
And so without a pang she died,
Entering the Light at eventide.

E. F.

GOD'S FINISHED WORK.

THE Psalmist did not merely believe that God was at work, and would be at work, but he affirms that *He will complete the work*. "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." Has He begun it? Then, my soul, rest thou sure of this, that He will finish it. Hast thou ever seen an unfinished work of God? If thou hadst been present on the second or third day of the week of creation thou mightest have seen a work unfinished. Before the morning stars sang together over a perfect creation many things were made, but the complete chain of being was not as yet visible.

But did the Almighty pause in the middle of the work, and leave His design unfinished? How would the record of creation run? That God had made the light, but had not made the sun? That He had made the waters, but had not divided them from the land, or said to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou go, but no farther?"

No, the first day of creation was a guarantee of the five which followed it, and of the grand rest-day

the air and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea." God's beginnings ensure His endings. He makes no mistake in the plan, and feels no weariness in the execution, and hence when He puts forth His hand He never draws it back till His work is done. It is always so.

Now, I want you to have this blessed confidence that God is at work, and will finish what He has

begun, and I would have you carry this confidence into everything. You may take it into providence: the Lord will perfect that which concerns you there. Dear friend, you have a plan on hand. You say, "I wish I could be sure that I shall carry it through. Can you tell me?" No, I cannot. I can tell you this, however, that if it really ought to be your purpose, if it is God's plan for you for life, you will carry it through.

I have known men, actuated by their own folly, obstinately choose a pursuit for which they were not fit, and in such cases one of the best things that the Lord can do for them is to make them suffer shipwreck and lose their all. It would have been a bad case for our friend Jonah if he had really gone down to Tarshish, for I do not know what he would have done there: he could not have turned sailor, for no crew would have endured so sour a comrade. It was a great mercy for him when he was thrown into the sea, and was forced to travel towards Nineveh in the fish's belly; and so sometimes we enter upon a giant scheme of our own inventing, but it is not the Lord's scheme, so it comes to nought.

Like Jehoshaphat, we make ships of Tarshish go to Ophir for gold, but they go not, for they are broken at Ezion-geber, as Jehoshaphat's navy was; and we complain, perhaps, but it is better to submit, for it cometh from the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working. He often perfects that which truly concerns us by taking us away from that which never ought to concern us.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.



"What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God!"

which crowned the week. You might have been certain from that very first day when He said, "Let there be light," that He meant to make eyes to see the light; and when there were living creatures for each domain of nature, beasts of the field, fowl of the air, and fish of the sea, you might be morally certain that He meant to crown the kingdom of nature by bringing forth into it a being to whom He should say, "I have made thee to have dominion over the fowl of

THE VICTORY WON.

Few Christians, brought up with a knowledge of the Word of God, can understand what is the struggle in the heart of a sincere Roman Catholic, when he is brought face to face with the truth, that his doings are nothing, and salvation must be a free gift. So much that he has depended upon must be given up. The very foundation of his faith is shaken. With a trembling hand he takes the Word of God, so long forbidden; he searches into its wonderful treasures, at first with a feeling that he is enjoying "stolen waters," and then with the consciousness that it is God's Word, which men dare not forbid him to read. Yet the old fear clings to him, and the struggle is renewed again and again.

One cold evening, an assembly of poor people gathered in a mission building in Dublin, to hear a lady tell of a scheme for providing for poor children in Canada.

After the meeting was over, a poor man, who had evidently seen better days, remained, amongst others, to speak about his little boys. His flushed cheek and hacking cough told of fatal illness, and our sympathies were enlisted for him, almost more than for the sorrowful little boys of six and eight years who were with him.

Seeing this poor man's dangerous condition, we told him to come up to our own house on the following morning, for further conversation.

When asked what he intended to do if his boys were taken, he said his wife meant to go to service; that he himself would go to the poorhouse, where, he said, "I shall have time to make my soul." "I shall make a good confession," he added, "and have penances put upon me, and I will do them."

"And what then?" we asked.

"Then I shall go to purgatory; and, God help me, I have no money to pay for masses." As he said this, tears poured down his cheeks; he seemed in real trouble.

A Douay Testament lay on the table, and opening it, the lady who was talking to him said, "This is a copy of the Word of God, and there is not one word in it about penance, or masses, or purgatory; but it tells us that 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from ALL sin.' That eternal life is the gift of God."

For more than two hours she talked with him, reasoning out of the Scriptures. At length he laid his hand on the Book, saying, "Yes, it's a beautiful religion; it is a pity it is not true."

"It is true, all of it," she said; "it is the Word of God."

"Pardon me, ma'am. I've lived all my life amongst Protestants, and what you would call Christian Protestants; but no one ever said to me, 'You're wrong.' If I believed what you have said, I would not rest until I had told every friend I have such glorious news."

"Well," she said, "take this Book and read it. In a few days I will come and see you. I will pray for you." She gave him a little money for the supply

of present necessities, and he left her.

A few days afterwards she went to see him; he was lying on a straw bed on the floor, a cup of water beside him. The Testament was in his hand; he was so intently reading, that he hardly noticed her coming in. He had been searching the Scriptures as for hid treasure, and had several verses marked which he wanted explained. "All power is given unto Me in heaven and earth." Did that mean Jesus? If so, none was delegated to the blessed Virgin. "Whosoever sins ye remit." What power was that? Was it not the forgiveness of sins by the apostles? When the verse in Acts iv. 12 was pointed out to him, he saw immediately that the apostles did not understand



In Dublin.

it so, for they plainly declared that by Christ alone could forgiveness come. "And there is none other name under heaven whereby we must be saved." "I see," he said, "it is by comparing different parts of Scripture together, and with the teaching of the Spirit, we understand it."

"I can't help wondering," he said, some time afterwards, "at the patience God has had with me these thirty-three years, especially the last ten. He has followed me, and I know now He was often calling to me; still, I trusted in anything but in Him. I wish I could know my sins were forgiven. I feel quite sure that Jesus died for sinners, and I believe in Him. I see He says Himself, 'He that believeth hath everlasting life.' I know then that I am saved; but I have not yet got right hold of it. Won't you kneel down and pray for me now?"

We did so. I prayed that He might see Jesus, as his own Saviour. As I finished, he cried out, "Lord Jesus, my sins, forgive my sins!"

"They are forgiven," I said; "you have only to believe it."

"Lord, help me to believe it!" he cried.

One day a friend explaining about faith, said, "It is the hand that receives the gift."

"Yes, that's it," he replied; "I've been stretching out my hand to the priest, and the Virgin, and the sacraments, unsatisfied. I've been striving to cling with both hands to these things; but now Jesus has me by one hand, quite safe. He says, 'I will hold thee by thy right hand.'"

Thus, gleams of peace and joy came to this poor man, and then again the struggle. One day he said, with tears in his eyes, "Tell me, ought I not to have confidence in God? I can't help feeling afraid of Him."

"That comes from the old religion," I replied. "You have been taught that God is an angry Judge, watching to catch you doing something wrong, to mark down in His book."

"Why, yes," he said, "just so; and instead of that He is full of love, watching me to do me good."

One day he told me he had passed a wretched night. The struggle raged fiercely. Was this new and beautiful religion right? or was he forsaking the only way of salvation? He felt he must go to the priest and confess all to him; but it was night, and that was impossible. He fell on his knees, and wrestled with God for light and peace, and the voice of Jesus came sweetly through the storm, "Be not afraid." "I will help thee."

I read for him the 23rd Psalm. It was new to him, and he enjoyed it greatly.

"Oh, I can say it for myself," he said: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." He was greatly pleased with "For His name's sake." "He will keep me for His own sake as well as mine," he said. "Oh, I'm quite safe."

I turned to the 15th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and read the parable of the lost sheep. He listened with intense earnestness, and remarked, with a beaming face, "It's wonderful! the joy seems all the Shepherd's. He is gladder to save us than we are to be saved."

On asking him one day if he had the sense of forgiven sin, he said, "I'm right sure the blood of the innocent Jesus has washed all my sins away. It's God's justice that saves me."

But again the struggle was renewed; temptations assailed him. One morning he seemed worse than usual. "I was out half the night," he said. "I went out for a little air. I was walking along the canal, my mind in a tumult, this way and that; I hardly knew where I was. I thought I ought to have faith in the Church; but then God says, 'Come to Me; trust in Me; I will give you rest.' I cried out, 'I

will have done with it, my God, I will trust in Thee.' I got hold of Him, and I could have shouted for joy."

Speaking of heaven one day, he seemed lost in wonder. "Oh, I want to see it," he said; "I want to get in at the gate, and make sure of it; but I am sure of it. God cannot lie. I can wait."

Two years thus passed away; then he came back to Dublin; his end seemed hastening on. His last days were spent in the Adelaide Hospital. There was no struggle now. A deep calm peace pervaded his soul. "The battle was fought, the victory won," and he could look forward to the call so surely coming with joyful expectation.

WHAT DO YOU GET FOR NOTHING?

"So you won't give me anything!"

"You needn't have put it in that way: I've got nothing to give. Nobody gives to me; I get nothing but what I work for and pay for, and it's rather hard to come upon such folks. You should go to them as you may say get plenty for nothing, and have more than they want."

Old Allan Barrow leaned his elbows on his garden wicket, and, turning away from the person he spoke to, looked up the road that led from his cottage, as it to see some fresh company coming.

The person he spoke to was a grey-headed man, in workman's clothes, by name Silas Pyne. He carried a little book in one hand, and the other held a pencil ready to write.

"You have told me of two sorts of people," he said, "that I don't expect to meet with—those that have nothing but what they pay for, and those that have more than they want."

"Very like," said Allan, "but there's some of both in the world, for all that. I've got nothing but what I pay for, but I haven't got more than I want." Silas smiled and shook his head.

"What d'ye shake your head at?" asked Allan, gruffly.

"Why, at the mistake you are in, friend," answered Silas, "in thinking you pay for everything."

"Make it out that it's a mistake, and I'll give you leave to put me down five shillings in your book," said Allan.

"Thank you," said Silas, with a laugh now; "but before I begin to do it, will you just give me a draught from your well? It's the best water in the parish."

"That it is," answered Allan, fetching a cup for him; "and it's a prime thing for me, that can't drink much of anything else."

"Ay; what should we do without water," said Silas, taking a deep draught, "when you come to think how it comes into all the things that keep life together?"

"Oh, it's wonderful useful," replied Allan; "may be the most useful thing in life."

"As to that," said Silas, "we couldn't live in it, though we couldn't live well without it. Air, good fresh air, is the thing we couldn't by any means do without."

"And for *that*," said Allan, "you'll never have finer than this as blows over the common. I take it, it's worth ten years of life to be in a good air."

"You are right, there," said Silas, "and I should say you're a proof of it: you look as firm as a rock, and as red as a rose."

"Not amiss," said Allan—"never knew much about sickness."

"And yet you've lived many years," said Silas.

"Just up to my threescore and ten," answered Allan, nodding.

Silas began to write in his book.

"What are you putting down?" asked Allan.

"Your name for five shillings," said Silas: "didn't you say that I should have it, if I could prove that you had things that you neither worked for nor paid for?"

"Yes; but you've never begun to do that yet," said Allan.

"What do you pay for air?" asked Silas.

"Pooh! nonsense!" said Allan.

"For water?" said Silas.

"Pooh!" said Allan again.

"For health, and having been brought through threescore years and ten?" continued Silas.

"Oh, as to *them*—of course we never count up the things that God gives us," said Allan; "I wasn't thinking of them."

"No, friend; few people do think of them," said Silas. "The best blessings, I mean of those belonging to this life, are such as cannot be bought with silver or gold; and they are freely given to the rich and poor, and are taken as matters of course without any praise or thanks to the Giver. Come now, I have shown you that you don't pay for the things that you couldn't live without, and I could tell you of many more. Can't you find in your heart to give a few pence towards sending His missionaries to preach to poor sinners of the better blessings of salvation to eternal life? Surely such a thank-offering would be but becoming."

"Well," said Allan, putting his hand in his pocket, "I'm not against giving you a trifle; but I didn't know you was going to 'alk that way when I said about the five shillings."

"Name your own sum," said Silas. "Give what you will, it must be trifling, looking at what you have received. I've told you of four blessings that the bank couldn't buy; aren't they worth a shilling apiece?"

Old Allan smiled, and taking out two half-crowns, said, "Well, and there's a fifth that's worth another; and that's a friend that is faithful to mind one of one's duty: so you needn't scratch out my name; here's the five shillings."

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS NEIGHBOUR.



WHAT is a Christian? A man converted by the grace of God's Holy Spirit; a sinner turned from "darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God;" a be-

liever in the Lord Jesus Christ, whose blood has cleansed him from all unrighteousness; a saint who strives to live to the

glory of God daily. That man makes God his chief thought in all things, feeling that his first duty is towards Him.

But what is he towards his neighbour? He is just what the following and many other similar passages imply—honest, just, conscientious, a man who acts as in God's sight, and who deals with others as he would they should deal with him:—

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

"Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men."

"Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men."

"Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just . . . think on these things."

Luke vi. 31; Acts xxiv. 16; 2 Cor. viii. 21; Philippians iv. 8.

THE JOURNEY'S END.



A LADY was standing on the platform of a little wayside station, waiting for the arrival of the slow down train. Presently the whistle was heard in the distance, and at the same moment a family came out of the booking office, three of them evidently passengers like herself. The mother wrapped up in her great check shawl, with a market basket on her arm, was anxiously counting over her tickets and change; while the father, a broad-shouldered, sunburnt harvester, carried his youngest child in his arms, and kept the eldest back from the edge of the platform to which the train was now slowly steaming up. The lady took her place, and was followed into the carriage by the woman, and the children were lifted in by their father.

"Good-bye, father, good-bye!" the two tinies shouted as the train moved off. "Take care of yourself, Jim!" said the mother, and kept her head out of the window till the station was far behind, and then coming back to her seat, she occupied herself with trying to keep within bounds the merriment and delight of the two children, to whom the journey was evidently a great treat.

But as the lady watched them, she noticed that



Starting on a journey.

though both children would laugh with equal glee as they rushed by a farm-house or hamlet, yet every now and then the little girl on her mother's lap would hide her face on her shoulder, and when she looked up again her smile would be shining through something very like tears, and the farther they proceeded on their journey the oftener came the wet eyes, accompanied now and then by a half-choked sob, and at last turning from the window and her sister's glee, she buried her face altogether, and did not look up again, while her mother stroked her head, from which the hat had fallen, lovingly, as if she were still a baby. "Is she tired or unwell?" said the lady, softly, as after a little time the hushed breathing showed she was asleep.

"No, miss, she ain't to say unwell, she's a real strong girl for her age, but, poor dear, she was a-thinking what's a-coming; look here!" And she gently raised the edge of the little frock, and showed a poor helpless little foot, bound and bandaged into an unsightly shape.

"She hurt it a good while ago," said the mother, simply, as she drew down the dress again, "and none of our folk seem to know what's best for it, and a lady has given me a paper to go to the Children's Hospital in B., and see if they can't do it good. It don't hurt her much to speak of now, but she is dreadful feared of them doctors pulling it about." And then as the other child clapped her hands and shouted with delight as a luggage train thundered past, the poor woman gave a sad half smile, and said, "Lor, miss,

don't it make a difference what the end of the journey is going to be?"

They were almost at the station where the lady had to alight, and she had to leave them after only a few words of loving comfort to the frightened child and her mother; but as she went on her way the woman's words went with her, and brought to her mind many a thought.

"Don't it make a difference what the end of the journey is going to be?" Indeed it does. A school boy with hard tasks awaiting him, knows how different the same journey will be when his face is turned homewards. And if this is true of our little journeyings from place to place, it is doubly so in regard to the one great journey which every one *must* take.

Yes, it makes all the difference whether the end of our life's journey is to be God, or—what? Whether at that end to which we must one day come, there will be a Father's greeting, an Elder Brother's love, a home in the Father's house; or black darkness and the awful loneliness of a lost soul.

It makes all the difference now; people cannot travel without sometimes thinking of the end, though now and then their journey leads them through such pleasant places and green pastures, that they would willingly stay for ever; but *here* we have no continuing city, and the end must come; and the end which will be the continuing part of the journey, and therefore the important part, is oftenest forgotten, while the way-side gleams are much thought of, and often fancied to be its one purpose.

Yes, it makes a difference now, a wonderful difference! Those who know what it is to look forward with infinite joy and gladness to the life with God, to the time when they shall stand before the Son of man, the thought of that end to the journey never saddens them. No, indeed; they can enjoy the beauties of the way too, only sometimes they seem very small compared with the glory of the end which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, but which they know God has prepared for them.

Do you know what it is to be able to look forward like that? Or is the end clouded in thick darkness for you—doubt, terror, and dread?

It need not be. Jesus lived and died that it need not be, that the end may be a bright one for you.

What do you fear? Punishment? "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Jesus has borne the punishment, and it is only those who will persist in bearing their own who have any cause to dread that.

Oh, if I could tell you what the love of Jesus is! That He *wants* you to live with Him; is not willing that any should perish; is ready to receive any one, however many sins they have, if they will only come to Him. Go to Him. He, the Lord Jesus, who is God Himself, will welcome you now, will in no wise cast you out, and "safe in the arms of Jesus," you are safe for ever; safe now, safe at the end, safe for all eternity.