



METHODIST CHURCH, MARYSVILLE, N. B.

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Earnest Christianity.

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CLEARNESS AND MYSTERY.

“I BELIEVE nothing that I cannot understand,” is the declaration of many who call themselves philosophers, and who take great pride in their intellectual endowments. And yet if you ask one of these philosophers how he wags his little finger, he can tell you nothing about the matter. We can easily conceive the explanations he may give, but he must say “it is a mystery.” The *fact* he believes, he cannot deny, but the manner he cannot comprehend, and if we take our philosopher and examine with him the great book of Nature, we will find mysteries to the right of us, mysteries to the left of us, mysteries which these minds of ours cannot possibly understand. And yet our philosopher is compelled to believe the facts, although he cannot understand the manner of them. And so it is with the Bible. There are mysteries in that blessed volume which no finite mind can understand, and instead of rejecting the Bible because this is the case, we are thankful that it is so; for, were it otherwise, there would be those who would say it is not God’s book—it is not great, and grand, and sublime enough. But it is with the Bible as it is in Nature. In Nature heat, air, water, and light all abound, all are accessible; and so with those great truths necessary for salvation. All are so plain, so easy to be understood, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. Of all the books in the world there is none, perhaps, which is more plain and easy to be understood than the

Bible. But some passages are dark, many things hard to be understood—veiled, as it were, in a mystery. But does the Bible require us to believe in a mystery? Mr. Wesley says, "The Bible does not ask you to believe any mystery at all. The Bible barely requires you to believe such facts—not the manner of them. Now, the mystery does not lie in the *fact*, but altogether in the *manner*. For instance: 'God said let there be light, and there was light.' I believe it. I believe the plain *fact*. There is no mystery at all in this. The mystery lies in the manner of it. But of this I believe nothing at all; nor does God require it of me."

If God had taught us nothing concerning himself, we could have known nothing. Darkness, unbroken, must have separated us from Him. But He has revealed Himself, in part, unto us. Consequently we know many things concerning Him. Yet no complete revelation has been or can be made; none can know the Almighty to perfection. Therefore, whenever we direct our thoughts towards Him, we must expect to find clear, indisputable truths united with unsearchable mysteries.

In the Scriptures, then, we may expect to find clear truths and unsearchable mysteries united concerning the nature of God. The existence of God is at once simple and mysterious. The argument by which it is proved is simple. The conclusion is easily drawn from an acknowledged principle. "Everything that exhibits marks of design must have been the work of an intelligent mind." It is impossible not to grant this. Men who determine to admit nothing that they cannot prove are compelled to take this proposition for granted. You cannot examine any piece of human workmanship—a pillar, a book, a house,—without admitting all that is necessary to prove the existence of God—without acquiring the only argument by which existence can be proved. But while the argument is one, the cumulation of its instances, and therefore the multiplication and variety of the proofs which it furnishes, is without end.

"The meanest pin in nature's frame
Marks out some letters of His name;
Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from grove to grove,
Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod
And left the footsteps of a God."

Yet, while there is so much light around the existence of God there is darkness united with it. When we would make it certain to ourselves that there is a personal God, in the same way and in the same degree that we are certain of some mathematical proposition, our logic is not triumphant. We find philosophy divided against herself in this matter, while the popular judgment is wholly bewildered and baffled by a process of argumentation so refined and subtle; from which it appears that God has somehow in a measure withdrawn and wrapt himself away from the scrutiny of his earthly children. No one of our five senses gives any report of him; as we read, that "no man hath seen God at any time." The cunning analysis of chemistry cannot reach him. Neither telescope searching among the stars, nor microscope searching among the atoms, ever overtakes him. Everywhere we encounter the shining footprints but no where do we catch a glimpse of the glowing face. Strange that the lowest and meanest of God's works are allowed to impress themselves upon us, while God himself the grandest reality of all, and the root and support of all, stands back and is silent. Stranger still, that the wonderful operation which grasps and subdues the universe, should do no more for us in the problem of the divine existence. But so it is. The human soul might be so fashioned as to see God, just as our eyeballs see the sun in the firmament—but not as the eagle gazes at the sun, gaze we on God. We are required rather to turn our backs upon this intolerable light, see it by reflection, and judge of all other objects by the shadows which they cast. The absolute and eternal "I am" will not surrender himself to our searching. It is the choice of God to go back, as it were, upon his earthly creatures, and stay concealed.

There is also a union of clearness and mystery in the revelation which the scriptures make concerning the *nature of God*. "Ever one God;" and yet in this one God there are three persons. Strange mystery! but clearly revealed in God's word; yet incomprehensible. But because we cannot understand the mode of God's existence shall we therefore reject it? Nay, verily. Let us rather recognize the important principle, that God in no case undertakes to reveal himself in a way to satisfy the subtle exactness of philosophy. It is no metaphysical problem that He comes to solve. As a discovery of science, He does not feel called upon to lay open

the interior of his being. The mode of the divine existence, whether as one or as three, might have been withheld as an eternal secret; but God has revealed it, hence we may be sure it has a practical side to it, and will be revealed only upon that side. God, we are satisfied, will tell us nothing about himself but what is available to make us better, and to save our souls; to make us saints rather than to make us sages. Such, to the very letter, is the Trinity of the scriptures, popular rather than scientific, practical rather than speculative, instrumental rather than absolute; connected always with redemption. The depths of the divine nature we have no need to fathom. The stupendous mysteries of the triune existence are not submitted to our curiosity. They are among the mysteries. But we are summoned to pay our reverence to a divine Christ as our only sufficient Redeemer, and to find the whole might and majesty of the Eternal Jehovah in the sanctifying energies of the Spirit. So much God has revealed and we are content. An imperfect hesitating faith will cripple us. They are things revealed to make us wise unto salvation. With reference to the fact, three persons in one God, He has covered himself with light as with a garment; with reference to the mode, he has made darkness his secret place, his pavilion round about him are dark waters and thick clouds.

One other instance of clearness and mystery in the truths relating to the nature of God, remains to be mentioned.

In the person of Jesus Christ both the divine and human natures are declared in Scripture to be united. "The word was God." "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us." He is clearly exhibited both as God and man.

As man, he was born and increased in stature; as God he declared, "before Abraham was I AM." As man, he wept at the grave of Lazarus; as God he said with a loud voice; "Lazarus come forth." As man, he fasted and was hungered; as God, he fed five thousand with five loaves. As man, he cried upon the cross; "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me:" As God he said to the penitent thief: "This day shall thou be with me in Paradise." As man, he bowed his head and died. As God, he rose from the dead the third day.

If Jesus was only a man, we understand very well the whole meaning of his death; it was only a martyrdom. But if he was, as the scriptures assure us, God manifest in the flesh, the

eternal Word, the image of the invisible God, then we have a heavenly mystery answering to the earthly. Not that we can enter the hidden depths of his august person, running the line of boundary between his natures, daring to say, in which of the natures he suffered for our sins; and yet the Mighty work accomplished within us, compels to an exalted faith in the mighty work accomplished for us in that tasting of death for every man. As to an understanding of that agony in the garden and upon the cross, as we understand some human agony, we utterly despair of it. If we hesitate to call it a Divine suffering, still less dare we pronounce it only human. The piercing accents of that dying cry, the darkened heavens, and the shuddering earth, all move us to fall prostrate and adore.

The union of the divine and human natures which is so clearly taught in scripture, is incomprehensible. We pretend not to explain it, but say with the Apostle; "Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness—God was manifest in the flesh."

Then as to the question why God permitted evil to enter our world? In the mind of God no doubt the birth of moral evil lies clear. The permission of it, whatever that permission may have been, does not clash with his infinite holiness and grace. The fact of evil in the world we all know. We might as well deny our own existence as to deny it. The thing which God has revealed is the terrible fact of sin smiting all our hearts and darkening all our lives. It matters not how it got there; here it is, a hateful tyranny, a fatal malady.

From sin we pass to redemption as the grand radiant centre not less of all knowledge than of all hope. If the scriptures reveal no speculative solution of the mystery of evil, thank God, they do reveal a practical solution of it in the proffered deliverance of man from its power and curse.

And in this deliverance of man from sin and its power, clearness and mystery are inseparably united. They are so simple that the appointed way for receiving pardon and holiness can be understood even by a child—they are so mysterious that the angels desire to look into these things.

"The heart is deceitful above all things," hence the necessity of change. That necessity is clearly revealed by the Saviour, "Verily,

verily I say unto you, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." Do we demand a minute, philosophical account how this is done? Do we ask with Nicodemus, "How can these things be?" Let us not forget that from this forbidden, this unprofitable path, the Saviour calls us away; "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit."

We would not brave the tempest or tornado, because we know not whence it arose; do not defy the power of the Spirit as it sweeps over our hearts, filling us with anguish that leads us to cry out, "Men and brethren what must we do." Let us not bewilder our minds as to the precise manner how it is done; if we repent of our sins and trust Him as our Saviour, we may be absolutely assured of the fact, as of the blowing of the wind; but how the Spirit works this in the soul the wisest christian, the most profound philosopher, is unable to explain.

In conclusion I would call upon the reader to a holy obedience of all the grand doctrines contained in God's Word. Sufficient for us to know that God has revealed it. If a man be intellectually prurient and captious, he may keep on disputing forever; for religious truth, touch it where you will, has always to do with the being and government of God, and is, of course, illimitable in its reach. And if we insist upon a complete speculative solution of them, we shall never be satisfied. As to the cardinal doctrines of our faith, unrenewed men will find fault with them. And our remedy must be, to urge them with all their rousing power, upon the *hearts* of men. We must take men in hand as miserable, needy, perishing sinners, and labour not so much to solve mysteries as to save souls.

R. GODFREY.

Bobcaygeon, April 1875.

God is the great God, and therefore He will be sought; he is a good God, and therefore will be found.

There wants nothing but the believing prayer to turn the promise into a performance.

OUR MISSION WORK.

MASSILLON, the great pulpit orator of France, was once called upon to preach a funeral sermon in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The deceased was a Prince of royal line, a member of the then reigning dynasty. The King, the Queen, the various members of the royal family were present, clad in the weeds of woe. The great, the noble, and the titled of France were there, to lend a mournful interest to the occasion, or to sympathize with the bereaved and sorrowing relatives. The spacious edifice was draped in mourning, while the few dimly lighted tapers upon the altar wreathed everything in gloom. The preacher arose in the pulpit and silently surveyed the scene before him. Fixing his eyes upon the coffin, which contained the mortal remains of the mighty dead, he seemed to be musing on the utter emptiness of earthly pomp and glory. And, in a voice tremulous with emotion, yet thrillingly expressive, he broke the deep oppressive silence with the brief but comprehensive utterance, "There is nothing great but God."

Adopting the idea while varying the phraseology of the eloquent divine, we feel to say, in view of the daily increasing responsibilities of our Church in connection with her Missionary enterprises, "There is no work great but this one."

The work of the explorer has been called great. Columbus, Cabot, Raleigh, Cook, Park, and Livingstone, won for themselves imperishable renown. Believing in the existence of broad and beautiful lands with which Europeans were unacquainted, they went forth in search of them, and, in the face of difficulties the most formidable, of dangers the most appalling, of opposition the most deadly, the contempt of the learned and the ridicule of the rude, they heroically persevered. Success crowned their efforts; the Eldorado of their dreams was discovered, and in succession, America, North and South, the Eden-like islands of the Pacific, and the interior of Africa, were laid open to the astonished gaze of Christendom, to be redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, to be civilized, refined, and made Christian. Enemies became friends, hisses were exchanged for hosannas, indigence gave place to independence, kings delighted to do them honour, and to-day their names have a charm, their words a power, and their deeds a glory.

And viewing the stupendous results of their well-directed enterprise, we cheerfully pronounce their work "Great."

The "greatness" of this work will readily be admitted when we look at the *field* to be cultivated. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, ours is unquestionably a great country, and of all the vast and magnificent regions over which waves so proudly the red-cross flag of England, none occupies so honourable a position as our own rapidly rising Dominion. Its vast area, its rich resources of river, forest, field, and mine, and its intelligent and liberty-loving population are suggestive of the greatest possibilities. Here Nature has done everything on the grandest scale. Contrasted with our mighty streams, the rivers of Europe are mere brooks. Were our great lakes found in the Old World they would be dignified with the name of seas. Were our valuable fisheries, our rich mines, our extensive forests, and our fertile fields, but found on the other side of the Atlantic, poverty would disappear, and the nations would sing for joy of heart. Everything that outward circumstances can afford, lies in abundance at our feet. We have room to strive and labour and grow; we have everything to encourage hope and confidence in our future, and as Westward the star of empire takes its way, and we hear the tread of the coming millions, be it ours to make the very best of our circumstances and lay deep and broad the foundations of a permanent prosperity.

But notwithstanding the broad and beautiful lands that have been committed to our care, the unsurpassed privileges with which we are favoured, the glorious heritage to which we have fallen heirs, the recollections of a glorious past and the anticipations of a glorious future; if it be true that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people;" if it be true that real greatness is inseparable from real goodness, and that the only fame that is enduring is that based upon individual excellence; if it be true that national decrepitude and decay result from national corruption and crime, and if it be true that the material prosperity of a people, the stability of their institutions, the undiminished perpetuation of their power, and the unsullied honour of their flag, must ever be determined by their intelligence and virtue; then in no way can we so effectually promote the prosperity of our country as by the widespread diffusion of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Here we can play the part of the purest patriotism, exhibit the

proofs of the loftiest devotion, here we may make imperishable impressions upon the hearts and be enshrined in the affections of our grateful fellow-citizens.

Methodists of Canada! upon you largely rests the responsibility of making this Dominion "a praise in the earth," and never will the work be done until the men who seek their bread along the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador have been followed by the Messengers of Peace;—until the solitary settlers by the sea have been sought out and saved;—until the lone dwellers on the mountain and in the forest have been cared for and converted;—until the rising population of our own Far West have been won for Jesus, and marshalled under his blessed banner;—until the Frenchman and the Indian shall have learned our language and been proselytized to the true faith. They all belong to the Master, and were ransomed by his blood. The holy leaven must be introduced into all their hearts, they must all be told the story of the Cross, and be instructed in holy things. Christ must and will reign without a rival: "to him every knee must bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord to the glory of God the Father."

If, then, we would lessen the crime, promote the virtue, increase the happiness, improve the condition, and exalt the character of our country, we must carry this habit-reforming, mind-enlightening and soul-converting gospel throughout its length and breadth, that every man, woman and child may feel its power and rejoice in its blessedness. Then will the law of God be respected, and the rights of man be held sacred; then will our people be peaceful, prosperous and progressive; then will our public character known and respected at home and abroad; and then,

"When our country's spoken of
In lands beyond the sea,
It will be known as 'Canada,'
The noble, great and free."

That this work is necessary needs no proof. While much, very much, has been done to evangelize the masses;—while our cities and towns have been provided with the means of grace; while many a graceful spire adorns our country villages, and the sound of the church-going bell rings out upon the peaceful Sabbath air of many a rural district;—while many a humble school-room or lowly dwelling has echoed with the high praises of our King, or the peni-

tent petitions of the sobbing sinner ;—and while multitudes are now glorified and enthroned on the plains of immortality, it is nevertheless true that very much yet remains to be done. Many of our settlements are still destitute of gospel ordinances ; in many a place the voice of the Messenger of Mercy is never heard, and the spiritual destitution that prevails is painful in the extreme. In days of discouragement and disaster, when the storms of adversity beat pitilessly upon them, "and sorrows' waves around them roll," there is no one near to tell of One "who is touched with the feelings of their infirmities." In the time of domestic bereavement, when the poor breaking heart sobs its sorrows and feels to sink beneath the weight of its crushing grief, there is no one to whisper, "Cast thy burden on the Lord." And in the hour of death, when the soul is afraid to go, and yet must go, and when parent, partner or child increases the distress of the dying by their grief and agony, there is no one to point to the pure and lovely land above, where death is unknown, where sorrow is never experienced.

Yes, this work is a much-needed one. Souls are perishing around us in all directions. Every day adds to the dread number of the eternally undone, and upon the wings of every wind is borne to us the appealing cry, "Come over and help us." Childhood asks, maturity entreats, and age implores us with trembling voice, to give to them the bread of life. It claims our sympathies, it appeals to our largest liberality, and urges us by every argument that compassion can employ, to assist in recovering our fellow-countrymen from present and prospective misery. Up, Brothers! rouse to action. Work for God and man, and with heart, and tongue, and means, endeavour to win souls that will gem and bestud that crown you hope to wear before the throne in the sweet by-and-by. And in the name of the unconsolated sick and hopeless dying, of ignorant youth and unholy age, by the pity you have for the perishing, and the loyalty you owe to the Saviour, we would urge upon you to give to this great work your warmest sympathies, and your most hearty and substantial support.

The work of the inventor has been called "great." The names of Arkwright, Symington, Watt, Stephenson, Fulton, and Morse, never die. Their trials and their triumphs are the world's heritage. We are amazed as the magnitude of the work that has been accomplished through the instrumentalities they set in motion. The

habits and ideas of civilized men have been completely revolutionized, the world has passed through the most important changes, the steamship, the railway, and the electric telegraph, are the results of their labours, and long as worth can be appreciated, or genius can be admired, so long will they be spoken of as the benefactors of the race.

The work of the statesman has also been called "great." He, who disdaining party or personal considerations, will sacrifice ease and comfort, and consecrate his abilities to the public good, and safely guides the ship of state through seasons of political commotion, or who will unite in one various territories and races, and lay broad and deep the foundations of a great empire, is entitled to the highest honours his countrymen can confer upon him while living, and in their grateful memories when he has passed away.

We call, and rightly, too, the work of the teacher "great." He who devotes himself to the intellectual elevation of the rising race has chosen for himself an arduous but an honourable calling. In the youths before him he has the representatives of a coming age—the men and women of the next generation—the ministers, governors, judges, lawyers, and legislators, who will bless or curse society when the matured manhood will be laid low. Their own and their country's future will largely depend upon what and how he teaches. The chords of the instrument upon which he plays has been strung by the hand of the Infinite Organist, but the music to be evoked therefrom will be determined by his skill; and the field over which he scatters the precious seed will wave with its golden grain if he but well and wisely does his work. Yes, the educator of the young is a public benefactor, and whenever and wherever he prosecutes his arduous calling—in the log cabin in the wooded wilderness, in the commodious schoolroom of our older settlements, or in academic, collegiate, or university halls—he is doing a great and noble work.

But greater, vastly greater, than all these is the mission work to which our Church is called, and in its presence they dwindle into insignificance, and pale away in the light of its superior excellence. They aim at man's mental or material enrichment, but this at his moral and religious; these prepare him for this world, but this for the next. Between the two there is a measureless difference, for what are the achievements of the former when contrasted

with the glorious results of the latter. For to know what has been accomplished through the preaching of Christ crucified, we must take our stand on the sunlit summits of the everlasting hills, and listen to the song of "the multitude which no man can number." "Unto him who hath loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

MARYSVILLE, N. B.

A REMARKABLE PLACE AND A REMARKABLE MAN.

AN article such as this may appear to some a little out of place in a Magazine devoted chiefly to devotional reading; but the history of the place and of the man afford so many suggestive lessons that we cannot forbear giving place to them in our pages. In an age when selfishness abounds, and in a country where opportunities for accumulating fortunes are so numerous, it is refreshing to find at intervals one who, while increasing rapidly in wealth, is not forgetful of the best interests of those whose industry is one of the chief factors in the production of that wealth; and who, at the same time, recognizes the claims of God upon his substance, and, with a cheerful spirit consecrates a goodly portion to His service.

The Village of Marysville, with a population of about 500, is situated on the Nashwaak river, about three miles above its confluence with the St. John, and about the same distance from the city of Fredicton, the capital of New Brunswick. Although the country around has been settled for half a century, the village has sprung up within the last ten years, and is now one of the handsomest and in some respects most remarkable, to be found in any part of the country. The entire place is owned by ALEXANDER GIBSON, Esq., whose extensive saw-mill with its offices, stores, etc., formed the nucleus of the village. Immediately above the mill, the Nashwaak is spanned by a substantial and well-constructed bridge, erected at Mr. Gibson's expense. Crossing to the eastern side of the river, we find a street of forty-eight comfortable, semi-detached houses, one-and-a-half storeys high, built of wood, and

painted white, each with its garden, cow-house, *and cow*. These are occupied by lumbermen and their families, at the nominal rental of \$24.00 per annum, and afford an amount of convenience and comfort rarely enjoyed by persons of a similar class elsewhere. On the western side of the river stands Mr. Gibson's own residence, a mansion which in form, finish and furniture, is all that taste could suggest or money provide. Here also are the residences of his two married sons, and the houses of his principal employees. It must not be inferred, however, that the village represents the whole of Mr. Gibson's business. It is no exaggeration to say that he has thousands of men in his employ, for only a fraction of his business is done in Marysville, and the sphere of his operations is widening yearly.

Mr. Gibson is, of Irish origin, his parents having resided on the Dufferin estates in Ireland, and not the least interesting incident connected with the Governor-General's tour through the Maritime Provinces was the visit which he paid to Marysville, where he met with Mr. Gibson's mother and conversed about matters with which both were familiar in their old Irish home. Not every one is honoured by a visit from the Representative of Royalty; and the incident supplies a not inapt commentary on the words of the wise man,—“Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.”

Mr. Gibson is another of those brave spirits who have “risen from the ranks,” and who, in his chosen sphere of action, acknowledges no superior. By a persevering application to business, and by a wise adaptation of means to ends, he has conquered every difficulty that lay in his path, and to-day rejoices in the possession of an independent fortune. He is now about fifty years of age, has a fine physique, and although his hair is tinged with grey, he has all the vigor and vivacity of a youth.

But that which chiefly excites our admiration is not the fortune which Mr. Gibson has accumulated, but rather the way in which a goodly portion of it has been employed. Too many of those who are employers of either skilled or manual labor seem to regard those in their employ merely as intelligent machines, and think if they pay them reasonable wages, they have fulfilled their whole duty. Mr. Gibson did not think so. He recognized the fact that even the humblest person in his employ had intellectual and moral, as well

as physical needs, for which provision ought to be made, and that upon the employer devolved, to a large extent, the duty of making that provision. Accordingly, as soon as his business was fairly launched, his first care was the interests of his men and their families. He succeeded (though at considerable expense) in banishing strong drink entirely from the place; he built a school house in which three teachers now look after the intellectual training of the young, and where the benefits of a first-class education can be obtained at a merely nominal cost; and we are informed that books to the value of several hundred dollars are annually distributed among the various families.

But the gem of the whole place, and the enterprize with which Mr. Gibson's name will ever be associated, is the church, a wooden structure that will accommodate 400 or 450 persons. This building was erected by Mr. Gibson alone, at a cost of *sixty thousand dollars*, and presented, together with the tasteful and commodious parsonage adjoining, as a free gift to the Methodist Connexion. We have heard the statement that from his boyhood Mr. Gibson had an idea that if ever he became wealthy he would like to build a church. Few men who have risen from small beginnings ever realize the day-dreams of their youth,—still fewer retain the disposition to carry out a scheme involving the expenditure of tens of thousands for a religious object. Mr. Gibson has proved himself one of the few. His splendid gift to the Connexion proves that the rapid increase of wealth has neither chilled the generous impulses of his youth, nor given rise to the conceit—*only too common*—that the Methodist Church, which may do very well for the poor and ignorant, is not “respectable” enough for the millionaires of society. Though not a “member of class,” Mr. Gibson is a true friend to Methodism. To all the interests of the Church he is a liberal contributor, and he has “a brick” in many other churches in the country around. It may not be out of place to say that when he presented the church at Marysville to the Connexion, Mr. Gibson also guaranteed the sum of \$1000 a year for the support of a minister. We shrewdly suspect that the largest portion of this amount has since been paid out of one pocket. Well might the Methodists of Marysville say of this generous friend,—“He loveth our nation and he hath built us a synagogue.”

We will not trespass upon the patience of our readers by enlarging upon the very evident lessons suggested by the facts here narrated,—the true relation of employer and employed, the duties of employers to those under their command, the vast amount of good that may be accomplished by a wise use of wealth,—all these are sufficiently plain without any comment. We will content ourselves with saying to those to whom God has given the ability—"Go thou and do likewise."

The following description of the church, published at the time of the dedication, will form an appropriate conclusion to this article :

"The style of the whole building is ornate Gothic, which is scrupulously adhered to throughout, and manifested to the admiring beholder on view of the entrance tower rising in octagonal pinnacles with pointed and ornamented arches and recessed Gothic windows. The height of the tower is 160 feet. The doors are of black walnut and ash, with carved columns and richly ornamented. Passing through the vestibule, which is lighted by double Gothic windows, and through another set of richly carved folding doors, we stand within the nave of the church, lost in sudden admiration and amazement as its incomparable beauty bursts upon our view. Here we have in design all that taste could suggest and art devise, in architecture a richness of elaboration which is perfectly gorgeous, and in painting, that harmonious blending of colour which gives delight to the eye and imparts to the feelings such pleasurable emotions. We have seen some of the finest churches in the Dominion and in the United States, including the celebrated Chapel of the Jesuits at Montreal, but nothing to exceed in elegance of design and execution, the little Church at Marysville. Standing at the entrance door and the astonishment of the *coup d'œil* having passed away, we observe the frescoed dome, the ornamental columns, the richly stained Gothic windows, the elegant pulpit tabernacle, the cushioned pews and carpeted aisles, all lighted by the amber coloured rays peering through the elegant lantern that graces the dome. The prevailing colour on the walls is a pale drab, the pillars of a darker shade. In the angles of the outer wall are ribbed columns, partially showing in the interior, crowned with ornate capitals, and from these to the columns supporting the dome, spring pointed arches, richly stencilled and painted. On these latter columns the caps are elegantly carved, the shadows touched with gold. From these spring, as we have already said, the vaulted dome with grained arches, frescoed in most elaborate style. The interior of the dome displays scrolls or medallions, gold stars on an azure ground, with smaller scrolls in garnet, surmounting the larger

in intermediate spaces. The glance upward from the centre of the Church, so indifferently portrayed in this imperfect description, is simply magnificent. In the eastern end of the Church, and extending over the vestibule, preserving the same style of groined arches and Gothic windows, is the organ gallery, where we found an instrument which could not have cost less than four thousand dollars. The organ loft will accommodate about thirty singers. If in this splendid edifice there be anything which the most correct taste would have to regret, it is that the magnificent east window of stained glass, carved and decorated with *fleur de lis*, and costing not less than a thousand dollars, is for the greater part concealed by the organ. At the opposite end is the pulpit or tabernacle, in a semi-circle recess, three Gothic pyramids rising above the reading desk, the central pyramid inlaid with the words in Gothic characters 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.' On the platform are three richly cushioned carved chairs, all in keeping with the style of architecture. This tabernacle is exceedingly chaste and elegant, and amid all the beautiful appointments of the building was especially admired. A door leads from the pulpit platform to the vestry, filled with reversible seats, and capable of seating one hundred persons. The reading-desk is of black walnut, inlaid with ash and comparatively plain, but unique. The windows of the Church are double Gothic, of stained glass, and bearing on either side of the central stile appropriate scripture texts—'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;' 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' and the like. The frame-work of the windows is highly ornamented with a surrounding of *fleur de lis* in relief. The pews converge towards the tabernacle, are uniformly cushioned and finished in black walnut and ash. There are no doors, but at each entrance a carved octagonal post with walnut cap rises about a foot above the level of the pew. It is unnecessary to say these seats are *all free*. From the centre of the lantern there is an elegant chandelier pendant, in blue and gold, containing a double row of lamps, each row twelve in number. This chandelier is at once a costly ornament and a useful appendage. The tabernacle and organ loft are lighted by triple brackets in keeping with the pendant. The aisles running along the internal walls, and leading from the vestibule to the pulpit are carpeted with Brussels carpeting and covered with hemp matting. The building is about sixty feet in diameter and capable of seating about four hundred and fifty persons. It is heated by a furnace in the basement, arranged on the latest and most improved system."

He that lives without prayer, or prays without life, hath not the Spirit of God.

PROHIBITION.

OF all the important subjects that are now occupying public attention, there is none more vital than Prohibition. Temperance people have laboured earnestly for many years to effect a reformation in respect to the drinking usages, and while all will agree that great progress has been made, and many cases of reformation have been effected, still the testimonies of Judges, Presidents of Asylums, and others, all testify to the melancholy fact that the foe against which war has been proclaimed still maintains a tremendous sway in our land. Crimes of all descriptions are committed under its influence. Scenes are enacted that resemble pandemonium. The heart is constantly wounded by reason of what the eye beholds as the results of the liquor traffic.

How to cure the evil is the question. None attempt to defend drunkenness. Even those engaged in the traffic would not assume such an unenviable position. All profess their earnest desire that the evil should be mitigated. The friends of Temperance have often asked the Legislature to bring down the strong arm of the law and crush the evil, but it is well known that large bodies move slowly, and Legislative Assemblies are no exception to the rule; indeed, generally speaking, there is so much routine in connection with Parliament that patience has abundant opportunities to have its perfect work.

Canada is our home, and while we take deep interest in all that pertains to the welfare of other lands, still we are bound to care most for the fair heritage which we possess. It is gratifying to know that Parliament has prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquors on election days and after a certain hour on Saturday night until a stated time on Monday morning; as well as defining the distance that must exist between all public works and places where liquors can be sold; besides prohibiting the sale to Indians and throughout the entire territory of the North-West. There are also various other laws such as the Dunkin Bill, which are intended to regulate this peculiar traffic; indeed, we do not hazard much in saying that no subject has so frequently been the theme of legislative enactment as this peculiar traffic. We infer that what has been effected, is only proof positive, that the friends of temperance

need not be discouraged, but rather buckle on their armour afresh, and resolve that they will fight it out on this line, and they may be sure that, however long and tedious the conflict may be, victory is sure.

According to the terms of the British North American Act, the question of Prohibition belongs to the Dominion Legislature. That august body last year appointed a Commission to visit the United States and enquire as to the working of prohibitory laws where such had been enacted. The gentlemen composing the Commission commenced their labours in good earnest, and spared no pains to arrive at the truth of the matter on which they were sent. We see that some have taken exception to their report, on the ground that both the gentlemen were temperance men. [One of the Commissioners, Mr. Davis, has since denied this in the public papers, declaring that he was not a prohibitionist nor even a pledged abstainer.—ED. E. C.] Would such objectors have sent whisky dealers on such an errand? Let any candid person read the report, and see how the Commissioners acted, and if they can then regard the report presented as one-sided and unfair, we will know what estimate to put upon their judgment. We have read the document from beginning to end, and cannot see how the gentlemen could have acted otherwise than they did, supposing that their object was to arrive at the truth.

The Commissioners visited *six* States and obtained interviews with Governors, ex-Governors, Secretaries of State, Clergymen, Officers of the Army, Senators, Members of Congress, Judges of the Supreme, Superior, and Police Courts, District Attorneys, Jailors, and others. Some of these were in no way identified with temperance organizations, so that they would be prepared to speak impartially, and though some of them declared that they disapproved of Prohibition and favoured license, still the testimonies which they gave cannot be looked upon otherwise than favourable to Prohibition, inasmuch as wherever license obtains, there the evils of drunkenness are much more palpable than where Prohibition is the order of the day.

In one instance they found that in *nine* months where license to sell was granted, there had been 279 commitments to prison. In *nine* months after prohibition was proclaimed in the same locality, there were only 63 commitments, which included a great

number who had sold liquor contrary to law. In one county jail there were only 4 prisoners when the prohibitory law was in force, but after its repeal the same prison contained 25 inmates. This was in Maine.

Massachusetts shewed the same results. A chaplain of a prison stated, that while prohibition was law, in eight months they had 65 prisoners, but under license, in the same space of time, they had 136. It has always been said, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to carry out a prohibitory law in cities, but the following speaks for itself. In Boston, the chief of Police stated that in one quarter in 1867 there were 4,147 commitments, but in the last quarter of 1868 there were 13,213 commitments; or an increase of 300 per cent of crime when licensè to sell was granted by the City Fathers.

These facts surely are strongly in favour of prohibition, and they could be easily multiplied; hence we believe, that if a prohibitory liquor law was enacted in Canada, we should have less crime and vice and immorality than now obtains among us.

We felt somewhat anxious to learn how our lawmakers in Parliament assembled would treat the report of their own Royal Commission, and what the outcome of the whole would be. The report of the debate is now before us, and the names of Ross, Smith, Dymond, Wilkes and the veteran Malcolm Cameron, are just where their friends might expect to find them, but there are others of whom the less is said the better; and though we have no wish in these pages to go further into particulars, lest we should be suspected as being biassed in favour of some political party, yet we do hope that the Temperance electors will not be slow to observe how their members acted on *this* question, and govern themselves accordingly.

We think the time has come when Temperance people must cease being allied with any political party, no matter of whom composed, that will not vote squarely for prohibition. The question has now to be fought at the polls, and it may as well be stated that the time has gone by for ignoring this question. It must be met. Temperance electors, if true to themselves, can, in many constituencies, defeat any candidate who will not vote true on this question.

Our friends must not deceive themselves by supposing that temperance principles are so sound, they will be sure to prevail. All this is true; but they will not prevail without downright earnest labour. And however much labour and time and means have been expended, the motto must still be, "At it, all at it, and always at it."

Mr. Casey, G.W.S., of the I. O. G. T., in a late issue of the *Casket*, has published some statistics, taken from "The Trade and Navigation Returns," which are really alarming, and are sufficient to prompt every true patriot to more resolute action. Nearly *three millions* of gallons of liquors were imported last year at a cost of more than *two millions* of dollars, besides all that were manufactured in Canada, from which he infers, that more than one million of barrels of alcoholic liquors are consumed each year, by less than *four millions* of people. The average cost of each barrel is not less than *twenty-five* dollars, so that we may fairly state, that not less than *twenty-five million dollars* a year are consumed by the people of Canada, in what Rev. Robert Hall called "liquid fire and distilled damnation." And yet we are a sober people!

We think that, as Temperance people, we have gone too far to recede, and we are therefore right glad that a convention is shortly to be held at Montreal, to consist of M. P's., Clergymen and others, to determine what shall be the future Parliamentary action on this question. In the meantime, let every temperance man, and woman be in earnest. Secure the most efficient talent for pulpit and platform advocacy. Combine together to send such men to Municipal Councils and Parliament as will be in favour of Prohibition. Banish liquor from all social circles, and from the Lord's Table. Scatter temperance tracts and flysheets throughout the land; and thus use every legitimate means to influence public opinion in favour of PROHIBITION.

B.

Whatever you want, go to God by faith and prayer, in the name of Christ, and never think that his delays are denials.

They that spend their days in faith and prayer shall end their days in peace and comfort.

NEED OF A DIRECT REVELATION :

FROM THE WEAKNESS, &c., OF HUMAN REASON.

IN any and every aspect in which one might be disposed to view the subject, this fact of man's ignorance of God, and those rules or laws which are necessary to the formation of a perfect code—such a code as we have in the Scriptures,—meet us, at the threshold of our investigation, as an insurmountable difficulty.

If this perfect rule of action and belief could have been secured to the world without a revelation, by the exercise of human reason, surely we should have had it without the interposition of heaven. As a rule, God does not do for man what man can do for himself; and it is a reasonable inference that, as God has given to the world a direct revelation, it was because man was unable, without it, to discover His will.

How do we account for the darkness and uncertainty which prevailed amongst the ancient heathen philosophers with respect to a future state? Surely it could not have been in consequence of any lack in their reasoning powers, for I think it will not be disputed that, for several centuries before the Christian Era, there lived some of the greatest minds that ever adorned our race.

There was Socrates, whose conceptions of right and wrong brought his teachings nearer the standard of truth than any heathen philosopher that either preceded or followed him. Plato, a disciple of Socrates, whose dialogues are considered unparalle'd for their philosophic and poetic range. Aristotle, a disciple of Plato, of whom it is said: "He accomplished in his day the task of a giant." He wrote treatises on physics, metaphysics, logic, (of which science he is acknowledged to be the discoverer,) rhetoric, politics, ethics, and the natural history of animals. His word in these departments was law, and to question his authority, heresy. Euclid, whose "Elements" have held their ground for 2000 years, as the basis of geometrical instruction.

Others might be named, who have founded schools, discovered laws, framed sciences,—who in fact accomplished some of the greatest achievements in scientific investigation.

The question may be asked, What is the writer's object in directing our attention to the ancient heathen philosophers? Firstly: to illustrate the teaching of a branch of Theological Science, that, however deep and broad its investigations may be, the human mind falls short of the knowledge necessary to the framing of a code of laws such as unmistakably govern the universe, both material and spiritual. And, secondly, as a comment on St. Paul's assertion (1 Cor. i. 21) "The world by wisdom knew not God."

Take, for instance, the justly celebrated Socrates, whom we might regard as the embodiment of the Theistical principles. He had a mind for range and wisdom perhaps unequalled in his day. He had the light of nature. The sun shone as brilliantly on Socrates, as he walked the streets of Athens, or mounted the Acropolis, as it did on Paul when he stood on Mars Hill, and charged the Athenians with a superstitious reverence for the unknown God; or as it does in this nineteenth century. The hills and dales, streams and rivers, in fact creation, was beautiful then as now. Yet the deliverances of this great man, gathered exclusively by rational induction from the works of the Creator, were, to use the language of an authority, "weak and uncertain."

In the conversation which he had with his friends on the immortality of the soul, he assured them that his chief support in his situation was an expectation, though not unmixed with doubts, of a happy existence after death. He further said: "I derive confidence from the hope that something of man remains after death, and that the condition of good men will then be much better than that of the bad." Just before his death, he offered up a prayer to the Gods, that they would grant him a prosperous passage into the invisible world.

Compare the ethics of Socrates with the precepts of Jesus, or the light of his teachings with that of inspiration, and the contrast is more striking than the light of an intermittent star to the full noonday splendour of the sun.

It is worthy of note that of all the writers of the Bible—Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles,—none claim to be the *discoverers* of the truths which they wrote; but on the other hand, the Apostle Peter (2 Peter i. 21) informs us, that "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

The celebrated Locke, in his Essay on the Human Understanding, says, with respect to Direct Revelation, "Such revelation is of things above reason; that is, of such things of which reason is altogether silent; for such revelation were to no purpose if it taught nothing at all farther than what might be found by the use of our natural faculties; though it may enforce such things as are found to be truths by our natural faculties, from considerations which could never be found out by them; and as far as it doth so, it is above and beyond what reason teaches."

When reason has reached its utmost limit in matters pertaining to God and a future state, revelation at that point takes up the theme and carries us into regions far beyond.

It is an axiom, that "Works of design must have an intelligent designer." Acting on that truth, reason furnishes us with a concrete, and tells us that God is; revelation takes us by the hand and conducts us into higher, and sublimer regions, and tells not only that God is, but furnishes us with the abstract, and tells us *what* God is. By one single sentence of three words, (John iv. 8.) the Apostle gives us more information respecting the nature of God, than generations of philosophers could without a revelation.

J. C. POYSER.

Lyn, Ont.

THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

SECOND PAPER.

IN the year 1805 A. D., the London Missionary Society began to think of China as a field for evangelistic toil and triumph. Their first desire was to procure a translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Chinese language, an important matter, which the Romish teachers had, for good Romish reasons, neglected or carefully avoided. The difficulties in the way were very great. It was necessary that the translator should be well versed in Scripture, sound in theology, of good judgment, and that he should have not only a knowledge of the language, but that he should also have some knowledge of the Chinese themselves, their customs and sentiments. In 1806 two young men, Messrs. Brown and Morrison,

were chosen. They were to commence the study of the Chinese language in England, under the direction of a native of China, by the name of Yong-sam-tak.

Dr. Vanderkamp, of South Africa, was requested by the Society to join his two younger brethren in planting the Gospel in the "Flowery Kingdom." He did not feel disposed to forsake Africa, whither he had been sent a few years before. Mr. Brown, after a little time, declined to go upon the mission, and Mr. Morrison was left to undertake the work alone.

In January, 1807, Mr. Morrison left England for China, by way of America. At New York he obtained from the Secretary of State, Mr. Madison, who manifested a deep interest in his mission, a letter of introduction to the American Consul at Canton. He was very nearly eight months in accomplishing his voyage, which could not now possibly require over one-sixth of that time. As soon as the object of his entrance into China was known, opposition sprang up from almost every quarter: from the Chinese; from the Roman clergy, who were regaining their position; from the East India Company, who at the first thought their "craft was in danger," and from the devil. Morrison was a man of God, a true servant of the Lord Jesus, through whom he was more than a match for all these combined powers of darkness. He at first adopted the dress and manners of the natives, allowing his nails and hair to grow long, eating with chopsticks, and wearing the heavy wooden-soled Chinese shoes. In this, as he afterward acknowledged, he erred in judgment, though his intentions were good. After a few months he forsook entirely this style of living. After exercising the most untiring patience and diligence for two years in acquiring a knowledge of the Mandarin and Canton dialects, he prepared a grammar for the press, and sent it to Bengal for the purpose of being printed. Its publication was most provokingly delayed, however, from one cause and another, until 1815, when it was printed at Serampore at the expense of the East India Company. The London Missionary Society, being greatly cheered by the zeal of their devoted agent, and encouraged by the progress he was making, sent out Mr. Milne to assist him in his great work. These two servants of the Lord Jesus seemed to have been of one heart and soul: worthy of each other as fellow-labourers with God, and worthy of the honour shown them by their brethren at home, and

by all who have succeeded them in Gospel work in China. Mr. Milne spent five months at Canton studying the language, and then repaired to the island of Java, where, through the assistance of Sir Stamford Raffles, Lieutenant-Governor of the island, he distributed several thousands of tracts and portions of the Scriptures.

Seven years of hard work passed before the missionaries saw any fruit of the labour. Tsae A-ko was the first convert to the Christian faith through the instrumentality of Protestant teaching.

The following confession of his faith shows him to have been firmly grounded in the truth as it is in Jesus. He says :—" Jesus making atonement for sin is the blessed sound. Language and thought are both inadequate to exhaust the gracious and admirable goodness of Jesus. I now believe in Him, and rely on His merits for the remission of sins. I have many defects, and without faith in Jesus should be eternally miserable. Now that we have heard of the forgiveness of sins through Jesus, we ought with all our hearts to rely on His goodness. When I reflect and question myself, I perceive that from childhood till now I have had no strength, no merit, no learning. Hitherto I have done nothing to answer to the goodness of God in giving me existence in the world as a human being. But shall I repine? Or shall I hope in my good deeds? No. I entirely cast myself upon Jesus for the remission of sins, and pray to God to confer upon me his Holy Spirit." Respecting him, Dr. Morrison says, "When Tsae A-Ko first came to me, he did not well understand what I meant. Three years afterwards, when I could speak better he comprehended a little more: presently he began to see that the merits of Jesus were sufficient for the salvation of all mankind and he believed on Him. May he be the first fruits of a great harvest, one of millions who shall believe, and be saved from the wrath to come."

In 1818 an entire version of the Scriptures into Chinese was brought to a conclusion. Towards this great work, the British and Foreign Bible Society magnanimously granted the noble sum of four thousand pounds sterling. Of the translation, Dr. Morrison says: "I have studied, in my translation, *fidelity*, *perspicuity*, and *simplicity*. I have preferred common words to classical; and would rather be deemed inelegant, than hard to be understood. To

the task I have brought patient endurance of labour and seclusion from society, a calm and unprejudiced judgment, and I hope an accurate mode of thinking, with a reverential sense of the awful responsibility of misrepresenting God's Word. I have made no departure, in any sensible degree, from the sense of the English version—and have not affected to make a new translation or an improved version."

It is said that an old lady in England, questioned the Doctor very closely, during his visit to his native land, respecting his work in China, and when he could not inform her that many souls had been converted, she inquired in a very haughty manner, what he had been doing all this time. He jocosely told her he had been making a plow! "Making a plow! That's queer work for a missionary, I should think!" At the public meeting in the evening, the Doctor told the old lady and the audience of the plow, at which he had so laboriously worked for eleven years,—the word of God in the written language of China with her hundreds of millions of souls. Aye, this is the plow that is to break up the fallow ground of that vast empire, to undermine her heathen temples and bring her gods into the dust, and to prepare the soil for the reception of the ever glorious truth.

In the year 1822, Dr. Morrison completed his great work, a Chinese dictionary, by means of which the language may be acquired with far greater facility than when he began, seeing he could not avail himself of any such advantage. His work was in every sense, pioneering.

The East India Company placed so high a value on the dictionary that they assumed the entire expense of its publication—fifteen thousand pounds, or nearly \$75,000.

On the 20th of March, 1824, Dr. Morrison arrived in England, and soon afterward was introduced at the English Court by Sir George Staunton and presented to the King. He laid before his Majesty a copy of the Chinese Scriptures and an account of the Anglo-Chinese College, which had been founded by Morrison and Milne in 1818, at Malacca. His Majesty was pleased to convey through his Secretary, an expression of his approbation of Dr. Morrison's distinguished and useful labours.

In May, 1826, Dr. Morrison again left England for China, where he arrived in September following.

The hearts of the two missionaries were cheered by the conversion of Leang A-fah, and much more so when they found him a successful co-worker in the vineyard. A-fah's soul longed for the salvation of his people. He became a Christian tract writer and distributor, as well as a preacher of the Gospel. He went forth weeping "bearing precious seed." In a letter to the directors of the Missionary Society, A-fah says: "Having been made a partaker of this great grace, my chief happiness consists in obeying the precepts of the Lord, and in loving others as myself, the greatest expression of which is to teach them to know the true God, and the grace of our Lord Jesus in redeeming the world. But the people of the middle kingdom (China) are divided into many sects, and pride occupies their hearts. They are glued fast to ten thousand forms of idols; the root is deep and the stem is strong; to eradicate it suddenly will not be easy. Therefore I hope that all believers in the Lord Jesus in your country will increase in benevolence, till all nations become one family and the Gospel be spread throughout the world."

On the 1st of August, 1834, Dr. Morrison sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. His name will be known and revered in China as long as time shall last. Dr. Milne preceded him by a few years. To their latest moments they manifested the same anxiety and zeal for the cause of the Gospel in China, which had characterized them throughout. They had through much toil and the Divine blessing, given China the Word of God, as well as the celebrated dictionary and grammar, important helps to their successors. They had also sown broadcast many thousands of religious tracts and portions of the Scriptures. They left behind them a flourishing Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, and, what afforded them the greatest comfort of all, a few converted heathen trying to meet their Christian teachers in Heaven, and two devoted native preachers, Leang A-fah and Keuh Agang.

The industry of Drs. Morrison and Milne has never been surpassed in any mission field. May their zeal provoke very many.

The Society in England sent out in 1817, the Rev. W. H. Medhurst, who afterwards wrote a very interesting and valuable work on "China, its state, and prospects."

Since then the field has been entered by Missionary Agents from almost all parts of the Christian world, although the number

is insignificantly small compared with the vast population of that land of idols. By a wonderful chain of Providences, that country has been thrown open to the Gospel herald, within the past twenty or twenty-five years as never before. Respecting China the words of the Saviour are most appropriate, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest," and "The harvest truly is *great*, but the labourers are *few*."

D. V. LUCAS.

Farmersville, May 6th, 1875.

THE APPROVED SEED.

THE Hebrews of old were the chosen seed, the people whom God selected as the means of conveying truth to a world shrouded in moral night. They were God's chosen witnesses to testify against the abounding idolatries and vices of the nations, to vindicate the truth of the Divine unity, and proclaim God's developing scheme of Redemption to mankind. A false philosophy was found even then in heathen lands professing to reveal the hidden God, but the revelations of philosophical minds bore a very different testimony to that of the revelation of God. The name and glory of the true God were proclaimed only in Israel; with that people were the facts of gracious interposition manifested; to them was the dispensation of the law given, and the promises made; over them the shekinah radiated; in their midst the prophetic fire burned; theirs was the priesthood and the symbolism that told of a vicarious victim offered for sin, and the sprinkling of the conscience by its blood. For ages, in the sublime ritual of that people, the truth of God was declared. That truth was Christ, who is the end of the Law for righteousness to the believer. But alas! the true seed became degenerate; the fine gold became dim. The children of the promises became most viciously corrupted. Revolt after revolt led them further and further from a clear apprehension of God's design in raising them up as a people, and ceasing, generally, to co-work with God by purity and rectitude of life, they were cast aside as a filthy garment and others were chosen in their place.

There is no change in the divine will or character. Purity is the essential feature of the Eternal mind. Conformity to that mind makes us children of God. The Father of all spirits never did and never can approve any but a consecrated and holy heart. In Christ his Son He calls us to sanctification of the spirit by obedience and love of the truth. A member of the faithful seed, chosen of God and sealed by spiritual circumcision—the will of the flesh cut off—serves God joyfully and acceptably in rectitude and holiness. If he should cease to do so, God would as certainly cut him off as He did the first of His called and chosen, for He is no respecter of persons.

Our only security is in the earnest pursuit of a holy calling. "Let us therefore fear lest a promise being left us of entering into that rest, any of us should seem to come short of it." Let the whole Church of Christ put on the glorious beauty of the Lamb. This is her life, her conquering power, and this will be her everlasting adorning.

T. CLEWORTH.

Our Love Feast.

UNDER GRACE.

EXPERIENCE OF ISAAC M. SEE, PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

[We commend to our readers the following experience of a beloved brother, well known in America. Some peculiarity of phraseology will be noticed, but there is the right ring in his words. Brother See is one of those to whom God has given the privilege of dwelling amid the sunshine of His grace. In a later communication he says :—

I have not much to say when arraigned in any way, for if ever mortal felt full of imperfection, I do, and am willing to swallow whole what some have to say of me and of my preaching. But my cry to our Blessed Master is, "*Make the most of my life.*" And he has greatly comforted me with the sight of the Blood upon me. By His grace, I am assured of His tender esteem, and I feel the precious kisses of His love. Hallelujah! I boil over with the Hallelujahs of a heart whose utter wreck Jesus turned into a feasting room for Himself. Tears of joy will force their way down in streams upon my cheeks for the "exceeding abundant"

manner in which He has answered my prayer, "above all that I have been able to ask or think." My poverty, wretchedness, miserableness, blindness, and nakedness, He has so sweetly turned into their opposites, taking me vast journeys past the old question of security, that if I were not sometimes wild with delight, the stones would cry out.

Some years have now passed since I entered upon this precious experience. They have been years of heaven begun.

We may not underrate our position in the sight of God. In Jesus Christ we are accepted as dear children. He loves us. He looks upon us as standing with Jesus in one body. Indeed, the Holy Scriptures teach us that He is waiting for the perfection of His own body in the ingathering of His Church. Every believer has a special standing in Christ Jesus—"Complete in him who is the Head,"—He the Head completed in His glorious Church.

I enjoy this blessedness—that He who "loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word; that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish"—that HE has joined me to Himself in a bond of deepest simplicity, and has made me one of a "chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that (I) should show forth the praises of Him who hath called (me) out of darkness into His marvellous light."

As a matter of personal experience, I do now *confess the Lord Jesus* in that which I do increasingly receive. But let me especially say, lest any might understand me as boasting in myself, *I never so felt my own weakness as this day, nor did I ever feel as this day, that there is nothing good in me.* I do rather glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me: infirmities that, on the record, are touched with the precious Blood of Jesus. This is what I understand by being "under grace." Under law, which is the old Eden, *everything is expected of a person.* The law says, "*Do this and live.*" Hence the man who will be saved by the law without the Blood, has all sorts of bondage, and a dreadful end. Hence also the Christian legalist who is, Galatian like, tied to the law, is ever burdened with something he has not done,

considering his infirmities outside the pale of the Blood, and of the New Eden. In this New Eden, which is called "UNDER GRACE," nothing is expected of a person in order to his entrance on the privilege save faith, and that is given him. In the old Eden it was the first Adam, in the new Eden it is the second Adam who is to do all.

There is sweet music to me in this New Eden. I am indeed under GRACE. It is grace from beginning to end. And the end shall not soon come. The end came to the first Adam through his weakness, *but the end cannot come to the second Adam.* The angels sing His final and everlasting triumph. The just made perfect sing His praise. It is a never-ceasing song. In endless round, when time is no more, this story, which takes up so much of our earthly time, shall continue to come up from individuals, from millions on millions of them—"I was lost, and am found, and am in heaven." The cause of it, and the instruments of it, and the way of it shall be recited; and the eternal glory of the presence of the Lamb, *to each of them*, a varied and peculiar and incommunicable presence.

The music of this new garden, apostolically called "UNDER GRACE," is in these unspeakable particulars:—

1. Jesus is my all and in all.
2. I am His dearly beloved.
3. He has done everything possible to infinite love to show me my perfect freedom in that house in which He is the first-born Son. These words tell the story—Pardon, Salvation, Assurance, Entire Sanctification.
4. Love is the grand characteristic of all manifestations; toward us from Himself; toward Him from ourselves; among each other from each to each. Heaven is all love, because God is love; and so God's love flowing from Himself, the only Source of love, among all the members, makes as real a heaven below as God could make.

I hear that music ringing in my soul. Where God is the Heavenly Guest, and Heavenly Source, and Heavenly Life within, there must be music. The sons of God will shout for joy. The traders having been cast out of the temple of my heart, all powers turn into the grand Hallelujah chorus. No earthly chimes are like it. Men's bells ring out Old Hundred, and "Oft in the stilly night,"

and national airs ; but God's bells within my ransomed soul sing "Hallelujah." So far as we can tell that is the only word known of the language of glory, and it is the seed of heavenly language. That song I sing with unutterable fulness,

"My life flows on in endless song."

And at times the glory is intense. But I do not cry, "Enough." I have known too much of the other side of the picture, when my heart was as still, and cold, and dreary as a thickening, deepening, burying fall of snow. Nay, I do not say to God that I have enough. Let Him pour it in. I love this everlasting summer, for which I sighed so many years. Now that it has come, I rejoice in all its fruits, and plenty, and melting, and singing, and open doors, and liberty, and joy, and gladness.

O Hallelujah, for this never-ending summer under grace. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." The Sovereign Spirit, like the wind, listeth now,—since the old obstructions were taken away by Sovereign Grace,—to blow in heavenly zephyrs through all my being. The Holy Spirit uses my heart as a field of holy, and to me unutterably glorious operations. He makes the place too warm for Satan to fight in, but in that warmth keeps me cool and recollected as to the source of all my security. He takes the things of Jesus and shows them to me, and shows me the Conquering Power of the Blessed Lamb of God.

In all this I the more tremble *in myself*. For all I have is His. All the heaven of my soul is from His gentleness. I am a very rough stone taken out of the mountain. It makes the perspiration start at every pore to do something in testimony. I seem very bold to some, but could they see the diffident, retiring, and distrustful nature out of which the actions come, they would say, "Behold what God can do."

And now, thus filled with joy and with heaven, I am going on to the bright for-ever. Satan, and timid friends say, "Be careful of your steps ; quick, quick ;" "Flee as a bird to your mountain ;" and I, trembling in myself, cry out, "I am in it." "The Lord is in His holy temple." "Immanuel, God with us." GOD IS WITH ME.

"The Lord is my Rock, and my Fortress, and my Deliverer ; my God, my Strength, in whom I will trust ; my Buckler, and the Horn of my Salvation, and my High Tower."

"On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand
All other ground is sinking sand."

Newark, New Jersey, U.S.

—King's Highway.

THE TRUTH PLAINLY STATED.

“Be ye holy ; for I am holy.”

CAN I BE HOLY? Yes ; or the command would not have been given. Not “that we are sufficient of ourselves, to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God ;” for, without Christ, you are helpless ; but, “through Christ,” you can do “all things.” Without Christ, you could not have surrendered yourself to God, in justification ; or have obeyed one of His commands ; or have made any advance in holiness ; or have had one good desire. All salvation is “by faith,” and all faith is from God ; but all exercise of faith *must* be by you. We are justified “by faith,” and “by faith” our hearts are “purified.” It is only by “looking into Jesus.” “by faith,” that we are kept from sinning ; and as He is able to save “unto the *uttermost*,” He is as willing as He is able. To expect, therefore, to be wholly saved from voluntary transgression, to be made holy, is no more presumptuous than to expect a partial salvation, a half-orbed holiness ; seeing that all salvation “is of faith, that it might be by grace ; to the end the promise might be sure.” The command is “Look unto me” (not yourself) “and be ye saved.”

WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF THE HOLINESS REQUIRED OF ME? It is not the holiness that pertains to God, nor to angels ; or that possessed by Adam before the fall, in degree. It is not absolute perfection, as that only belongs to God. It is not sinless perfection, nor even every kind of relative perfection ; nor, yet again, the perfection we attain to in the resurrection. It is not natural, but moral perfection ; a perfection of our Christianity, a perfection not incompatible with many human infirmities, such as a dull apprehension—unsound judgment—weak intellect—fertile imagination—treacherous memory, and the like ; and, of consequence, mistakes in judgment and practice. It is not a perfection that places us beyond temptation, or the possibility of falling into sin, or that does not allow of progression in holiness.

But it is a perfection, a state of holiness, in which the heart that loves sin is taken away ; a state in which we neither voluntarily sin, nor have a desire to sin ; a condition in which we trust in Jesus

to be kept *from* sin ; and, being cleansed "from all filthiness," we are better prepared to obey the command, "Perfecting holiness in the fear of God," as the more perfect the development of life, the more certain and rapid is its growth. This is being as holy in our sphere as God is in His ; and yet, to-morrow, you will be more holy than you are now, if faithful to the light of to-day, as the simply cleansed heart is the lowest stage of entire sanctification ; the sun faintly, yet clearly discerned from centre to circumference ; while being "filled with all the fullness of God," is the clear, unobstructed noonday sun.

HOW CAN I BE HOLY? By faith in Jesus Christ, "who of God is made unto us sanctification." Christ "his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness." We become "dead to sins" by trusting Jesus to make us dead. "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." To be holy, we must be "redeemed from all iniquity,"—must be "dead to sin ;" and to be thus "redeemed," and made "dead to sin," we must exercise faith in Christ. For these specific objects, and to do this, there must *first* be a full dedication of our entire being to God. Full, entire, and unreserved consecration is the normal condition of Christianity. With it, faith is strong ; without it, faith is weak. All *must* be laid upon the altar, and until this is done you are not on promised ground, for the Lord will be sought unto with "all the heart." Here you begin to obey ; and without this beginning there is no real progress in holiness. The command to Christians is, "Come out from among them" (all sin) "and be ye separate, saith the Lord ; and touch not the unclean thing ; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. Having therefore these promises" (to receive you and to become your Father), "dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." The Lord demands of *you* an unreserved consecration of soul, body, spirit, and all you have, to be used for His glory, and according to His will ; and this, the Lord declares, is your "reasonable service." The consecration having been made, the offering having been placed upon the altar, the Lord promises to "receive you," and to become "your Father ;" and "having these promises," the com-

mand follows, "Cleanse yourself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit," This you can do "by faith" in the promises, "I will receive you,"—"I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean : * * * * from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you." God promises to cleanse you, and make you holy, upon these *two* conditions—*unreserved consecration* and *unwavering faith* in His promises to "receive" and "cleanse" you. The process is simple, the conditions easy, and the result as certain as is the unchangeableness of God.

Are you willing to "come out and be separate" from all sin? To commit to the Saviour the keeping of your soul, body, spirit, family, friends, reputation, and all you have? And, from this moment let "the life which you now live in the flesh" be a life "by the faith of the Son of God?" Then do it *now*. Fall upon your knees, and, in the presence of Him who searches your heart, present to Him, "through Christ," your entire being, with all its faculties and powers, to be His *for ever*. Place *all* upon the "altar that sanctifieth the gift;" and then believe the word which says, "I will receive you,"—"I will make you clean,"—"I will save you from all your uncleannesses." Do not expect to believe these promises, *because* you feel; but look for joy *after* you *have* believed. "Faith is the evidence of things *not* seen" (felt); and feeling is the fruit, not root, of faith. Saving faith rests alone upon God's word, not feeling. You must believe God receives and cleanses you, *because* He hath affirmed it. This is faith, and it honours God.

Like Israel, you have been brought out of Egypt, where you found deliverance, to Horeb, and the Tabernacle, where you found Him who delivered, and where you were commanded to "go up and possess the land;" and through the wilderness the "cloudy pillar" led the way, and the flowing stream pursued you, and now you stand at Kadesh-Barnea, listening to the repeated command, "Go up!" Israel refused, and turned, and "wandered where there was no way;" for in "wanderings" God's way is rejected. The promised "rest of faith" is not sought: the "bread," the "water," the "grass," to sustain life,—the aim to enter Heaven "so as by fire!" these, these, are sought. The promise, "I will receive you," is more certain than the "cloudy pillar,"—more reliable than the pursuing waters or the "daily manna." Israel "*could* not enter in *because* of unbelief;" for "they believed not in God, and trusted

not in his salvation." Will you imitate Israel's folly? Is not the Word of God a sufficient foundation for *your* faith? Cannot *you* trust in the promise of God? a promise confirmed by the oath of God? Is it presumptuous to believe that God *can*, for "Christ's sake," and *will*, for His own oath's sake, cleanse from sin, and keep from sinning, those who will trust in Him for these blessings? Did not Christ come into the world to "save His people *from* their sins?" Is it not *your* sins, you now wish to be saved from? Look to Christ, then, to be saved *from* sin. Are your sins great? The inbred corruption obstinate and determined? Remember, "the Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil;" and among them, this love of sin, which gives you so much trouble, if you will only trust Him to do it for you.

WHEN CAN I BE HOLY? *Now!* The blessing of a clean heart is obtained "by faith;" and if "by faith," it must be just as you are, irrespective of merit in yourself; and if just as you are, then it is *now*. Faith is a *present* act, and brings a *present* salvation. You cannot believe now, for the future, and until you abandon the idea of being wholly saved in the future, you cannot be saved now; and remember, that in resolving to postpone this work, you *determine to do evil*. The command to Christians is "Come out," and "believe." Through Christ, you do now present unto God "your body to be a living sacrifice;" and this "offering," God declares, "I will receive." Do you believe this promise? It is the oath-confirmed promise of Jehovah! Do you believe it? You say, "I am so unworthy!" This the Lord knows, and Christ knew it when He died for you, that He might become your "sanctification." It is for "Christ's sake," not your own worthiness, that you are received. It is the altar "that sanctifieth the gift." Recollect that it is God who says, "I will receive you; and He requires you to believe His word, as a condition of being received. "Only believe," says the Saviour. Do not look for feeling, to help you to believe; for it is "by faith" you are received and cleansed. The child of God receives blessings "by faith" not by feeling. "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin," but it is only "by faith." The soul, body, and spirit, when presented "through Christ," to be a "living sacrifice," are received by the Father only "by faith;" and never forget that this faith is simply a belief that the Lord does just what he has promised to do. The only

knowledge you have that the Lord pardons and cleanses is from His word; and to receive these blessings there must be faith in that word; and *then*, "he that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself." "After that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise."

Is the offering you have presented, "through Christ," received? This is a momentous question! In it are involved the veracity of God, and your freedom from inbred corruption. The Lord says, "I will receive you." Do you believe these words? *Can* the Lord be unfaithful to His word? *Would* Christ have "sanctified" Himself, and died for you, that you "also might be sanctified through the truth," and then refuse to receive the offering He has induced you to make?

SHALL I BE HOLY? *Will* you be holy? *Shall* God be obeyed? With you, under God, rests the decision of these solemn questions. Before God, and in view of eternal scenes, let me entreat you to answer them *now*. "To-day!" you may—"Now!" You can decide. To-morrow! to-morrow! is not yours, my friend. To-morrow may find you where there is no "work," nor "device." "To-day! if you will hear his voice," God says, "I will receive you." Now! "The altar sanctifieth the gift;" but the offering *must* be placed upon the altar, and you *must* "HAVE FAITH IN GOD!—*King's Highway.*"

PRAYER.

Prayer doth not consist in elegance of the phrase, but in the strength of the affection.

Where there is a willing heart there will be a continual crying to heaven for help.

Pray that you may pray.

Waiting upon God continually will abate your unnecessary cares and sweeten your necessary ones.

Let nothing get between heaven and prayer but Christ.

Prayer, if it be done as a task, is no prayer.

Sin quenches prayer; afflictions quicken it.

The same spirit of faith which teaches a man to cry earnestly, teaches him to wait patiently; for as it assures him the mercy is in the Lord's hands, so it assures him it will be given forth in the Lord's time.

The breath of prayer comes from the life of faith.

GETTING THE CHURCH AT WORK.

THE very familiar sentence which we place at the head of this paper embodies much more than the idea commonly associated with it. It involves, certainly, a full attendance upon the public and social services of the sanctuary. It implies success in securing a general development, and a ready improvement, of the talents of the membership in the social meetings of the Church. It involves all the difference between what is called a dead and a living Church, and a vigorous prosecution of all legitimate Church work,—the care of the finances, regular and generous contributions to the great charities of the Church, attention to the sick and poor, and a lively Sunday-school organization.

But getting the Church at work involves a much wider scope of activity than this. All this may be considered the necessary preparation for the true work of Christian disciples. These are the means, simply, the most of them certainly, of moral discipline—the appropriate instrumentalities to fit the Christian labourer for the high services upon which he is to enter. There is a much broader field than the limits of the sanctuary ; and in the latter we chiefly obtain grace to compass the former. If it were not for the infinite resources at the command of the Church, as well as its human agencies, we might despair of accomplishing the sublime end proposed by its establishment upon the earth. We lose the great idea of the gospel if we permit our labours to be localized by the individual Church with which we are connected. The field is the world. The problem before every Christian is, how he shall do his utmost to redeem it to Christ. All the moral power that is gathered by the association of men in Church fellowship, the addition of talents, the uniting of contributions, the force of the social element, is to be used to draw the world towards the cross of the Redeemer. To get the Church at work, then, is to enable it to apprehend that for which it is apprehended of Christ Jesus. To secure that positive consecration of its membership which constantly utters intelligently the prayer, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?”

It will be seen at once that this is not an impulsive movement, nor one to be continued for a short interval. It is a life-work, and

one requiring constant and thoughtful consideration. We cannot work blindly to accomplish this great and delicate service for our fellow-men ; neither can we hope to move any instrumentalities under our charge without an intelligent conception of the end we have in view. To carry the telegraphic wire under the waves of the Atlantic was not the result of a happy accident, but the end of a self-sacrificing and persistent study, and labour, and triumph over obstacles. To lay an iron rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific was not the work of a day, or born of a hasty impulse, or consummated by blind efforts, or without securing the co-operation of all possible favouring forces. The work of fulfilling the Divine commission must also become a personal study. The Church needs as constantly a new infusion of ideas, as the country did during the war, to inspire, and economise, and direct its recourses. It is not saving the world simply to have good meetings, lively singing, animated speaking, and some religious interest. The field is wide—it stretches from the church door to the extremities of the earth. In order to pray intelligently, so as to grasp the Divine agencies, as the seaman gathers the winds of heaven within his canvas, or avails himself of the forces God has hidden in water, to reach the most distant shores, one must consider well his work, obtain wisdom from the Word of God, and yield his mind to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. How to use his talents, his influence, his substance, in the wisest manner, require the same forethought and study that we devote to the most important concerns of life.

There is no work more enlarging to the mind than this. It is equal to a course of University study to permit the soul to be exercised with these great earnest thoughts. Every Christian, however limited his previous training, becomes a student and a scholar, when he fully embraces the idea that he is one of the divinely appointed and acknowledged agents for the world's salvation, and that his life-work is to discover constantly how he may best accomplish his portion of the labour.

It is not simply preaching rousing sermons that will secure a working church in the highest sense. Clear, broad, intelligent views of duty must be set forth, a constant exhibition of the vast field with all its opportunities, and simple, practical suggestions to each one in his sphere must be given—to the child and the man, the youth at school, the merchant at his desk, the workman, the sailor,

the mistress, the servant—as to what is to be done at Church, what at home, what abroad, what upon our knees, what by the force of a pure life, what by the distribution of religious literature, what by the consecration of money, and on what altars to place it. In all these manifold details, the faithful man of God will seek to set his Church at work.

To such a Church a prayer-meeting will be like the gathering of the apostles at the feet of Jesus, where each recounted what he had been able to accomplish among the suffering and possessed of devils by the grace of God. The pressing wants of society, the need of Divine aid, the exultant conscientiousness of the co-working presence of the Master, will make such seasons hours of peculiar interest, and sources of renewed moral power. It is grateful to know that many churches are getting quite into working order through a marked renewal of holy affections. The work to be done now is properly to direct this growing inward devotion to an outward intelligent consecration. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments," Jesus says, which is, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." By prayer, by personal labour, by the generous consecration of the talent of money, we may directly or indirectly, at this day, touch every nation, and indeed every man in it. What an impression might be made upon the world if the whole Church were thus fairly set at work!

A Christian, however slow and stupid, is brighter and acuter than he would be without his Christianity. And the highest unconsecrated genius has missed that finest point of intelligence and sympathy, which only intimate contact with the divine nature can impart.

How foolish are those men who wish to pry into futurity! The telescope is ready, and they are looking through; but they are so anxious to see, that they breathe on the glass with their hot breath, and they dim it so that they can discern nothing but clouds and darkness.

When thou art wrestling, like Jacob with the angel, and art nearly thrown down, ask the Holy Spirit to nerve thine arm. Consider how the Holy Spirit is the chariot-wheel of prayer. Prayer may be the chariot, the desire may draw it forth, but the Spirit is the very wheel whereby it moveth.

The Home.

A MISTAKE.

SCENE I.

THE summer sun was high and strong
 And dust was on the traveller's feet ;
 Oh weary was the stage and long,
 And burning was the early heat.
 There was a pause. For Ernest stood
 Upon the borders of a wood,
 Between him and his home it lay,
 Stretching in mystery away.
 What might be there he could not tell,
 Of briery deep or mossy dell,
 Of bog or brake, of glen or glade,
 All hidden by the dim green shade.
 He had not passed that way before ;
 And wonderingly he waited now,
 While mystic voices, o'er and o'er,
 Soft whispered on from bough to bough.
 Oh was it only wind and trees,
 That made such gentle whisperings ?
 Or was it some sweet spirit breeze
 That bore a message on its wings,
 And bid the traveller, that day,
 Go forward on his woodland way ?

How should he know ? He had no clue ;
 And more than one fair opening lay
 Before him, where the broad boughs threw
 Cool, restful shade across the way.
Which should he choose ? He could not trace
 The onward track by vision keen ;
 The drooping branches interlace,
 Not far the winding paths are seen.
 Oh for a sign ! Were choice not right,
 Was no return, for well he knew
 The hours were short and swift the night ;
 Once entered, he must hasten through.

For what hath been can never be
 As if it had not been at all ;
 We gaze, but nevermore can we
 Retrace one footstep's wavering fall.
 Oh how we need from day to day,
 A guiding hand for all the way !
 Oh how we need from hour to hour,
 That faithful, ever-present Power !

Which should he choose ? He pondered long,
 And with the song of bird and bee,
 He blent an oft repeated song,
 A soft and suppliant melody.

“ Oh for a light from heaven,
 Clear and divine,
 Now on the paths before me
 Brightly to shine !
 Oh for a hand to beckon !
 Oh for a voice to say,
 ‘ Follow in firm assurance,
This is the way !”

“ List’ning to mingling voices .
 Seeking a guiding hand,
 Watching for light from heaven.
 Waiting I stand,
 Onward and homeward pressing,
 Nothing my feet should stay,
 Might I but plainly hear it,
 ‘ *This is the way.*’ ”

Was it indeed an answer given,
 That whisper in the tree-tops o’er him ?
 Was it indeed a light from heaven,
 That fell upon the path before him ?
 Or was it only that he met
 The wayward playing of the breeze,
 Parting the heavy boughs to let
 The sunshine fall among the trees ?
 Again he listened—did it say,
 “ This is the onward, homeward way ? ”
 Perhaps it did. He would not wait,
 But, pressing towards a Mansion Gate
 That, yet unseen, all surely stood
 Beyond that untried, unknown wood,
 And trusting that his prayer was heard,
 Although he caught no answering word,
 And gazing on with calm, clear eye
 The straightest, surest path to spy,
 (Not seeking out the smooth and bright,
 If he might only choose the right),
 With hopeful heart, and manly tread,
 Into the forest depths he sped.

SCENE II.

Hours flit on, and the sunshine fails in the zenith of day ;
 Hours flit on, and the loud wind crashes and moans o’er the ridge ;
 Heavily beateth the strong rain, lashing the miry clay,
 Hoarsely roareth the torrent under the quivering bridge.
 Under the shivering pine-trees, over the slippery stone,
 Over the rugged boulder, over the cold wet weed,
 Ernest, the traveller passeth, storm-beaten, weary and lone,
 Only following faintly whither the path may lead.
 Leading down to the valleys, dank in the shadow of death,
 Leading on through the briars, poisonous, keen, and sore ;
 Leading up to the grim rocks, mounted with panting breath,
 Only to gain a shuddering glimpse of sterner toil before.

Faint and wounded and bleeding, hungry, thirsty, and chill,
 Hardly a step before him seen through the tangled brake,
 Rougher and wilder the storm-blast, steeper the thorn-grown hill,
 Brave heart, and bright eye, and strong limb, well may they quiver and ache!
 Was it indeed the *right* way? was it a God-led choice,
 Followed in faith and patience, and chosen not for ease?
 Was it a false, false gleam, and a mocking, mocking voice
 That fell on the woodland pathway and murmured among the trees?
 Oh the dire mistake! fatal freedom to choose!
 Had he but taken a fair path, sheltered, level and straight,
 Never a thorn to wound him, never a stone to bruise,
 Leading safely and softly on to the Mansion Gate!
 Was it the wail of a wind-harp, cadencing weird and long,
 Pulsing under the pine-trees, dying to wake again?
 Is it the voice of a brave heart striving to utter in song
 Agony, prayer, and reliance, courage and wonder, and pain?

“ Onward and homeward ever,
 Battling with dark distress;
 Faltering but yielding never,
 Still shall my faint feet press.
 Why was no beckoning hand
 Sent in my doubt and need?
 Why did no true guide stand
 Guiding me right indeed?
Why? They will tell me all
 When I have reached the Gate.
 Where, in the shining hall,
 Many my coming wait.

“ Oh the terrible night
 Falling without a star!
 Darkness anear; but light,
 Glorious light, afar.
 Oh the perilous way!
 Oh the pitiless blast!
 Long though I suffer and stray
 There will be rest at last.
 Perhaps I have far to go!
 Perhaps but a little way!
 Well that I do not know!
 Onward! I must not stay.

“ Splinter and thorn and brier
 Yet may be sore and keen;
 Rocks may be rougher and higher,
 Hollows more chill between.
 There may be torrents to cross,
 Bridgeless and fierce with foam;
 Rest in the wild wood were loss,
 There will be rest at home,
 Battling with dark distress,
 Faltering but yielding never,
 Still shall my faint feet press
 Onward and homeward ever!”

Pulsing under the pine-trees, dying, dying,—and gone,—
 Gone that Æolian cadence, silent the firm refrain.
 Only the howl of the storm-wind rages cruelly on;
 Has the traveller fallen, vanquished by toil and pain?

SCENE III.

Morning, morning on the mountains golden-vestured, snowy-browed !
 Morning light of clear resplendence, shining forth without a cloud ;
 Morning songs of jubilation, thrilling through the crystal air,
 Morning joy upon all faces, new and radiant, pure and fair !

At the portals of the mansion, Ernest stands and gazes back,
 There is light upon the river, light upon the forest track,
 Light upon the darkest valley, light upon the sterner height,
 Light upon the brake and bramble,—everywhere that glorious light !

Strong and joyous stands the traveller, in that morning glory now,
 Not a shade upon the brightness of the cool and peaceful brow,—
 Not a trace of weary faintness, not a touch of lingering pain,
 Not a scar to wake the memory of the suffering hours again.

Onward by the winding pathway many another journeyed fast,
 Hastening to the princely mansion by the way that he had passed ;
 Spared the doubting and the erring by those footsteps bravely placed
 In the clogging mire, or trampling on the wounding bramble-waste.

Some had followed close behind him, pressing to the self-same mark,
 Cheered and guided by the refrain of that singer in the dark ;
 Some were near him in the tempest while he thought himself alone,
 And regained a long-lost pathway following that beckoning tone.

Some who patiently, yet feebly, sought to reach that mansion too,
 Caught the unseen singer's courage, battled on with vigour new ;
 Some, exhausted in the struggle, sunk in slumber chill and deep,
 Started at that strange voice near them, rousing from their fatal sleep.

Now they meet and gather round him, and together enter in
 Where the rest is consummated and the joys of home begin,
 Where the tempest cannot reach them, where the wanderings are past,
 Where the sorrows of the journey not a single shadow cast.

Singing once in dismal forest, singing once in cruel storm,
 Singing now at home in gladness in the sunshine bright and warm,
 Once again the voice resoundeth, pouring forth a happy song,
 While a chorus of rejoicing swells the sweet notes full and long :

“ Light after darkness,
 Gain after loss,
 Strength after suffering,
 Crown after cross.
 Sweet after bitter,
 Song after sigh,
 Home after wandering,
 Praise after cry.

“ Sheaves after sowing,
 Sun after rain,
 Sight after mystery,
 Peace after pain.
 Joy after sorrow,
 Calm after blast,
 Rest after weariness,
 Sweet rest at last.

“Near after distant,
 Gleam after gloom,
 Love after loneliness,
 Life after tomb.
 After long agony
 Rapture of bliss !
Right was the pathway
 Leading to this !”

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

—In *Sunday Magazine*.

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

PART II.—UNFAITHFUL.

CHAPTER IV.

A CRUEL BONDAGE.

WELL, then I learned what a cruel bondage the love of money is. It was bondage, not only to our old master, but to Rebecca and me. To get a shilling from him was as painful to him as taking a drop of his life's blood. He grudged himself every morsel he ate; and he could not bear to see the fire burning bright, and clear from ashes, but he must have the grate choked up with them, and a little handful of live embers on the top. That spring-time he would have no fire kindled in the kitchen, because of the extra expense my living was to him; and we sat with him in his parlour, and did what little cooking was done there. He was the poorest man I ever knew.

But it was at night that the bondage pressed upon him most cruelly. As soon as it grew dark he was tormented with fears of robbers, which prevented him from falling asleep, until he was quite worn out with weariness. He never knew what it was to lay his head down on his pillow, and sleep soundly and peacefully, like Transome when he was not racked with rheumatism. His money kept him waking worse than rheumatism ever kept poor Transome. He would not hear of Rebecca and me both going to bed; but one of us must sit up in the spare room, joining his; within call of him. Dreary hours of darkness were those. Never a night passed by but he cried out in his troubled sleep that thieves were breaking in to steal his treasure. Many a time I found him crying and wringing his hands, as he sat up in bed, between waking and sleeping; and it was harder to pacify him than a frightened child, who has been awaked by some terrifying dream.

Yet as soon as he could recover himself he would vow and declare he had not as much as ten shillings in the house, and thieves would be finely disappointed if they came. I never knew what to believe.

"Tell me," I said to him one day, when we were alone, "why you are so full of fear. If there is no money in the house, how is it you cannot sleep for terror?"

"I cannot tell," he answered, with a troubled face, "but as soon as I fall asleep it seems as if all my money, all I ever had, was hoarded up in my room. There's gold under my pillow, and in all the boxes, and all the drawers, and hidden under the flooring,—gold everywhere; and thieves are always trying to break in to steal it. I hear them whispering, and creeping about; and boring stealthily at the door to get in, till I cry out; and that wakes me, and you or Rebecca come in and tell me I've been dreaming. But it is not like a dream. I wish the night would never come, for it is always the same thing."

"Every night?" I said.

"Every night," he repeated, with his wavering, trembling voice.

"But you should ask God to deliver you from these terrors," I said, for I felt grieved for the miserable old man. "He is ready to help all those who cry to Him. He brought me out of all my troubles, and He can save you. You're a more learned man than me, sir, and you used to be regular at church and the sacraments; surely you know God will hear you if you cry to Him?"

"I dare not," he answered, his shaking head falling lower on his breast; "if I ask Him for anything He will require me to give up my money. I know it; I tried it years ago. I wished to be safe, and be a Christian, but I could not give up my money. It is too late now. I cannot part with it."

He spoke slowly, and as it were unwillingly, in a low tone, as though he were thinking aloud, not talking to me. So awful the words sounded to me that I trembled and shivered, and could scarcely find voice to answer him.

"Oh, try!" I cried, "try to give it up, even if you feel as though it would kill you. Christ will help you; He who gave up all heaven for our sake, He will help you to give up this poor money of yours that's destroying all your peace, and keeping you away from God. Christ will help you; for He's helped me to give up Transome."

"No," he said, "no! it is too late."

He was silent for a few minutes. Then a cunning look came over his wrinkled face, and he looked at me sharply with his small, sunken eyes.

"I've been talking nonsense," he said; "I've no money to give up. I'm a poor, penniless old man, with nothing before me but to die in the workhouse."

He began to groan over his poverty, and mutter about the workhouse. But I could bear it no longer, and I rose up, and left him to groan and mutter to himself. The dark, gloomy house seemed like a prison to me, and the air in it stifled me. I went out into the wilderness of a garden, and walked up and down its grass-grown walks, thinking of the wretched man who was tossed from one delusion to another; at night tormented with fears for his riches, by day burdened with dread of the workhouse. Truly, he had pierced himself through with many sorrows.

How dreary were the long nights of the next winter! Before it was dusk in the afternoon our master would begin to worry about the doors, being locked, and the shutters fast; and there was no rest until Rebecca and me had been all round the house to see if every place was safe. Even then he would send us again and again during the night, to make sure that no fastening had been forgotten; and sometimes when he was well enough he would go round to satisfy himself. I can see him now—his poor, bent body, hardly strong enough to bear its own weight, and his shaking head, and his searching eyes peering into the darkest corners, where he fancied some robber might be lurking. I begged him often and often to have some honest, decent man to sleep in the house for our protection: for what could I do, or Rebecca, if his fears came true? But he would not give ear to my words. He could trust no man, he said. I knew that he could not trust God.

CHAPTER V.

"THOU FOOL!"

PHILIP CHAMPION had been once in England since I had left my cottage to dwell with his uncle; but he had not had time to visit me, and I did not tell him what I was doing for his sake. My landlord had told me that his will was altered, and all was right for Philip. Without that I think I could not have borne up.

I was beginning to be a little timorous myself; though I had never known what fear meant when Transome and me lived in our little home, even when it stood quite close at the head of a clough that had no very good name. The poor food, and bad nights, and the prison-like feeling of the place, began to tell upon me, almost as much as the workhouse did. It seemed as if there was nothing

in the world to be thought of, or talked about, or cared for, but money. Rebecca was constantly telling me of her expectations from her old master, and what she meant to do with her thousand pounds. So both in parlour and kitchen, whenever I was alone with either of them, all the talk and all the thought was money. Nay, my mind began to dwell upon it, though it was for Philip's sake; and I seemed to forget the sunshine, and the fresh air, and the singing of birds, and the love of one another, even God's love. Yet the least of these is better than thousands of gold and silver.

Whether I should have grown like Rebecca and our master I cannot tell. But after Christmas was past—a Christmas with no good-will or gladness in it—and while the nights were still long and dreary, the end came. It was almost as if a voice had come from God: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!"

I had fallen asleep for very weariness that night in the large, old chair, where I kept watch in my turn for our master. It was more of a doze than a sleep; for he had been quiet only for a little while, after crying out once or twice that he could hear thieves trying all the doors and shutters in the house. It was so old an alarm, like the boy's cry of "Wolf," that it had not disturbed me at all; and when he was quiet I fell off into an uneasy doze in my chair. The back of it was towards the door,—a high back, which kept my head free from draughts, and hid me from the sight of anybody in the master's room. Just before me, over the mantelshelf, there stood an old cracked looking-glass in a tarnished gilt frame, where, when I looked up, I could see dimly the light in my master's bedroom. For of late his terrors had so much increased he had been forced to keep a candle burning in his chamber,—a thin, farthing rushlight, which only served to make the corners look darker. Suddenly, as I was napping, a bright gleam from the looking-glass shone across my face, and I woke up, broad awake, as though some voice had called me; but there was no sound. Only in the dim glass I could see a fuller light than ever was given by a farthing rushlight, and it was moving about in the room beyond. I could see, too, still in the glass, that the door behind me was open; and the long, dark passage leading to the other part of the house looked black in the reflection. What did the open door and the brighter light mean? Could Rebecca have stolen through the room silently? And what was she doing at this hour in the room beyond?

Yet I kept still, why I scarcely know, watching the flitting of the light in the dim glass above me. But all in an instant a shrill, wavering, terrified cry rang through the house, and I saw a man's figure cross hastily to my master's bedside.

What was I to do? A poor, feeble, old creature like me! I had not strength to contend with a child, and how could I defend my master and his money from a thief? I did not stir for a moment or two, thinking. I had not been seen—that was plain. The door was open, and the passage free to escape. But ought I to leave him alone with this villain? There were but two courses open to me. I might either go into the chamber, and do whatever I could to protect the poor old man, and so put myself also in the power of the thief; or I could steal quietly away, and awake Rebecca, and try to get help from my neighbours. I was not long in deciding. Before the thief turned away from the master's bedside I crept noiselessly, quaking with fear, across the floor, and made my way upstairs to Rebecca's room.

She was sleeping soundly, for though her room was above the master's, she was too much used to hear him cry for help to be disturbed by that last cry of his. But when I put my hand on her she awoke in a moment, and looked at me with eager eyes.

"Is anything the matter with him?" she asked.

"Hush!" I whispered, "the thieves are here at last. Be quiet, Rebecca. Steal out of the back door, and call for help. You will be quicker than me."

"Thieves!" she said in a scornful tone: "are you out of your mind, too?"

"No," I said; "it's true this time. Get help, Rebecca, quickly. They may murder him. Hark! he is as quiet as death now."

For in the room below our master's cries had ceased entirely, and all was still. That frightened Rebecca. She sprang up, and throwing on a cloak that hung behind the door, she stole silently down the staircase. I followed, and saw her tarry for a moment or two, peering in through the open doors, through which the light was shining brightly; and then very swiftly, but very steadily, she sped on her way; and presently the click of a latch downstairs told me she was fairly out of the house. I was alone with the thieves!

But those were terrible minutes! Never shall I forget them. I hid myself in a dark corner of the staircase, listening and watching with all my might. The house was so still I could hear their footsteps moving about the room, and the hurried opening and shutting of boxes and drawers. There were more boxes in that chamber than anywhere else in the house; but nobody had seen the contents of them except the master. There was also an old-fashioned desk, full of little drawers and secret recesses, which I have often seen since, and that gave the thieves a world of trouble. They were not so quiet now, and I could hear two voices speaking; but the master's voice I could not hear, though I hearkened for it anxiously. A great dread came over me, lest he

should have been murdered; he, an aged man of eighty years, who ought to have passed away in peace and quietness, with some one beside him to speak a last kind word as he went down alone into the dark valley of the shadow of death.

But it is only the *shadow* of death to those who can see the bright shining of the sun beyond. To those who go down into it in utter darkness it is the valley of death itself. In all my terror I thought of Transome dying in the workhouse, with a smile upon his face, as if he had a foretaste of the joy of his Lord, into which he was entering. There are worse deaths in the world than dying in the workhouse.

Still I could hear the thieves at work with their tools, just as the master had described it to me, sawing and boring, and breaking open locks, with very little precaution against noise now. It seemed so long that I began to think Rebecca must have fled away in her fright, and left me and her poor old master to their mercy. To be sure I might have followed her; the way was free, and the house-door open. But I could not make up my mind to go, and leave the old man quite alone, even though I could give him no help, save to stand there behind the door, praying that Rebecca might come back soon.

At length—but oh! how long it seemed—I heard footsteps treading cautiously along the gravel walk towards the house; and I held my breath to listen, and trembled the more, lest the thieves should catch the sound. But they had grown too secure, having been so long undisturbed, and they were too busy with their tools to hear so slight a noise as that. Nearer and nearer, into the hall below, and quietly up the dark staircase came three or four of our near neighbours, with Rebecca leading them; and so, quietly, without warning, they broke in upon the thieves, and caught them almost before they knew they were in danger.

THE HOUSE-TOP SAINT.

‘**Y**ES, yes, sonny, I’s mighty fo’ handed, and no ways like poo’ white trash, nor yet like any of dese onsanctified col’d folks dat grab their liberty like a dog grabs a bone—no thanks to nobody!’

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl McIvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she had become her own mistress, to a young teacher from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk.

“I’m truly glad to hear of all this comfort and plenty, Sibyl; but I hope your treasures are not all laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian?” asked the young stranger.

Sibyl put up her great hands, and straightened and elevated the horns of her gay turban; and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye, and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, "You hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a 'spectable sort of a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckons! But for dese last twenty-five years, I'se done been a mighty powerful one—one o' de kind dat makes Satan shake in his hoofs—I is one of the house-top saints, sonny!"

"House-top saints? what kind of saints are those?" asked the young Northerner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sibyl; "I thought like's not you never even heard tell on 'em, up your way. Dey's mighty scarce any whar; but de Lor's got one on 'em, to any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation!" replied Sibyl, triumphantly.

"And that is you?"

"Yès, sonny, dat is *me!*"

"Then tell me what you mean by being a house-top saint?"

"Well, I means dat I's been t'rough all de storeys o' my Father's house on arth, from de cellar up; and now I's fairly on de ruff—yes, on de very ridge pole; and dare I sits and sings and shouts and sees heaven—like you never see it t'rough de clouds down yere."

"How did you get there, auntie?"

"How does you get from de cellar to de parlor, and from de parlor to de chamber, and from de chamber to de ruff? Why, de builder has put sta'rs thar, and you sees 'em and puts your feet on 'em and mounts, ha!"

"But there are the same stairs in our Father's house for all His children, as for you; yet you say house-top saints are very scarce?"

"Sartin, sonny. Star's dont get people up 'less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta'rs leadin' up to glory it would'nt help dem dat sits down at de bottom and howls and mourns 'bout how helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a blackin' of your boots, he's de husban' o' *my* bussum, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor, down-cellar 'sciple, sittin' in de dark, and whinin' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't up stairs! I says to him, says I, Brudder—I's allus called him Brudder since he was born into de kingdom—why don't you come up into de light?"

"Oh, says he, 'Sibby, I's too onworthy; I doesn't deserve de light dat God has made for de holy ones.'"

"Phoo, says I, Brudder Adam! Don't you 'member, says I, when our massa done married de gov'ness, arter old missus' death? Miss Alice, she was as poor as an unfeathered chicken; but did she go down cellar and sit 'mong de po'k barr'ls and de trash 'cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up sta'rs? Not she! She tuk her place to de head o' de table, and w'ar all de lacery and jewelry massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin', I's

no more poor gov'ness, teaching Col'n McIvor's chil'n; but I's de Col'n's b'loved wife, and I stan's for de mother of his chil'n, as she had a right to say! And de Col'n love her all de more for her not bein' a fool and settin' down cellar' mong de po'k barr'ls!

"Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam! But so fur it haint fotched him up! De poor deluded cretur' thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovellin' like! It's un-worthy of a blood-bought soul for to stick to de cold, dark cellar, when he mought live in de light and warmf, up on de house-top!"

"That's very true, Sibyl; but few of us reach the house-top;" said the young man thoughtfully.

"Mo' fools you den!" cried Sibyl. "De house-top is dere, and de sta'rs is dere, and de grand glorious Master is dere, up 'bove all, callin' to you day and night, 'Frien', come up higher!' He reaches down His shinin' han' and offers for to draw you up; but you shakes your head and pulls back and says, 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothing.' Is dat de way to treat Him who has brought life and light for you? Oh, shame on you, sonny, and all de down-cellar and parlor and chamber Christians!"

"What are parlor Christians, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Parlor Christians, honey? Why dems is de ones dat gets barely out o' de cellar and goes straightway and forgets what kind o' creturs dey was down dere! Dey grow proud and dresses up fine, like de worl's folks, and dances and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our ole missus, she used to train 'mong her old col'd folks wuss den ole King Furio did 'mong de 'Gyptians. But bless you, de minute de parson or any other good brudder or sister come along, how she did tune up her harp! She was mighty 'ligious in de parlor, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out."

"I do think missus got to heaven, wid all her infarmities. But she didn't get very high up till de bridegroom come and called for her! Den she said me, one dead-'o-night. 'Oh Sibby,' says she—she held tight on to my han';—'Oh, Sibby, if you could only go along o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' getting through de shinin' gate! your clothes and your face and your hands shines like silver, Sibby!' says she. "Dear soul," says I, dis ligh. you see isn't mine! It all comes 'flected on to poor black Sibyl from de cross; and dere is heaps more of it to shine on to you and every other poor sinner dat will come near enough to cotch de rays!"

"'Oh,' says she, 'Sibby when I heard you shoutin' Glory to God and talkin' o' Him on de house-top, I thought it was all su'stition and igno'ance. But now, Oh, Sibby, 'd like to touch de hem o' your garment, and wipe de dust off your shoes, if I could on'y ketch a glimpse o' Christ."

"Do you b'lieve dat you's a sinner, missus?" says I.

"Yes, de chief o' sinners;" says she, with a groan.

"Do you b'lieve dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out His plan? says I.

"Yes," says she.

"Well, den, says I; if you's sinner 'nough, and Christ is Saviour 'nough, what's to hender your bein' saved? Just you quit lookin' at yourself, and look to Him.

"Den she kotch sight o' de cross and she forgot herself; and her face light up like an angel's; and she was a new missus from dat yar hour till she went up. She died a singin',

"In my han' no price I bring,
Simply to dy cross I cling."

"But she mought a sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de hoomiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de privileges o' de parlor. Parlors is fine things; but dey ain't made for folks to spen' deir whole time in."

"What's a chamber-saint, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Chamber saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare of de cellar, and de honey-traps o' de parlor, and got through many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is glad o' rest. Dey says, 'Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's on'y half way up, and thinks dey's come off conqueror a'ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid deir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't nowhar, now! But he is close by 'em, and he smoooves deir soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem—not for one while! De chamber is a sort o' half-way house made for rest and comfort; but some turns it into a roostin' place! You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

"No."

"What, never heerd tell o' John Bunyan?"

"Oh, yes."

"I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat! Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and loss his roll, and dat's what's de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de worl.' Dey falls asleep and loses deir hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time, auntie?" asked the young learner.

"I does, honey. By de help of de Lord, and a contin'l watch, I keep de head ob de ole sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty general. Why, sometimes, when he rises up and thrusts his fangs out, I has such power gin me to stomp on him dat I can hear his bones crack—mostly! I tell you, honey, he don't like me, and he's most gin me up for los'."

"Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the victory over Satan."

"Heaps o' ways," she replied. "Sometimes I gets up in de

mornin', and I sees work enogh for two women ahead o' me. Maybe my head done ache and my narves done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear, 'Come or go what likes, Sibby, dat ar work is got to be done! You's sick and tired a'ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, sister Sibby'—Satan often has de imperdence to call me 'sister'—'and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle'patry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. But just you look at dat ar pile o' shirts to iron, 'sides cookin' for Adam and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter!' Dat's how he 'sails me when I'se weak! Den I faces straight about and looks at him, and says, in the words o' Scriptor, 'Clar out and git ahind my back, Satan!' Dat ar pile o' shirts ain't high enough to hide Him dat is my strength! And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and rolls 'em into a bundle, and heaves 'em back into de clothes bask't, and says to 'em, 'You lay dar till to-morrow, will you? I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan! for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hime to cheer my sperits, if I like.' And den Satan drops his tail and slinks off, most general; and I goes 'bout my work a singin':

"My Master bruise de sarpint's head,
And bind him wid a chain;
Come, brudders, hololujah shout,
Wid all your might and main!
Hololujah!"

"Does Satan always assail you through your work?" asked the young stranger.

"No, bless you, honey; sometimes he 'tacks me through my stummick; and dat's de way he 'tacks rich and grand folks, most general. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corn cake in times gone, I used to get low in 'ligion, and my hope failed, and I den was such a fool I thought my Christ had forgotten to be gracious to me! Satan makes great weepens out o' bacon! But I knows better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothin' has power to separate me from Him I loves. I's had sorrows enough to break down a dozen hearts dat had no Jesus to shar' 'em wid, but every one on 'em has only fotched me nearer to Him! Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on dair way to glory, and swin into de shinin' harbor through a sea o' honey! But, sonny, dere's crosses to bar, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to bar 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross, and help Him up de hill wid de load o' poor bruised and wounded and sick sinners He's got on His hands and His heart to get up to glory! But, la! honey! how the time has flew; I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner; for it's one o' my articles o' faith never to keep him waitin' beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gi'es Satan fresh 'vantage over him. Come up to my place, some day, and we'll have more talk about the way to glory."

PROVIDENTIAL IMPRESSIONS.

The following incident, strikingly illustrating the fact of direct Providential interference in the way of *mental impression*, was related to the writer by the lady referred to:—

A lady, going to reside in a small town not far from London, connected herself with the Wesleyan Sunday school, becoming a morning teacher. Upon the Class register she found the names of several girls who attended only in the afternoon.

Among these, one was particularly impressed on the mind of the teacher, who felt a strong desire to see her, and inquire about her spiritual condition. For some time no opportunity presented itself, until she was one day walking with one of her own children, who said, "Look, mamma, there is M—."

Mrs.— immediately spoke to the girl, and a conversation followed, in which the teacher talked plainly to M— about her soul, and invited her to a week evening Bible-class conducted by herself. For some time M— occasionally attended this, until one day the teacher, inquiring for her, was told that she had gone into the country very ill. Her address was obtained, and Mrs. — wrote a letter to her, affectionately inviting her to give her heart to the Saviour.

Now M— had been, up to this time, averse to speaking of spiritual things. When, however, the letter reached her, she seemed intuitively to perceive its contents, and said, "I know what is in it, mother; read it to us all."

From this time she spoke freely to those about her respecting her soul. Soon she returned to her former home, but not for long. Her race was well-nigh run, and a few weeks after her return she fell asleep, trusting in Jesus, and ascribing her salvation, under God, to the faithful and loving efforts of Mrs. —. The latter says she frequently felt the necessity of this girl's immediate salvation so impressed upon her, as to make her manner of introducing the subject seem to herself quite abrupt and rude. Surely this should encourage us to be "instant in season, out of season;" for there can be no doubt that if we are ready to undertake such work, we shall always find it placed close to our hand by Him who willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that all should turn to Him and live.—*Christian Miscellany*.

Have a special care of two portions of time—morning and evening: the morning to forethink what you have to do; and the evening to examine whether you have done what you ought.—*Wesley*.

"UNION" CHURCHES.

BISHOP PIERCE, in one of his recent letters, writes of Union church edifices: "On my first circuit there were three *Union* churches, and they were *dry places* for us all, Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians. Neither party prospered. So I have found it ever since, everywhere. We are in each other's way. Conflict of appointments, disputes about days, and collisions which neutralize each and all. There is no excuse for this evil. Are you weak and poor? Build a plain log house. This any neighbourhood can do. Let it be your own to have and to hold, to come and to go, to open and to shut. You cannot develop Methodism without it. Without it, you will have to give up your class-meetings, give love-feasts the go-by, drop your prayer meetings, have a union Sunday-school, where, of course, there must be no Methodist catechisms, or books on theology. There can be no free, full-grown, vigorous Methodism, under this arrangement. You have sacrificed your independence. Association in this way is contagion. You cannot help yourself. If you keep your faith as to doctrine, you will modify your experience as to its spirit and modes of expression. If you have a revival it is hampered by the courtesies and jealousies of your partners, and your own fear of offence. When you shake the tree they gather the fruit. Come out, brethren, and set up for yourselves. Be Methodists, out and out. Live peaceably with all but maintain your individuality. Keep up all our peculiarities. Preach like Methodists, pray like Methodists, sing like Methodists. Imitation weakens us. Saul's armour does not fit us. Stick to the sling and the stone. Israel ruined herself when she asked for a king, that she might be 'like other nations.' There is nothing in Methodism to be ashamed of. Cherish reverence for her history. Believe her theology, admire her system, sustain her institutions, defend her when she is opposed; seek to develop all her resources; live up to her 'General Rules.' Shun bigotry, exclusiveness, ritualism. Cherish charity for all, but *thank God you are a Methodist*. Beware of 'liberty,' falsely so-called. It is the devil's bait on the devil's hook to catch unwary souls. Once more I say, build your own houses of worship, and when they are open, *always* occupy your places therein. A *log-house*, a *bush arbor*, a *Methodist tree*, is better for us than any partnership arrangement. Have done with *Union churches*. What you save in money you lose in members; what you gain in accommodation as to a better house, is lost in power as a distinct denomination.—*Memphis Advocate*.

Missionary Department.

MEXICO.

FOR many years this country was wholly inaccessible to Protestant missionaries. The Roman Catholic Church, with its well-known exclusiveness, held possession of the country, and ruled with an iron hand. A better day has now dawned, and from the close proximity of the country to the United States, the Churches there have not been slow to avail themselves of the favourable openings that have been presented. Truth and error are now contending for the ascendancy. It is said that "Mexico, of all countries opposed to Vaticanism, is the most thorough and decisive. The legislation of last December withdraws all official recognition from the dominant Church. Processions through the streets, so dear to many ardent Catholics, are absolutely forbidden, except under the special supervision of the police. The police are to prevent obstruction in the public highway, and attacks on those heretic onlookers who refuse to uncover their heads as the procession passes. The ordinary monastic orders are suppressed, and the Sisters of Mercy are forbidden to carry out their works as a religious organization, or to go about in a distinctive dress. These measures have caused a reactionary combination amongst Catholic ladies of several of the principal towns, who have formed unions, the rule of which is to be on no terms of intimacy with even a father or husband who takes any part in carrying out the law as regards the Sisters of Mercy. The recent act of persecution at Acapulco, by which so many lives were lost, was a direct consequence of efforts to resist the law."

Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, the missionary in charge of Acapulco at the time of the outbreak, has returned to the scene of danger, and again set up the Gospel banner in the name of Christ. He writes hopefully in the *Missionary Herald*. During two months previous to the last Sabbath in September, 30 members were received into the Presbyterian church in the city of Mexico on examination, making a total of 123 members.

A Presbyterian church was also organized at Vera Cruz in November last, when 82 persons were received on examination.

It is pleasing to record the fact that the Presbyterians are strengthening the staff of their missionaries in Mexico. Last January, the Rev. J. Edwards, his wife, and a baby three months old, departed to Guadalajara, which is to be the scene of their toil. Mr. E. is a countryman of the martyr Stephens, and possesses much of his heroic spirit. The directors, while feeling much concerned about the past in Mexico, feel confident that the depression will not continue long, and will eventually prove to have furthered the interests of Christianity in that land, now so dark under the sway of Romanism.

M. E. Church.—The Mexican Mission was only formed in 1872, under the superintendence of Rev. W. Butler, D.D., and now there are 25 agents, American and native, an average attendance of 521 at public worship, and church property has been acquired amounting to \$53,190. Four day schools and three Sabbath schools have been established; the former are attended by 62 pupils, and the latter by 93. There is also an orphanage established, in which 23 orphans are being cared for, 11 of whom are boys, some of whom, it is hoped, may yet preach the Gospel to their fellow countrymen. Dr. Butler says, "Our work in Mexico has met with such success and attained such proportions as to challenge the hearty support and confidence of the Church."

TURKEY.

This is a mission country of great extent, inasmuch as it is situated in Asia, Africa and Europe. The Mohammedan religion prevails extensively; there are also several Jews, Roman Catholics, and adherents of the Greek Church. Those who have dared to change their religion have usually been subjected to the most bitter and grievous persecutions. Liberty of conscience has been wrung from the Sultan on behalf of his subjects, but this promise is often violated. Some Christian converts at Latakia and Marash were recently made to feel how bitter the lot of those is who live under Turkish rule. A deputation from the Evangelical Alliance, England, recently went to Constantinople, hoping to obtain an audience with the Sultan respecting those persecutions; but his Majesty refused to admit them, alleging that there had not been any persecutions, as the deputation had been informed. The gentlemen were obliged to return to England without succeeding in their benevolent mission. They obtained much valuable information

respecting the state of religious liberty in Turkey, and it is hoped that their visit may be of great benefit in days to come. In the meantime, there does not seem to be any mitigation of the troubles of those who dare to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus.

In West Turkey a severe famine has been raging for several months. Christians in Britain and America have sent liberal contributions to the relief of the sufferers, but, as might be expected, many have died from starvation, while the labours of the missionaries in extending relief have been greatly increased.

In the meantime, we are glad to learn that through the A. B. of Foreign Missions the cause of Christ is extending, and two new churches have recently been organized under very encouraging circumstances. In examining some of the converts, the answers they gave as to their hope in Christ were very interesting. One was asked, if his father should threaten to cast him out from home and will his property to another instead of to him, the rightful heir, would not this lead him to temporize, replied, "Christ will take care of me. It would not affect me in the least." Another said he thought he was a Christian, because he loved God and man. A third said, the best proof of God's love to him was that "He had shown him his sins." Twenty-one were examined, and so thorough was the examination that it continued three days.

At Talas, also in West Turkey, 378 miles south from Constantinople, the average attendance at the Sabbath congregations is 300, including many prominent and influential men. The weekly evening prayer-meetings have an attendance of about sixty. The S. School numbers 200 pupils. There is a spirit of inquiry abroad unknown before.

In Central Turkey there are twenty-six organized churches, with some 2,500 members, and audiences amounting in the aggregate to 5,000 or 6,000 steady attendants, and in the Sunday Schools there is an equally large attendance. Besides, there are some forty out stations, where small congregations are struggling up into organization and self-support. The people are aroused on the subject of education. Advanced schools are called for, and some of the young men go abroad to England or America to pursue their studies. The missionary is now become a superintendent and educator. He has to deal with churches and communities, rather than with individuals and little audiences, as at the first. He labours through

the native pastors and helpers, whom he educates and counsels, and through the churches and church unions, which require his advice. Through his experience and educational activity he makes other men aggressive.

There is a Bible House at Constantinople, where the Scriptures are sold in Armenian, Ararat dialect, Koordish, Turkish (in Armenian, Arabic, and Greek characters), Greek, Bulgarian, Slavic, Hebanian, Servian, Russian, Wallachian, Italian, German, French, Swedish, English, Syriac, and for the blind in Turkish.

WOMEN'S BOARDS.

However some may deplore the increase of benevolent societies, as thereby more calls are made upon the generous portion of the community, it is a pleasing omen of our times that woman is taking a more active share in the Missionary enterprize than formerly. Not a few distinguished women have embarked as medical missionaries, teachers, &c. A missionary writing from India, states that female medical assistance is greatly valued by the Zenanas, and they generally have more patients than they can attend. A number of female medical missionaries are labouring very successfully under several societies, chiefly American; in Oude, Allahabad, Calcutta, and Bombay, while the Maharajah of Vizianagram has employed an American lady, and opened a dispensary exclusively for native ladies in the city of Benares; while Sir Salar Jung has employed another for the Mohammedan state of Hyderabad in the Deccan.

Recently a lady of culture and refinement embarked as a missionary to China, and when asked whither she was going, said, "She was going as a missionary for HIS sake." This lady defrays her own expenses and labours without salary, so that hers is purely a labour of love.

The Woman's Board of the American Commissioners held its annual meeting recently, and presented the following gratifying report. This Board has under its charge 54 missionaries, 51 native teachers and Bible readers, 16 high schools and seminaries, and 24 preparatory and village schools, besides the "Homes" in Constantinople and among the Dakota Indians. There are between seven hundred and eight hundred branch associations in various States and Canada. The receipts for 1874 were \$67,419.08.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church U. S., was organized in 1869, and now has 1,839 auxiliaries, 54,160 members, 19 missionaries, 100 schools, 108 Bible women and teachers, 159 orphans. Total receipts, \$64,309.

In connection with the Wesleyan Missionary Society, there is a *Ladies' General Committee* for female education in foreign countries and other benevolent purposes; and during the fiscal year ending April 1, 1874, they expended some \$5,650, besides furnishing school materials, clothing, &c., to many parts of the mission field, including China, India, Ceylon, Africa, Central America, Manitoba, &c.

We are glad to see so many lovely women thus employed. Their crusade against the rum traffic in the United States is well known, and the success of their labours has filled the community with gratitude, and inspired their sisters in Canada and elsewhere to deeds of noble daring on behalf of the fallen.

In some of our cities there are women's Christian associations, which employ female missionaries and Scripture readers, and provide boarding houses for poor servant girls, besides watching over the sick and indigent. In the success of all these organizations we rejoice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following shows how that missionaries, like Paul, sometimes are compelled to work with their own hands: Rev. D. B. Wright writes from Prescott, Arizona, to the M. E. Church Mission Rooms, New York, hopefully, notwithstanding the unpromising field which he is endeavouring to cultivate. His family have been afflicted, but are restored to health again. The wives of the officers at Fort Whipple had been kind and thoughtful, extending aid very generously when it was most needed. The gamblers, too, had handed Bro. W. a purse when he chanced to be destitute of money. The wives of merchants and others united in organizing a social, to raise funds for upholstering and furnishing the church, and, better still, the business men of Prescott had entered into an agreement to close their stores and shops on Sunday. As it is well nigh impossible to raise funds for finishing the church, Brother Wright and Brother Reeder, when present, work with their hands, exerting themselves to complete their house of worship. These devoted

missionaries should be remembered in the prayers of Christian people.

At the last meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, it was unanimously resolved to ask the Conference to appoint the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D., the successor of the late Rev. L. H. Wiseman, D.D., Missionary Secretary.

The following is deserving of special attention by Christians in Canada: All the leading Christian Churches feel the need of providing a fund for worn-out ministers. We see it stated that a fund of \$500,000 has been raised by the Congregationalists of England for retired pastors. We have been labouring, says the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, to raise \$200,000 for the benefit of our broken-down preachers, and the widows and orphans of deceased preachers. When shall we have the pleasure of saying that the M. E. Church, South, in the Virginia Conference, has raised \$200,000 for retired pastors?

The Right Method of Giving.—Rev. Andrew Fuller went to his native town to collect for missions. One of his acquaintances said, "Well, Andrew, I'll give you £5, seeing it is you." "No," said Mr. Fuller, "I can take nothing for this cause, seeing it's me," and handed the money back. The man felt reprov'd, but in a moment he said, "Andrew, you are right; here is £10, seeing it is for the Lord Jesus Christ."

REVIVALS AND THE HIGHER LIFE.

The venerable Wesley is known to have said that Methodists were raised up by God to "spread Scriptural holiness through these lands." It is no libel upon others to say, that for many years "the people called Methodists" were peculiar in this respect, that they made the most strenuous efforts to build up the churches in holiness.

But what do we now behold? Mr. Varley has for several months been labouring both in Canada and the United States, and the success of his labours has been marvellous. Rev. Messrs. Inskip and Macdonald visited two of our Canadian cities, and those who heard them say that they never heard the doctrine of holiness so clearly presented before. These honoured brethren have long laboured in connection with the national camp meeting

movement, the object of which is to promote HOLINESS. They have been made a great blessing. Round Lake, Sea Cliff, Martha's Vineyard, and other places are full of Pennel Associations.

The present camp meeting season bids fair to become even more celebrated than any previous year. We are glad to find that Grimsby and the Thousand Islands, east of Kingston, are now to be numbered with the Feasts of Tabernacles. Presbyterians though early associated with camp meetings, have for many years past allowed the Methodists to monopolize these special organizations; but the year 1875 will witness a grand Presbyterian camp meeting, as ground has been prepared, hotel and other accommodation provided similar to Sea Cliff, so that surely we shall see more displays of power from on high than we have ever yet beheld.

Of Messrs. Moody and Sankey we have no need to write; their labours in London and elsewhere are the constant topics of newspaper correspondents. Rev. Messrs. Pearsall, Mahan, Boardman and others are permitted to behold a work in England such as has hardly been witnessed during the present century; conferences are being held solely that ministers and others may understand the doctrine of holiness more clearly. Rev. Thornley Smith and other Wesleyan ministers are taking part in these holy convocations. Many of the evangelical clergy are very prominent, and are proving themselves worthy their position as ministers of Christ. An aged rector in Hull has united himself with a young Christian, and they go together on evangelistic tours. Ladies are anxiously asking what they can do for Christ. A daughter of Rev. Dr. Bonar often takes Mr. Sankey's place at the organ. Others are taking part in prayer meetings, and holding Bible classes, and meeting inquirers in private.

The continent of Europe has caught the flame of spiritual power. A son of the well-known Fred. Monod, in France, has become an itinerant preacher, and his business now is to travel through France and stir up zeal among the Protestant ranks. Conventions have been held in Germany and Switzerland, and great good has been done. By the time our readers receive this number a large convention will have been held at Brighton, near London, of which we expect to hear the most glorious tidings.

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

From the Guide.

Music by Mrs. Joseph Knapp.

1. Say, is your lamp burning? O Christian, I pray you look quick-ly and
2. Re-mem-ber how many a-round you Will fol-low wher-ev-er you

see. For if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall brightly on
go; The thought that they walk'd in a shadow Would make your lamp brighter I

CHORUS,

me, Some beams would fall brightly on me. Lift your lamp higher,
know, Would make your lamp brighter I know.

Lift your lamp high-er, high-er, still high-er; Then lift your lamp

high-er, O Christian, Lest I should make fa-tal de-lay.

3 There's many a lamp that is lighted,
We see them from near and from far,
But few in their lustre and beauty
||: Shine steadily on like a star. ||: Cho.

4 But if they were trimm'd night & morning
They'd never burn down or go out,
Though from the four quarters of heaven
||: The winds were all blowing about. ||: Ch

5 If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean
||: A girdle of glory would shine. ||: Cho.

6 How all the dark places would brighten
The mists would roll up and away!
The earth would laugh out in her gladness!
: To hail the millennial day! :