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MAR., 1887.

The MONTHLY ADVOCATE

*Devoted to the interests
of Christian truth
and morality.*

VOL
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No. 11.



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ST JOHN, N. B.

R. A. H. MORROW, Publisher.

MON

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Thanking our readers—one and all—for past patronage, we are pleased to inform them that, through the exertions of our young friends, chiefly, accompanied by the Divine blessing, the *Monthly Advocate* is now fairly established. A few months ago we issued the first number of the Magazine, inviting the co-operation of Christians to extend its circulation, assured that any endeavor, however weak, made to promote the cause of truth and righteousness, must ultimately prevail; and it is now pleasing to know that its readers may not only be found in many parts of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain, but even in Palestine—at Antioch where the Disciples were first called Christians.

The design of the projectors of the *Advocate* is not to make money through its publication, but to circulate wholesome literature among the people. No aid is asked to continue or extend its mission, further than the earnest prayerful continued co-operation of Christian men and women, and the unflagging endeavors of our young friends to enlarge clubs in their respective localities. The *Advocate* is not the accredited organ of any special denomination. It is an Evangelical Magazine. "Speaking the truth in love" is the Motto inscribed upon its banner. It is intended to be the *Monthly Advocate* of things true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. "For the doctrinal theories that it will advocate, the system of practical morality that it will uphold, and the spirit it will display in the discussions of all questions, its conductors will be exclusively responsible." In addition to its general Editorial Department, a special Editor will have charge of the Youths' Column, which will be found an interesting feature of the Magazine.

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MARCH, 1881.

No. 11.

WILL THE PUNISHMENT OF THE WICKED BE EVERLASTING?

This is a question that is purely scriptural. The right answer is to be determined by an appeal,—not to human opinions and instincts—not to the decrees of Synods and Councils—but to the infallible rule of faith and practice—the Word of the living God. A distinguished professor of theology was accustomed to utter a great truth in his frequent declaration to his students:—“What the Bible says God says, and that ends the matter.” The celebrated Hooker declares:—“Although, ten thousand general councils would set down one and the same definite sentence concerning any point of religion whatsoever, yet one demonstrative reason alleged, or one manifest testimony cited from the mouth of God to the contrary, could not but outweigh them all.” Similar is the utterance of the great Author of Revelation:—“To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them.” In regard, therefore, to the final condition of either the righteous or the wicked, the only question that is to determine our creed is—What does the Bible say?

In all the wide range of human perversity and delusion, there is no phenomenon more strange than that any person of ordinary rationality could read the Holy Scriptures, with any degree of attention, and not discover the doctrine of unending punishment. On this subject the utterances of the Bible are so plain and unequivocal, that the intelligent enquirer must admit that if the Author of Revelation did not intend to teach that doctrine, he either did not fully understand the import and force of his own words or he meant to deceive the children of men. From such a blasphemous suggestion every pious heart will recoil with horror. The testimony of the Word of God in regard to the everlasting punishment of the finally impenitent is so plain and unambiguous, that if it be not sufficient to carry conviction to the mind, then no language whatever can ever be relied on as a proper expression of thought. Will the finally impenitent suffer everlasting punishment? The Holy Scriptures every where answer:—Yes.

It is worthy of consideration, that this doctrine is taught more plainly and fully in the New Testament than in any preceding revelation. One of the commonest theological errors of the day is, that the spirit of the New Testament is a great improvement upon that of the Old, if not in entire antagonism to it. Many writers and speakers seldom wax more eloquent than when they would pourtray the gentleness of Christ and His apostles, in contrast with the relentless severity of Moses and the prophets. One of the ordinary arguments for the withdrawal of the imprecatory Psalms from the praises of the sanctuary is their alleged

incompatibility with the mild spirit of Christianity. A late writer says:—"The Old Testament promotes roughness of manner, and injustice in certain respects; it represents God as an avenger who punishes future generations for the wrongs of a father; a God who has chosen one people and neglects all others. The New Testament breathes a spirit of mildness, benevolence, and humility; it represents God as good, gracious, and compassionate; He embraces as His children all men without regard to race or creed; kindness and meekness are recommended even to exaggeration." Such a theory so utterly inconsistent with the unchangeableness of the Divine character, and the immutability of the Moral law, is nothing better than "the baseless fabric of a vision." The truth is, the Gospel is just as uncompromising in its opposition to sin, and its denunciations of the ungodly, as the Law. When the apostle Paul declares that "the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners, for unholy and profane," &c., he is careful to add that this is "according to," or in harmony with, "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." The New Testament Scriptures are as full of imprecations as the writings of Moses and the prophets. The anathemas of Paul's epistles are more dreadful than those of the Book of Psalms. It is the New Testament that speaks of "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power." It is the Christian Apostle Paul who declares that "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness." It is an apostolic epistle that contains the utterance: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha." So that, instead of being milder in its threatenings of wrath against the impenitent, the Gospel is distinguished from every preceding revelation by the plainness, the fullness, and the force with which it sets forth "the terror of the Lord" when He shall come to take vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel.

It is particularly worthy of consideration, that amongst all the New Testament witnesses to the doctrine of everlasting punishment, none has given such a plain, full, and terrific testimony as the blessed Redeemer himself. In His addresses, He was ever pressing this doctrine upon the attention of His hearers, no doubt with the design of persuading them, by a consideration of "the terror of the Lord," to embrace that Salvation which He came to purchase, and offer to the chief of sinners, that so they "might not perish, but have eternal life." Such views are well presented in a late article by the Rev. James Kerr, on "*Christ's testimony to the doctrine of everlasting punishment*," from which we make the following extract:—

"In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, He represents the rich man, after death, as "lifting up his eyes in hell, being in torment," and asking, as he saw Abraham and Lazarus in happiness, that Lazarus be sent that "he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame." And Abraham's reply is—"Thou art tormented; and, besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us that would come from thence." *Universal salvation* is contradicted here, for the rich man is "in hell;" so is *annihilation* at death, for the rich man is alive, and feels the "torment" in which he is; and so is

universal restoration, for there is a "great gulf fixed," so that "they cannot pass that would come from thence." By the conduct of the shepherd with the sheep and goats, Christ describes the Day of Judgment and its solemn transactions. "He (the Great Shepherd) shall set the sheep on His right hand and the goats on the left." "Then shall He also say unto them on the left hand, depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Then, contrasting the state of the righteous and the wicked, both as to nature and duration, Christ adds—"These shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." Similar is the teaching of the parable of the ten virgins, of the tares of the field, of the talents, and of the marriage feast, with the guest without the wedding garment.

But in the discourses of our Lord Jesus Christ there is one that stands out with special prominence, as it contains the oft-repeated and most awful declaration of future torment. Likening the lusts of the heart to the members of the body, Christ exhorts their excision rather than that eternal death follow—better the amputation of the limb that is mortifying than the loss of the life, and so, better the surrender of the gratification of carnal affection than the loss of body and soul for ever. In the course of six verses there are as many references to the future state of the wicked as one of suffering and one of endless duration. In three of the verses there are severally the phrases—"to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched;" "to be cast into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched;" "to be cast into hell-fire." And the other three verses contain the words thrice repeated—"Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." If universal salvation, or annihilation, or restoration be the future of the human race, if any state short of that of endless woe be the future condition of the wicked, can these words of Christ be explained on any other supposition than that He who spake them was either deceived or a deceiver?

The same word that is used to point out the duration of Jehovah Himself, of His being, of His reign, and of His blessedness; of Christ in His Eternal Godhead, and in His Mediatorial character; and of the happiness of the saints hereafter—the same word is used to set forth the duration of the punishment of the wicked. So that if God be everlasting, and Christ the King everlasting, and the life of believers everlasting, the punishment of the wicked must likewise be everlasting.

Let not the pulpit be silent on this doctrine, under a supposition that its promulgation will keep sinners away from Christ and harden them in sin. If so, would Christ, who needed not to be told what was in man, have given the doctrine such prominence in His preaching? Is it not the duty of the under shepherd to follow in the footsteps of the Great Shepherd, the fallible preacher to imitate the example of the Infalible. Beware of Jonah's sin, and "preach the preaching that I bid thee." And is it not a fact that the truest revivals have been brought about by the plain preaching of this doctrine? Did not Edwards, and Wesley, and Whitefield dwell with particular emphasis on the terrors of the Lord? And have not multitudes been awakened to a sense of sin by hearing faithful preaching on "the wrath to come." In his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Gibbon assigns as one of the reasons of the rapid diffusion of Christianity, the belief of eternal punishment.

Not to leave men in despair did Christ proclaim this doctrine, but to warn them against, and to win them from, the error of their ways. Blessed be God there is One who delivereth from the wrath to come; One who lifts out of the pit of corruption, and exalts the sinner to inherit a throne of glory. To those that are "condemned already" there is offered a righteousness, untainted, sufficient, everlasting. The broad offer of the Gospel is—"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." And while, on the one hand, everlasting punishment cannot be regarded as too great a retribution to those that "trample under foot the Son of God; on the other, everlasting felicity will be the future portion of those who put their trust in Him. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." "He that believeth shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be damned." "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

THE PULPIT.

THE CONVERSION OF THE DYING THIEF.

"And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

As Jesus hung upon the cross, derided by the rulers, reviled by the chief priests, railled on by the multitude, mocked by the soldiers, and to all appearance forsaken by his God, one solitary human voice proclaimed him Lord; one man alone confessed Him to be God's anointed, and spoke of His kingdom. That one man was a dying malefactor. Even the faith of His disciples had completely failed; they "trusted that it had been He who should have redeemed Israel," but the cross had put an end to their hopes. Not so with this poor sinner; the cross was no stumbling-block to him. Neither was his own past guilty life, nor his utter inability to make any amends; but with a simple, childlike faith he committed his soul's eternal welfare to "Christ and Him crucified." Millions have trusted to Christ since His exaltation; only one sinner trusted in Him during His deepest humiliation. "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." How simple the prayer, and how speedy the answer; "Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." If such a sinner at such a time could be pardoned, surely no one need despair.

This man had done nothing to commend him to the favour of God. Neither was it his penitence, nor his faith, nor his prayer that drew towards him the love of God, or that procured for him the forgiveness of his sin. It was while he was yet "dead in trespasses and sins" that the love of God the Father yearned towards him, and the love of God the Holy Spirit wrought in him. It was a manifestation of the free, unmerited, infinite mercy of God, and the mighty power of the Spirit working in the heart of the lost sinner, "to the praise of the glory of his grace."

And such is a type of the conversion of every sinner who turns to the Lord. It is not the prayers and tears of the penitent that touch the heart of God. It is not the desire for pardon and deliverance on the part of the awakened soul that moves Him to pity; but the very first motions towards grief and hatred of sin are begotten by God Himself in the heart of the sinner. Alarm for the consequences of sin may be but the result of natural fear, but the first cry of the sin-burdened soul, like the first wail of the new-born infant, is an evidence that God has breathed into it the breath of life. It is the Holy Spirit's first work to convince of sin, and the soul that is truly seeking the Lord may know that it is God Himself who is drawing him with "the cords of love."

We often hear of deathbed repentance, and, blessed be God, there are such cases. Foolish and wicked as it is to put off salvation to the fag-end of life, with all the risk, moreover, of being "suddenly cut off, and that without remedy," yet even up to the last moment, if the soul can but look to Jesus with the eye of faith, as the glazing eye of the serpent-bitten Israelite might have turned towards the serpent of brass and found healing. He who is "able to save to the uttermost" will be found

“ready to save” the soul that is “ready to perish.” But Oh, how awful is the folly of trusting to such a time as that! How awful the folly of those who risk their eternal destiny upon the frail chance of a dying bed! “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.” Yet “the Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy;” and even to the last “let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.”

But almost invariably—and more especially in cases of death-bed conversions—God makes use of some human instrumentality to lead the soul to Himself. A man of God is sent to read and expound the word, to point out the way of life, to plead with and pray for the poor sinner; but here, to the dying thief, God in a most remarkable manner showed Himself independent of creature service. In the midst of intense bodily anguish, where it might have seemed the thoughts could only be concentrated on the terrible passing moments, with no one able to breathe a word of comfort in his ear, with no one to pray for him or tell him the way of salvation, the dying malefactor might have presented to man an utterly hopeless case. But “God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness,” shone into the heart of this dying man, “to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.”

What was the extent of that knowledge which he received we know not, or whether he was an Israelite and had any previous knowledge of the prophecies regarding Christ, or whether he had heard, in Pilate’s judgment-hall, our Lord’s claims to a “kingdom from above,” we are not told; but this we know—that, in view of a speedy death, and conscious of his guilt in the sight of God, he cast himself entirely upon the mercy and intercession of the crucified Jesus, he showed an undoubting faith in his present sovereignty, and sought a place in His coming kingdom. Oh! who can fathom the depth of that joy which the Saviour must have experienced as He hung upon the accursed tree and received as “a kind of first fruits” this returning prodigal, “plucked as a brand from the burning,” on the borders of eternity. In His agony in Gethsemane, we are told, “there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him, and may not this also have been given Him to strengthen Him for that terrible ordeal He had to pass through, that deep, mysterious woe into which He entered when He cried, as His Father’s face was hidden from Him, “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” “Thy wrath lieth hard upon Me, all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over Me.” It was “for the joy that was set before Him” that “He endured the cross, despising the shame;” and though He is now “set down at the right hand of the throne of God,” He tells us “there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” Is there such an one now reading this—groaning under the burden of sin, longing for salvation? Be of good cheer: you have only to trust Him, to cast yourself believingly upon His own Word, to accept His finished work as an “atonement” for your soul, and “He will save, He will rejoice over you with joy.”—*Selected.*

THE DEVIL AND BILLY BRAY'S 'TATORS.

I was goin' to tell the story that I heard from dear old Billy Bray. He was preachin' about temptations, and this is what he said,—

"Friends, last week I was a-diggin' up my 'tators. It was a poor yield, sure 'nough: there was hardly a sound one in the lot. An' while I was a-diggin' the devil came to me, and he says, 'Billy, do you think your Father do love you?'"

"I should reckon He do," I says.

"Well, I dont," says the temper in a minute.

"If I'd thought about it, I shouldn't ha' listened to him, for his 'pinions ben't worth the leastest bit o' notice.

"I don't," says he "and I tell 'ee what for: if your Father loved you, Billy Bray, he'd give you a pretty yield o' 'tators: so much as ever you do want and ever so many of 'em, and every one of 'em as big a your fist. For it ben't no trouble for your Father to do anything; and he could just as easy give you plenty as not. An' if he loved you he would too."

"O' course I wasan't going to let him talk o' my Father like that, so I turned round 'pon him. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'who may you happen to be, com n' to me a-talkin' like this here? If I ben't mistaken, I know you, sir, and I know my Father too. And to think o' *your* comin' a-sayin' that *he* dont love me! Why, I've got your written character home to my house, and it do say, sir, that you be a liar from the beginnin'. An' I am sorry to add that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since, and I served you as faithful as ever a poor wretch could: and all you gave me was nothing but rags to my back, and a wretched home, and an achin' head—an' *no* 'taturas—and the fear o' hell to finish up with. And here is my dear Father in heaven: I've been poor a servant of his his, off and on, for thirty years. And he's given me a clean heart, and a soul full of joy, and a lovely suit o' white as'll never wear out; and he says that he will make a king o' me before he've done, and that he'll take me home to his place to reign with him for ever and ever. And now *you* come up here a-talkin' like that!"

"Bless 'e, my dear friends, he went off in a minute, like as if he had been shot—I do wish he had—and he never had the manners to say good-morning."—*Daniel Quorn.*

PEDEN'S PRAYER.

A distinguished English historian thus describes the sufferings of the Church of Scotland during the dark days of persecution, two hundred years ago. They were "hunted down like wild beasts, tortured till their bones were beaten flat, imprisoned by hundreds, hanged by scores, exposed at one time to the license of soldiers from England, abandoned at another time to the mercy of bands of marauders; yet they stood still at bay in a mood so strange that the boldest and mightiest oppressors could not but dread the audacity of their despair." However accurate

that historian is in recording the *facts* of the "killing times," he shows an utter incompetency to deal with the question of principles and springs of action. It is utterly false to speak of the "mood" of these heroic people, as "the audacity of their despair." Even in the darkest night of their oppression they know nothing of *despair*. They were ever filled with joyful hope that their cause would ultimately triumph. It was not *despair* that nerved them either for the scaffold or the battle field, but "a good hope through grace" of their own personal salvation, unshaken confidence in the righteousness of their cause and full assurance of its final glorious triumph. For the phrase "the audacity of their despair," the historian should have substituted "the heroism of their hope." We extract the following from a contemporary:—

"One of the most noted of these persecuted men was the venerable Alexander Peden, who persisted in preaching the gospel in the wilds of his native land, traditions of whose history are said to be familiar in every cottage of Scotland. He had no home, and therefore spent much of his time in the fields and mountains, gathering a few people together to hold a meeting wherever there seemed to be a place of safety. If they were discovered, they fled to some hiding place unknown to their enemy. The caves by the mountain streams, the dense hazel wood in the deep glen, the feathery brackens on the hill, the green corn, when it was tall enough to screen them from observation, afforded both a retreat from their pursuers and a place for communing with their God. Among the many secret holes to which this good man occasionally retreated was the solitude of Glendyne. The width of the glen at the bottom is little more than five or six times the breadth of the brawling torrent that rushes through it. Dark, precipitous mountains rise on either side to an immense height. Towards this spot, which was only known to a few persons, he was hastening with three or four companions when he was discovered by the moss-troopers, as the king's soldiers were called. As they attempted to make their escape, they found themselves almost surrounded by the soldiers advancing up the mountain.

Mr. Peden immediately ordered a halt, and kneeling down, offered up the following prayer:—

'Twine then about the hill, Lord, and cast the lap of thy cloak over old Sandy, and the poor things; and we will keep it in remembrance, and tell it to the commendation of thy goodness, pity and compassion, what thou didst for us at such a time.' He had no sooner risen from his knees than dense volumes of snow-white mist came rolling down from the summit of the hills, shrouding them from the sight of their pursuers who like the men of Sodom when they were smitten with blindness could not grope their way after them.

A SYRIAN WEDDING.

Some evenings ago Mr. Easson and I attended a wedding in Latakiyeh. When we arrived at the dwelling it was already thronged and brilliantly illuminated. The elite of the city (Greek Christians) were present, dressed in their best and looking their sweetest, except the bride, who according to an inexorable custom is compelled to look as glum and sour as possible. Custom also forbids her to address any of her company. In most places she is required to be closely veiled, but here they seem to have violated the custom. The bride, arrayed in her robes, was seated in a position where all could see her, and there she sat for four long hours until the arrival of the bridegroom. The guests, who are invited by the parents of the bride only, appear at the house of the bride. Those

who are invited by the parents of the groom, or of both, are expected to repair to the house of the bridegroom, and accompany him to the wedding, and also to return with him after the ceremony. By and by the sound of a drum was heard, and some one said "The bridegroom has come." Soon the party entered the house accompanied by the Greek Bishop of Latakiah and seven priests and deacons. The women of the company made their way through the throng into the presence of the bride and began to chant the praises of bride and groom, and I suppose concerning nuptial bliss. This they continued to do for about fifteen minutes, when two priests clad in their sacerdotal robes entered the room for the purpose of conducting the bride to the altar which had been improvised for the occasion, and consisting of a small table upon which were placed a bronze plate bearing the figures of Christ and the Virgin, a silver censer and a number of lamps and waxen tapers. The bride then arose, when her aunt occupied a position at her left hand, and under the escort of the two priests, one at either side, they proceeded to the altar where they were to meet the bridegroom. For some reason he was delayed, which fact seemed to irritate one of the priests, an old grey headed patriarch with a face as solemn as a suit of mourning, and looking about him he asked somewhat curtly: "The bridegroom, where is he?" But presently that delinquent made his appearance, preceded by the bishop arrayed in his priestly robes and wearing a royal crown, apparently overlaid with gold and set with gems, and carrying a shepherd's crook, beautifully inlaid with mosaic work; then the ceremony proper began. One of the priests read a portion of the service in a chanting or singing tone, and others uttered responses. Then the ring was brought consecrated by the bishop's making the sign of the cross over it, and the marriage ceremony was repeated to each three times. Another portion of the service was chanted or intoned and responses uttered. Then the censer, containing smoking incense was swung to and fro by the bishop in order that the fumes might be wafted upon the happy pair. After this two wreaths of what appeared to be orange blossoms were brought, consecrated, placed upon the respective heads of the victims and the ceremony repeated three times to each. Then followed a period of intonation. Upon the heels of that a goblet of wine was brought, over which the bishop made the sign of the cross three times, presented it to the bride and groom, each of whom took a sip and submitted to a triple infliction of the marriage ceremony, after which they were pronounced man and wife. Several other acts of minor importance were performed, such as kissing the book, etc. The ceremony occupied in all between thirty and forty minutes. Then according to custom the bride wept profusely and was comforted gushingly, and afterwards the newly wedded couple departed to the house of the bridegroom.—*Extract of a letter from Rev. Wm. Sproull.*

A prohibitory liquor law has been adopted, and is rigidly enforced in the State of Kansas. The Governor of that State thinks that in a few weeks "there will not be a distillery, rectifying establishment, or saloon, in the State."

[Selected Poetry.]

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY."

Watcher, who wak'st by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on with their midnight train,
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath lest her sleep should break,
In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger, afar from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearth-stone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee;
There is one can tell of a home on high—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret bending low,
A' dart in thy breast that the world may not know,
Wrestling the favour of God to win,
His seal of pardon for days of sin;
Press on, press on with thy prayerful cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mourner, who sitteth in the church-yard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone—
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle and rose instead—
Looking up from the tomb with thy tearful eye,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Fading one, with the hectic streak
In thy veins of fire and thy wasted cheek—
Fear'st thou the shade of the darkened vale?
Look to the Guide who can never fail;
He hath trod it himself! he will hear thy sigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

THE LORD'S DAY.

The traveller on a rough and dusty road, when from time to time he finds by the way-side a quiet green resting-place from which he may look back on the way he has come and also forward to the end of his journey, will surely stop at it for a little with thankfulness. And what are Thy Sabbaths, O Lord, with their sweet services and their solemn hours, but fresh and peaceful oases such as these, inviting me to put away for a moment the troubles and the fatigues of the highway of life, that I may breathe awhile and gather new strength for my journey. Ye giddy crowd, who run and run on, without looking round, until ye slide into the grave, O! look at these oases provided for you by God, who pities you more than you do yourselves. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning!" says the Psalmist. And "let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!" if I ever forget you, ye solemn, holy hours prepared for me by God in the place where His glory dwells, and where He invites me to enjoy His own rest!—*Tholuck*.

HOW FALSE REPORTS MAY ORIGINATE.

A curious illustration of this is found in an anecdote told in a lecture by Mr. Spurgeon. A minister lived opposite one of the deacons of his church. A report got abroad that the minister had been seen to beat his wife, and the matter was brought before a deacon's meeting. There the minister said he had traced the spreading of the report to the deacon's daughter. The good man, the deacon, said he would not have spoken, but his daughter's name having been mentioned, he must then state that when he was going to bed on a certain night, he did see (through the window blind of the lighted room) the minister beating his wife, and heard her scream. The minister was nonplussed: but he requested that his wife might be sent for and questioned. When she arrived she explained the whole matter. She said—"Don't you recollect there was a rat in the room that night, that it got up on my dress, that you got frightened, and took up the poker. This is the explanation of the whole affair." Well, then, the lecturer would remark to his hearers, the next time they heard a story against a good man, let them say at once, "There is a rat at the bottom of it, I know," and that some simple explanation may account for the whole thing.

Henry Wilson said: "If I could be heard by the people of the land, by the patriotic young men of this country, full of life, vigor and hope, I would say that it is among the first, the highest and the greatest duties which the country, God, and the love of humanity impose, to work for the cause of total abstinence."

Dr. Guthrie said: "Whiskey is good in its own place. There is nothing like whiskey in this world for preserving a man when he is dead. But it is one of the worst things in the world for preserving a man when he is living. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whiskey; if you want to kill a living man, put whiskey into him." And again he said, as the result of his personal experience: "I have tried both ways; I speak from experience. I am in good spirits because I take no spirits; I am hale because I use no ale; I take no antidote in the form of drugs because I take no poison in the form of drinks. I have these four reasons for continuing to be one: 1st, my health is stronger; 2nd, my head is clearer; 3rd, my heart is lighter; 4th, my purse is heavier."

The money expended on drink would support all our churches, and have foreign missions and provide missionaries in abundance for every quarter and corner of the globe. Do away with strong drink and we could do away with nine out of every ten of our alms-houses, insane asylums, poor houses, police courts and prisons. For our own sakes, for others' sakes who will be influenced by our good or bad example, for the sake of humanity at large who are plunged into such evils, and robbed of so much good through strong drink, we ought to range ourselves, one and all, on the temperance side.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

A writer in the *National Temperance Advocate*, says of Mrs. Hayes, the wife of the outgoing President of the United States: "She has done more to bring the wine-drinking habit into disfavour in the circles of fashion than any other woman in America. Her education, culture, and womanly graces have enthroned her in the hearts of the best citizens. At State dinners at the White House she had the courage to refuse wine to her guests, and she did her duty in that respect with such blended courtesy and sweet dignity, no offence was taken. The influence of this brave woman had a marvellous effect upon high life and fashionable society at the Capital. Her example was copied by other noble ladies, and to this day all kinds of intoxicating drinks are excluded from parties in the best and most refined society in the city of Washington. We cannot overestimate the worth of a true woman who 'dares to do right' in the face of the world, for she put her precepts into practice in the presence of representatives of all the first-class nations on the globe."

WHAT IS THE BIBLE LIKE?

It is like a large, beautiful tree, which bears sweet fruit for those who are hungry, and affords shelter and shade to pilgrims on their way to the kingdom of heaven.

It is like a cabinet of jewels and precious stones, which are not only to be looked at and admired, but used and worn.

It is like a telescope, that brings distant objects and far off things of the world very near, so that we can see something of their beauty and importance.

It is like a treasure-house, a store-house for all sorts of valuable and useful things, and which are to be had without money and without price.

It is like a deep, broad, calm-flowing river, the banks of which are green and flowery, where birds sing and lambs play, and dear little children are loving and happy.

HUME'S KNOWLEDGE OF THE BIBLE.

It is related of David Hume, the historian, who was a very learned man, but an unbeliever, that on one occasion he challenged the Gaelic poet, Dugald Buchanan, to quote any language equal in sublimity to Shakespeare's well-known lines in *The Tempest*, beginning, "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces," etc., when Buchanan—who has been described as a "sort of Highland John Bunyan"—gravely recited the passage in Revelation xx. which opens, "I saw a great white throne," etc. The sceptic at once admitted the superiority of the Scotchman's quotation, but inquired eagerly who was its author; thus showing, however much Hume might know of books, and the writings of celebrated men, he had but little acquaintance with the most important book of all—the Bible.—*From the "Life of Dr. Duff."*

THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE WIFE AND MOTHER.

(From ADVOCATE, (Scotland), by the late Rev. W. Sommerville, M. A.,
Nova Scotia.)

Every one has heard the aphorism, that a man must ask his wife's leave to be rich. It is the wise economy of the house which gives permanence to the fruit of labour abroad. I knew a farmer, occupying a few acres of land. He paid rent, tithe, county rates, fed and clothed his family, and had some hundreds of pounds out on interest. His success was a mystery. Had he lived earlier he might have been burned for collusion with the Devil. A neighbour once asked him the secret of his success, and he answered in one of those homely but luminous metaphors which we sometimes hear. "O, the secret is easily told, I have spent all my life in gathering eggs, and when I brought them home my wife set them." Here is the whole history of domestic prosperity in one short sentence. Another wife might have boiled the eggs and served them up to be eaten. In that case the contents of the first chapter of the history of domestic life would have been *poor*, and the contents of the last chapter *miserably poor*.

But it is not by physical co-operation and partnership in drudgery, nor yet in the department of money-making, that a wife contributes to her husband's success. In every department his ultimate triumph will be found associated with her presence and power. The exceptions are comparatively few. The farmer returns from the labours of the field. His hands are hardened. His limbs are weary. His face bears the traces of copious perspiration. The merchant comes home from the anxious and wasting cares of the counting house. The politician seeks an escape from the irritating collision of public life and the discussion of the great questions that affect the destiny of millions. He is greeted by the smile of affection and welcome. He has now found a place of rest and sympathy and confidence. He is *at home*, shut in from the outside world by barriers that are stronger than walls of adamant and gates of brass. He *rests* now; and in the family circle where all is love and security and peace he forgets the struggles of the day. He lays an aching head, it may be, on the pillow smoothed by the care of a sleepless affection; and sleep—the sleep for which he is prepared by the wise tact which extracted from the care-worn bosom the sharp thorn—restores his wasted powers. He is ready to go forth in the morning, renovated, invigorated, hopeful, to meet the battle of life and to conquer. Give to a man the rest, the sympathy, the confidence, and the cheerfulness of a real home, and he cannot be broken down. He can accomplish anything within the limits of his physical endurance and his intellectual powers.

It is reported that Daniel O'Connell, who, whatever might be thought of his politics or the wisdom of his course, nevertheless achieved a kind

of greatness, said on one occasion that he never would have been able to stand, to persevere and prevail, had it not been for the inspiring sympathy and hopeful counsels of a devoted wife. Those who are seen by many, as he was, must stand in a conspicuous position, but there are thousands of wives, whose names are seldom mentioned, who are known only to the few around them, who make life a blessing and home a paradise to husbands, who bind them to their own firesides by cords that cannot be broken, but so skilfully swayed that the husband never suspects but that his own will simply is his law. The tavern keeper has always a smile and a welcome for his paying customers, and the cheerful fire for the cold night, and his den has its attractions, and the wife who fights him with his own weapons and continues to make home as pleasant as any other place can be, will in most cases bring her husband home in season; but if he knows that he has, like Tam o' Shanter, to meet on his return a

"Sullen sulky dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storms,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm,"

he may be in no haste to exchange smiling faces for frowns. The strong point of attraction is not the *object of our affection*, but the one *by whom we are loved*. By the same attractions by which ladies secure husbands they can keep them, and wise ladies do keep them.

But it is in the MOTHERS that we discover the greatness—transcendent greatness—of woman. In this character she rules the world. "What is wanting," said Napoleon to Madam Campan, "in order that the youth of France be educated?" "Good mothers," was the brief but comprehensive reply. In that Book of books which suggests an hundred fold more than is expressed—and every suggestion has been anticipated by the Author and has His sanction—we read of the mother of Zebedee's children. It was something to be the mother of Zebedee's children—of the Boanerges. We read of the faith of the mother and of the grandmother of Timothy with special reference to the well-defined and amiable character of the evangelist. We never get a glimpse of Zebedee but in the fishing boat, in company with the hired servants; and the names of Timothy's father and grandfather are not once mentioned.

We are looking to our sons for our future magistrates, legislators, and ministers—all that shall give complexion and form and character to society in the coming age; and they are the creation of mothers. The mother is before the professor, before the schoolmaster, and before even the father in the work of education. The tastes of children are cultivated, their moral sentiments are formed, their habits are shaped, under the mother's supervision, just at the time when no external influence has yet been called forth to counteract her operations. The teacher to whose care and diligence children are in after years entrusted only builds upon a foundation already laid. There is not an intelligent and observant schoolmaster who has not learned the character of the mothers of his pupils before he is a week among them. They are a reflection of the mother's image, till other agencies are brought to bear upon them and to distort the likeness. It gives me pleasure to be able to sustain these ideas by an appeal to a well-known writer. "Woman," he says, "has

her full share in that power which sways and governs mankind, which makes nations, families, individuals, great, virtuous, happy,—or mean, degraded, vicious and wretched. Woman is mistress of the fortunes of the world, by holding in her plastic hand the minds and hearts of those who are to mould the coming age, at that decisive period when the character is determined and fixed in good or irrecoverably bent on vice and mischief. Men go forth to act their parts on the great stage of life, the most gifted to exert vast influence over its affairs, but it is only to act out the character that has been formed at home."

It is not the amount of information which the mother may impart or may be able to impart. An extended and correct education will add immensely to her power: and the most thorough education which the age can supply is not more than is conducive to qualify a woman to be a blessed mother of blessed children. The little ones are always around her. Their education begins as soon as they are able to hear, to see, to feel. When they repose on the mother's bosom, the pulsations of unutterable affection are a lesson. The inexhaustible patience and wakefulness and care with which she soothes the hours of irritation or of sickness are a lesson. Her eye, her voice, her movements, her treatment of husband and servants and friends, her casual remarks concerning persons and things around her or introduced to notice through public channels, constitute educational processes that never fail to leave impressions distinct, deep, and permanent, and to give form and fixedness to the character of sons and daughters. The mother regulates and secures the order and subordination of the household. The father sways his sceptre, speaks in the lofty tones of authority, specifies the law, announces what is to be done, what *not* done; where the children are to go, where *not* to go; what company they are to keep, and what to *avoid*: what books are to be read, and what are *not* to be read; and he goes out to the field or to the office, but it belongs to the mother to give effect to his orders. A feeling of resistance is generated in the breast of the child by the peremptory *I will* of the sovereign. It is a significant and instructive fact that not parents, not mothers, but *fathers* are commanded not to provoke their children to wrath, lest they be discouraged.

The father is now gone, and the mother opens her lips. The heart now speaks, and the child is all attention. The father is not contradicted. He is not condemned. The sacred name of father is held up as a shield over the head of the peremptory master. The reasons which the father failed or forgot to annex to his commandments are supplied by the mother. Her overflowing affection, giving forth the evidence of its presence and power, secures unbounded confidence. The justice, the propriety, the advantage of the father's counsels are pointed out and are felt and acknowledged. The happy effect of subordination, not slavish, but intelligent and cheerful, are shown in after life. The husband or father, a moiety of manhood, combines with the wife or mother to form the unit which is entitled to the honourable designation of MAN. It is the unit which is the object of submission and of reverence. Let the union be broken up, and neither is the father revered nor the mother loved; and the children speak two languages, but they speak neither of them well.

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF CHILDREN.

It is a great thing for children to have a Saviour. A mother was knitting under the porch of her house one autumn afternoon. Her boy was playing with other children on the village green. Beyond the green was the river, and on the opposite bank of it was a wood full of nuts and berries, and sweet-smelling leaves, and flowers, and many other things which children delight to gather. 'Let us cross to the wood,' said some of the bigger children. 'I shall cross too,' said the little boy, whose mother was knitting at the door. The ford was a little to the right, and just out of his mother's view. There were stepping stones all the way across. And the little nutting and berrying party got quite safely to the other side. But the clouds had been darkening over the sky since the morning. And now it began to rain. First it came in heavy drops, then there was a peal of thunder, then came down torrents of rain. The bigger children hurried back to the ford, and one by one got over safely. The little boy whose mother was knitting under the porch was last. The river had by this time risen. The stepping stones were beginning to be covered. The little man took one step, then a second, then he came to a stone over which the river was flowing swiftly, and his heart failed. He wrung his hands with fear, and cried with a piercing cry. The mother heard his cry and flew to the ford. She was too late. She could not reach her child. A broad black flood of water came thundering down between her boy and her. 'My child! my child!' she cried. 'Mother! mother! come for me,' cried the boy. All the village came down to the river-side—men and women, young and old; but no one would venture to cross. They looked and pitied; they looked and wrung their hands, but they gave no help. At that moment a young shepherd, leading his flock down from the mountains, entered the village, and saw the peril of the child. He left his sheep on the green, and took great strides to the river-brink. The roaring of the water over the stones was terrible, but he heeded not. He stepped boldly from stone to stone. In the centre, the flood had carried some of them away: he plunged into the stream. With strong arms he beat the water to the right and left. He pressed his feet against the currents, and swam right over to the boy. With one arm he clasped the child, with the other he once more grappled with the flood. There was the roaring of the stream beneath, and the raging of the storm above; but the brave shepherd, partly walking and partly swimming, brought the boy to the bank, and delivered him to his mother.

That was a boy who found a saviour. And what the brave young shepherd saved him from was death. But Christ was the real Saviour that day. It was He who sent the shepherd at the very nick of time. It was He who put the noble willingness into his heart to risk his life for the life of the child. It was He who made him brave and strong to battle with the flood. And every day, somewhere, in this or some

other way, Christ is saving children. Death in a thousand forms is continually coming near to children. But by brave swimmers, by faithful nurses, by wise doctors, by loving mothers, by kind friends, and sometimes by the unseen angels, Christ brings deliverance. And He is the Saviour from a death more terrible than the death which threatened the boy of whom I told. It is He who saves from the death which comes by sin,—the death of everything good in the soul—the death of the soul itself. Every child born in a Christian home should be joyful in this Saviour. He has saved you from being heathen children; He has saved you from being slave children. He has come to save you from being dishonest and lying children, and idle and disobedient children. He has saved you from being ignorant of God's love. He has come to save you from spending lives without God. He has come to save you from dying without hope of going to God. He has saved you from the grave, for He has purchased resurrection for you. And He came to save you from what is worse than the grave,—from being shut out of heaven; for He has made a way, for every child who will walk in it, into the eternal family and home of God above.—*A. McLeod, D. D.*

WHAT CAN RUB IT OUT?

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing what you cannot rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself upon her loving heart and gave her pain. It is there now and hurts her when she thinks of it.

You can't rub it out.

You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now. You can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts, are written in the book of memory. Be careful. The record is lasting. You can't rub it out.

"My son," said his mother to a flaxen-haired boy, who was trying to rub out some pencil marks he had made on paper: "My son, do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper, and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips, and, my boy, you can never rub it out."

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother looked earnestly at him, but said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side, threw his arms around her neck, and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the record of your sins, for it is written in God's holy Word, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

ABOUT HEAVEN.

A Hindoo fable says that one day a crane was greedily eating snails in a marsh. Her relish for them was so great that she said within herself, I could live for ever, happy and contented, if only snails were abundant! As she was thus engaged a dove flew down from the sky, and lighted near her. "Where do you come from?" asked the crane. "From heaven," was the answer.

"What have you seen in heaven?" asked the crane. "Everything that can make people happy." And then the dove went on and described some of the joys of that glorious place.

"Have they any snails in heaven?" asked the crane, as much as to say—"I don't care to be in any place where there are no snails."

"You bad, low-craving creature!" said the dove, as she left the crane, "They neither speak nor think of snails in heaven."

Now suppose that this crane had been taken to heaven; would it have been happy there? Not at all. It would have been hungering all the time, for the marsh where it used to wade and catch snails. We must be *prepared* for heaven, if we hope to be happy there. And there is only one true preparation. This is to have the new heart and new nature (John iii. 3), which manifests itself in love of things which are pure, and love to Jesus.

When the first missionaries at Madagascar had converted some of the islanders there, a Christian sea captain asked a former chief what it was that first led him to become a Christian. "Was it any particular sermon you heard, or book which you read?" asked the captain.

"No, my friend," replied the chief, "it was no book nor sermon. One man, he a wicked thief; another man, he drunk all day long; big chief, he beat his wife and children. Now, thief, he no steal; drunken Tom, he sober; big chief, he very kind to his family. Every heathen man gets something inside him, which make him different, so I became a Christian, too, to know how it feel to have something strong inside of me, to keep me from being bad."

Now that old chief had the right idea of Christianity. He had got something new and strong inside of him. He had a new motive; it was the desire to be true and pure.

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland a minister asked the poor children before him "What is holiness?" Thereupon a poor little Irish boy, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said, "Please your reverence, it's to be clean inside." Could anything be truer?

Those who believe have Christ in their hearts; heaven in their eye; and the world under their feet; God's Spirit is their guide; God's fear is their guard; God's people are their companions, God's promises are their cordials; holiness is their way; and heaven is their home,

SOLUTIONS OF BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

XXVIII. Zephaniah II. 4.

XXIX. Numbers XXXVI. 11.

XXX. OMNIPOTENT.

O-mri.	I. Kings XVI. 16.
M-icah.	Judges XVII.
N-abal.	I. Samuel XXV. 10, 11.
I-srael.	Genesis XXXII. 28.
P-elethites.	II. Samuel XV. 18.
Owl.	Lev. XI. 16, 17.
T-irshata.	Neh. VII. 65.
E-tham.	Num. XXXIII. 6.
N-echo.	II. Chron. XXXV. 20.
Tinnath-Serah.	Josh. XIX. 50.

Correct answers to all the questions received from J. S. M., Mary Magee, L. Margeson, Annie L. McCullough, and W. J. C.; to two of them from M. Lawson, H. Lawson, and Jessie M. Grindon; and to one from Mary L. Fullerton and Otis Shaw.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

XXXI. A name given to one who was a terror to himself and to all his friends, and made up of the following letters:—

A A B B I I M S S O R G .

Where is it to be found?

W. J. C.

XXXII. The initials of the following form a name given to a servant who was highly exalted:—

1. A word of contempt applied to Paul.
2. A place of great mourning.
3. One who foretold of a great dearth.
4. A place proverbially bad.
5. The country of an old disciple.
6. One who turned away from Paul.

W. J. C.

XXXIII. These letters form a proper name mentioned in only one chapter of the Bible:—

A A A R H H H S S I I C U N R T M .

J. S. M.

 Communications for the Children's Portion to be addressed: Ed. Junior, P. O. Box 329, St. John, N. B., and should be received not later than the 15th day of the month,

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Dominion and Glory of the Redeemer, the support and confidence of the Church, and the joy of the Saints. By Thomas Houston, D. D. Edinburgh. James Gemmell, 15 George IV. Bridge. 1880.

This volume, from the prolific pen of Dr. Houston, is entitled to a high rank in the classification of religious literature. It is made up, as stated in the *Preface*, of Discourses selected "out of the numerous manuscripts that have been accumulating during a lengthened ministry of more than fifty-two years." They have been selected not only "on account of the great importance and permanent interest of the subjects," but also "because there is evidence that they have been of spiritual benefit to some in life and in death." The chief aim of the author is "to display the Saviour in the transcendent glory of His person, character, and work, as Immanuel, God with us—Prophet, Priest and King of the covenant; and to exhibit Him as the Foundation and Head corner-stone of the Church—the Alpha and Omega of His people's praise, and hopes, and joys." Like other writings of the same venerable servant of Christ, these Discourses are not only expository and doctrinal, but also richly experimental and practical. Fragrant with that Name which is "as ointment poured forth," they will be much valued by true Christians of every denomination, and will doubtless have an extensive circulation in Britain and America.

Immersion proved to be not a Scriptural mode of Baptism, &c.: By Rev. W. A. McKay, B. A., Pastor of Chalmers' Church, Woodstock, Ontario, 1880.

This is the "Second edition—revised and greatly enlarged"—of a pamphlet published by Mr. McKay, a few months ago. We consider it a valuable contribution to Baptismal Literature. The language is plain; the reasoning is lucid and conclusive; and the spirit is not at variance with that charity which "rejoiceth in the truth." To those who may be halting between "two opinions" on the "vexed question" to which it relates, we would strongly recommend a careful and prayerful perusal of this pamphlet, assured that, from its pages they will derive much light on the proper *mode* and *subjects* of Christian Baptism. Copies—20 cents each—may be obtained in New Brunswick, from the Rev. D. R. Crockett, Passakeag Station, Kings Co.

Hall's Journal of Health: E. H. Gibbs, A. M., M. D., Editor.

This valuable monthly Magazine has now entered on the twenty-seventh year of its existence. Henceforth it is to be "enlarged by sixteen pages, to make room for the *Miscellaneous Department*, which will consist of carefully selected reading matter. Some of the best articles from the pen of the late Dr. Hall, founder of the *Journal of Health*, will also appear each month." "We aim," say the proprietors of the Maga-

zine, "to teach the best means of avoiding diseases and accidents, and the best methods of treatment when they come. Above all we shall strive to convince, particularly the young, that a course of right living is constantly being rewarded with health, strength and happiness." Those who wish to know, and conform to, the laws of health will find much reliable sanitary information in the monthly issues of this Journal. Published by E. H. Gibbs & Co., 141 Eighth St., New York.

A volume of "Sermons, delivered in times of persecution in Scotland," has just reached us, and will be noticed in next number.

NOTES.

We are much gratified to learn that pious men of all denominations are beginning to wake up to a sense of the evil of Sabbath funerals, and to offer a practical testimony against them. Some time ago, in the pages of the *Advocate*, we called public attention to the subject, expressing the hope that ministers of the Gospel would soon see it to be their duty to withhold their presence and sanction from such gatherings on the Lord's day, unless in cases of necessity. With such convictions in regard to the evil of a custom so prevalent, we cannot but rejoice in the following resolution adopted by five pastors of Churches in Woodstock, New Brunswick. To ministers of the Gospel in other places, we would say, "Go ye and do likewise."

"We, the undersigned ministers of the Gospel, in Woodstock, believing that Sabbath funerals except in cases of necessity, are violations of the fourth commandment, interfere largely with stated religious services, and are often attended with unnecessary display and expense, therefore agree to discontinue the practice of attending funerals on the Lord's day, except in cases of necessity."

A celebrated physician in Paris, writes to the London *Lancet* that in the treatment of mental diseases he has constantly used music, which calms and soothes the mind, and is too precious an agent to be neglected. Concerts form a part of the regular treatment in many asylums. It will be remembered that Saul found satisfaction in music.

The Protestants of Germany are beginning to prepare for the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Luther, which occurs November 10th, 1883. The principal celebration will be held at Wartburg, where Luther completed his translation of the Bible.

 All communications connected with the general editorial department of the *Monthly Advocate*, to be addressed to the Rev. J. R. Lawson, Barnesville, N. B.

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