

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1874.

Editorial.

RECRUITS.

In reading the reports given by the Protestant Churches of our Dominion at their annual gatherings, in May and June, one is painfully struck with the disproportion that exists, in all the Churches, between the number of pastors at work and the number of converts added to the Church. Here is a Protestant Church, which, according to the last report that has reached us, is employing 123 pastors, and the clear additions to the Church, after deducting losses by death and removal, are 435, which is at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ for each pastor, and this Church is one of the most energetic and prosperous in Canada. There are other Churches which are barely holding their old ground, inasmuch as they lose about as many as they gain during the year. A healthy population is calculated to double its number in twenty-five years, but a healthy Church should exceed this, inasmuch as, in addition to its own natural increase, it should obtain accessions from the community, still large in all Christian countries, that lie outside the Christian Church.

It is time that Christians in Canada were looking the painful and humiliating fact, to which we have referred, fairly in the face. It is good to see handsome churches springing up everywhere, it is good to multiply colleges and fill them with able professors, it is good to raise the standard of ministerial education, it is good to educate to clearer

views and a holier life the people who are already members of our Churches, but we shall lose the day, as against the world and the devil, not fully and finally, but temporarily and comparatively, unless we get our young men and young women in larger numbers to accept discipleship in the Church of Christ. "I am not afraid," said one of India's native princes when fighting against Britain; "I am not afraid of the English that I see, but of the English that I do not see." Were he allowed to fight with an army that received no supplies and no recruits from home, he and the deadly climate would soon finish the business to England's dishonor; but behind the officer in the camp and the field was the recruiting officer among the towns of England, the hamlets of Ireland, and the hills of Scotland, so that no sooner did a soldier fall than another, young and ardent, stepped into his place from the unseen land. It ought to be so in Christ's war. Death and other causes are constantly thinning the ranks of the Christian army, and unless recruits come in large numbers we can hardly, for this generation, be able to turn the enemy from the gate.

One of the most interesting and important questions, therefore, our Protestant Churches have to discuss in these days, is this one,—“What hinders our young from becoming Christians?” It is a law in nature that the young is like its parents. Within certain limits this

law was intended to hold in the Kingdom of Christ. When God called Abraham, it was on the understood principle that the God of Abraham should be the God of his children and of his children's children to thousands of generations. When God enters a family it is with the desire to continue in that family to all generations, unless he is driven out. "Believe on the Lord Jesus," said Paul to the jailor, "and thou shalt be saved, *and thy house.*" The salvation that came to the parents was meant to be the heritage of their children and of their children's children, unless they put it off from them. Why is it, then, that this law, the law of development in Christ's kingdom, seems, to some extent, to be suspended in our Christian Churches in Canada, as indeed to some extent in the older churches and countries? What is the reason why the hearts of the children are not turned to the fathers, the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, to the extent that the growth of our Protestant Churches should keep at least equal pace with the growth of our nominally Christian population?

On such a difficult point it is hazardous to speak with any measure of authority. The causes at work to keep the young from Christ, and from a public profession of his name, are of different kinds among different classes, in different countries, and at different stages of youthful life. All everywhere are kept from Christ, without doubt, by an inborn dislike of our fallen nature to Christ's humiliating doctrines and Christ's self-denying laws. But along with this chief cause, always present in the human heart, since Adam hid himself from God amid the trees of the garden, there are co-causes, as they may be called, that vary with time and circumstances, causes that work under this chief cause and as auxiliaries to it.

One great stumbling-block in the way of the young in our day, and in Anglo-Saxon communities, is the lukewarm-

ness of parents in regard to religious truth and religious ordinances as compared with the enthusiasm with which they follow wealth, fashion, pleasure, and politics. There was a time in the history of our Puritan and Covenanting forefathers when religion (that is the things of God, of the soul, of eternity,) was believed to be the chief end of man, while other things were only things by the way. There was a time when our fathers, moving onwards in the ways of God, dealt with the pleasures and profits of this life as our soldiers, on one occasion in the Crimea, who, in a burning sun, while passing under clusters of grapes in the Russian vineyards, plucked them and enjoyed them as they passed, but slackened not one iota in their march on the Russian guns. But we have lost much of this intense religiousness.

"This is an age," Spurgeon says in his recent College address, given in our last number, "of millinery and dolls and comedy. Even good people do not believe as their fathers used to do. Some even among Nonconformists are shamefully lax in their convictions; they have few masterly convictions such as would lead them to the stake, or even to imprisonment. Molluscs have taken the place of men, and men have turned to jelly-fishes." There is a dash of exaggeration about the words of this emphatic Baptist, but there is, we fear, a dash of truth. Amid much that is good and glorious in our age there is, except in places visited by these recent religious awakenings, a great deal of the very thing Spurgeon describes in his own vigorous way. On our shoulders our religion hangs like our summer clothing, a thing we would never think of going without, because it would not be seenly, but not quite such a felt and crying necessity, in our foolish judgment, as clothing is to men in winter, when it is the main thing that lies between them and freezing to death. This being the spirit of our age, need we wonder that

the young catch it? If we wear the clothing so lightly, need we wonder that our children go a step further and cast it off altogether? If the father reads his newspaper, and the mother her novel, more persistently and devoutly than they read their Bibles, if the success of political party is nearer the thoughts and dearer to the heart than the success of the gospel; if the concert and the circus and the soiree are attended regularly and lovingly, and the prayer-meeting or missionary-meeting irregularly and reluctantly, what else can we expect but this very thing that our Church statistics so plainly and painfully reveal.

Let parents who read these words remember that Christian families are Churches on a small scale, and that the heads of these families have as truly a charge of the souls that are therein as pastors have of the Churches. "Would parents," says one of the Puritans—Thos. Manton, "but begin betimes and labor to affect the hearts of their children with the great matters of everlasting life, and to acquaint them with the substance of the doctrine of Christ, and when they find in them the knowledge and love of Christ, would bring them to

the pastors of the Church to be tried, confirmed and admitted to the further privileges of the Church, what happy, well-ordered Churches would we have! Then one pastor need not be put to do the work of two or three hundred or thousand governors of families, even to teach their children those principles which they should have taught them long before."

Neither the eloquence and pains of pastors, nor the diligence of Sabbath-school teachers, nor prayer-meetings, nor revival-meetings, can stand to the Church for gathering in recruits in the stead of the piety of the parents. Touch with injury the root of a tree, and before long you will read the story of the wrongdoing in the topmost branches. The roots of the Church of Christ are suffering injury in the neglect of family religion, and in the secondary position into which parents put Christ in the arrangement of their households, and we are beginning to see the effects in the statistics to which we have referred. "TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY IN WHICH HE SHOULD GO, AND WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT."

Living Preachers.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

By REV. W. BROCK.

"And this they did, not as we hoped, but first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God."—2 Cor. viii. 5.

For the word "hoped" in this text, we should have had the word "expected." Paul had made an appeal to the Macedonians on behalf of a certain claim, to which appeal he had no doubt they would cheerfully respond. They responded to it at once, and so generously that they excited his surprise. They contributed not only what he expected but a great deal more. And they did it in gratitude for the love of

God, and in subordination to the will of God. Freely had they received, freely would they give. By the Divine grace they had been made to differ from other men, to the Divine glory they would act differently: making it manifest that they were not their own.

The Macedonians, according to our text, first devoted themselves to Jesus Christ, and then they unreservedly identified themselves with the disciples of Jesus Christ. Belonging to Him, they, of course, belonged to them. And thus they present an example which many among yourselves will do well to follow.

We have hoped, my brethren, that as a result of the various Lectures and Sermons which have been given especially to yourselves, some of you have been made religiously and evangelically thoughtful, so much so as to ask, what you shall do next. You are not what you were once; but you are not what you feel that you ought to be. Desires have been induced which as yet have not been satisfied. There is a deficiency—an incongruity—a want of agreement—between your inward emotions and your outward position still to be supplied. That deficiency will be supplied by your joining yourself to a Church of Christ. And it is to the act of joining yourself to a Church of Christ that I desire to direct your attention now.

I speak, you observe, indefinitely. My reference is not to a Presbyterian Church, nor to a Baptist Church, nor to an Episcopalian Church, but to a Church of any kind which faithfully and practically holds the Head. Disliking all sectarianism from my heart, I am not going to enact the sectarian now. My allusion will be to no body of Christians in particular; but to any body with which, from educational, or ecclesiastical, or conventional predilection, you may have conscientious sympathy and regard. Assured that you will do me the justice to believe this, I do, with great earnestness, entreat your attention to the duty of joining yourselves to some Church of Christ.

You will attend as I speak, first, OF THE PRE-REQUISITES FOR THAT DUTY—WHAT DOES CONNEXION WITH A CHURCH REQUIRE?

You are to give yourselves first to the Lord. Preliminary to all other transactions, there is to be the great transaction of a surrender unto God. A surrender, observe, which must be personally made. That many of you have been commended in various ways to the Divine providence and to the Divine grace, may be presumed at once.

You have been told of what was done for you in infancy, and you have strong remembrance, some of you at least, of what was done with you in childhood and youth. The family Bible, the family psalmody, the family prayer, are in your minds now. May be, other things are in your minds too. A mother's prayer with you alone is not forgotten; nor a father's solicitude, as, with old Abraham's earnestness, he said unto God on your behalf—"O that Ishmael might live before Thee!"

Valuable, however—invaluable, indeed—as have been all such advantages, they leave the surrender of yourselves to God unperformed. You only can perform that. It must be your own act and deed. Who could repent of your own sin but your own self? Who could make your own submission to the righteousness of God for you? Who could comply with the Divine requirement in your name? Putting everybody else aside, and addressing Himself to you alone, God saith "My Son;" and when you, in your proper individuality, are hearkening to Him, He proceeds—"Give Me thine heart." No matter at all what others have done for you, you only can give Him that. And it is just that which you are to give Him. The Divine claim is addressed to your convictions, to your emotions, to your volitions, to your dispositions. You are to obey from the heart. You are to believe with the heart. You are to do the will of God from the heart.

How can that man be said to have given his own self to the Lord, who is at heart indifferent to the Lord's authority—who is at heart insensible to the Lord's love? There may be external service in profusion. There may be the observance, to the last punctilio, of outward religious duty. But it is of no avail, seeing that God seeketh such to worship Him as worship Him in spirit and in truth. Herod did many things, and heard John gladly; but Herod was an enemy of God all the

while. Simon Magus was all activity about baptism, and miracles, and ministry; but at the very time he was in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity. No; my beloved friends, merely outward surrender to God won't suffice. Just the avoidance of what is evil, or simply performance of the reverse, won't do. The thing asked for is the consecration of your inner man. The pre-requisite of which I speak, is the surrender of yourselves, body, soul and spirit, to the Lord.

I cast no opprobrium, indeed, upon merely external morality. Temperance is better than drunkenness. Continence is better than debauchery. The love of science is a better thing than the love of pleasure. No doubt whatever about that. But at the same time, external morality is not the surrender of the heart to God.

Some of you assent. You are alive to the difference of which I speak. Of course you are alive to it; for you have—in addition to all virtuousness of life—you have given yourselves to God. Moved by the expostulations, and the invitations, and the promises of the gospel, you have sought the Divine favour, and the Divine protection, and the Divine forgiveness, with your whole hearts. No eye witnessed the transaction; but it has been performed. No ear heard the vow of allegiance; but it has been uttered. No friend went with you; but you have gone to the throne of grace—again, yet and yet again you have gone, and this has been your language—“Other Lords besides Thee have had dominion over me; but now will I be called by Thy name.”

Speak I not the very truth about you? Have not old things passed away? Have not all things become new? Have you not done with the world as your portion? Are you not, in your intentions, in your desires, in your likings, on the Lord's side? Judging from the whole habit of your minds,

may you not conclude that you are Christ's own disciples? Yes, it is even so; in the multitude of your thoughts within you, you have avouched the Lord to be your God.

You will attend as I speak, secondly, OF THE NATURE OF THE DUTY OF JOINING YOURSELVES TO SOME CHURCH OF CHRIST—WHEREIN DOES IT CONSIST?

There are many Churches in your neighbourhood; not only Churches of many denominations, but many of each denomination. Now, take it that you are conscientiously and intelligently inclined to join one of them—no matter which—what shall you do? I answer, become one of that Church through such modes of admission as the Church itself prescribes. The modes of admission vary. They may, however, be easily ascertained by application to the minister of your selected Church. Communicate with him at once, and then act as he directs. He will seek from you a statement of your religious feelings and convictions. Give him the statement in all simplicity and godly sincerity.

He may perhaps desire, for his satisfaction, that some others should receive a similar statement. Give it to them also. They will not inquisitively pry into matters foreign to your application. They will simply aim to ascertain that your professions are intelligent and sincere. Do not shrink from free and ingenuous conversation with such men. You could talk to them about things secular. Talk to them about things spiritual. There may be some difficulty, and at first you may fancy it to be impossible. Try it, and your way will clear. There is no need of any formality. Just avow yourselves believers in Christ, and say on what grounds you base your avowal. This being done, you would be recommended to the Church, and you would be welcomed to the Church, and, so far, you would be joined to the Church. Your name would henceforth be enrolled

among its records. You would be recognized as a follower of Christ.

Now just do this. Be one of some body of Christians forthwith. There is nothing distinctive in being one of a general congregation. Any person may belong to a congregation. No person belongs to a Church, but such as profess to have given themselves to God. And then, having become one of a certain body, worship with it, work with it, regard it with special sympathy and affection as your own Church. It will have its services for public and for social worship; make a point of attending them. It will meet for the commemoration of the death of Christ at His table; never fail to join in that commemoration. It will need your aid in its various efforts to promulgate the Gospel in your neighbourhood, and far abroad; be ever ready to give your aid, your co-operation in the schools of the Church, in its visitations, in its contributions. It will want your sympathies in administration of discipline, your presence in its gatherings for business, your firm and fast attachment through its manifold vicissitudes of sorrow and of joy. Give the Church which you may select all this. Let your union with itself be a thing of reality, and life, and power. Be, to all intents and purposes, a member of that body. Make that minister emphatically your own minister, and that people your own people, and that place your own home.

First of all let that one Church be the object of your faithful love. Not indeed to the exclusion of all other Churches. I do not plead for exclusiveness at all. What I plead for is distinctiveness and fidelity of Church membership, and I plead for that expressly in order to the reality of Church membership. The man who will not act definitively with some part of the Lord's people, will not act effectively at all towards the whole. His love of the brethren will be practically inoperative. His Christian action will be

desultory. His influence for good will certainly not be turned to the best account. There may be more independence, but there will be less power. The appearance may be delightfully unsectarian; the reality will be—if not selfish, censorious sentimentalism—uselessness in superlative degree. That your connexion with the Church of Christ may be recognized, do just what Paul did, when he came to Jerusalem—"He assayed to join himself to the disciples."

You will attend as I speak, thirdly, OF THE REASONS FOR THE DUTY OF JOINING YOURSELVES TO A CHURCH OF CHRIST—WHY SHOULD IT BE PERFORMED?

First, I reply—*That self-interest requires it.* Suppose, now, that you should become united to some body of believers in the metropolis, you would at once enjoy an interest in their prayers and in their Christian sympathies. Circumstances, indeed, there are which throw great impediments in the way of the fuller exercise of such sympathies—the unwarrantable lateness and length of business hours among the rest. But there is a good deal of Christian sympathy after all. You would have it; and in proportion as you sought for it, you would have it. There would be your minister with his sympathy, and your brethren with theirs. They would bear your case on their hearts in their intercessions at a throne of grace. They would visit you in any time of your affliction or distress. They would give you the benefit of their larger experience in the things of God. They would rejoice with you, when you do rejoice: even as they would weep with you, when you weep.

And besides all this, the habit of regular attendance at a given place would be beneficial, the ministry of the man who knows you would be profitable, the systematic observance of the Lord's Supper would be edifying, and the

remembrance that you had been found at that Supper would oftentimes act as a preservative from sin.

My dear brethren, if you would consult your own interests, I pray you to give yourselves to the people of the Lord. Are you pilgrims—often weary and discouraged; faint, although yet pursuing? So are we: Are you soldiers—having need not only of the whole armour of God, but of the great help of God to fight the fight of faith? So are we. Are you beset with sore temptations—pressed sometimes out of measure and ready to lie down and die? So are we. Don't, then, be solitary travellers—single-handed soldiers. Come with us, that we may bear your burdens, in fulfilment of the law of Christ.

Secondly, I reply—*That gratitude requires you to join a Church.* The Church is an institution of Christ. There were Churches in Judea, and in Galatia, and in Asia, of whose institution by Christ there can be no doubt. Neither can there be any doubt that those Churches were to be the models and the originators of other Churches, and these again onwards to the end of time. Wherever, therefore, a body of faithful men is found, one being their Master, even Christ, and all of themselves being brethren—there you have a Church of Christ. It is Christ's own instrument through which He works, and it is Christ's own elect on which He smiles. He walketh amidst the seven golden candlesticks—that is, among His Churches. They are His special abode on earth.

Now, that you love Christ is acknowledged. Where, but for His atonement and intercession, had you been at this hour? Yes—I speak to many a young man here who does love Christ indeed. How, then, can you keep aloof from the Church of Christ? That Church of His is virtually Himself. To love it, is to love Him. To co-operate with it, is to co-

operate with Him. To be, in affection, one with it, is just to be one with Him. You must then, I presume, decide that with the Church of Christ you will be personally identified forthwith.

I reply, thirdly—*That loyalty requires it.* "If ye love me," said the Redeemer, "keep my commandments." And surely it is His commandment that you should confess Him before men; and it is His commandment that you should show forth His death at His table; and it is His commandment that you should bear the burdens of your Christian brethren; and it is His commandment that you should strive together for the faith once delivered to the saints. As things are, you are not obeying these commandments. You are enjoying the blessings which Christ bestows as a Saviour; but you are not performing the acts which Christ enjoins as a King.

You admit the anomaly—then bring it to an end. You are struck with your own disobedience—then abandon it of course. You admit the propriety of my appeal—then act thereupon at once, by addressing yourselves to some minister of Christ, whose doctrinal and ecclesiastical opinions are most in harmony with your own, and by avowing to him your desire and your determination to give yourselves to the people over whom the Holy Ghost hath made him an overseer. Avow yourself a disciple. Witness a good profession before many witnesses. Present your body a living sacrifice to God. Come out from the world and be separate. Let there be joy in the presence of the angels of God on account of your professed subjection unto the Gospel of Christ.

Public worship should be performed so as to be understood. There can be no concurrence in those prayers that are not understood. 1 Cor. xiv.—*Matthew Henry.*

Poetry.

A SONG OF THREE WORDS.

OKARE, LABORARE ET CANTARE.

Three blissful words I name to thee,
 Three words of potent charm,
 From eating care thy heart to free,
 Thy life to shield from harm.
 Whoso these blissful words may know,
 A bold, blithe-fronted face shall show,
 And, shod with peace, shall safely go,
 Though war and wild alarm.

First, ere thy forward foot thou move,
 And wield thine arm of might,
 Lift up thine heart to Him above,
 That all thy ways be right.
 To the prime source of life and power
 Let thy soul rise, even as a flower,
 That skyward climbs in sunny hour,
 And seeks the genial light.

Then gird thy loins to manly toil,
 And in the toil have joy :
 Greet hardship with a willing smile,
 And love the stern employ.
 Thy glory this the harsh to tame,
 And by wise stroke and technic flame,
 In God-like Labour's fruitful name,
 Old Chaos to destroy.

Then mid thy workshop's dusty din,
 Where Titan steam hath sway,
 Crown to thyself a song within,
 Or pour the lusty lay :
 Even as a bird that cheerily sings,
 In narrow cage, nor frets its wings,
 But with full-breasted joyance flings
 Its soul into the day.

For lofty things let others strive
 With roll of vauntful drum :
 Keep thou thy heart, a honeyed hive,
 Like bee with busy hum.
 Chase not the bliss with wishful eyes
 That ever lures and ever flies,
 But in the present joy be wise,
 And let the future come !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

—Good Words.

THIS DAY.

This day, dear Lord, this day
 Give me my daily bread—
 Such comforts as the body needs,
 Such shelter for my head,
 The sunlight and the shower,
 The dawn and day's decline .
 If 'tis Thy will I ask no more ;
 To-morrow, it is Thine.

This day, dear Lord, this day
 Give me the power to stand
 Against the tempter's many wiles
 I meet on every hand :
 Keep me from evil, Lord,
 In thought and word and deed,
 And when I ask in humble prayer,
 Send Thou the aid I need.

This day, dear Lord, this day
 Give me, with vigour new,
 Patience to do whatever work
 My hand may find to do—
 Patience to work, and wait
 Thy righteous bidding still,
 Yet ever striving, Oh, my God,
 To do Thy blessed will

This day, dear Lord, this day
 Give me the strength to bear
 Whatever cross Thy wisdom sends,
 Whatever grief or care,
 Knowing that all, dear Lord,
 Comes from Thy loving hand—
 Bearing, rejoicing, sorrowing ;
 Having done all, to stand.

This day, dear Lord, this day
 Give me the faith to see
 Thy promises, through Him who died
 For me on Calvary ;
 And ever, blessed Lord,
 Let good or ill befall,
 Be Thou my portion and my strength,
 My comforter, my guide.

—Mrs. Parker.

THE FOUR SINGERS.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
 Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
 Fell the words un- consciously
 From her girlish, gleeful tongue ;
 Sang as little children sing ;
 Sang as sing the birds in June ;
 Fell the words like light leaves down
 On the current of the tune—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee"—
 Felt her soul no need to hide—
 Sweet the song as song could be,
 And she had no thought beside ;
 All the words un- consciously
 Fell from lips un- touched by care,
 Dreaming not that they might be
 On some other lips in prayer—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
 'Twas a woman sang them now,
 Pleadingly and prayerfully ;
 Every word her heart did know ;
 Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
 Beats with wenny wing the air,
 Every note with sorrow stirred,
 Every syllable a prayer—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
 Lips grown aged sang the hymn
 Trustingly and tenderly,
 Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
 "Let me hide myself in Thee."
 Trembling though the voice and low,
 Rose the sweet strain peacefully
 Like a river in its flow ;
 Sang as only they can sing
 Who behold the promised rest—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
 Sung above a coffin lid ;
 Underneath—all restfully—
 All life's joys and sorrows hid.
 Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul,
 Nevermore from wind or tide,
 Nevermore from billows' roll
 Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes
 Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
 Could the mute and stiffened lips
 Move again in pleading prayer,
 Still, aye still the words would be,
 "Let me hide myself in Thee."

HE KNOWS HIS OWN.

BY J. H. RANKIN, D. D.

He knows his own, Jehovah ;
 Jehovah knows his own ;
 Nor will he give them over,
 Or let them be o'erthrown ;
 His wings of love their cover,
 To shield them from all harm :
 He knows his own, Jehovah ;
 Their names are on his palm.

He knows his own, Jehovah,
 He knows their path of tears :
 Them back he will recover
 From all their doubts and fears ;
 Whene'er their footsteps wander,
 He'll bring them to the fold,
 With penitence to ponder
 His faithfulness of old.

He knows his own, Jehovah,
 And he will give them rest,
 When this brief life is over,
 In heaven, among the blest ;
 He'll clothe them with the raiment
 Made white in Jesus' blood,
 For all earth's shame give payment,
 And make them priests to God.

He knows his own, Jehovah ;
 Jehovah knows his own ;
 And though each friend and lover
 On earth may them disown,
 There's nothing that can move them,
 Or from his care can rend ;
 For he who swore to love them,
 Will love them to the end !
American Messenger.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Because in a day of my days to come
 There waiteth a grief to be,
 Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be
 dumb,
 In this day that is bright for me ?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,
 Like a pulse-beat threaded through
 The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain
 From delight in the pure and true ?

In the harvest-field shall I cease to glean,
 Since the bloom of the spring has fled ?
 Shall I veil my eyes to the noon-day sheen,
 Since the dew of the morn hath sped ?

Nay, phantom ill ! with the warning hand,
 Nay, ghosts of the weary past ;
 Serene as in armor of faith I stand ;
 Ye may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may fall
 But as bright the sun shall shine ;
 For I walk in the light ye cannot pall ;
 The light of the King divine.

And whatever He sends from day to day,
 I am sure that his name is Love ;
 And he never will let me lose my way
 To my rest in His home above.

Boston Christian.

LOVE THAT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

(Sent anonymously to the *British Messenger*.)

Oh ! wonderful love
 That passeth all knowledge,
 Wonderful love of the Godhead on high !
 How can we show it,
 Who cannot half know it ?
 God for His creatures has stooped down to die.

It was not for those
Who day and night praise Him,
Not for the angels around the bright throne;
Glorious life winning
For those dead in sinning,
For the rebellious, He came to atone

Thou knowest the tale ;
Yes, even from childhood
Thou hast been told of it fully and free ;
Yet with its sadness
(Awaking strange gladness !)
Has that old story no music for thee ?

Oh ! canst thou yet dream
Thou needest no Saviour,
Trusting for safety to works of thine own ?

Would God have given
His own Son from Heaven,
Could we have gained life eternal, alone ?

And thou, who art sad
With sorrow for sinning ;
What couldst thou do, which the Lord hath
not done ?

"He who believeth,"
The blessing receiveth ;
Not—"Who can finish what Christ has begun."

Oh ! how canst thou doubt
The love He thus proveth ?
My ways are not like your ways," He saith :
Ready to greet thee,
He cometh to meet thee
Down in "the region and shadow of death."

Christian Thought.

FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT. *

By REV. J. LAIDLAW, Aberdeen.

"And they were all FILLED with the Holy Ghost." The *ir-ullth* of the blessing in that first and typical outpouring of the Spirit on the Church was complete—"all filled." And this feature, of diffusion over a wide area at the same time, is one that has for the most part marked true revival. The breadth of its diffusion tells of the height of its origin. If we see a light passing obviously from one hill-top to another, we infer a human hand is kindling a beacon-fire ; but when a hundred hill-tops are lighted up at once, we know the sun has risen. So has it been with the blessing in Scotland this year, and indeed through the universal Church of Christ. It has not been propagated from place to place, but the heavenly breath has quickened some almost everywhere, and all at once,

But let us look at the *depth* of the blessing—"all *fillt*." Let us get rid of the idea that Pentecost was the only "full tide" Christianity has ever known, and that it has been "low water" ever since. There were some incidents of

Pentecost probably never to be repeated. The miraculous element, for instance. The great bell of the universe once rung, as John Foster puts it, mankind are summoned to hear the sermon of Christianity. The bell need not be sounded again. Or we may say,—At a certain crisis in its growth a tree puts forth blossoms. There is a brilliant glow of colour, never surpassed ; but it is not the highest and best period of that tree,—the fruit is better. The fulness of the Holy Ghost was the permanent blessing bestowed on believers then, never to be withdrawn ; and it has been "filling the face of the world with fruit" ever since. What is it, then, to be "filled with the Spirit," or "full of the Holy Ghost?"

It is to be possessed with views of the divine glory of Christ. Every great spiritual impulse rests upon some divinely revealed truth, and the truth which made and animated the Pentecostal movement was, "Jesus now reigns as the Christ of God." Peter, Stephen, and all the others, when "full of the Holy Ghost," were filled with views of their Master's divine glory. And this, no doubt, will be always so. When men are full of the Holy Ghost, they see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the

* This short paper is taken from *Times of Blessing*, a weekly record of the religious revival in Britain.

right hand of God; i. e. they are filled with the thoughts of Christ and His glory. As workers and servants in His cause, they are neither wholly taken up with means and machinery, nor cast down by the opposition or the difficulties. They see Christ, and are full of Him; for the Holy Ghost tells of Christ, not of Himself. We are very apt to think, that being full of the Holy Ghost implies a great consciousness of spiritual emotion or power, a great whirlwind of spiritual feeling and enjoyment; that being filled with the Spirit, in short, means being filled with the Spirit's working upon ourselves. An entire mistake; the Spirit will not make you think of Himself, nor of yourself, but of Jesus only; or rather, of Christ Jesus in His glory. To be full of the Holy Ghost is to lose sight of self, feeling, everything but this, "Christ reigns," and to be filled with a calm, all-pervading sense of His kingly presence and power.

When believers are filled with the Holy Ghost, *they become witnesses for Christ to others.* So it was at the first. The "witnessing" of the Church for Jesus began with Pentecost. It was powerful witness: "They spake the word with boldness;" "With great power gave the apostles witness." And it is easy to see how it was so. Possessed with the view of Jesus as the reigning Saviour, they were transported by this possession into a new region of testimony. It nerved them for everything. It carried them above all fear. What were councils, or courts, or kings to them? Jesus reigns, and we are His servants. And it was successful witness as well as powerful. Thousands believed it. It was with great power, for it was unto salvation.

So are believers now and at all times known to be filled with the Holy Ghost when they are bold and successful witnesses for Jesus Christ. This was what He said beforehand the Spirit would do when He came. And by this we may know that He is come at any time to

His Church, when her testimony is honored by many conversions. This may teach us how to ask the Holy Spirit. We are not to expect Him as power or comfort to ourselves, except as He is also a witness for Christ in the world. If an army in the field should send to the War Office at home for powder and ball, and were found to be never using this ammunition, there would soon be a stop to the supplies. We pray for grace. There is no prayer so frequent in the Church as prayer for the Spirit. But with what end in view and with what practical earnestness is it prayed? If it be not with the full mind and meaning that work may be done, souls converted, the world about us convinced, the kingdom enlarged, Christ glorified, the power will not come.

When Christians are filled with the Holy Ghost, *they are marked by great unity.* "The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul." It is a very beautiful note in the old promise of Israel's restoration, that the Lord says when He shall gather His scattered ones and give them a new heart, "I will give them one heart and one way." "The watchmen upon the mount Ephraim shall cry, Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion." There is nothing that more certainly marks the rise of spiritual power in any Christian community than just this, that the real unity of real Christians is brought out. Not that mere multitude marks spiritual power, nor that there is no sifting, separating power in the advent of the Holy Ghost. On the contrary, while He gathers the Church, He separates the Church from the world. He that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire is the same that has His fan in His hand to purify His own wheat. Spiritual power in the Church awes and sifts out the unspiritual: "Fear came upon every soul." But it puts an end to separation between Christian and Christian: "They were all with one accord in one place; but of the rest durst no man

join himself to them." *They abound also in love and practical benevolence.* The chasm between faith and practice, between theory and fact, in the Church becomes narrowed as spiritual power increases. When "all are filled" with the Holy Ghost, that ugly gulf will be found no more. Profession and reality will correspond. Christianity will be a thing lived out and realized.

How, then, are we to be filled with the Spirit?

Let us see that we are born of the Spirit. Many are born of the Spirit who are not baptized with the Holy Ghost. Few, very few are "filled with the Spirit." But no one can be "filled" who is not first born again. And this is just one way in which a period of blessing or desire for blessing is fertile in conversions within the nominal Church. Nicodemus desires to know and have this new thing, and Christ takes him with the first word to the new birth: "Except a man be born AGAIN, he cannot SEE the kingdom of God."

For the rest, it is simply to be "asked." "The heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ASK Him." Nay, the words used about it are such as to imply more perfectly than even this, that the fulness of the Spirit is in the possession of the Church. We sometimes use a misleading analogy when we speak of "waiting" for the Spirit. We no longer require to wait for the sending of the Spirit, as the disciples had to "tarry" at Jerusalem before Pentecost. The Holy Ghost is now given because that Jesus is now glorified. The fountain of the water of life is unsealed, the channel that leads it through the Church below is open and free, the river of God is full of water, and there are "times of harvest," like the present, when this "Jordan overfloweth all his banks." So that the word now is not so much ASK as TAKE. "Whosoever will, let him TAKE the water of life freely." All is now ready

on the Lord's part, and His word to His Church and people now is, not "Wait for the promise," but "RECEIVE YE the Holy Ghost," "BE FILLED with the Spirit."

A REMARKABLE CHAPTER IN CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY.

[This paper, from the last number of the *True Catholic*, is the most satisfactory of the kind on an interesting but difficult subject that we have read for a long time. It were desirable to have had the question of the ten kingdoms settled more satisfactorily than by taking the testimony of Machiavel, but otherwise, so far, the paper is good.—Ed. C. C. M.]

I.

Poor France! and poor Spain! Two great kingdoms which, under Charles V. and under Louis XIV., aspired to universal dominion, are now involved in such trouble, that the wit of man cannot imagine any way by which they can be extricated from it. For a dozen years and more, four parties—Napoleonists, Republicans, Orleanists, and Legitimists—have perplexed the politics of France. Just now, a sort of truce is proclaimed, and it is hoped that for a few years the question may be allowed to sleep. But this is a groundless hope; the trouble may break out at any moment. In Spain matters are no better. Two sovereigns have been discarded, and the ablest statesman that the country has known for many years has been dispatched by the knife of the assassin. At present, Spain, like France, is called "a Republic," but, like France, no one feels sure that it may not be a monarchy or a chaos next week. Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and other Roman Catholic countries, or countries of mixed religions, are in sympathy, more or less, with these troubles; and Dr. Manning did not hesitate to predict, at a public meeting a few weeks since, the speedy break-out of a great European war.

In this position of affairs, is it at all surprising that many persons have turned their eyes to the predictions of Holy Scripture? Is there nothing, in all the writings of Daniel and St. John, which may throw any light on the perplexities which at present harass the thoughts of all the statesmen of Western Europe? There is much: and greatly it is to be wondered at that so few persons have noticed the exact and recent fulfilment of prophecies which, for many centuries, have remained in doubt. We open the 17th chapter of the Book of Revelation, because there, more than in most other chapters of that book, we find a distinct identification of the place and the power of which the apostle is speaking: "The woman which thou sawest is *that great city* which reigneth over the kings of the earth." Rev. xvii. 18." It was quite impossible that the apostle could doubt, or that he could be in any error in interpreting this prophecy to be a picture of the coming history of Rome. And that history has for a thousand years most exactly agreed with the minutest description of the prophecy. A "beast," in the various predictions of Daniel and St. John, always represents to us an empire; and a "woman" places before us a church. The true Church of Christ is "the Bride, the Lamb's wife;" an apostate church is an unfaithful wife,—a harlot. In this 17th chapter of St. John we find a beast, or empire, ridden upon—*i. e.*, ruled and guided by a woman or church. And for more than a thousand years we have seen Western Europe (Italy, France, Spain, etc.)—that part of the world which was formerly "the Western Empire"—we have seen it divided into several kingdoms, but still one in its submission to the Church of Rome. This was the first item among the various agreements of the fact with the recorded prediction.

Next came the singular circumstance that these subject-kingdoms, ridden upon by the woman, were to be Ten. They

were to be ten at the outset; for, though they had not appeared when the apostle wrote ("They have received no kingdom *as yet*"—v. 12), they were to spring up "in one hour"—*i. e.*, simultaneously. And it is Machiavel, a Roman Catholic of the sixteenth century, who enumerates them as "the Franks, Ostrogoths, Heruli, Lombards, Burgundians, Visigoths, Suevi, Vandals, Huns, and Saxons." But, wonderful to relate, they were to remain ten, under various names, for 1,260 years; for at the end of that period *they*, "the ten horns, shall hate the woman, and make her desolate." They had been ruled by her for the allotted period (for the 1,260 years), but so soon as that time had expired, they were to hate the woman to whom they had so long submitted. Thus, they sprang up in the fifth and sixth centuries, and were to continue, the ten, "until the words of God should be fulfilled"—*i. e.*, until the 1,260 years, the allotted period, should have expired. And accordingly, if we take up a map of the sixth century, we find on it the ten horns or kingdoms which Machiavel described. If we take up a map of A. D. 1000, we still find ten kingdoms; and if we take up one of the fifteenth century, or one of the year A. D. 1850, still, in all we find the ten; for in all that time the words of God were *fulfilling*, not fulfilled.

Another feature of the prophecy was, that an union of these kingdoms into one, or even into two or three, should be found impossible. Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Alexander, and Cæsar found no difficulty in forming, each, a great empire; but the union of these ten kingdoms was to be a thing beyond the power of man. Charlemagne, Louis XIV., Napoleon, all tried in vain. Marriages and other alliances were planned; but Daniel had told us that all such schemes should fail: "They shall mingle themselves with the seed of men, but they shall not cleave one to another." (Dan. ii. 43.) "Until the

words of God should be fulfilled," it should be impossible to make these kingdoms fewer in number than the predicted ten.

But is this "word of God," this "mystery of God," now finished and made known? When did this great mystic period commence, and when did it terminate? Is it possible to solve this vast problem? If it were not, no such problem would have appeared in Scripture. The Bible was not written to perplex men, but to instruct them. A blessing is pronounced on "those who read, and who hear, the words of this prophecy." But how could they be blest if the prophecy itself were unintelligible? No; unquestionably, it was given in order to be studied and understood. Which, then, were the 1,260 years? When did they begin, and when did they terminate? This is a question concerning which all dogmatism, all supposed certainty, would be rash and criminal. But this ought not to lead us to shut up the book, and to say that nothing real, nothing practical, can be gathered from it. The rise of the Papacy is no secret; it is no hidden or impenetrable thing. All history designates Gregory I. as "the first Pope." The pretensions advanced by him were such as to constitute him the visible head of the existing Church; and, two or three years after his death, this title was given, by an imperial decree, to one of his successors. We dislike all attempts to fix the day, or the month, or the year, in which the 1,260 years commenced; but we can feel no doubt that it was between the accession of Gregory in A.D. 590, and the edict of Phocas in A.D. 607. Hence, we count on to the end of the 1,260 years, believing that period to have run out somewhere between 1850 and 1867; and we ask whether any tokens have become visible of the expiration of that mystic period.

Two broad facts were predicated of the character of this mystic period, and of the change which should take place

when it had expired. 1. So long as it lasted, the ten horns, or kingdoms, were to "agree, and give their kingdom to the harlot-ridden beast until the words of God should be fulfilled." 2. But when those words and that time had been fulfilled, then they were to "hate the woman, and make her naked and desolate, and burn her with fire." Here are two very opposite states of mind, two very different lines of conduct. If "the words of God" have been fulfilled in our time, this change must have become palpable and visible in the course of the last few years. Has this been so? Most undoubtedly it has. Let any observer of passing events call to mind the state of things in Europe, or rather in the ten kingdoms, between 1840 and 1860. In Spain, Escalente, Matamoros, and other inquirers, were cast into prison for simply reading the Bible. In Florence, the same fate befell the *Madiai*. In Austria, a village having heard the Gospel, and expressing a wish to become Protestants, was informed that such a change could not be permitted. In 1848-9, Piedmont had a quarrel and a strife with Austria, and was instantly worsted and humbled;—the 1,260 years had not yet expired. Five or six years later, Austria made with Rome a most degrading treaty or concordat, placing the whole education and spiritual concerns of the empire wholly in the hands of the Papal authorities. As to France, she sent one expedition into Italy, to restore the Pope to his palace at Rome; and another to Mexico, to set up an Austrian prince as the ruler of that country; especially assigning "the interests of the Church" as a sufficient reason for such interference. So entirely, so ostentatiously, did the ten horns "give their strength and power" to Rome, until the 1,260 years should have expired, and "until the words of God were fulfilled."

But, most clearly and evidently, from about the year 1860 and onwards, a mighty change began to be seen. No

foresight of man could have warned us of its approach; but, without any premonitory symptoms, it came. It was in 1859 that, without any previous warning, France, always regarded as "the eldest son of the Church," suddenly broke with Austria, marched an army into Italy, and compelled the Austrians to give up Lombardy. The movement, thus commenced, did not stop where, probably, the French Emperor intended it to stop. Italy, thus aroused, took up the idea of "unity." The smaller potentates of Tuscany, Modena, etc., were driven away; Naples was subdued by Garibaldi; the States of the Church revolted from the Pope; and at last, after a state of division which had lasted a thousand years, the whole of Italy became one. This was the first step, but it was soon followed by a second. Three or four years after, a quarrel arose between Austria and Prussia. Italy allied herself to the latter power; and Austria, to get rid of the only ground of quarrel, abandoned Venice to the Italian king. But Prussia held on her course, defeated Austria in a great battle, and

then, annexing Hanover and other German states, made herself the head, the dominant power, in Germany. France now became jealous of these Prussian aggrandisements, and, after two or three years of disagreeable discussion, the French Emperor declared war, and marched against Germany. The result was calamitous in the last degree. The French armies lost many successive battles, Paris was besieged, and, finally, peace was only restored by the cession, by France, of two fine provinces. One result of this quarrel was, that the Italian Government, feeling itself now entirely free, marched an army into Rome, and took possession of that city as the rightful capital of Italy. And now, from end to end, Italy is owned and ruled by King Victor Emmanuel, and the ten kingdoms have evidently ceased to exist. This fact is, in itself, one of immense importance. It tells us, unmistakably, to what point St. John's prophecy we have come. But on this point we must speak at more length in another paper.

Christian Life.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

An autobiography of last century: being the Life and Conversion of Dugald Buchanan, as narrated by himself.

Translated for the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

CONCLUDING SECTION—CHAP. I.

For the sake of those who have begun to take the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY in July, we remark here that Dugald Buchanan, whose Memoir we are now concluding in the volume ending with Dec.—1874, lived during the middle of last century. He was a man of undoubted genius, as is at once felt by those competent to read his poetry, in the language in which it was originally written. His memoir, written by himself, a book totally unknown to English readers, has been translated for our Magazine for this reason, chiefly, that it shows in a clear way the manner in

which a sinner is justified before God, which is surely the greatest of all questions to dying men like us. This gifted man, from his unwillingness to give up his sinful ways, tried to be an Atheist, then a Deist, then an Arian, then a Ritualist, then a Legalist, but could not in any of these ways find rest for his soul. In despair, having wearied himself in the greatness of his way, he fell at the feet of Jesus, saying like him of Tarsus, "What wouldst thou have me to do Lord?" Receiving Jesus, and resting on Him alone for salvation, he found peace and joy and strength. Presenting his ticket with nothing on it but this, "Admit the bearer, a sinner," he entered and found rest. The concluding section of his life, which we begin in this number, brings him before us as a converted man, battling with doubts and fears, struggling to attain to a higher Christian life, beaten and baffled often, but bent on conquering, faint but pursuing, until the thread of the story is suddenly

broken eighteen years before his death, from which time all we know of his inner religious life, and it is very beautiful and peaceful, is what we can gather from his poems, published two years before his death.—*E. C. C. M.*

Sabbath evening, the 6th of February, 1743, is an evening to be remembered by me all the days of my life; and the joy of that night continued with me till the following Thursday, when a cloud came over my sun to teach me that I must live by *faith*, not by *feelings*. Satan and my own unbelieving heart urged me hard to burn all my writings, telling me that by publishing them I would incur God's displeasure even to hell. But glory be to God who rebuked my enemy, and thus kept me from destroying these memorials of His love to me. I was also helped to look to Jesus in the hope of seeing greater things than I had yet seen in Him. I enjoyed much of God's presence in all my duties, but on the 22nd day of February, while going to prayer, I was in a wonderful way filled with love and wonder because of the FREENESS of God's salvation towards me, one of the vilest of men. Then those words came to my mind, "*Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain, and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying grace, grace unto it.*" Zec. iv. 7. Who art thou, O great mountain of my sin? before the Lord Jesus Christ thou shalt become a plain. Who art thou, O great monster of inward corruption? Cannot his grace slay thee, *sanctify* as well as *justify*. Who art thou, O hard heart? Cannot this grace soften thee? Who art thou, O dead sinner? Can this grace not quicken thee? Who art thou, O poor slave? Can this grace not set thee free? Who art thou, O poor one? Can this grace not make thee rich? O this wondrous, royal grace, this free grace that reaches the blood-thirsty Manasseh, the persecuting Saul, and me, the chief of sinners. O my soul, come and contemplate lovingly this omnipo-

tent grace that lays low each stronghold of Satan, and every thought that exalts itself against Christ. This is an ocean whose depths exceed my deepest thoughts, for how can a finite creature comprehend that which is infinite. O my soul, wait patiently for the Lord, but never cease looking and waiting till the top-stone is laid on the building with shouting, yea with the shouting of the angels, and the sound of the last trumpet, calling on the body to rise from the dust and to join in the joyful acclamation "GRACE, GRACE UNTO IT." O my soul, contemplate this *living stone* which the builders rejected, but which is become the head of the corner, laid in Zion for a foundation-stone, elect and precious, on which you may safely build your eternal hopes. O my soul, wait with expectation till grace is crowned with glory, till the corner-stone, becomes also the top-stone, when you will join in the joyous acclaim, "Grace, grace unto it."

I thought that my warfare was now accomplished, that my sins had received their death wound, that I might now take some rest, that I might come down from my watch-tower where day and night I kept watch, to know if my foes had any more life in them. But to my great astonishment I soon discovered that the sins I imagined dead had some life in them, and that again they threatened to break out on me.*

* The necessity of constant *watchfulness* and *prayer* on the part of Christians against indwelling sin till it is finally destroyed, which Dugald Buchanan is here learning, was well put by the Rev. Mr. Porteous, the Bunyan of Ross-shire, in allegory and parable, who in 1775, in his 84th year, died on his knees at prayer:—

"A traveller, while passing through a desert, was overtaken by a storm. So violent was the tempest that he, at last, despaired of surviving it. Just as hope died within him his eye was caught by a light that glimmered in the distance, and he hastened his steps to reach it. Arriving at the place where it shone, he sees an open house, entering which he finds himself in an apartment with a fire on the hearth and a seat placed beside it. He sat down, and making himself as comfortable

I began then to blame myself, fearing that I was going to turn the grace of God into lasciviousness, but I hated such a thought with bitter hatred, and in face of the sudden temptation I felt my love to Christ increasing with the increase of my sense of sin. I did meet with some who blasphemously said "That as grace was free, men might live as they chose and be saved." But blessed for ever be the Lord who taught me the very contrary, and who gave me to know in my own sweet experience that there is nothing so effectual to break the hard heart as a sight by faith of Jesus wounded for my transgression. I went, therefore, with my mournful plaint to the great Physician, and said to Him, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?" Many portions of Scripture came to my mind, but with special sweetness came the 2nd chap. of the 1st Epistle of John. The Lord gave me a glorious view of Christ as an Advocate with the Father, which subject employed my thoughts for many days. I John ii. 1.

In the first place, I saw that an Advocate, in human law, must be a man of learning, and a ready speaker who can plead the cause (of those who cannot speak for themselves, and who hire him) before the judges. Then I thought of the Lord Jesus as the Advocate of sinners, "who has the tongue of the learned, who knows how to speak a word in season to and for them that are weary,"

as possible, he felt happy at his escape from the storm that was still raging without. On entering he had seen nothing but what has been already noticed: but about midnight, happening to look around, he saw a dead body lying in a corner of the room. The corpse having begun to rise, as he looked at it, the poor man became dreadfully frightened, and as the corpse was rising higher and higher, he rushed to the door to escape from the house. But the storm was so violent that he dared not go out, and no choice was left him but to return to his place by the fire. For a time the corpse was at rest, but he could not keep his eyes off the corner where it lay, and as he

looked it began to rise, and now higher than before. Again he sprang from his seat, but instead of rushing to the door he, this time, fell on his knees. As he knelt, the dead body lay back again, and he ventured once more to his seat by the hearth. He had not long been there when up again rose the corpse, and now still higher than formerly: so on his knees again he fell. Observing that only while he was kneeling the dead lay still, he rose not again from his knees till the day had broken and the shadows fled away."—"The days of the Fathers in Ross-shire," by Rev. Jno. Kennedy, Dingwall.

to such a degree, indeed, that all those that heard him on earth, wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth; "for he taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes." Matt. vii. 29.

In the second place, I saw that in human courts a man like me, ignorant of law, would carry no weight before the Lords of Session. They would not have patience to listen to a man ignorant both of the language and custom of law, but it would be otherwise could I secure the service of an Advocate who knew the forms of law, who had sympathy with me in my bonds, who could talk with me and advise me in secret, and then go boldly out into court to plead for me before the judges. Now I saw that if I would be so helpless before human judges, that my case must be desperate when I have to deal with the Judge of all the earth, whose eyes are like a flame of fire. It was then I saw the advantage of having Jesus for my Advocate, "who presents himself in presence of God in my behalf," Heb. ix. 24; to stand in my room pleading my cause, *while his heart is in deep sympathy with me.*—With what confidence, methought, can I now draw near to God through the Advocate. Glory to God for this new and living way, consecrated by his blood. I saw now that it was only by oneness with Christ I could have access to God and could call Him my Father. How consoling, therefore, the truth that my Advocate is my nature, that in him the

Divine and Human meet in one centre. Faith here walks in noon-day light, but reason stumbles as one walking in a black hole.

In the third place, I saw that though human advocates often save from just doom the wicked, still oftener they fail in saving at all, and thus they keep their clients in constant uncertainty. But in contrast to this, I saw the incomparable glory of our Advocate, who delivered the poor thief that trusted in Him, and every such one, not at times and occasionally, but always and to the uttermost; and that, not by trampling law under foot, but by exalting it, in his obedience, in his suffering, in his life, in his death; so that he is not simply a friend of the sinner against law, but a friend of both sinner and law. When a poor condemned wretch comes, therefore, to this Advocate, and puts his case into his hands, he need feel no uncertainty as to the issue; no! however desperate the case, the sinner need fear nothing, for the Advocate has given his word, his oath, that his advocacy must and will prevail with the Father.—Heb. iv. 17, 18.

In the last place, I saw, that when a man ignorant of law, comes to an advocate to employ him to plead his case, that the advocate will very readily pick up the substance of the man's case and the pith of his remarks, though he should be unable to word the matter in very correct, compact fashion, and that the Advocate, in the use of a wise discretion, will take in or leave out circumstances and arguments according to their bearing on the success of the case. Just so, I felt that when I came to our Advocate to put my case in his hands and to explain to him how it stood (though he knew all about it before), that he understood right well my stammering speech and my broken prayer, which I could not order aright in his presence. I saw, therefore, that my best plan was not to depend much on the way I presented the case, but to lay my

dependence on the way my Advocate did his work, an Advocate who, being infinitely rich, will be much offended if I offer to pay him, his great glory being to do all this for poor sinners without fee or reward. It is my glory and happiness, therefore, to be drowned in debt to him throughout eternity. These thoughts were sweeter to me than honey from the comb. "*Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?*"—Rom. viii. 33, 34.

About three months after this, meeting with an acquaintance of good information, I asked what were the beliefs of the Arians, the Deists, and the Socinians. The man told me, when I remarked that it seemed strange that such heretics should be allowed to dwell among christians. He, then, began to argue on their side, and pressed me with questions I really could not answer.—This, and heretical folks I fell in with, nearly upset my faith once more. Satan attacked me with the temptation that it was foolish to pray to Christ, seeing I could not be sure that he was Divine: and when I opened the Bible that accuser would say, "*How can you believe a book of which you have no proof that it is God's word?*" These temptations brought my soul to a miserable condition as I thus reasoned:—"It is only weak-minded people and ignorant that believe in the Divinity of Jesus and in the inspiration of the Scriptures, people who know no better, and lack culture, but the ministers of religion believe nothing of the kind though they preach it." But this came to my rescue:—"That the gospel had prevailed against its enemies, and had held its own ground against all assailants." About this time I fell in with this book:—"Some thoughts about religion, natural and revealed, in order to show that the Christian religion is as old as the creation; supposed to be written by Lord P—t." In reading this book my doubts were met and the deep questions that troubled me were answered as far as si-

lencing reason is concerned; indeed, I may say that not a page of this book was without benefit to my troubled mind. Oh, the beauty of religion and learning when they meet in the same person! But in spite of learning and reasoning my doubts came back, saying: "*How can these things be?*"—It was then the Lord showed me his way of solving my doubts. I got a new view of man in his lost estate and the unpassable gulf made by sin between God and man, so that Adam could no longer come near God, but fled from him all intercourse between the two being for ever at an end without a Mediator. I then saw clearly that this Mediator must, from the necessity of the case, be both God and man in one person. For were he only God he could, because of his holiness, have no communion with man; and were he only man he could, because of his imperfection, have no access to God; but to the delight of my heart God showed me that in one person the two natures meet in one Immanuel—God with us. The eternal Word had a body prepared for him, in which he fulfilled the law in behalf of his people.

God revealed to me also, in a clearer light, the mysteries of the covenant of grace as made with the Head in behalf of the members who receive that Head, in all which I saw such tokens of infinite wisdom and infinite love that I felt persuaded such a plan must be from God. I perceived that by this plan, the glory of God was promoted and the salvation of man secured in such harmony that my whole nature assented to the plan as of God. And it was not a cold, dry, assent I gave to the plan of salvation, but my will rendered hearty submission to it, and my affections were stirred up by this sight, "God manifested in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels," which gave the death-blow to these harassing doubts.

I will also show here, how I got final settlement as to the scriptures being the

word of God. God gave me assurance of this in casting light on his own truth, again and again, and bringing it home with power to my conscience and heart, now in the way of rebuke, and again in the way of comfort, so that I had evidence in myself that this must be God speaking to me.* I saw in the 19th Psalm, many things as to the word of God I had felt in my own experience; "*The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.*" It was the Law that first awoke me and set me to run in the right path; it was the Law that directed my steps while blind; it was the Law that scattered the clouds of ignorance that beset my path; it was the Law that caused the Sun of Righteousness to shine on me; it was the Law that corrected me for sins that were known only to it and God. Thus it was that God convinced me of the authority of His Word, by His spirit bearing witness with my spirit; for "*He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself.*" I. John. v. 10. "*All Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.*" II Tim. iii. 16, 17.

DEAD YET SPEAKING.

BY ONE OF THE YOUNG MEN'S DEPUTATION TO ENGLAND.

It is a solemn thing, in these warm revival times, to have the chilly hand of death thrust suddenly into the thick of the harvesting. But it seems as if no worker could be long in the vineyard without having his path crossed by the King of Terrors, and without the sorrow of seeing some of the newly reaped

* This experience is quite in harmony with the admission of learned men, that though the testimony of the Church, the heavenliness of the matter, the majesty of the style, the efficacy of the doctrine, &c., be strong arguments in behalf of the Divine authority of the Bible, still "*full persuasion and assurance of the infallible truth and Divine authority thereof is from the inward work of the Holy Spirit, bearing witness by and with the word in our hearts.*"

sheaves gathered hastily into the garner-house above. At any time there is something peculiarly sad and touching in hearing of the death of one who has newly given the heart to Christ; but to the young worker reaping his first field, the news that already some of the early fruit has been deemed ripe enough for the Master's table comes with a thrill which can never be described in words. From time to time you have been hearing tidings of the great work among the young men of Sunderland; but it was the sad lot of the Edinburgh young men, who have been working there for some weeks, to hear the other day that one of the young men who professed to have found Christ at their meetings had since passed into eternity. At first we could learn almost no more about the matter than the bare newspaper obituary could supply,—“On the 21st May, Joseph Hickmans, aged 19.” But it was impossible to be satisfied with this brief summing up of a history in which we all felt such a personal interest, and we anxiously longed for more satisfactory particulars about the closing scenes of the young life thus prematurely snatched from among us, and especially for any which might give an indication of a real and genuine spiritual change. From his quiet, unobtrusive habits, however, and a certain natural reserve in making known to others the secrets of an inner experience which must always have been deep and living, it was difficult to gather more than the scantiest details of Joseph Hickmans' life, while the treacherously sudden nature of the typhoid fever which carried him away made any death-bed revelation of his spiritual history absolutely impossible.

It was known, however, that he had attended several of the young men's meetings: and, as a sort of forlorn hope, the books of the secretary, who had preserved a careful list of all who had entered the inquiry-room at these meetings, were appealed to in the expectation

that his name might be possibly found amongst them. Name after name was run over, and at last, far down the list, it came—Joseph Hickmans. Here at last was some clue. He had been in the inquiry-room—seeking Christ. Now came the momentous question, *Had he found Him?* No one seemed able to reply. Again and again the solemn question was whispered round, again to come back unanswered. But one short week elapsed after he left the inquiry-room when the fever laid him low. Who knew the history of that week? It was indeed a momentous question. Surely some one had seen the veil lifted a little bit, so much seemed to depend on it—an eternity upon a week! Like a thief in the night the fatal disease crept upon him, and from the very first he was unconscious. Yes, it all seemed to depend on it; and was there no one to unravel the mystery of *that week?* Rumours were heard, very pleasing indeed, and at another time very satisfactory; but when one thought of the tremendous issues at stake, it seemed so little satisfaction to hear that some of his friends had heard him talk about religion—that some of his fellow-shopmen had noticed a certain change in his life and character—that, as he went to and fro at the dinner-hour, he had been observed in the streets giving away handbills containing invitations to the Young Men's meetings, or that he had been known to attend one of the “Young Converts' Meetings” for those who professed to have “received good” within the few weeks that had just passed. Very pleasing indeed it was to hear that he had been trying to speak a little for Christ, and to do a little humble work for him; but somehow one yearned to know more definitely about the deep, secret life of the soul during the few days of the finishing of his course. The day of the funeral came, but the mystery remained unsolved. Still the longed-for tidings never came, and as we bore him to the quiet church-

yard just outside the town, and laid him in his early grave, we could only hope in silence that he was safe in the hands of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

But that night the uncertainty of hope was changed in an unexpected way into the full assurance of joy. Then did we learn that the loving Father had really taken him to Himself. The news of his illness had reached his quiet country home in the midland counties, and his mother had come two hundred miles to see him die. For a fortnight she had watched him night and day, but the fatal sleep was on him all the time, and he did not even know the mother's hand which nursed him. The end approached, and the friends gathered round to try and catch a whisper of the cross from the dying lips; but the voice soon hushed forever, and the words were never said. Yet the mother's heart was joyful even in that hour of sorrow, for in her bosom she held three letters from her son—three precious confessions of a newly found Saviour, which solved the mystery of the last conscious week he spent on earth, and told how he had learned then to know and to trust Christ. By the kind permission of his friends, to whom these letters must now possess the deep and cherished interest of being the only record of a bright and beautiful hope in one so suddenly removed in the midst of his youth and promise, we are enabled to publish them, in the fond hope that they may be the means of leading some to know and to love the last, best friend whom Joseph Hickmans knew on earth.

The first of the letters is to his now sorrowing father and mother. It needs no introduction. It possesses the peculiar interest of having been written just after coming home from the meeting where he learned, as he says, to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." It was too good news to keep till the morning, and, full of the one great subject, he plunges right into the thoughts so near his heart:—

"HENDON, April 20, 1874.

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,--For some time past I have been troubled greatly by my sins, and I often asked myself how I was to become a Christian.

"In times of joy and sorrow, and especially when I have heard the gospel preached, I have had serious thoughts and sometimes strong feelings about religion, but I never knew exactly what I was to do to become a Christian. Often I have been thoughtless about it, but yet there have been times when I have felt my sins to be very great, and have really desired to become a Christian.

"Well, last week there came several young men to Sunderland from Edinburgh to preach to, and hold meetings especially for, young men. I went to one on Tuesday night, and was deeply impressed with a feeling of sorrow for sin; but it passed away, and I got as un-concerned as ever. I went again to-night, with J—— T——, and, thank God, we have both found pardon through His blood. I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and have resolved to put all thoughts of self on one side and trust only to Him. May He help me for His name's sake.

"Now I want you to pray for me, ask God to guide me in the right way, pray earnestly, and I believe He will hear and answer.

"I am very well in health, and shall be glad to hear from you soon.—I remain, with best love, your dear son,
JOE."

"*I am very well in health.*" What a commentary in that closing sentence! "*Very well,*" and a month later the end of death was upon him. Well may we join him in thanking God that he had "found pardon through His blood."

Two days after writing this letter he sends the glad news to his brother.—a Wesleyan minister in England,—and adds some further particulars of the working of God's Holy Spirit with him:—

"HENDON, April 22, 1874.

"MY DEAR BROTHER SAMUEL, — * * * I daresay you will be pleased to hear that during the present week I have resolved to put my trust only in God. For a long time past I have been greatly troubled by my sins—I could never feel happy. I always had a kind of feeling of unsafety, as though there was something awful coming. Last week several young men came to this town from Edinburgh, and held meetings especially for young men. I went one night, and when I went home I resolved to start afresh; but it would not do; in a day or two I got as care-

less and indifferent as ever. On Monday night J—— T—— and I went again. After the meeting there was an inquiry meeting for any one who might wish to stay; so Joe and I stayed, and some of the friends pointed out the way to salvation, but I did not see quite clearly. I went home with one of the young men, and I told him my difficulty. He said, 'You believe that Christ came into the world to save sinners?' 'Yes,' I told him I did. 'Then all you have to do is just simply to trust Him.'

"I said 'Good-night,' and went on my way home. All on a sudden I thought, Oh, how good God has been to give His only Son to die for us miserable sinners! Then I thought, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;' and then I said, Lord, I will trust Thee—I believe Thou wilt help me; and then I prayed, Lord, help me to lead a new life; and I believe He is helping me. I am still trusting Him, and may He help me to do so forever.

"J—— T—— also found peace. Our shop is not like the same place ever since. There is a great revival among young men. * * * I want you to remember me in your prayers; ask God to help and bless me, and at last may He bring me safe to heaven for the sake of His dear Son.

"I must now conclude, with best love from your brother
JOE."

In answer to this letter his brother sends him another, to which he replies the following day, giving a more full account of the very sure foundation on which he was basing his hopes of eternal life. There could be nothing more simple and beautiful than the view which this letter, perhaps the most interesting of the three, gives of the sorrowing sinner's approach to Christ:—

"HENDON, April 26, 1874.

"MY DEAR BROTHER SAMUEL,—I received your letter, and am much obliged for the good counsel you give me. I will endeavour by God's help to follow it. I am still trusting in Jesus, and I believe He is helping me. I feel a wonderful change has taken place in me. It was the simpleness of salvation which always puzzled me. I always had an idea that I had to do something to merit His forgiveness, until I was shown that 'God so loved the world that He gave His only Son to die for us, that whosoever believed on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Then again, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;' and our Saviour's last words on the cross, 'It is finished.' When I came to see these things in their pro-

per light, to see that there was nothing for me to do but just repent and believe, oh, how simple and easy to come to Him! But I find it is not so easy to stay with Him, Satan often tempting me to do things which are not right. But, thank God, if Satan is always at hand, Christ is also ready to give me strength to resist temptation if I do but ask Him.

"I intend going to a class on Wednesday, where I hope to hear much that will help me on in the right way.

"The good work is still going on in the town. I have just come from a large meeting in the Victoria Hall. Many sinners are coming to Christ. The special services are to be continued another week, I hope to the blessing of many souls. * * * * *

"I must now conclude with a prayer that God will give me grace to put all my trust in Him, and that He will bless me and grant me great power to work for Him; and at last may He take me to Himself, for the sake of His Son, Jesus Christ.—I remain, with love, your affectionate brother,
JOE."

How touching that concluding prayer is in the light of all that has happened! How unexpectedly soon came that "at last" when he prayed to be taken to Himself! Doubtless with the young convert's bounding joy, and in the burning passion of his first love, the "at last" to him was projected far down the vista of time; and it is doubtless in looking forward to a long life of devotion to his Master's service that he prays to God, "*Grant me great power to work.*" Already has that prayer been answered. These letters have preached. The day after the grave closed over him, in the same hall where three or four Sundays previously Joe Hickmans sat in the full flush of health, to a crowd of three or four thousand people his last letters were read. And that last request was answered then, for the "great power" for which he prayed came down upon that weeping audience, and the voice from the dead preached Christ.

And as these letters go forth to tell their own simple tale, may the great God Himself continually answer the last prayer of that young ardent life; and let each of us feel for ourselves as we read, that, though dead, to us he speaketh.

Christian Work.

A PLEA FOR SYSTEMATIC EVANGELISTIC WORK.

BY A CANADIAN MINISTER.

Glad tidings of "Times of Refreshing" reach us from many lands. God is hearing prayer: The old words are having a new fulfilment: "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Unbelieving cavils are receiving an unlooked for and glorious answer; and all the faithful are glad. The church rejoices in multitudes born into the kingdom of God.

The hearts of God's people in Canada are stirred. Hope and expectation rule the hour. We ask, why should not we also rejoice in the "plenteous rain" wherewith God's heritage is revived in other regions? Can we do nothing to bring this about. We can pray. We have access to the same source of infinite blessing. Our prayers can reach the same ear. And we have the same sure promises which invite and encourage our applications.

Can we do nothing else? Are there not invaluable lessons taught by the *methods* pursued in the work of grace in Britain? Methods which have been, and are now, so distinctly owned and blessed of God. Can we not give ourselves to more earnest and eager evangelistic work? And may we not see in Canada the same results from the more abundant use of God's chosen instrumentality for the saving of men? Is it not time that our church should awake, and make the full use of her noble band of highly trained workers? Is it not time for more persevering and systematic evangelistic work over all the land? We plead for this; and plead for it *now*. The time is ripe. We have our call, and our encouragement from above, in the wonderful events at present emerging.

Let us give our reasons wherefore we

ask the church now to take up this work. And let us show some of the advantages which may be expected to result from systematic evangelistic effort.

The first thing we have to say in favour of systematic evangelistic work is

IT HAS BEEN TRIED.

The kindred churches at home have now also begun to give their attention to this evangelistic work, and to carry on systematic operations. In almost every instance they have met with the most marked success. In the large cities of Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, and others, they were accompanied and followed with the richest spiritual blessing. In London they are carried on largely, and with the most encouraging results. Again, we hear that the Presbyterian Church, in Ireland, have now also begun, with some vigour and system, to use this means for the furtherance of the interests of religion, and that, at the very outset of their operations, they have been favoured with nothing short of a revival of religion in Belfast, and in some country regions adjacent. All this was before the manifestation of the present wonderful work of grace. But what a special preparation for it this persevering and systematic evangelistic work formed.

Now, these are simple facts. And they surely indicate our course in Canada, and encourage us to enter on it. Even here in isolated instances, the same work has been followed with the most blessed results. We have ourselves seen, repeatedly, an era of more abundant blessing, open before a congregation, in connection with such a special effort, the body of a people raised to a higher standard of spirituality, and entering on a more active and fruitful christian course.

We plead for the church giving herself to this work, because, by so doing, she takes advantage of the constituted

and appropriate means to produce a revival of religion. What is it that we aim at in systematic evangelistic work? Specially to gain a more earnest and continuous attention to the truths of the gospel. We count on this being secured by the series of closely following services, and that the truth, having a fair and full hearing, shall have its proper power and influence.

THE PROFIT TO MINISTERS.

This is another reason wherefore we plead for the church entering on a course of systematic evangelistic work. It is an advantage for a minister to be thrown off the track of ordinary routine, and to be called to exercise his ministry in circumstances different from those of his usual course. We are apt, in the course of ordinary work, to fall into a professional attitude of mind, and to work only according to rule. There is an attitude of mind in which we deal with divine truth in the abstract. Even when we preach on such practical topics as conviction of sin, repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, we may deal with them abstractly, as doctrines; discussing them before our hearers, yet not touching them personally. It is a different thing when we try to deal, let us say, with conviction of sin, not as an abstract doctrine, but in the concrete form of a burden of trouble and fear on an awakened soul. There is then both an expansion and correction of our ideas. When we deal with it not as a *doctrine*, but as a *fact*, we are wonderfully helped in giving the truth its full practical power.

Now, the ordinary routine of ministerial work tends somewhat to foster the professional feeling, and beget that attitude of mind; keeping us a little way from our hearers. A series of evangelistic services tends directly to correct that, bringing us nearer to our hearers. The work begets the feeling that our preaching is a matter of business, wherein we transact, or seek to transact, the most

momentous business with each hearer personally. As the late Rev. J. Milne puts the matter very well, "There is, at such times, a fervour kindled by a distinct grasp of its object as present and immediately attainable. The hearer comes expecting that we shall call on him to repent immediately and turn to God; conversion is in the mind both of preacher and hearer." This change of feeling, and attitude of mind, is an immense help to any minister in reaching the true style of preaching, and in enabling him to give it the true tone.

One sign of this is the felt unsuitableness of written and read discourses at such services. We should almost as soon expect to see a physician come to the bedside of a fever patient, and take out a carefully studied and fully written thesis on the disease, and begin to read that as his instructions what to do. The circumstances will not suffer this. He must deal practically with the particular case. He must be able, by considering the symptoms of the patient, to say what is best to be done for him. He finds a considerable difference between studying the matter in books, and at the bedside of the sick. And so it is with a preacher in the experience of evangelistic work. There may be some topic which we find must be taken up. We may have a carefully prepared discourse upon that topic, the fruit of study, and a large use of books. Now, it is almost certain that we shall feel dissatisfied with the discourse, and be reluctant to deliver it to the people, word for word. Points which cost us great labour we shall feel inclined to drop as needless; others, formerly overlooked, shall come out into prominence. Like the clinical experience to the physician, so is this to the minister of the gospel.

THE ADVANTAGE TO THE CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.

For their sakes we plead for systematic evangelistic work. There are many among them who desire to see the

work of God revived, and the church imbued with a new life and energy. Indeed, it is not in the heart of any man, possessed of vital religion himself, to bear patiently to see a spirit of alumber or apathy as a characteristic of the church. He will be constrained to cry to God to revive his work. This holds true of every living christian soul. A true spiritual instinct leads to this. But the prayer, " wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee," is often offered up in a very general and formal manner, with little hope or expectation of being immediately heard and answered.

Now, if, at such a time, special evangelistic work is begun to effect, by God's blessing, the very end for which they are accustomed to pray, a great change is at once perceptible in the spirit of their prayers. Effort is now combined with prayer; a becoming and blessed combination. Instead of hindering prayer, this helps to give it point and fervency. On the effort put forth the heart is fixed, and the earnest cry for the divine blessing upon it is drawn forth. When prayer is thus concentrated and directed on one point, if it is true prayer at all, with faith in the power and willingness of God to grant what we seek, then a high degree of hope and expectation is begotten. And this reacts on our prayers to make them more earnest and importunate.

We cannot imagine a more certain, or more beneficial result, of the simple initiation of an evangelistic effort in any church or congregation, than the impulse and concentration which it must give to the desires and prayers of God's people. The gift of spiritual blessing, the refreshing of his heritage, and the conversion of sinners, are just those things which God delights to bestow. These are given in the use of the means of grace. When we have such faith in God as to set about the more diligent use of the means appointed to convey the blessing, the very effort is a constant

prayer. Hope now begins to stand expectant. Faith grows. Hearts glow with a new fervour, kindled by a distinct grasp of the object as present and immediately attainable.

THE INFLUENCE ON THE WORLD.

This is another reason why we plead for systematic evangelistic work. On the face of it, such work is the expression of our hearts' desire, to careless men, that they might be saved. When they see us combining together, and engaging in work and labour for their sakes, the thought is likely to be suggested to them, that it is time to care for themselves. They can hardly witness the manifestation of our concern, without some answering feeling in their own hearts.

How often ministers have occasion to combine to labour for other objects; say for the missionary enterprise of our own church, or for the work of some beneficent association. It is well to be identified with every good and worthy enterprise. But why should we not combine more systematically in labour for that which is best of all, that, for the defence of which we are set apart? A combination for evangelistic work is not open to objections common in the mouths of worldly men, with respect to almost every other work of beneficence. If anything is our special business it is the preaching of the gospel. The earnest and eager prosecution of that work becomes us well, as the ministers of Christ. Worldly men cannot but see that we are only attending to our special business, and seeking, without hope of fee or reward, for their good. Would it not be a strength to the ministry to take up such a position before the world?

The effect on worldly men cannot but be good. The very novelty of any special effort, of a series of evangelistic services, draws the attention of the many living in carelessness. A certain amount of interest is excited in the community,

in which they share. They may scoff about making such a to-do. But we have an ally in every human conscience, more or less sensitive to the appeal these services make, that men should attend to things which concern their eternal peace. Should there be some among them, and we believe there are always many, who under a smiling careless exterior, cover up within the canker of a mind ill at ease, these meetings have a voice which can hardly be suppressed or resisted. In numberless instances they have been drawn to hear, and to receive the truth in the love of it, to the saving of their souls.

A PASTORAL LETTER.—The evil to which we have referred in our editorial of this month, (the fewness of our young that are willing to make a public profession of Christ,) is dealt with very plainly, kindly and faithfully, in a recent pastoral letter addressed to his congregation by the Moderator of the Synod of one of our Presbyterian denominations. The statements of the pastoral confirm our views, though the remedy (viz.: elders helping their ministers,—an excellent plan,) is different from the one suggested by us. It is on the shoulders of parents the chief responsibility lies, but useful, indeed, is the help that pious elders can give in the work of getting recruits for Christ.

“Not the least of the evils,” says this pastoral, “of which mention is made in the Report of the Committee on Christian Life and Work, is the backwardness manifested by many, who have come to years of discretion, in availing themselves of the privilege of participating in the Holy Communion. There is too good reason to believe that very many of this class of Churchmen have reached a considerable age, and are heads of families or households. The number of those of eighteen years old and upwards who are thus ‘living unpledged to a Christian life’ is described, on the strength of minute and reliable information, as very large. Who can estimate the loss incurred by all such? The Lord’s Supper is intended to refresh, and confirm in their faith, those who partake of it, as well

as to commemorate the death of Christ. How many of the thousands who deprive themselves of the strength promised by the Saviour, to all who ‘seek Him with the whole heart’ at His own love-feast, might, by loyal obedience to Christ’s command, have been prevented from yielding to the power of sin! Of what incalculable value has fellowship with Christ, in this nearest approach to Him, been as a protection to the soul amid the temptations and trials by which it is, at all times and in all places, beset. But, a reason which many often plead for not taking Communion is that they are not worthy to engage in that most sacred religious rite. The judgment denounced against partaking unworthily is pointed to as sufficient to warn them from the Sacrament. Better, it is argued by them, not to communicate than to ‘eat and drink judgment to themselves’—than even to run the risk of undergoing so awful a punishment! Does it not, however, occur to those who urge this reason, and yet are conscious of a desire for Christ and the higher Christian life, that there are equal sin and danger in disobeying, neglecting to obey, so gracious an invitation as is vouchsafed by the Master Himself? The injunction, ‘Do this in remembrance of me,’ is of itself warrant enough for the contrite and yearning, though it may be trembling, believer. There is, we should try to realize, a very wide difference between being unworthy partakers and partaking unworthily. We must all be the one; none of us need do the other. We are all, most certainly, naturally unworthy of this or any other of our privileges; and the spirit of candour and humility which dictates this feeling, in connection with the Holy Communion, is entitled to all honour and consideration. But the very sense and conviction of personal unworthiness, when so sanctified as to lead us to seek the worthiness of Christ, is our truest passport to acceptance at the table of the Lord. It is not the

worthy who are asked to come there, else every seat would be vacant. Had it been so at even the first celebration of the Sacrament in the upper chamber of Jerusalem, it would not have been the Lord's Supper with His disciples—only the Lord's Supper with and by Himself. The Holy Communion is, of all the means of grace, the most fruitful in blessing to those who realize the need of either sanctification or rest for their souls. May God enable more of us, and each of us more and more, to enter into the enjoyment of so precious a privilege!

"The want of help 'in caring for the souls of the people' on the part of many of the Eldership, is another evil brought to the notice of the Synod. It is true that the responsibility of Christian work lies upon the whole congregation, and is not confined to office-bearers alone. There are many of the duties which are usually discharged by those who form our Kirk Sessions which might be appropriately done by any godly member or well-intentioned adherent of the Church. And it is equally true that the labours of the Pastorate must, to a very large extent, be undergone by the Pastor himself. But, on the other hand, there are many ways in which the Elders can render material assistance and be of great service. There are certain positions of spiritual prominence which they are expected to fill, and certain functions which it belongs to them only to perform. They have facilities and opportunities, peculiar to their calling, of witnessing for Christ and benefiting their fellows. Along with the Minister, they are the natural guides of the zeal, energies and efforts of the flock. Their aid is of vital moment to the Church; and, in view of the acknowledged necessity for increased support in spiritual undertakings, the Synod has no hesitation in 'calling upon their beloved brethren in the Eldership to take a larger share in the work of the Ministry.'"

THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN OUR DAY.—The following interesting article is from a recent number of the *London Christian*. The brief review given here of the revival of Puritanism is fitted to fill our hearts with gratitude to God, and our mouths with prayers to him that he would enlarge the work a hundred fold.

Having been one of the first readers of *The Revival*, and having contributed some of its early articles, it has occurred to me that, at the present stage of progress, a brief review of the past wonderful works of God, in connection with revived Christianity of our times, may be profitable to the early readers of *The Revival*, and the more recent ones of *The Christian*.

To consider the ways and wonders of our God is most helpful for our souls, leading us to gratitude and praise, as well as stimulating to fresh energy in prayer.

Under these impressions, the fellow-workers of 1859-60* are reminded of those years of

SPECIAL, BELIEVING, AND CONTINUOUS PRAYER,

of the many holy and happy seasons enjoyed then, and of the multiplied results, blessings, and tokens of divine power and working ever since until now.

Those who were early sowers, in a state of things comparatively new and untried, did go forth bearing precious seed. Still, how little they expected the varied, rapid, and widespread results which it is given to us to see and to rejoice in. The sowers were strangely and suddenly raised up; how, we scarcely knew. They were fitted for the time and occasion; they were many, and not a few were men and women of mark; and the admixture of all sorts was patent. Some have been removed from our ranks, others work on still. To say that there was extraordinary faith or

* The first number of *The Revival* was issued in July, 1859, and the early movements of revival in Britain are all treated of in the volumes from 1859 to 1863.

wisdom in those early workers would be as wrong as it would be to affirm that there was no faith nor expectation in their working. The movement was altogether of God. It was He who thrust forth the agents, it was his Spirit who nerved and inspired their prayers and words, and his providence and wisdom which sustained and opened up their schemes and designs, supplying what was lacking in real knowledge and experience. Under such circumstances we cannot feel amazed at such

MIGHTY RESULTS FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.

How steady has been the succession of agencies, instrumentalities, and manifestations ever since the theatres were opened in 1860 for preaching on Sundays (a strange providence indeed, but one productive of much fruit). The early united prayer-meetings and the theatre services were accompanied, or ran parallel with, other fresh attempts, without reference to sect or station, being followed up with special and unusual efforts for the in-gathering of souls.

Coming on to the present year, after a succession of advances, of solidification of active work, and vast increase of workers, those who lived a generation or two ago look out upon a truly

CHANGED MANIFESTATION OF CHRISTIANITY.

The flatness and deadness, the platitudes and current phrases, the little power of the gospel in general, and the narrow and sectarian state of things, seem all to have more or less vanished; life, power, reality, are more visible, though still there is much land to be possessed.

Let us, however, come to a few details. The very things asked for in the year of prayer, with small faith and partial intelligence, have been granted.

1. The preaching of the gospel, what a marvellous change here! The writer remembers, some forty years ago, how many miles he had to walk to hear a plain statement of the way of salvation;

and when he wanted to speak to the clergyman or minister as to the exercises of his soul, he dared not be so bold or singular. And if this were once or twice attempted, it issued in no satisfactory result. But now, not only is a plain, full gospel declared very widely for all classes, but if any one is anxious, there seem often to be more workers to aid and instruct than such as need instruction.

For the putting forth of the gospel in its apostolic simplicity let us be thankful. How many have been the new-born souls the past fourteen years! Neither has this gospel wavered in power or deteriorated as the years have rolled on; far otherwise.

EVANGELISTS

have increased in very large numbers, and the preaching is more full and simple than ever. All kinds of evangelists and preachers have been sent forth—some from every class, some from almost every tongue; and even notorious sinners, having become converted, have joined the evangelistic band.

It would be inconveniently long to recount here all the strange modes adopted in the service of winning souls; the most recent, and perhaps the most successful, are music and singing in connection with preaching.

What successes and triumphs of divine grace, what manifestations of divine power, have of late been witnessed! The thing has been manifestly of God. To Him, therefore, be all praise!

2. Let us note next the general tone of a quickened Christianity. Things which did seem impossible with men appear now clearly to have been possible with God.

Some one wrote in 1858—

“Some few by day and night
Our low estate confess,
And spread their prayer, with heart
contrite,
Before the throne of grace;
But most with anxious care,
And anxious footsteps, tread

The narrow path of faith they fear
By human prudence led :
And few, with hand in hand,
With hearts in love made one,
A simple, holy, happy band,
The race together run."

Contemporaneous, then, with a revived gospel, there has arisen a much higher tone of

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Many believers, from the year before noted, became dissatisfied with their moral and spiritual state, as well as with their sectarian spirit and animosities. A movement has been steadily growing towards the closer study of the Word of God, and there has been a deepening desire to manifest a consistent life—one worthy of the calling of believers, a *normal* and *scriptural* Christianity—one answering, not to conventionalities or ordinary modern standards, but agreeable to the pattern of Christ. Thus many Christians, dissatisfied with their progress and stunted growth, are longing for the obedience of faith to commands already laid down in the Holy Scriptures, together with the promises of peace and power there spoken of.

3. The earnest desire, too, for normal CHRISTIAN UNION

has not only received an impetus, but has been wonderfully carried out beyond what the most sanguine of us could have looked for.

"Behold with loving heart and hand,
Believers join together now,
A praiseful, cheerful, happy band,
In prayer and praise as one they bow.

"Oh may the flame still wider spread,
Till each believer wake from sleep,
And each arising from the dead,
Resolve the morning watch to keep."

With these marks of progress, as we might naturally expect, there has been as great a change in the

STYLE OF PRAYING

as in preaching. The prayers of twenty minutes or half an hour we had to listen to with patient but wearied respect have nearly vanished. We do not hear now so much of the traditional and formal phrases, meaningless, distant addresses

to the Deity; but brief, pointed, fervent petitions for such things as we need, or are willing to receive. This state of things at union prayer-meetings was apparently suddenly manifested in England in 1859-60, and has made prayer-meetings a refreshment instead of a weariness.

As to Christian union, whilst some throughout Britain and the world were sighing and crying in secret, praying for the whole and the one Church, it pleased God to commence a wondrous work in the retired town of Barnet. Women's work, which was an early subject with those Spirit-taught labourers at Barnet, received a wide-spreading impulse palpable to the Church at large. The writer does not remember to have seen sufficiently positive acknowledgment of the part taken in the manifest Christian union of the present day by the beloved convener of

MODERN CHRISTIAN CONFERENCES:

it may not be out of place to notice a little in detail what was done at Barnet.

The early Barnet Conferences possessed a charm that none could appreciate like those who had long been sighing for true evangelical union. They were small, quiet, holy, unpretentious and select.

The first four (1856, '58, '59, '60) were solemn preparations for what has followed in after years. Such subjects as these were considered:—Missions; Foreign and Home; Personal Holiness—Devotedness; The Lord's Coming; Labouring for the Lord (woman's work); Dangers to which God's people are exposed; United Prayer; The Study of the Scriptures; The Signs of the Times; Recital of facts in the recent American revival, by an eye-witness; Christian union now and hereafter.

These important matters were spiritually handled, mingled with a large amount of solemn, fervent prayer and worship. The founder (if not originator) of these Conferences, dared and did what no one else seemed to venture

upon, beyond hoping and talking. That blessed man of God, whose life has been cut short, like that of many who lived for a great purpose, was neither strong in body, nor apparently remarkably bold in nature. By divine intuition, in heavenly communion, he was led on step by step to do what seemed impossible. Some had hoped, and prayed, and longed; splendid addresses had been heard upon the "Unity of the Church," and "The Common Faith," especially since the inauguration of the Evangelical Alliance in 1845, but no real advance had been made.

The visible union resulting from these Barnet Conferences was as much unexpected as it was hailed with delight. We may indeed say of them, as of a festival of old, "The thing was done suddenly," and "there was great joy." The honored and beloved servant of God alluded to was divinely guided as to what should be done, and the time was come. He, together with those whom God had joined to him, went forward, not only throwing himself heartily into every revival movement, but, filled with the divine Spirit, carried out and carried on the great work of his life to the close. It may be said indeed of William Pennefather, "He was not; for God took him!"

We are left to rejoice in beholding a state of things very encouraging, such as multiplied conferences all over the kingdom, and, to a certain extent beyond. Christians find it now very happy thus to meet together and worship in praise and prayer, while formerly they were content rigidly to keep to their party organizations.

CONCLUSION.

We have been reminded of grand things; of revived Christianity as manifested in the outpouring of the spirit of prayer, of evangelizing in renewed power, of normal Christian life and peace, of Christian union, and of days of special privilege and blessing. We need not be reminded that Satan is not

yet bound. There is a fearful parallel of evil to the course and line of blessing. Let us, then, go forward, not being ignorant of Satan's devices, standing fast, wholly given to the work of God. S.

Bristol, June, 1874.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST COUNSELS ABOUT AFRICA.

Let no one under-estimate the difficulties that must be encountered in beginning a Mission in a new country. The belt of forest that lies round the coast of Madagascar involved almost certain death to the brave pioneers who passed through it to the highlands in the interior of that island, without knowing that at a certain season it might be traversed in safety. But the London Missionary Society braved it at a great loss in men and money, and the result has been a grand Missionary success. We might in Africa also begin with tribes near the coast, and never suffer any hardship in the matter of European supplies; but all the tribes who have come into contact with the religions and slaving of Arabs and Portuguese feel sore towards all strangers, and life would wear out in undoing the evils and prejudices which so-called civilization has produced. This continent must be civilized from within outwards, and the Missionaries who will undertake the work must possess a good deal of the Robinson Crusoe spirit.

The whole of this upland region, being between 3,500 and 4,000 feet above the sea, is comparatively cold. The minimum temperature here in the dry season, our winter, is from 54 deg. to 62 deg. Fahr., the maximum 74 deg.; but it does not promise entire immunity from fever. Here that takes the place of our colds and consumptions, and is not so fatal if you are not lazy or compelled to live a sedentary life. The land is undulating, having at the crests of the waves low hills covered with

bushes and trees, and showing here and there rounded, outcropping masses of the light grey granite, the general rock of the country. At the bottom of the troughs of the earthen billows springs are numerous; the grass is short, and cattle thrive on it, and are abundant. Grasses, which in the hot lowlands attain a height of five or six feet, here appear only one or two feet high. Wheat and rice are successfully cultivated, and require only about three months to come to maturity. By following the Arab advice as to the proper seasons for cultivation, a Missionary could soon render himself independent of foreign supplies. Coffee grows wild in Karagwe, and is cultivated by the Manyema. Sugar-cane is cultivated everywhere. When laid up among the cannibals by irritable eating ulcers on the feet, I had sugar-cane pounded in the common country wooden mortar, and the juice wrung out by the hands. When boiled thick it served well as sugar, but I had no lime to correct the latent acidity, and it soon spoiled. I had onions and radishes in abundance, though that country is so hot and low-lying. The Arabs here have oranges, lemons, guavas, mangoes, pomegranates, papaws, sweetsops, onions, pumpkins, water-melons, and some begin to grow the grape-vine. I believe that all European vegetables would prosper if care were taken to select the proper seasons for sowing, and the seeds were brought in brown paper parcels, hung up in the cabin of the ship, and never exposed to the direct rays of the sun, or soldered in tins or confined in boxes. All very clever contrivances for travellers' convenience ought to be shunned. In general, they are heavy, burdensome trash, which any one who has learned to use his eyes and ears finds to be intolerable nuisances. The only articles essentially necessary for a Missionary of the Robinson Crusoe type that strike me at present are, a few light tools, a few books, clothes, soap, and shoes. I

mention soap, because I have not met the plant with the ashes of which my wife made soap in the south. Four suits of strong grey tweed served me comfortably for five years, and might have worn longer, for I saw Arabs, who bought them from my people, wearing them long after I had discarded them. An energetic man, who liked labor, would soon surround himself with comforts at a comparatively small expense, and he would soon feel that he had expatriated himself for a noble, soul-satisfying object.

If our religion is that of the primitive Christians, its vitality must appear in its power of perpetual and unlimited spreading.

THE LAPSED MASSES.

A SUNDAY IN GLASGOW WITH FIDDLER JOSS.

(North British Daily Mail.)

On Sunday, as the last stroke of the bells for afternoon service in the city churches faded on the soft summer air, I stand with two companions, ready to commence another pilgrimage to some dark, dreary shrines. The co-partners of my visit are the well-known Mr. Quarrier, and that most uneclesiastical-looking of all evangelists, Mr. Joshua Poole, known as Fiddler Joss. Can the masses be got at? Away we go; not too hopeful, for we have been warned. "The name of our Saviour must not be mentioned," says an official cautioner, "or you'll have the whole bevy down upon you, and be driven out as a canting set of hypocrites; and, take my word for it, under any circumstances you'll get none to listen to you." Few if any but thieves patronized the place. There is a roaring furnace, round which two or three are superintending the cooking of their dinners, and an odour from the cooking which impregnates the stale tobacco and whiskey-filled atmosphere with that of cabbage and fried rancid

bacon. Fiddler Joss is introduced to the proprietor, a decent man enough, and the only one in the whole assembly (there are two hundred inmates) who rejoices in white shirt sleeves. "Will anybody listen to us?" "You can try." A door is flung open, and we enter on a scene which, but for its being associated with misery, profligacy, and destitution, might be ludicrous from the variety of characters associated together. The same unhealthy, stifling vapour from the pent-up human heap is there, so dense, that, did we wear spectacles, the scene would soon be altogether obscure from the mist that would accumulate on them. Grey-haired beggars, from the professional mendicant that one encounters always about midnight, who will persist in setting out at that particular hour to walk to his native town, to the two wretched children who are invariably huddled together on the doorstep; the bull-throated convict, the whining pickpocket, the poverty-stricken, out-of-work mechanic, the drunken collier, are all there, all ragged, all sullen, all diseased, heaped into as many different postures as if scattered by an explosion. There is no sound of conversation; some twenty are seated on wooden seats which surround the room, moodily gazing at the floor, two or three of the younger ones are lounging lazily at the half-open window. There are about half a dozen benches round the room; three men are lying on them, on their faces, two with their legs and arms dangling down to the floor, and their countenances, livid as death, turned towards the blackened ceiling. There is a sort of press in one corner of the room, from under which a wooden leg peers out, in company with a pair of very thick calves, grey, ragged stockings, and bricklayer's heavy lace-up boots. The snoring is tremendous. Fiddler Joss is about to be introduced; but Fiddler Joss needs no introduction—he introduces himself, Bible in hand, and a Douay version, in case

of an appeal from Catholics, in his pocket. He has a good-humored, laughing face, a pair of merry, twinkling eyes, and a remarkably cheerful voice. His manner and the first words he utters is evidently strange to the motley group. No text; no Bible reading; no long prayer. "My friends," he says, "don't disturb yourselves! I'm one of you; I belong to you; I've been as bad as the worst of you; was what some of you are—I was once a prisoner—sixteen years ago, this very day, I came out of gaol. I know all about the darbies [this expression he accompanies with a gesture, descriptive of being in handcuffs, which makes a visible impression and begets immediate attention on the part of his auditors]; and I can tell you that I've been so low that I've forgot half the things you've got to learn. I was a fiddler; knew the trick of the cards—run 'em up my arm, and shuffled one or two into my sleeve—so [he gives a wink with the gesture]; and at dominoes could drop one or two down my neckerchief—so." At this the countenance of several of the gentlemen present gradually relax into a companionable smile, and a series of affirmative nudgings go round; the man with the wooden leg gradually struggles out, opens an eye, and begins to stare dreamily at the assembled company, and mutters, "what's up?" The several occupants at the window draw in their heads; and some extended on forms, others standing in stupid amazement, a few resting their bushy heads and dirty faces on their blacker hands, fix their eyes on the strange speaker. Not one word of what the orthodox would call theology falls from his lips; he does not even speak of the terrors of a burning hell or the joys of heaven ideal. He only tells them of love, mercy, and pardon for the worst, if they will trust to Jesus Christ; he tells them of a God who so loved the world that He sent his only-begotten Son. "I don't come," he goes on to say, "to talk to you about

this church or that, about this minister or that; I only come to show you what religion's done for me [he looks at his neat dress; and they look at his fresh face and merry eyes], and to show you what God will do for you. Now, a good many of you love your old mothers and your wives; but too many of you love pots of ale and pots of beer instead. It's all very well for those who have plenty of money: when death enters their dwelling, it is a deal easier for them than it is for a poor drunkard, for you hav'n't been as I have been to the churchyard nine times, where under the green grass I buried a wife and eight children; a wife who had to swear her life against me—children! God help me and them! Them, my children! One in particular, that I have heard cry "Mammy give me a bit of bread," and I have gone out with the determination that I would get some, and I have taken my fiddle and gone to a public-house, and they have filled me with drink until the good resolution has fled from me. I went by a public, and my friends called out "Joss, here's a mug inside. Do you know what a mug is?" Everybody laughs, and wooden leg shouts in reply, "A green 'un"—and slaps and caresses his remaining leg in a perfect ecstasy of recognition. "I was the greatest drunkard, blasphemer, wife-beater out of hell—ragged! I wish you see my coat—used to wear my muffler pinned across it so (gesture) nobody could see I hadn't a shirt; you know the dodge!" This announcement is received with suppressed cheering. "What am I now—how do I look? People sometimes say to me, 'You don't preach the Gospel.' Why, if I don't preach at all, but simply stand up here on the platform, and turn myself round and let you look at me. Look at me as I was in my rags, and what I am in my new coat. Look at my health, face, and cheeks; look at me—it is the Gospel—a living testimony of the power

of God to save the chief of sinners." I notice in the different lodging houses that the attention of the listeners is gained as much by the speaker's ready mode of turning everything to account and power of retort as by his honest pathos and manly earnestness. For instance, there is a door partly open; before the speaker utters a word—"Shut that door," says the landlord. "Let it be," says Joss. "It'll do, and thank God the door of mercy is always open."—"Talk about prisons, I never was in one!" shouts a listener. "That's because you never was caught," replies Joss. He describes what benefits he has received from Providence, and a drunken fellow yells out, "We've only your word for it." "If you tell lies, don't measure me out of your book," is the retort. Joss pictures the horrors of drink in the East-end of the city. A drunken woman with a bloated face, black eye and swollen lip, shrieks out, "It's a lie." Joss, quick as lightning, turns upon her and presents her and her disfigured countenance to the audience, saying—"The Devil tells lies, but has sent you to bear witness to the truth of what I say." "Away with your religion," cries another; "you make a good thing out of it." "You are mistaken, my friend, it's religion that's made a good thing out of me!" Only, however, in one lodging-house—and that a model (?) one—did we find any disturbance. In every case not one of the occupants left the room, whilst the speaker was addressing them; but many dropped in, shyly and wonderingly at first, and with but one exception—a Roman Catholic—they gradually took off their hats reverently, and listened attentively to all that was said. In the great lodging house where, as I before mentioned, upwards of four hundred congregate nearly every Saturday, the attention was manifested by silence and steadfast looks. The anecdotes, illustrative of the various knaveries connected with the speaker's former life were laughed at; but in an instant

more than one eye was dimmed by one of his ready turns. As, for example, in speaking of his being brought home drunk to his mother, who was looking anxiously for his return, he suddenly said, "You've most of you mothers. Where are they? Are they looking for you? Write to them my boys! if only to tell them you're alive. Many of you care for neither brother nor sister, father nor mother; but when they are dead you will remember what you did to them living. The Lord help you to honour your parents." At this juncture, I notice one lad, who stands sideways in a little niche in the wall. His face is of a pale leaden hue, and his lips move painfully, and his chest heaves very heavily; it is not emotion, it is worse. He has not a penny to buy a bite; his last coin was expended in last night's lodging; he is dying—all but dead, from want of proper food. His temporary wants are relieved, and a promise made that steps shall be taken to place him in the Infirmary in the morning. A cheery farewell, a muttered

"God bless you" from some of the inmates, we give a parting glance at the dying boy, who looks the gratitude he has not power to speak, and we are once more in the fresh sunlight and soft, warm air of the summer afternoon. I go home thinking of what made most impression on the masses, and come to the conclusion that where an appeal is made free of all dogmatic theology, accompanied by kindly words and looks, and, above all, a practical illustration of the power of Christianity—where men are addressed as not only fellow-sinners, but also as fellow-creatures—there is no heart so cold, dark and dreary where such a light will not penetrate. Such a light, and even a much brighter one, may now be rising on one that heard us. When yesterday, through the kindly influence of Mr. Quarrier, they came to remove the poor lad to the Infirmary, we found another hand had been before us, and a Heavenly Father had taken him to that great hospital where all sickness and sorrow cease. The boy was dead!

Practical Papers.

SERVING THE LORD OUR GOD.

Again this month we give another useful paper from Mr. McKay's book on "Grace and Truth." Though to the eye it may appear long, to the heart it will be found short and very stimulating.

I was very much interested lately, in reading the life of Dr. Chalmers, to see how many years he preached the gospel to others, and, by his own confession, was still unconverted. I thought of that text, "lest preaching to others I myself should be a castaway." Paul does not say, "lest after being *born again* I should be a castaway;" we know that this is impossible. But a man may preach with the most powerful eloquence to others, and still be unsaved. Many in this Christian land begin very early

to engage in some good work. At a certain time, they become members of the church, as it is said: alas! how often not knowing whether they are saved or not. They then may take a young class in the Sabbath school, have a district to visit, look after the affairs of the church or the necessities of the poor, become, perhaps a deacon and then an elder, or it may be a preacher, and all this time they may have never had this matter definitely, finally, conclusively settled, "Am I saved?" They trust they are on the right road to be saved, which of course is the leading idea in all legalism, ritualism, and popery, and an entire ignoring of the Bible method. Some do the best they can, and strive, it may be, with prayers and tears and

resolutions, and determinations, *in order* to get into God's favour, and thereby in the long run to receive eternal life, with the pardon of all their sins.

Others work and do the best they can, and strive as the former, *because* they know they *are* accepted already—*because* they know they *have* the pardon of all their sins—*because* they know they *have* eternal life. The former is false service, the latter is true.

I. FALSE SERVICE.

There are those who believe in justification by faith, and other doctrines of grace, and who yet think that if they do their duty, and try to serve God as sincerely and faithfully as they can, He will, at the last, overlook their many failures, in some vague way or other, for Christ's sake, and reward them for the good deeds which they have done, and give them at the judgment day everlasting life.

Now, this is quite a mistake, and arises from a total misapprehension of God's character and man's condition. God's character is perfect, and before I can be engaged in acceptable service I must be in harmony with this character. In order to be a proper servant of God, I must *start with being perfectly accepted* by God.

Man's position is not that of one who is only a little out of God's mind, and who by a few sincere and vigorous efforts may be put right; but of one who is really dead, so far as connection with God is concerned. He is separate from God, and therefore from truth, from goodness, from life. In God is all goodness, all life; outside of Him there is none. Man, by nature, is born out of fellowship with God, and therefore he has not the slightest power to serve God acceptably, for he has not the life that can move in the direction of God, and in which he can serve Him. The movements in Christian service of an unconverted man are the galvanic movements of a corpse, which may seem

very energetic; yet, alas, it is but a corpse that moves! All Scripture and experience tell us these two truths concerning God's character and man's condition.

Wherefore, dear friend, unless thou hast been born again, quickened into a new life from death, thou canst not serve God acceptably. Thou mayest strive day and night in all sincerity, but thou art dead; thou mayest visit the sick and minister to the dying (the holiest privileges of the saved one); all is vain: thou mayest comfort and assist the widow and the fatherless, and have the prayers of many an orphan for thy reward, and yet be no better as to thy standing before God than the profligate and the profane; thou mayest give of thy bread to the poor; thou mayest support the cause of Christ in all its missions and churches at home and abroad; thou mayest give half of thy income to the advancement of the Lord's work, and not one penny stand to thy credit before God. Cain's sacrifice, beautiful, fair, and lovely as it was, and presented by a man who was at that time a professor of religion, and a sincere worshipper, was rejected by God. And so it is still. God will reject you and your sacrifice unless you come as one at peace with Him through *His* sacrifice, and not as one coming to make friends with God by your sacrifice. If you are out of Christ, your *good* deeds as well as your *bad* deeds are an abomination to God. All your "righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6), not only failing to cover you, but *defiling* you. "*Whosoever* is not of faith is sin" (Rom. xiv. 23). You may be true to your friends; you may do your duty as parents, and provide for your own; but it is all sin: for, as saith the Scripture, "the ploughing of the wicked is sin" (Prov. xxi. 4). Every action, however commendable in the Christian, and however much binding upon you as a moral duty, is reckoned by God, if done by you, to be a sin, because it is the

action of one not at peace with Him through His own peace. "Without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi. 6). This is God's theology, however hard it may seem, and however much opposed to your ideas, and to the prevailing ideas of the world concerning good works and their reward. "*Dead works*" is stamped on all your deeds. Until you serve God as one who is saved, all your service will but intensify your anguish in the pit of woe, whither the Christless, the seemingly good and fair, beautiful and noble, are all swept together with the vile, the loathsome, the idolater, and the profane. There are not two hells. Where will you spend eternity?

II. TRUE SERVICE.

Half an hour ago you may have been serving in the dark, as an unforgiven one, and during the next half hour, you may pass from death unto life, and thus stand on the ground of the accepted servant. God is perfect: to meet God I must meet Him in perfection. There is no perfection in me; but He has provided the means by which each of us may at once become acceptable *servants* by first becoming accepted *sons*. Jesus—His only-begotten and well-beloved Son, eternally in the Father's bosom, took upon Him our nature, descended to our place of responsibility and service, and approved Himself to be the perfect Servant in that very place in which we had failed; became sin for us, was obedient unto death, having gone through all the billows of God's wrath, has been raised from the dead, and is now at the Father's right hand. If, therefore, we become by faith identified with Him, we can see in Him all our responsibilities under law met; we can look into His empty grave, and reckon our sins buried there; and now, as those who are beyond the doom of sin and beyond its judgment, we can serve in "newness of life," a resurrection-life. This, and nothing else, is the foundation of true service, the service of love, the service of sons;

for we now stand in Christ's place of sonship as He once, in grace, occupied our place of death.

We ask you, is this not a real vantage ground for service? What a wretched, menial service it is to be working hard for life, and doubting whether it can ever be obtained! The true service is a working *from* the Cross, not *to* the Cross. The corpse does not bestir itself to get life, but it is the living man who works because he has life. Be not deceived. This is God's plan; *life*, then *service*. Ask yourselves now the question, "Am I serving because I have life? because I am saved?" There it is evident that you *know* you are saved—you "know that you are of God" (1 John v. 19).

But perhaps some one may be thinking, "Well, I've been doing this little and that little, but I have never been conscious of being born again." Stop, then, dear friend, at once, and make it sure. Turn on the spot from thy service, and get rid of thy sin by believing in Him who, as the perfect servant, bore our sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter ii. 24). Get into Christ—in His perfection thou canst meet and serve the living God.

"But," you may ask, "How am I to get into Him?" Simply by knowing Him (John xvii 3); by believing on Him (John iii. 36); by trusting in Him (2 Tim. i. 12). God has given Him to you already (John iii. 16). You do not require to go to heaven to beseech God to send you Jesus to die for sin (Rom. x. 6). No, "For God so loved the world that He *gave* His only-begotten Son." And Christ dieth no more. In the love-gift of God, Jesus is yours. If you go to hell, it must be over a *given Christ*.

When the poor men in the cotton manufacturing districts were starving, moved with pity you sent your money to the committee for distributing bread to them. Now, suppose some poor man, with his wife and children sitting in

their empty room, the last of their furniture having been sold for bread—a few stones for seats, and a bunch of straw their beds; no fire on the hearth; no crust of bread in the cupboard, the last having been consumed a couple of days before; children crying for bread; the mother's eyes refusing to weep; the father's skeleton hands clasped in anguish; no bread and no work; starvation, dire starvation staring them in the face! A knock is heard at the door, a man comes in with a loaf of bread and lays it on the table, and says, "*That is yours*, for the people of Britain have so pitied you that they have sent this bread. Rise, eat, rejoice, and starve no more." Suppose that poor man would neither touch the loaf himself, nor let his wife nor children taste it, but said, "How can it be mine? I never got a pennyworth of bread but by the sweat of my brow; there must be some mistake. I cannot take this; not having wrought for it, it cannot be mine." Everybody would have shouted, "*Eat, man! eat*, and ask no questions for you are starving, and the messenger's word is enough. He said the loaf was yours."

Fellow-sinner, this is but a faint picture of *your condition and God's provision*. JESUS, His perfect provision for the soul's need, *has been sent, has suffered for sin, and has gone back in righteousness to the Father*. Are you not on the edge of eternal damnation, and do you begin to ask questions about your warrant to take Christ? He is yours in the gift of God. Yea more, God *commands* you to use Him (1 John iii. 23). Dare you disobey God by continuing unsaved?

How can I serve the Lord until I can say "He is *my* Lord?"

A gent eman had paid his money for the ransom of a slave, and had given her her freedom. She had been born a slave and knew not what freedom meant. Her tears fell fast on the signed parchment which her deliverer brought to prove it to her; she only looked at him with

fear. At last he got ready to go his way, and as he told her what she must do when he was gone, it did dawn on her what freedom was. With the first breath "I will follow him," she said: "I will follow him; I will serve him all my days;" and to every reason against it she only cried, "He redeemed me! He redeemed me! He redeemed me!"

When strangers used to visit that master's house, and noticed, as all did, the loving constant service of the glad-hearted girl, and asked her why she was so eager with unbidden service, night by night, and day by day, she had but one answer, and she loved to give it—

"HE REDEEMED ME! HE REDEEMED ME! HE REDEEMED ME!"

Is this *your* motive-power for serving God—"He redeemed me?"—or is it only, "Well, I hope I may yet be found among the redeemed, and meanwhile I do the best I can?" Wretched slavery, with the chain of death or doubt hanging on the limbs! Rather take God at His word now, and joyfully exclaim, "O Lord, truly I am Thy servant. . . . Thou hast loosened my bonds," (Psalm cxvi. 16.)

III. A WORD TO FELLOW-SERVANTS.

I would now speak a word to you who are fellow-workers for, and fellow-sufferers with, Jesus. It is only now that we can have fellowship with Him in His service as the rejected of earth. Let us then be "instant in season, out of season."

"*He redeemed me!*" Let it be written as with letters of gold on every page of our diary. While in your mission of love you visit the poor, the sick, and the dying, may it ever be your first work to point them to Jesus. While in every way striving to alleviate misery, even if it were by giving but a cup of cold water, let the main thing be to speak of Jesus. Be careful ever to have the single eye, and do nothing to be seen of men. Do nothing to men; do all to God; and have no master but your

Redeemer. Be bound to serve by no chain but that of love. If a great sphere be denied you, occupy the small one. If it is not yours to preach to hundreds or thousands, be like Him who spent a sultry noon under a scorching sun by the well side, that He might impart the water of life to a worthless woman. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" do not wait for to-morrow and for some great opportunity, but do the little service, whatever it may be, *now*. Draw all your strength from God, depending on Him alone.

The great work is that which is done on individual responsibility—"My own work." Jesus says, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give you." (John xvi. 23.) "*Whatsoever*," without limit, without restraint, without bound, so that you may ask anything you please. Dear fellow-worker, do you feel as if this were too much, and say, "I cannot have God's arm so under my will!" It is, nevertheless, true. What! can a creature thus prevail with the Creator? Yes, indeed, and the reason is, that we have been made "partakers of the divine nature" (2 Pet. i. 4), because before God we are as Jesus is—as near, as dear. We are *in* Him, and being in Him, every request, proceeding from this new nature, is in perfect harmony with the Divine Mind.

We may well, say with such a petition, What grace, Lord! what condescension! what love! Thou hast not spared Thy Son: Thou hast made me one with Him. Thou hast said, whatsoever I will I shall receive; and therefore, Lord, my will is *whatssoever Thou wilt*. I give thee back Thy behest. It is too much for me to bear, and now, from the very depths of my soul, I pray, "Father, Thy will be done." Lead me in Thy will; may everything I do be in Thy mind," and then, *asking* will but be the promptings of that divine life in me, and *receiving* but the natural issue from

the hand of Him who is the fountain of that life. What a service of joy! Such a life has no outward bustle and noise, no running hither and thither, but, like the light, it cannot be hid. (quietly it beams wherever it exists. It is calm as the gentle heat of the summer sun noiselessly warming all around. Thus energised by the life from above, meet parent and child, friend and neighbor, rich and poor, and the brighter will be your "crown of righteousness." Servants faithful to their earthly masters shall receive the reward of the inheritance at the judgment-seat of Christ. (Col. iii. 24.) It will then appear that it was better to have spoken "five words" (1 Cor. xiv. 19) for God, than to have spoken "ten thousand words" to make "a fair show in the flesh" (Gal. vi. 12), and please men; better to have been eloquent for God in the calm silence of a life pointing to Jesus, than to have made earth ring with high-sounding words and world-patching schemes.

"It was not any word that was ever spoken to me," said an old and approved servant of God to a brother in the Lord, from whom I heard the narrative; "it was no word that wakened me up from my death of sin, but the movement of a dying man's finger. My mother had often prayed for me, and tried to lead me to Jesus; but I hated God, and when I escaped from her control grew to be a wild sinner and such a bold infidel that all her godly friends were afraid to see me; but, in the province of God, I was left to watch alone by the bedside of a tailor, a poor deformed fellow, when he lay a-dying. He had often spoken to me of Jesus, but I had never heeded him more than my mother, or any of the others. When I was nursing him there that day, he pled with me many times to mind my soul, but I was perfectly hard; all he could say had no effect. But at last when the death-rattle was in his throat, and I saw he could speak no longer, he just raised his hand and pointed with his

finger to the sky. *That* stirred me, and I had no rest till Jesus gave me rest.

The judgment-seat is coming. Fellow Christian, no question will be raised there about thy standing, about thy salvation. As to safety thou art already passed from death unto life, and wilt not come into judgment; but as to service, thy work will be judged. The judgment is by fire. Whatsoever stands that trial stands to thy credit—if nothing stands, then thy works will all be lost though thou thyself art saved as by fire.

There are two kinds of works—one class symbolized in scripture under the heading of wood, hay, stubble; the other gold, silver, precious stones. Every work is on the one side or the other. You will observe that wood, hay, and stubble are greatest in quantity. But it is not quantity that the fire regards; a ton of hay is as easy and as surely burned as a pound. Many in our day have the greatest regard for quantity—great works, much activity. How little the striving after the pure gold, the silver, and the precious stones! How mixed is the life-work of the best man! A layer of wood, a gram of gold, then a large quantity of hay, then a little silver, plenty of stubble, how few precious stones: but the fire sifts all! At that awful catastrophe at Abergele, where railway carriages and living men and women were burned to ashes, diamonds, gold watches, and silver ornaments were found afterwards among the rubbish. The peer could not be distinguished from the servant; wood could not be separated from iron bone; but the diamond was still bright, and the gold and silver still precious. What a happy day is coming to every christian! He will be so glad to see in one blaze, as upon one funeral pile, all that in his life ever dishonoured his Lord, or was not done with a single eye: only that will reappear in glory which was to God's glory here, and he, already glorified, can at that tribunal appreciate nothing but what is in harmony with glory.

When at school our great ambition was to be first in the class. Who will be first then of all the class of Christians? Very different will be God's order then from our order now! The great of earth and preachers (even those who were of greatest eminence) perhaps giving place to some poor old starving widow, or some little child. I am convinced that many of those who are called great and well known and honoured Christians, will in that day, as to reward for the single eye, be far behind some poor, weak, despised ones of earth, whose power was in the secret place with God. God judges with righteous judgment.

Rich Christian, what of thy gold then? will it be accounted stubble in the glory? or art thou exchanging it now into the currency of heaven? Were I to travel in a foreign land, I could not get on very well with my British money. Even in England those coming from Scotland find it difficult to exchange Scotch notes. Before we go abroad we change as much money as we may require into the coin of that realm. Friend, this is for what thy life here is still given: "make to yourself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations." So said the Master, and many disciples have wondered and not understood the passage.

It is simply "exchange your money into the currency of heaven."

"The mammon of unrighteousness," that is to say, in the Jewish economy it was a sign of a righteous man that his basket and store were full, that he had plenty of cattle, that he was rich. Now, since Christ's rejection it is not so. The unrighteous have God's money in this age. The normal lot of the Christian is poverty; nowhere to lay the head, since there was "no room in the inn" for the Master. But suppose a man with a large fortune gets converted, what is he to do with his mammon of unrighteousness? Is he to hoard it up and add to it, and die a rich man?

Nay. Is he at once and heedlessly to throw it away? Nay. He is to make it his friend. Exchange it into the coin of Heaven. If he waits till he dies, none can be put into his coffin that will arise with him. But there is a method of sending it on before: the Lord has taught it. How many cups of cold water can it buy? These count, if given with the single eye. How many Bibles and missionaries to the heathen? Ten thousand channels are easily found when wanted. Whatever you do, make your money not your enemy, as it will be if you use it for self, but your friend, so that when you are done with money it may not be done with you, but will be standing to meet you in a new dress, in the gold and silver and precious stones at the throne, in the "well done" of the Master. Poor brother, thy poverty is no bar. One talent well used is more than ten abused, and money is but a poor talent.

It is not an occasional or periodic earnestness that God desires, but a calm, constant life-long work. A man moving about this world with the Holy Ghost within him, prepared for anything, at every step, by every look and word, testifying for his Lord, conscious of no effort, but living in calm peace with his Saviour God, in the unhindered power of an inner life, in the patient hope of a glory soon to dawn, is the type of God's true servant. His service does not depend on his rank, his circumstances, his position: these are all subservient to what the man is. He may be the wealthiest in the world, or have to sweep a street, but his joy in the service is the same. Such will have a natural entrance into the courts above, where the servants serve their Lord day and night.

"O send me forth, my Saviour,
O send me for Thy glory,
Regarding not the praise of man,
And trampling on the fear of man,
And fighting for Thy glory, Thy glory.

"There is a man who often stands
Between me and Thy glory,

His name is self,
My carnal self,
Self-seeking self,
Stands 'twixt me and Thy glory.

"O mortify him, mortify him,
Put him down, my Saviour,
Exalt thyself alone: lift high
The banner of the cross,
And in its folds
Conceal the standard-bearer."

Dear fellow servant, get so accustomed to serve your Lord Jesus Christ and Him alone, that your entrance into glory will not be unnatural, and thus an abundant entrance will be yours.

Every child of God, great and small, has a work: his or her own work. A brother in the Lord greatly surprised an old bed-ridden follower of the Lord by coming in with a smile to her one day, and saying:

"I've got some work for you to do."

"Me? what work! what can I do?"

"Oh, there's a little district meeting to be started, and you are to have special charge of it in praying about it."

She got deeply interested in the people attending the little meeting, and this work did her and them much good. I saw a boy confined to bed one day, and I told him he had a work to do. He had found Jesus, but he looked a little surprised. "You have to pray and preach," I said.—He smiled in surprise.—"Yes, you have to pray for those that carry forth the gospel, and you have to lie there and preach sermons to all that come in, sermons on faith, patience, meekness, gentleness, adorning on your back, as we on our feet ought to do, the doctrine of God our Saviour." The same thought came also from the lips of another young disciple, now in the presence of the Lord, waiting the resurrection beauty in which he will be clothed with all those who have been faithful unto death—who have endured to the end. He said, "We *all* must speak for Jesus" when it was suggested that some might be too young to bear testimony to Jesus.

Memories of Palestine.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

OUR EXCURSION TO WADY URTAS.

[For the sake of such of our friends as begin their travels with us in this number of our magazine, it is necessary to say by way of preface that from the City of Jerusalem, where we now find ourselves, many interesting excursions can be made in different directions. The excursion for to-day (that to the Wady Urtas, the pools of Solomon and Bethlehem) is at any time an interesting one, but in our case it was peculiarly so from the friends that accompanied us and the circumstances in which we entered the city on our return. ED. C. C. M.]

The Lion and the Unicorn of the royal arms are always a welcome and interesting sight to loyal British subjects, from the time when we were wont as children to study the animals and repeat the childish rhymes about them, but we have no idea how a sight of the strange brutes "fighting for the crown" can touch one's heart, and eyes too, till we have wandered in foreign lands and have had our residence for a time under a foreign flag. The *Cross*, superstitious symbol though it be to the Romish Church, is ten times dearer than before, even to the strictest Protestant when he meets it in the land where the *crescent* is on every minaret. And right joyful does the heart feel in walking the streets of an Eastern city, where the language, dress, customs, religion, are all strange, to see the honest face of the British lion and the slender shanks of the non-descript called a Unicorn, as they show themselves in flaming colors from over the door of the British Consulate. But if the dumb picture has in it such language to the heart of a British subject, how very pleasant must it be to sit down in the Consul's office, to hear the old familiar tongue, to glance over the columns of an English newspaper, and to open and read there, long-looked-for letters from the dear ones at home.

The British Consul in Jerusalem du-

ring the time of our sojourn in the city was Mr. Finn, well known as the author of a popular book on the Holy Land. Different from too many of the Consuls one meets abroad, I found Mr. Finn an earnest Christian, interested not only in the ancient sites of Palestine but in the religious and moral condition of its present inhabitants, and especially forward in seeking the conversion and well-being of the Jews. In his efforts in behalf of the Jews Mr. Finn was assisted by his lady, a daughter of the late Dr. McCaul, of London, a friend till his last breath of the dispersed people of God. Mrs. Finn, with whom the conversion of Israel has been from childhood the ruling thought of her life, took a wise and practical way of doing her work with the full sympathy of her husband. Knowing the great temptations and difficulties that the Jew of Jerusalem encounters when, within sight of the holy places he forsakes Moses for Christ, — Mrs. Finn thought that better than charity it would be to get work for her converts to do, and show them how to do it. With the object, therefore, of giving employment and instruction in farming to Christian Jews, Mrs. Finn, aided I believe by our own Lady Dufferin, leased a farm in Wady Urtas, near Bethlehem (in the immediate neighborhood of Solomon's Pools) which she placed under the care of Meshullam, a converted Jew of good education and energy. The reader may imagine that it was therefore with feelings of no small delight we received an invitation from Mr. Finn to visit, in company with himself and lady, their colony in Wady Urtas.

The ride to Bethlehem was beguiled by the talk of the Consul, concerning the past and the present—one of whose ideas with regard to missions now recur to me in connection with the proposed

meeting next year of the Evangelical Alliance in Jerusalem. He spoke of the duty of the Protestant Churches to unite in establishing a great central Missionary College in Jerusalem for the Evangelization of the Shemitic races—Jews and Arabs, Hebrews and Mahommedans. To the right he pointed out a piece of rising ground that commanded a noble prospect of the country, that could be procured for the purpose. That idea may yet be realized, and in a higher sense than has yet been perceived by Jew or Gentile, Jerusalem may become the centre of Asia's faith, life and hope.

But what small building is that to our left? We draw rein, alight and walk round the sepulchre of Jacob's beloved Rachel. "Rachel," the sacred story tells us, "died and was buried on the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day" (Gen. xxxv. 19,20). The site of this grave, "on the border of Benjamin," has never been questioned, for Moslems, Jews, and Christians agree in keeping it sacred. The question naturally occurs,—Why did not Jacob bury Rachel in the cave of Machpelah, along with the rest of his father's house? On his dying bed Jacob charged his sons to bury him in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah: "there they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife: there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife: and there I buried Leah." But why was Rachel separated from the rest, and laid in her solitary grave by the roadside?

This is a question that is easily answered, and the answer to which is a proof of the honesty of the sacred story. The deaths of Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rebekah and Leah occurred in the natural course of things, which gave full time for the disposal of the remains in the family vault: but the death of Rachel came on Jacob with the suddenness of a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, prostrating him to the earth as

does one's first great grief; it came while he was on a journey with his family and flock, it came with a motherless child needing every care lest he also follow to her untimely grave, it came in all probability at a hot season of the year, when it is necessary to bury within a few hours of death, if the help of the embalmer is not at hand. In these circumstances the slow and sorrowful journey to Machpelah was a physical impossibility, and the wayside burial was one of the dark things in this dark dispensation, to which Jacob submitted as an additional trial of his faith and patience. To show the reader how difficult it was to bury in Machpelah at such time, and in such circumstances, let me quote here the words in which Dr. Robinson describes his journey from Hebron (Machpelah) to Jerusalem, which is only about 3 miles further than Rachel's tomb:

"This was the most fatiguing day of our whole journey (which was through the desert of Sinai) we had been for sixteen hours almost constantly upon our camels: yet the exhaustion arose more from want of rest and sleep than from any great exertion. The distance between Hebron and Jerusalem is definitely given by Eusebius and Jerome at twenty-two Roman miles, equivalent to seventeen and a half geographical miles. Our time between the two cities was eight and a quarter hours, with camels."

But there was another reason, further back in God's chain of second causes, for the way-side burial. The whole fabric of symbol, type and prophecy in the Old Testament, down to the smallest nail in the vast structure, were arranged beforehand by the Divine Architect with a special reference to Christ and the events of His first and second comings. Rachel's death bringing forth her son was prophetic of the death of the Jewish dispensation bringing forth our Benjamin,—the Son of the Father's right hand. The way-side tomb of Rachel (on the very border of that son's heri-

tage, in giving birth to whom she yielded up her own life) occupies therefore a conspicuous place in the imagery of Revelation. Jeremiah calls Rachel from her tomb in Ramah (for unquestionably the guides are right when they point out the ruins of a Ramah close to the Sepulchre) to witness the sufferings and death of her children in the Babylonish captivity, Jeremiah, xxxi. 15. Matthew calls her, again, to witness the sufferings and death, on a larger scale, of her children in the destruction of the Jewish Church and nation, which continues till this day, of which the massacre of the innocents of Bethlehem was the opening chapter. And once more will Rachel be called from her way-side resting place. But this time it will be in joy and not in sorrow: to welcome her children back, and not to mourn over their going. *"Thus saith the Lord; Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord: and they shall come again from the land of the enemy,"* Jeremiah, xxxi. 16.

In drawing near Bethlehem we were told by Mr. Finn how Ibrahim Pasha, during his period of power in Syria, settled the dispute between its Christian and Mahometan population, after warning them that unless they agreed better he would turn out of the place either the Christians or Mahometans, according as he found things. The threat had no effect on them, and so he drove out his own fellow-worshippers, and left the Christians in possession, (now numbering 3,000,) as one could judge by seeing so many vineyards with their towers, on which we saw the watchmen, to defend the vineyard from birds and from men. There are rich churches in Bethlehem, and covents and caves, but what are they all, with their gold and glitter, compared to the view from the top of the Convent of the Nativity, which commands the country where David led his sheep, and the plains where the shepherds watched

their flocks when the angels came with the glad tidings of that birth (in the stable) that is turning the world upside down.

The Jewish farm lies beyond Bethlehem, in a narrow valley watered by the Pools of Solomon, and there we arrived about noon. We boast of our enlightened age, and our age is not to be despised; but save in three things, (steam, compass and printing) the nations that once filled the Euphrates and Nile valleys, (whence the Jews borrowed their arts) were our equals, if not our superiors in mechanical skill. These Pools of Solomon, three in number, and still nearly as good as ever, built to collect water for Jerusalem, are in some respects more wonderful than New York's Croton Reservoir. For three thousand years they have poured into Jerusalem their inexhaustible supply of water, which passes under the Temple, and thence, along with the water of the natural springs, into the Pool of Siloam, and thence down the Kidron towards the Dead Sea. From the waters of this aqueduct and from living springs on the farm, two miles of the valley have been converted into a spot of great beauty and fertility. It showed clearly what Palestine could be made, were men allowed to settle down in security to its cultivation, as in the days of Solomon. The late Dr. Hamilton, of London, never visited Palestine, but with the intuition of a true Christian poet familiar with the descriptions of the Bible, he pictures, in strains not largely overdone, what the country once was and what it may yet become, judging from what we saw in Urtas and in similar valleys where there is abundance of water.

"A better country than this," says Dr. Hamilton, "earth did not contain. It was a 'delightful' and a 'pleasant' land, a 'goodly heritage of the hosts of nations.' It was variegated and intersected with all the elements of sublimity and beauty, with whatever was bold and gentle. It was prolific without a miracle and the subject of a periodical one. It was a wealthy place. Aromatic

herbs covered its hills and the fairest flowers decked its glens. The rose was in Sharon and the lily in the valleys. The voice of the turtle was heard in the land. There roamed the vine, and there clustered the date, and there hung the pomegranate. The cedar towered on the mountains and the myrtle skirted their sides. No human hand could raise the clusters of Eschol. The South wind passing over the gardens caused the spices thereof to flow out. The seasons revolved in their variety, but with a blended sweetness. There was the upland breeze, in which the fir could wave its arms, and the softer air, in which the olive unfolded its blossom. The sun smote not by day nor the moon by night. The birds sang among the branches. The dew lay thick in Hermon. There was the balm in Gilead. The lign-aloe drooped from the river bank. Kedron and Jordan poured forth their streams. The rain also filled the pools. Lakes glistened in the landscape and cooled the drought. Beautiful for situation was mount Zion. The cattle browsed upon a thousand hills. The excellency of Carmel and the glory of Lebanon set their pinnacles against the deep azure of Canaan's sky. The year was crowned with goodness. The Lord God cared for that land and His eye was always upon it. At the stated period fell the early and the latter rain. The pastures were clothed with flocks. The ploughman overtook the reaper and the treader of grapes him that sowed the seed. The barns were filled with plenty and the press burst out with new wine. The little hills rejoiced on every side. Precious fruits were brought forth by the sun and precious things were put forth by the moon. The earliest pass, the valley of Achor, was a door of hope. The vineyards distilled the pure blood of the grape. The fountain of Jacob was upon a land of corn and wine. The inhabitants were filled with the finest of the wheat. It flowed with milk and honey. Its heavens dropped fatness. It was surrounded with mountains of rock. The deep, couching beneath, spread its sure defence. The land might be called Benliah. The distant glimpse of its prospect refreshed the dying eye of Moses: and of all Thine earthly territory, this is emphatically Thy land, O Immanuel!

While out over the farm in company with Meshullam, we noticed men and boys at work in the face of the green hills overlooking the vines and figs of the valley below. On narrowly looking at them, we discovered that, with mattocks, they were grubbing out the roots of the stumps of an oak forest that once covered these hills to the very summits.

The roots are carried to Jerusalem on asses, and sold for fuel at a high price.

It was an interesting sight and hour, when the little company sat down to lunch at Meshullam's table. There at the head of the table was the son of Abraham, thin, fallow, keen-eyed, clothed in humble attire, horny-handed, but cool and wary in all his talk, and withal a man of intelligence and experience as an agriculturist, after the fashion of that country, which cannot be a bad fashion, surely, when, according to our host, he could, by arranging his succession of crops properly, obtain *four* harvests in a year. The company was drawn from the extremes of the earth. There were two gentlemen from Australia, some from America, and this Israelite a native of Asia, talking in the English tongue and thanking God (before breaking bread) in the name of Christ, on the spot where Solomon had his gardens to which he retired in company with Pharaoh's daughter, from the noise of his capital. The fare on the table was the product of the farm—milk and fruit and bread. But we must not linger, for it is drawing on towards evening and we must return to Jerusalem.

The law in all walled cities in the Turkish empire is that, at sunset on the firing of a cannon, the gates are closed, with no entrance to those who are late, till the next morning. During the time we were in Jerusalem, which happened about the middle of the moon, we had often wished it were possible to have a moon-light walk about the city. To this proposal it was always objected by friends in Jerusalem, that the thing was impossible, unless we were prepared to sleep outside the walls all night, for which alternative we were not altogether prepared. It happened, however, that our wish was gratified in this respect quite unexpectedly. Leaving Urta, we followed the windings of the valley and the course of the aqueduct, so that by the time we regained the ordinary highway the sun was setting, and Jerusalem,

still two miles away, was bathed in the golden colour of a cloudless sunset. The moon then rose at the full, bathing the dome of the great mosque, the minarets and the battlements of the city in silver hue. In the moonlight, our little company rode on with little to break the silence, save the clatter of hoof on rock and stone. We crossed the valley of Hinnom, which to our right looked gloomy in spite of the full moon. Instead of entering by the Bethlehem gate, by which we had gone out in the morning, we, for what cause I did not ask, made the circuit of half the city, passing the Jaffa gate, rounding the north-west angle, and in a silence that was death-like, for not a living creature was abroad, we stood beneath the massive arch of the Damascus gate on the opposite side of the city from Bethlehem. The Consul dismounted, knocked and spoke a few words, when in a trice the eye of the needle (*i. e.* the small gate within the large one, as we often see in barns in Canada) flew open, and the Turkish soldier on sentry showed himself. Then the one-half of the large gate creaked heavily on its hinges, opened up, allowing us entrance, when it fell back again to be secured with bars. Right in front of our party as we rode into the darkness of the city stepped the *cavus* of the British Consulate, with a staff of office bearing a massive silver ball a-top (the *limb and unicorn* in all likelihood, though it was too dark to see the beasts), but, what was better, bearing in his other hand a lantern to light us on our way when we had to pass under arched passages and through narrow lanes.

Mr. Finn kindly sent a young Jew, one of the converts of the Jewish Mission, to lead us to our lodgings after we parted with him. Though late, I could not let our young Jewish friend depart without some words with him in regard to his change of faith, and his reception of Jesus of Nazareth as the

Messiah. He spoke with wonderful quietness and deliberation for an Oriental. The details of the conversation I have now forgotten, but its tone and substance I cannot forget. He left all for Christ. His friends and acquaintances had forsaken him, but his purpose was unaltered to follow Jesus and abide in fellowship with his people. One of the ladies offered him a piece of gold for his attention to us and trouble. Very politely he refused it, saying that Mrs. Finn would not be pleased if he took it. We shook hands with him, bidding him take courage and to continue steadfast in the faith. What became of him, or of Meshullam, or of the farm of Urtas, I cannot with precision say. Mrs. Finn was full of hope, telling us jocularly that the Jews of Jerusalem had a saying about her, "What does Mrs. Finn believe in?" "She believes in Meshullam." It would seem from remarks by recent travellers that the farm has not been successful, nor can it be said that the Mission to the Jews of Jerusalem has been very productive of results, for several reasons unnecessary to state here, but

"God shall arise, and mercy yet
He to Mount Zion shall extend;
Her time for avow, which was set,
Behold is now come to an end."

We must in our next paper bid farewell to Jerusalem, and ask the reader to accompany us through Samaria to Nazareth and Sea of Galilee.

An unkind word falls easily from the tongue; but a coach and six horses cannot bring it back.

There is a tree in California called the Maganeta—so full of life and vital force that it is constantly pressing off the bark from the wood as fast as it forms. Oh! for Maganeta Christians, that, by the fulness of life within, shall crowd off the bark and excrescence of worldliness that would otherwise gather about them.

Children's Treasury.

BLESSING ON THE YOUNG.

From Times of Blessing.

It is somewhat remarkable that, even in our cities, the young people of our Sabbath schools have been blessed very much by the instrumentality of their own teachers, rather than by the direct agency of those honored brethren whom God has so used. We might say that the showers came down on the hills in connection with our American friends, and then the streams found their way to the valleys; the refreshing visited the teachers and parents, and then by their means reached the children.

A minister, not long since, asked the teachers of his Sabbath school to give him some hints of what had taken place in their classes. "I have to thank the Lord for much personal blessing received at this time. Truly He hath lifted upon me the light of his countenance"—this was the explanatory statement in one of the replies given to his request; and then followed a brief account of "five who had been savingly changed within the last three months." One of these waited for her teacher as she was about to leave the school on Sabbath evening, and slipt her hand into hers, saying that she would like to walk home with her. The girl was very anxious. The teacher spoke to her of Jesus, the way to the Father, and light came.

In a class of boys, one was deeply impressed by an address on Exodus xii. 7,—safety when sheltered by the blood; his whole thoughts seemed occupied with the subject, so that when spoken to he could say nothing but "The blood!" Another heard the story of a man who had scoffed at salvation the night before he was cut off by an accident. The miserable state of this man in his dying hour, after having rejected the great salvation, was the means of leading this boy to receive Christ. A

fellow-scholar was arrested by what he heard spoken on the word "whosoever," in John iii. 15, 16. Another boy had saddened the heart of his teacher by his sulky looks, as well as great indifference. But he was impressed at a district meeting, and helped on to the gate of the city of refuge at an inquiry meeting connected with one of the Foundry Boys' Society classes. His whole appearance has been changed. His countenance now is not "fallen," like Cam's, but happy, as we fancy Able's was at his altar. He was overheard persuading a fellow-scholar to decide: "I never knew what it was to be happy till I became decided for Christ." He is now quite a missionary in his class.

"One mark of their conversion," said a teacher in regard to two young scholars, "is this, their desire to do something for Jesus. Last Friday night they gave away twenty tracts on their way home from the meeting." A young disciple rises early, that before his work begins he may get time to read his Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Another was heard praying for "long life, that so he might serve the Lord Jesus long." While some almost wish to pass at once from conflict into glory, it is more common to find that the case of the dying thief, who passed into paradise that same day he found the Lord, is not considered enviable. A desire to work for the Lord is found in all these young converts.

A boy of a dull, sleepy disposition, difficult to interest, was awakened, and ever since his *mental* as well as *spiritual* activity has been remarkably aroused. His parents see the change at home, and in the workshop he is not ashamed to own his Lord. The teacher of this boy one evening saw his companion shedding tears; found him really anxious, and getting him alone, pointed him to

John iii. 16, "gave," compared with John i. 12, "received." They went home together, and at his own door the boy told his teacher that now he had "received Christ." He has since "walked carefully," is the testimony given of him. The brother of this boy also has been blessed, and the first evidence of his change appeared in his coming to his teacher with a bundle of tracts, asking that they might be given to the class.

Another, who has found the hid treasure, at times lays hold of his fellow-scholars, and tells them of his conversion, expostulating with them earnestly. To one he said, "Bad companions are like the Slough of Despond." He has led two at least to the cross. He is uncommonly fond of the Bible. He lately read I Peter ii four times over and over, after hearing Mr. Moody say that we should read such portions "till the

outlines of the man Christ Jesus can be seen."

One of the happiest little Christians among us is a young girl, awakened at a series of services for children in our school. She used to tremble lest she should die before she was saved. One evening she saw where a sinner finds rest, and speaking to a friend said, "She was now trusting Jesus like anything," and knew if she died where she would go. A boy of eleven years, who also is happy in the Lord, took the hand of the superintendent at an after meeting, saying, "Please give me some one to speak with, as I now know the way to Jesus." Those who have been saved are drawn much together in the spirit of brotherly love, and like to meet together for prayer, praise, and reading the word.

"Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things."

Christian Miscellany.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE LOST?

"What must I do to be lost?" "Neglect so great salvation." It is not necessary to do anything. We are lost already. Jesus offers to save us; but if we reject His offer we remain as we were. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Escape is impossible if we neglect the only means of safety. If a deadly serpent bites you, and you refuse the only remedy, you die. If you are drowning and will not seize the life-buoy thrown to you, you sink. Neglect is ruin. Jesus alone can save the soul! Neither is there salvation in any other. O sinner, your damnation is sure if you neglect Jesus. If he that despised Moses' law died without mercy, of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God? Dost thou think God will not execute His threatenings, that thou canst escape His

piercing eye, or that the rocks will cover thee? Vain hopes! There is no escape but to come to Jesus, and simple neglect is certain perdition! "Because I called, but ye refused, . . . then shall they call, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me, but shall not find Me!" O sinner, escape this awful threatening! Jesus now stands with open arms. He entreats you to be saved! Come with all your sins and sorrows—come just as you are—come at once! He will in nowise cast you out.—*Newman Hall.*

THE DOOR UNLOCKED.

Some time since I wished to enter a strange church with a minister a little before the time for service. We procured a key, but tried in vain to unlock the outside door with it. We concluded we had the wrong key, and sent to the janitor for the right one. But he

came and told us that the door was already unlocked. All we had to do was to push, and the door would open. We thought ourselves locked out, when there was nothing to hinder us from entering.

In the same way we fail to enter into love and fellowship with God. The door, we think, is locked against us. We try to fit some key of extraordinary faith to open it. We try to get our minds wrought up to some high pitch of feeling. Westy, "I have the wrong key; I must feel more sorry, I must weep more." And all the time the door is ready to open if we but come boldly, with humble earnestness, to the throne of grace. We may enter freely, at once, without having to unlock the door. Christ is the door, and His heart is not shut against us. We must enter without stopping to fit our key of studied faith, for His mercy is not locked up. We must enter boldly, trustingly, not doubting His readiness to receive us "just as we are." He is willing, already, and we must not stop to make Him willing by our prayers or tears.

THE INDIAN'S CONVERSION.

A poor Indian, who had been a very wicked man, but who had become a Christian, was desired to give some account of his conversion—to tell how it was that he had been led to his hope in Christ. He described in this way, taking his figures from his way of life, as he had been accustomed to chase the deer and the bear over mountains and through morasses. "I was in the mud," said he; "I tried to get out, and I could not. I tried the harder, and the harder I tried the faster I sank. I found I must put forth all my strength; but I went down deeper, and deeper, and deeper. I found I was going all over in the mire; I gave the *death yell*, and found myself in the arms of Jesus."

Very much like this was the experience of David, the Psalmist. He, too, had

sunk down into the horrible pit, and had struggled in the miry clay. And he had cried to God with all the agony of utter helplessness and need, and God heard and helped him. "He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay." It was not struggling nor climbing that saved the Psalmist, it was the hand of God reached down to him in answer to his earnest prayer. How slow we are in learning that all personal and human expedients to extricate ourselves are vain! but no sooner is this discovery made than the arms of Jesus are open to us. There is but one step out of self into Christ. As soon as, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" bursts from the convicted and anguished soul, and the eye of faith is fixed upon Christ, the cry of deepest distress is immediately changed into, "Thanks be unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vii.).

God has called us to meet His best gift to man—His only-begotten Son—not in a splendid court, but in a manger; in the wilderness; in Gethsemane; before the High Priest, when they spat in His face, and buffeted Him, and smote Him, at the cross, and at the sepulchre. Thus it is that He corrects the pride and ambition of the human heart.

Contributions in behalf of Mrs. Kennedy: -

Carried forward.....	82 13
Error in Addition.....	1 00
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	81 13
J. W., South Gower.....	0 00
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