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Monthly Messenger.

Edited by Rev. T. HALL, Congregational Minister, Queen's Road Chapel, St. John's.

NEW SERIES. VOL. III. No. 3.

MARCH, 1876.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ST. JOHN'S TRAINING SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MESSENGER.

SIR,— Will you allow me a little space in your magazine, that I may acquaint its readers, which has lately been made relating to the "St. John's Training School, by one who is much interested in the cause of education in this island. As allusion has more than once been made in your pages to this institution, I presume its origin and objects are well known to most. The building formerly known as the General Protestant Academy was purchased in the spring of 1875, at a cost (inclusive of extensive repairs and alterations) of £500. Towards this £300 have already been contributed chiefly through the kindness of friends in England, and it is to aid in the speedy removal of the remaining debt that a friend in England has offered the sum of five pounds, on condition that twelve others will give the same amount.

Shall England be allowed to bear the burden and have the honour of establishing and maintaining an institution which is solely for the benefit of Newfoundland, and which the people of the colony are well able to support.

We give this matter publicity because we believe that many sincere friends of the cause of education in this island might justly say they were not aware that any practical sympathy was required.—Yours faithfully,

E. GOOD,

"St. John's Training School."

Feb. 5, 1876.

Donations towards the removal of the debt will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. L. T. Chancey, the Editor of the MONTHLY MESSENGER, or Miss Good.

There should not be much difficulty in obtaining the number of subscribers required. The "Training School" is supplying a long and deeply-felt necessity in this country. A good education is given on the most moderate terms. Teachers are thoroughly prepared to take charge of elementary schools, without any expense to themselves or anybody else, and without regard to sect or party. The ladies who are conducting the establishment are doing so without any pecuniary reward, and solely at their own expense. Therefore, both school fees and donations are, and will be devoted to liquidating the debt, improving the building, and continuing the work. I might further say that visitors will be welcomed any day in the school between the hours of 9.30 a.m. and 1 p.m.

E. M. M.

THE DUTY OF THE CHURCH.

"For none of us liveth unto himself," said St. Paul. Every individual in the world is influential for good or for evil. We are all sowing. "Oh, what will the harvest be?" I am going to address the Church, and of course every professing Christian who may read this. In a very peculiar sense we are bound to live for others. We are followers of the most unselfish Man who ever trod the green vales and dusty paths of earth. Our

Divine Master pleased not Himself, He glorified His Father in heaven, and gave Himself a ransom for us. He is our bright example. Therefore we must—

GLORIFY GOD

in our body and spirit which are His. The lawfulness of our business, our pleasures, and our recreations must be decided by this rule, "Can I do so to the glory of God?" What we eat and drink, and whatsoever we do, must conform to this; no Christian can discharge his duty to others, unless he first and last does all to the glory of God.

WE MUST LIVE FOR EACH OTHER.

There is no brotherhood so sacred, so precious, or with vows so binding, as the brotherhood of the Christian Church. Therefore we should love each other, and bear one another's burdens. In order to discharge our duty faithfully

WE MUST PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER.

We will remember all the scattered members of the Lord's body on earth. Those of the household of faith to which we belong have a special claim upon us. It will be well for us to mention the names of some before the throne—if any have slighted or injured us, the weak, the tempted, the afflicted the sorrowing and bereaved, those in any special danger, at home or abroad.

We will mention the pastor and office-bearers of the Church, the Sabbath-school teachers, and Christian workers. We ought to adopt this plan daily.

WE SHOULD EDIFY ONE ANOTHER.

All have not the same views of truth, nor the same Christian experience; even a child may contribute to our information. Exhort one another daily in the apostolic injunction. We may lend or give a useful book. We might invite to our homes a few believers for a Bible reading or prayer-meeting. We may offer a word of exhortation in the cabin of the vessel, or the cottage of the poor, or the circle of Christians. We have each a part to take in building-up the Church of Christ.

WE MUST SYMPATHISE WITH EACH OTHER.

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We must not find fault, or gauge, or reprove harshly. We are all human and frail, and liable to err. We must get better acquainted. We are one family. The nod or glance of recognition when we meet is not enough, we should adopt some means of

becoming familiar with each other. We will be ashamed of our coldness, our want of sympathy and love for one another. When we get beyond this scene let us be able to sing :

We share each other's woes,
Each other's burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

WE SHOULD LIVE TO SAVE SOULS.

Jesus Christ did so. Paul did so. So did the noble army of martyrs. If we maintain peace with God, a good conscience, and hope to hear by-and-by, "Well done," from the Master. Some have a call to preach. Go; wait not for college or council. Be sure you have a call and commission for our God. Go, preach to one, or a thousand. Men are perishing; tell them of the love and power of God; tell them what you know yourself of His power to save; tell them in the simple, earnest language of the Bible. Use every means; spread the Word of God—the Gospel Tract. Speak the kind word to the young, the erring, the hardened, the abandoned. Sow beside all waters. Invite to the house of God—to the Saviour; there are more waiting to be invited than you suppose. Go to the poor in their poverty; visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction; stand beside the sick; go to the house of mourning; open doors are everywhere for willing workers.

AGONY IN PRAYER.

The world will never be brought to Christ till the Church gives herself to prayer. We must spend time and strength in wrestling with God. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.

HELP THE GREAT MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE

With your influence, your means, your prayers. Consecrate your sons and daughters to the work of the ministry. Encourage them to go far hence to the perishing heathen. "The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few." Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth labourers into His harvest.

GATHER IN THE YOUNG.

The Sabbath-school wants the hearty co-operation and support of the home and the Church. Train these children in the way they should go. Let your motto be, "Every one of them for Christ and glory."

To do our work successfully, we must consecrate all our powers to God, obtain the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and live under the unction of the Holy One.

SALVATION.

Every man needs salvation. Sin rules the sinner. He is led captive by the devil. The grace of God has brought salvation to all. None are too sinful, too vile, or hardened in crime to obtain salvation. It is offered to all, on the simple condition of accepting it. "Take the water of life freely." Multitudes reject it and perish, the time allotted to men to receive it limited and brief. The bed of sickness and death is not the place to obtain it, though it is possible that even there some may have found mercy.

But there are no pardons in the tomb, when the grave has closed over the body, the spirit is with Christ in Paradise or with the lost, doomed to an eternal death. It is no frivolous matter then to think about and care for our own salvation. Nothing should divert the attention of rational creatures from making sure of this. Business, health, pleasure, friendship, they are only trifles; grand impertinences in comparison.

This great matter may be settled, and men may be as sure that they have salvation as that we have an existence. We can *know* that we have eternal life. Nothing but absolute certainty will satisfy us on our dying beds, and nothing less should now. It is heart-breaking to witness the agony of the Christless soul when standing on the verge of the grave. But joyous to hear the songs of victory of those who have made their calling and election sure. Build on the Rock, for the storm is coming. Make haste, there is not an hour more to be spared. The dark night of death is coming. When sickness, pain, and weakness are upon you is not the time to be reconciled to God; and even these warnings may not be afforded. You may suddenly be called in the eternal world, thousands are every year. I implore you to decide the great question of your salvation; give yourselves no rest in sin, in enmity and alienation from God, yield your heart to Christ. Trust in the person and work of the Son of God. *Only trust Him, and you have salvation.* A grand future will open before you. There will be an object to live for, and dying will be going home.

"O what pleasures there await,
There the tempests cease to roar,
There it is that those who hate us,
Can molest our peace no more.
Trouble ceases,
On that tranquil happy shore."

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

This is the old, old story,
Say do you take it in,
This wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin?

Do you at heart believe it,
Do you believe it's true,
And meet for every sinner,
And therefore meet for you?

Then take this great salvation,
For Jesus loves to give;
Believe and you receive it,
Believe and you shall live.

TO-MORROW.

I will to-morrow, that I will,
I will begin to do it.
To-morrow comes, to-morrow goes,
And still thou hast to do it.
'Tis thus repentance is delayed,
From one day to another,
Until the day of death is come,
And judgment is to-morrow.

FORBEARANCE.

FORBEARANCE is a quality of great value. Friends are often lost, both by neglect on the one side, and by want of patience and forbearance on the other. When Jesus beheld the city which was about to be the scene of His murder, He wept over it. When He hung on the cross, surrounded by His enemies, who mocked and derided Him, He prayed for them, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." If He could thus bear with and plead for His foes, what forbearance might we not expect that He would show towards His friends?

It was customary on the arrival of a guest to supply water for the feet and oil for the head. The host also saluted the guest with a kiss on the cheek. These ordinary marks of courtesy were neglected by the rich man who invited Jesus to a feast. The omission was not overlooked, but it was not resented. No notice was taken of it at the time, but afterwards, not in retaliation on him who had given the insult, but in defence of the despised penitent, Jesus said—"Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for My feet, but she hath washed My feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss My feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed My feet with ointment." Our Lord's forbearance with the discourtesy of the rich man was as conspicuous as His appreciation of the poor woman's grateful homage.

The immediate disciples and special friends of our Lord continually put His forbearance to the test by their dullness of understanding and their want of faith. But He was always patient with them, taking pains to explain what they had failed to comprehend, and allaying their fears by repeated proofs of His power and watchful care. There was one occasion when it might have been expected they would have been specially on the alert to succour Him, and when any failure on their part might justly have been resented. It was on the night of His great agony. Taking three of His disciples with Him, apart from the rest, He admitted them into the inner chamber of His sorrow. They were to be His chosen companions, the friends on whom He might lean for strength and sympathy in this hour of darkness. They were friends on whose constancy He had special claims. He had shown them peculiar favour. They had been with Him on the Mount of Transfiguration. They had seen Moses and Elijah conversing with Him on his approaching decease. They had beheld the radiant glory of His countenance, and had heard the voice of God saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." James, so resolute and strong; Peter, who had avowed his readiness to die for his Lord; John, who had just been leaning on His breast at supper—might not Jesus expect that such friends would not fail Him now? Whatever their bodily weariness, would not intense love and sympathy for Him in this hour of crushing agony be enough to banish sleep? If He honoured them by selecting them to watch and pray with Him, might He not be sure that He would find them ready for any service He might need? But when, after appealing to His Father, He returned to them for such help as they could give, He found them sleeping. O what an opportunity they lost of ministering to the Son of Man! How little they could ever do for Him; but they could have watched and prayed and wept with Him. Yet they failed. And their failure added another pang to the sensitive heart of the Man of Sorrows. Deeply He felt the disappointment. "What! could ye not watch with me one hour?" But this appeal, the utterance of wounded affection rather than of reproof, was at once followed by words of kind forbearance. He did not wait for their excuses. He anticipated their apology. He provided a balm for the wound their own neglect had caused. He was anxious to comfort them in the sorrow He knew they would afterwards feel. "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak."—*Rev. Newman Hall, in "My Friends."*

The good make a better bargain, and the bad a worse, than is usually supposed, for the rewards of the one and the punishments of the other not unfrequently begin on this side of the grave; for vice has more martyrs than virtue, and it often happens that men suffer more to be lost than to be saved.

JENNY'S LOVE.

A LITTLE story was told to us lately, which seems to be worth repeating. Some time ago a child, ill with hip-disease, was brought into a certain asylum in New York—a little girl of five years old, who, from fright or weakness, cried bitterly on her admission. Another girl, a little Swede of about nine, heard her. "Is she crying because she has left her mother?" she asked the matron. "No; she has no mother; she is an orphan." "Her friends, then, maybe?" "She has no friends; she has nobody in the world to take care of her, unless she finds one here." Jenny, the little Swede, stood for a minute or two soberly looking at the stranger. She was not a pretty child, nor attractive in any way, being homely, diseased, and ill-tempered. "I think I will take care of her," said Jenny, gravely. "I'll be a friend to her"; and she went over to the stranger, then and there, and began to soothe and humour her. The matron, thinking it only a passing, childish outburst, paid no attention to it, even when she found that Jenny had secured a seat at the table next to the child, and had managed to have her placed in the bed next her own in the dormitory. But when the story was told to us a year afterwards, the little girl had never failed once in her self-imposed trust. As far as was practicable, she took the place of a mother or elder sister to the child who, still lame and suffering, needed a constant attention and care which the matron and nurses could not give. She cut and prepared her food at meals, humoured her peevish fancies during the day, and at night was in the habit of lying down half-dressed, to be ready to spring up at a moment's warning; and she passed many a night, it was discovered, holding the child's head in her arms or soothing her. On any holiday, or when visitors came, Jenny's first anxiety was to make her little charge presentable, just as a fond mother would do; and when the children were once given an excursion, or an afternoon's romp in the grounds, Jenny had an excuse to account for her not going, and actually, although her tears choked her, she being but a child, would have stayed, patient and cheerful, beside the lame child, who could not go, if her deception had not been found out. The singular part of the story was, too, that the child was not a lovable nor grateful one, but peevish, jealous, and tyrannical towards her poor little nurse, who apologised for and made the best of her to others, after the habit of mothers. There were many other children in the asylum prettier and more winning, but Jenny was true to the one whose only recommendation was that "she had no friends."—*New York Tribune.*

TOO LATE!

HE had spent his youth in folly. The warnings of friends who loved him were of no avail. He gave the reins to his passions, laughed at reproof, drank with the drunkard, followed "the strange woman" to her abode, and was known as a "fast" man. Years have passed, and slowly, surely, retribution is coming on him. His constitution is breaking up; and the money he spends in medical advice is vain. Shaken nerves, trembling limbs, aching bones, show a constitution shattered. And his mind! Ah! the intensest sufferings are there. Would that he could call back the years that are gone, and the vigour that has been wasted! But it is too late! too late! Suffering and remorse now, and a shortened life, will teach him that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Another. He refused to hearken to the voice of religion. There were not wanting solemn calls, kind entreaties, inward strivings. But he gave his heart to his business, his money-making. "Let every man do the best for himself!" In the midst of all death came. There, before the man yawned the gulf of an unknown future. And now his sins rose before him. O that he had sought God and listened to his Saviour's voice! But the hand of death stopped his regrets, and he died wailing "Too late! Too late!"

Many, alas! will utter this when God comes to judge the world. When the heavens are burning and the dead rising from their graves, when the great white throne appears, and the judgment is set, and the books opened, how many will wish they had made friends with Christ! But it will be "too late" for ever!

I. E. PAGE.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

WHAT a pleasure it is to go into a beautiful home; it need not be a grand mansion to be beautiful. One of the most pleasant homes I ever was in, was a small unpretending cottage, with vine-covered porches, shady walks, and arbours.

Inside the house there were such dainty rooms: no costly furniture or works of art were there, but the windows were filled with choice plants. Ivy vines were trained around the pictures; bouquets and wreaths of autumn leaves, together with a few choice bits of statuary, occupied the brackets. There was a sweet-toned organ in the parlour, and every evening the passers would pause to listen to the melody awakened by the touch of skilful fingers.

On entering the house one would be greeted with a burst of song from a canary, which was complimented by a parrot saying, "Pretty well—for you."

Perhaps one reason everything seemed so pleasant here was the cordial greeting extended by the occupants of this home, to everyone, both stranger and friend; they really made you feel at home, and you went away, leaving your blessing with them.

We are not all rich in this world's goods, but we can by using our ingenuity, make little things go a great way toward making our home beautiful. We are benefiting ourselves in doing this; for by studying and loving the beautiful, we are inclined to study and love the One who made all things for us. With increasing love for God, comes love for our fellow-men, and our influence over them for good is strengthened.

Our every-day lives are the standard by which we are judged in this world; and we all know that surrounding circumstances influence our words and actions greatly; I have seen homes in which it seemed as though it would be almost impossible to have a wrong thought, even; all was so bright, happy, and pure.

"Can we not make our home
The sphere of harmony and peace,
The spot where angels find a resting-place,
When, bearing blessings, they descend to earth."

Baldwin, Kansas.

J. L. H.

ALL MAY HELP

A COMPANY of men were pushing a boat into the water; but it stuck so fast that they couldn't move it. "Another pound," said one, "and it would go." "I can push a pound," answered a little boy. He did so, and she was soon afloat. So you see a little boy can do something.

How well it would be if persons would gather instruction from this simple incident. There is many a boat needing to be pushed out from the shore. A little help, and she would glide gracefully into her native element. In other words, humanity—bound, landlocked, in a thousand ways—is crying for a little help. Who will render it? The boy who said, "I can push a pound," teaches us wisdom. Reader, can you push a pound? If so, do it, and help the boat into the water.—Sel.

THE CHRISTIAN COBBLER.

SOME years ago I was brought in contact with a coloured man. He was nothing but a cobbler—he said himself he was not a decent shoemaker, and I can testify to that from some experience of his work. But if not elegantly done, it was thoroughly done, and that was the point. He told me that when he became too old and crippled to work in the field and house, he took to cobbling. I said to him, "My friend, after this cobbling on earth is done, how about the other world? Have you any hope for a better world?" "Ah! master," said he, "I am nothing, as I told you, but a poor cobbler, but I feel when I sit here and work on my stool, that the good Master is looking at me, and when I take a stitch, it is a stitch, and when I put on a heel-tap, it is not paper, but good leather." It is not the work we do upon earth that makes the whole of life, but it is the way in which we do that work—it is the motive. "Thou, God, seest me."

BORROWING TROUBLE.

"I KNOW it will rain to-morrow, auntie," said Louisa, as she looked gloomily out of the window. "It is clouding up now, and I shall miss going to G... It will be such a disappointment after all my preparations." "Don't borrow trouble, Louie. You have no certain proof that it will rain to-morrow. Many a morning has been fair after a cloudy afternoon. If it should rain to-night, I should rather look for it to be bright in the morning." "Dear me, I hope it will rain to-night then; only it would be so muddy and unpleasant walking. Do you think it will rain to-night, auntie?" "I cannot tell; but I am content to leave the weather in God's hands. Either you will go on your journey to-morrow, or God will have some good reason for preventing you. In either case, contentment is the wisest and happiest course for you. It is your borrowed trouble, Louisa, that brings you unhappiness. Jesus offers us no help to bear these burdens of the imagination."

THOUGHT-HIVES.

EVERY man we meet is a walking thought-hive. To our eye it is hidden; but to God's eye it is a hive of transparent glass. "For there is not a thought in our hearts, but lo! O Lord, though knowest it altogether!" The thoughts which nestle within us and issue from us in language and in actions, determine our moral character. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

A man is known by the company he keeps. So the thoughts which we harbour within us, and which go out through the doors of our mouths and our hands, determine our real character. A holy man gives house-room only to pure and noble, and godly thoughts, and he is constantly striving to bar up door and window against foul and wicked intruders; out of the treasure-house within him proceed all the beautiful deeds and white-winged words that are a blessing unto others. Habitual thinking determines a man as either Christ's or Satan's. A sensualist is only a filthy thinker. The walls of his mind are hung around with lascivious pictures; his inmost soul is a brothel. Do a man's thoughts run continually upon the bottle? Then he is a drunkard. Does another man's thought-hive send out its winged messengers every hour to gather honey from God's Word and His world of nature? Then he is a devout and happy being. In such a man, God dwelleth by His Spirit.

One of the highest spiritual luxuries is the enjoyment of pure and exhilarating and sublime thoughts. To such a devout and happy thinker, a prison would be a palace. "I thought of Jesus," said holy Rutherford, "until every stone in the wall of my prison-cell shone like a ruby." Wherefore, let us keep our hearts—our thought-hives—with all diligence, for out of them are the issues of life. And no one can handle the pitch of a wicked, or obscene, or abominable thought for any considerable time without being fatally defiled thereby.

There is no greater torment than to be an unclean, or intensely selfish, or a corrupt thinker. This is the genuine demonic possession. Such a one is "grievously vexed with a devil." To go through some men's hearts would be like a walk through Sing Sing penitentiary. Every room has a rascal in it. Out of such hearts proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, covetousness, pride, blasphemy. What a hell in advance, to be doomed to live in such a habitation of the devil! To be such a man or woman forever, is the "everlasting punishment" of the lost.

All thoughts have their germs. To kill a sin, the surest way is to kill it in the egg. At the very moment when a wicked thought is born is the right time to strangle it. These little snakes become the anacondas that strangle conscience and destroy character. How important, too, is the nursing into active life and strength of every good and holy suggestion and aspiration. A noble career depends on the treatment given to the infant ideas that are born in the soul. The best of these are the direct product of the Holy Spirit. To quench a good thought is to quench the Spirit; and the everlasting damnation of millions has been the result of this very sin against the infinite love.—*The Living Epistle.*

THE EXPERIENCES OF A CHURCH PLATE.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.*



FOR thoroughly enjoyable and artistic humour, commend us to Mr. Power. He is one of the raciest writers we know. The pamphlet of which we intend to give the substance is a very good specimen of Mr. Power's style, and we would gladly give it in full, but space will not permit.

The Church Plate is supposed to be writing its autobiography, and introduces us to a wealthy merchant, Mr. Oilstone, who readily gives £500 for a silver statuette, but grudges £3 10s. which his fair-haired daughter wishes him to expend on the collecting-plate as a present to the church.

We are told how the plate is taken to the church, and put into a green baize-box with several other plates, when an imaginary conversation ensues, the oldest of the plates saying:—We never stir out of these green bags, except to make collections at the church doors; still, we know everything about the people who contribute; but we only know *what* they give, but *what they ought to give*; and very often *why* they give. As soon as you emerge from your bag on Sunday, and are taken into the church, you will see what at first appears a sunbeam here and there in the building; but, on looking more closely, you will discover that each beam takes the appearance of an angel. You will perceive that each figure has a scroll in his hand and a pen; and a golden inkhorn at his girdle. Further: you will observe that one seems attached to each of certain seats; those are the seats in which we plates are put, with the persons who use us for collecting; and when the collection begins, you will see a bright figure walk side by side with each collector, and stand by him at the door. You also will have an angel attached to you; and as each person passes out, you will observe the figure at your side make an entry on the scroll; and you will feel a curious kind of pulsation pass all round you; and with it you will feel that you know all about the person that has just given.

The plate then gives its own opinion of the sermon, and goes on to say:—

Our collection was to be made at the door; and as soon as over the sermon was ended, the churchwarden caught me up, and moved thither with all speed. That churchwarden was a shrewd man of business; and I soon saw that he had good reason for making such haste, for already half a-dozen people had managed to slip off, without contributing anything to the good cause. They were lost to me beyond any hope of recovery; I wonder if they ever thought that they were losers

themselves. They had escaped from me, but had they escaped from the Eye which sees everyone?

On reaching the door I found, according to the old plate's words, that what had looked so like a sunbeam was in reality a figure, and that it now stood beside me. The pen was dipped in the golden inkhorn, the scroll was unrolled, and the recording angel prepared to write.

They were principally poor people near the door, so I at first received very little. Some rushed out rudely; a few gave pence and halfpence; and one old man gave a three-penny-piece. Far the greatest number appeared to think that they had no concern with the collection whatsoever, although many of them were the parents of the children on whose behalf the sermon was preached. Well, I thought to myself, here's a strange thing—the minister troubling himself a great deal more about these people's children than they trouble them themselves. Just to think how that good man has been working for these young ones, and their own parents don't put a farthing on the plate; and I looked at one side to see whether the scribe that was attached to me had taken any notice of the matter. Indeed he had. The names of all who passed were written down, and there was something put opposite the parents' names, that evidently meant something particular. It was just such a crooked kind of mark as one would make if one had to describe an ungrateful person by a mark. I can't tell what it was like in words, but it looked an ugly, suspicious kind of thing, such as would not bear favour in heaven or earth.

Do not think, however, that all was dark. No, no; there was a penny that was saved during the week by blowing out the candle, and rocking the baby by the light of the few embers on the hearth; and, there was another that came from overtime at work; and another, that had been specially earned for this occasion by making an extra cabbage-net. And that threepenny-piece! I saw the figure by my side look hard at the threadbare man that put it in; and the pen flew rapidly over the scroll; and I could see that the writing was more as if it had been written with a sunbeam than anything else. Well it might; for that threadbare man had pinched himself hard to make up that little coin; and had offered it before the throne in heaven, ere he cast it into the plate on earth. The old man's granddaughter was at the school; and now that he was losing his sight, she read to him out of the Bible—out of the Bible that she was taught at school; and as she read with the voice of her dead mother—the old man's only child—he thought the sweet words were whispered to him from another world; and then he saw far, far away beyond stars, and clouds, and all that meets the mortal eye—far, far away into the golden city where friends separate no more—and how could he receive all this blessing through the school, and not give all he could to shew his gratitude in deeds? But the poor people were soon gone. I ought to have had at least sixty coins, for sixty of them passed me by; but when the last went out, I had only collected one shilling and threepence; and the threepenny-piece was a fifth of this sum.

I was next approached by a gentleman who looked comfortable, and who was comfortable; as far, at least, as his body was concerned. I expected a sovereign from him. If the churchwarden had not held me so tightly in his hand, I almost felt as though I should have gone half-way to meet him. He was a man right well to do; he had no family to support; he had more than he knew what to do with. He approached me; he put out his hand, and dropped a shilling into my lap. I heard the churchwarden mutter in the very immost recesses of his heart, "Selfish man; and you'll go home, and drink a seven-and-sixpenny bottle of port at your dinner; 'one shilling' only to help to bring up all these poor children; and 'seven-and-sixpence' on your own throat." I saw the white figure calmly make its note upon the scroll, and the selfish man passed out. "Is it possible," said I to myself, "that a man can be found to spend seven times as much upon his own throat at one meal, as he gives, after such an appeal, to the cause of God?" The figure by my side could evidently read my thoughts, for it said in a low voice, "Self' is a mocker of the Lord."

That was an awful sentence, short as it was; and I should probably have pondered long upon its fearfulness, but there was no time, for on came, almost treading on this man's heels, another gentleman. This man I also scanned closely as he approached me; and from the brief survey which I was able to

* *The Experiences of a Church Plate.* By Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A. 32 pages, illustrated, 2s. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

take of him, I put him down for a sovereign, or half-a-sovereign at the least. But I was disappointed; he also put down a shilling, and passed on. . . . The figure by my side made a mark in the scroll, and simply uttered the words, "The thoughtless man"—and I knew all about the matter. The man who had just passed me never thought a bit about the sermon, or about the wants of other people, or whether they had any wants at all; perhaps he might have given more, if he had thought; for he was not a stungy man. But what good was that? he did not do his duty now; the charity suffered; and I am sure, by the mark I saw the angel putting down, that he must have suffered himself.

The next comer at first greatly revived my spirits. On he came, and dropped a sovereign into my lap. "This," thought I, "is as it should be; now at length I am really going to work." I was inclined to look at the donor with pleasure, if not with admiration; and I was about to say to myself, "Surely the blessing of all these children, and this good cause, will light on him;" when, to my surprise, I perceived that he had the same vacant look as the thoughtless man who had given only a shilling; and, moreover, I saw the angel put the very same mark opposite his name.

I ventured, not exactly to remonstrate, but to say in an inquiring and puzzled tone of voice:—"Has not this man just given a piece of gold—the only piece I have as yet?" but he answered, "We never err—mark his face—you will see he meant nothing when he gave gold—no more than the other did when he gave silver—sovereigns and shillings sometimes only say the same thing." Then I remembered what the minister had said about a man's giving "according to his ability," and it was plain that this one had not done so; he thought no more about £1 than the other did about one shilling; and, in fact, looking at matters deep down in their realities, he might be said to have given nothing at all. I wondered whether people often thought how much sin there is in thoughtlessness, and how much loss to God's cause. . . .

Bad as these cases undoubtedly were, they were, not however, so bad, as some which now came under my notice. These persons were the "Artful Dodgers" of the congregation. One man, who I saw looking about him in all directions during service, now came by me looking straight before him with his eyes as fixed as if they were made of glass. I saw him fix them just three steps away from me; and after he had passed me only two steps, I saw his head turn about just as well as ever; and in one of the turns, I saw that his eyes were all right again. At first I thought the poor man might have been struck by a sudden draught from the open doors, and got a crick in his neck; and though I lost his contribution, I pitied his misfortune; but I saw my companion mark him with one of those fatal marks, and this set me thinking. "Why," said I to myself, "is this?" Then the thought rushed all round me; "nothing is the matter with him at all. There are none so blind as those who won't see; it was just a trick to get out free." . . . Ever since that day, I know these men by the name of "Blinkers;" for they seemed to be like horses with blinkers to each eye, to make them look straight before them.

But I soon found out that in this, as in all other classes, there existed a considerable variety. These Blinkers did not all go out looking straight before them. Some kept so close to the people in front of them, that they slipped by almost unobserved; and one cunning fellow pretended to drop and catch at his umbrella; and he was off, and past me, in the very act. But it would be wearisome were I to catalogue the arts, devices, and dodges of this class. They used their handkerchiefs, just as if they had violent colds, at the critical moment of passing me; they were so busy buttoning up their coats, or tucking up their dresses, that they were quite preoccupied; just as if it were to this, and not to unwillingness to give, must be attributed their passing me by. I should often be amused at these petty mean arts, if I were not sad; and did I not see those ill-favoured marks continually recorded after their names. I have heard of small cheating going on in the world, but here, surely, was small cheating going on in the church; and I shall not pursue the subject any further.

Some people have the assurance coolly to bow or curtsy to the plate, and then pass out. I remember well one old lady of this kind who was the pink and perfection of good manners as she passed me by. She did not content herself with a mere familiar nod of the head, she held out her dress at each side, and gave me a grand salute; and, when her hands were thus employed, how could they be giving anything in

the plate? But this woman met one day with a rebuke which effectually cured her. She was a Scotchwoman, and lived at a boarding-house near the church, where there was another old Scotch lady also. Now the Scotch are what is called in the world "canny"; but I have found as liberal hands and as warm hearts among the Scotch as amongst any people in the world. Miss Macfarlane was one of those liberal warm-hearted souls, and it stirred her indignation greatly that Mrs. Mull should go out Sunday after Sunday in this way. At last she said to herself, "I'll speak; I'm determined I will, if she passes next Sunday." Well, next Sunday came, and Mrs. Mull passed me by with a grand salute. But Miss Macfarlane had watched her, and told that day at the dinner-table the story of a titled Scotch lady, who used always to pass the plate, till the elder on duty at the church-door went after her, and before all the people called out, "Loddy Betsy, less o' yer manners and mair o' yer siller!" That one sentence was as good as a sermon to Mrs. Mull, for whether she saw the absurdity of paying a hollow compliment to the plate, or whether she was really ashamed of herself, I cannot tell; but so it was, that she never passed me by any more. . . .

A whole shower of these Bowers were passing me, when I saw a few paces off a rather tall man, with plenty of dark whiskers, and on his arm was leaning a little woman—I will not say altogether fat, but comfortable-looking—with a fur boa round her neck, and stuffed into her mouth, for she was very wheezy in the winter; and with them was their only boy. The father's name was John, and the boy was known as "Jack"—that being John in a familiar sort of way. . . .

Mrs. Beacher would not have been at church this day, for she was still wheezy from the bronchitis, but that it was a collection-day; and this, which was the reason that many staid at home, or slipped off to neighbouring churches, was the very one why she came out. She was prepared not only to stuff that boa into her mouth, but even down her throat if necessary, rather than not be in her place on a collection-Sunday, if possible at all. True, she could have sent her contribution by her husband or little Jack, but that would not do for her. "Every empty seat," said she, "is a discouragement to the minister, and every person in his place helps to hearten him up; so I'll go to-day; I managed to go out to dinner without any harm a few days ago, and why should I not go to church to-day?"

Don't think, my friends, that these worthy people were rich, for they were not; they were just comfortably off; there were plenty of people in the congregation who could have bought and sold them over and over again.

As the gentleman came up to me, I saw him extend his hand, and immediately I felt something fall as gently as a snow-flake into my lap. But, unlike a snow-flake, it was warm and balmy; and, as soon as it touched me, a delicious warm thrill passed all round me, the like of which I had never felt before. Then the stout little woman with the beaming eyes dropped in two sovereigns; and the only son put in a shilling.

I saw my companion marking his scroll with what I know to be happy signs; and the reason was plain enough. This £10 cheque was the fruit of thought, and the fruit of self-discipline; for the donor would not by mere nature have given so much; it was the fruit of a warm heart to what was good, and therefore it was of price. And the bright-eyed little woman!—she had thought of how discouraged the minister often was, at being left to find where he best could the means for carrying on his good works; and she felt it was a great thing, as she said, "to hearten him up;" and she did her best to bring about this desirable result; for she encouraged her husband to give, and she gave herself, and she taught Jack to give; and, to tell the truth, the contribution of this one little family made up full one-third of the collection. It might seem strange that so much should have been made of Jack's shilling, seeing that so many shillings have been spoken of with reproach; but there is a reason for this—it was his own—saved out of his pocket-money; and therefore real charity. I often think that parents are very much to blame for the want of charitable feeling in their children as they grow up. They give them generally a threepenny, or the smallest silver coin they can find to put on the plate; and so the child grows up (1) with the habit of giving the least coin possible; and (2) without any interest in the matter, for even that is not his own; and (3) he takes, and can take, no interest in what is going on, when the whole thing is such a form to him. Jack Beacher was taught to give out of his own money—always to

put by a part for doing good ; and this he did with a willing mind.

As we have said, Mrs. Beacher was greatly impressed with the importance of "heartening up her minister"; she was far too wheezy to do much in the district; her good man was at his professional duties all day; and Jack was at school; still this worthy family did strengthen the minister's hands; for he knew he could always calculate upon them to help in doing good. Believe me, it is a great thing for a minister to have dependable people in his congregation; folk that he can always expect to see in their places, just as surely as he sees the church pillars which keep up the roof; they're worth a good deal in themselves, over and above anything that they may put into the plate; and their cheerful faces help him just as much as their ready hands. I have had as many wry faces made at me as if I had been a black draught; but the Beacher people, and such as they always had a smile for me; and I think the figure by my side must have made much of their offerings, for I saw a sweet smile beam for a moment on that placid face, as these—the first liberal folk I met with on that day—dropped in their offerings, and passed out.

After recounting very humourously many other characteristics of collection-giving, the plate finishes its story thus:—

My after-life was more or less a repetition of this day. I have had sunshine and gloom; smiles and frowns. I shall go on at my work until the day comes for all accounts to be made up; then I believe I shall have a voice to speak, and witness concerning all I saw, for good or evil, weal or woe; and I shall see some who made to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; and some who shall experience throughout eternity those fearful words which I heard the minister read that day: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire." Thus shall it be said to many a rich man; and to many a poor one with but one talent (*but that one unused*) shall come these awful words: "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

[Our next number will contain a complete Original Story, by Miss M. A. PAULL.]

HAPPY NANCY.

BY DR. NEWTON.

THERE once lived in an old brown cottage, so small that it looked like a chicken-coop, a solitary woman. She tended her little garden, and earned a very plain, simple living by knitting and spinning. She was known all round the country by the name of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relations—she was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. To look at her you would think there was nothing about her for anybody to love; and yet in that deformed and ugly-looking body was a soul greatly beloved by that God whom the angels worship.

"Well, Nancy, singing again?" said a gentleman who stopped at her door one day.

"La! yes, I'm for ever at it. I don't know what people will think," she said, with a sunny smile.

"Why, they'll think as they always do, that you are very happy."

"La! well, that's a fact; I'm just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you would tell me your secret, Nancy; you live here alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant about you—what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families, and their houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they are always afraid of mighty troubles ahead. I hain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think—Well, if He can keep this great world in order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars shining night after night—if He can make

the garden things come up the same, season after season, He can certainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but, Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants are out; suppose—"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people so unhappy; you're all the time supposing and supposing. Now why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah! Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There, now, you're at it again," said Nancy—"always looking out for black clouds. Why, if I was you, I'd keep Satan at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart; he'll do you a desperate deal of mischief."—*From "The Best Things."* London: Partridge.

WHAT ABOUT TO-MORROW?

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

I HAVE no fears about to-morrow, if you embrace Christ to-day.

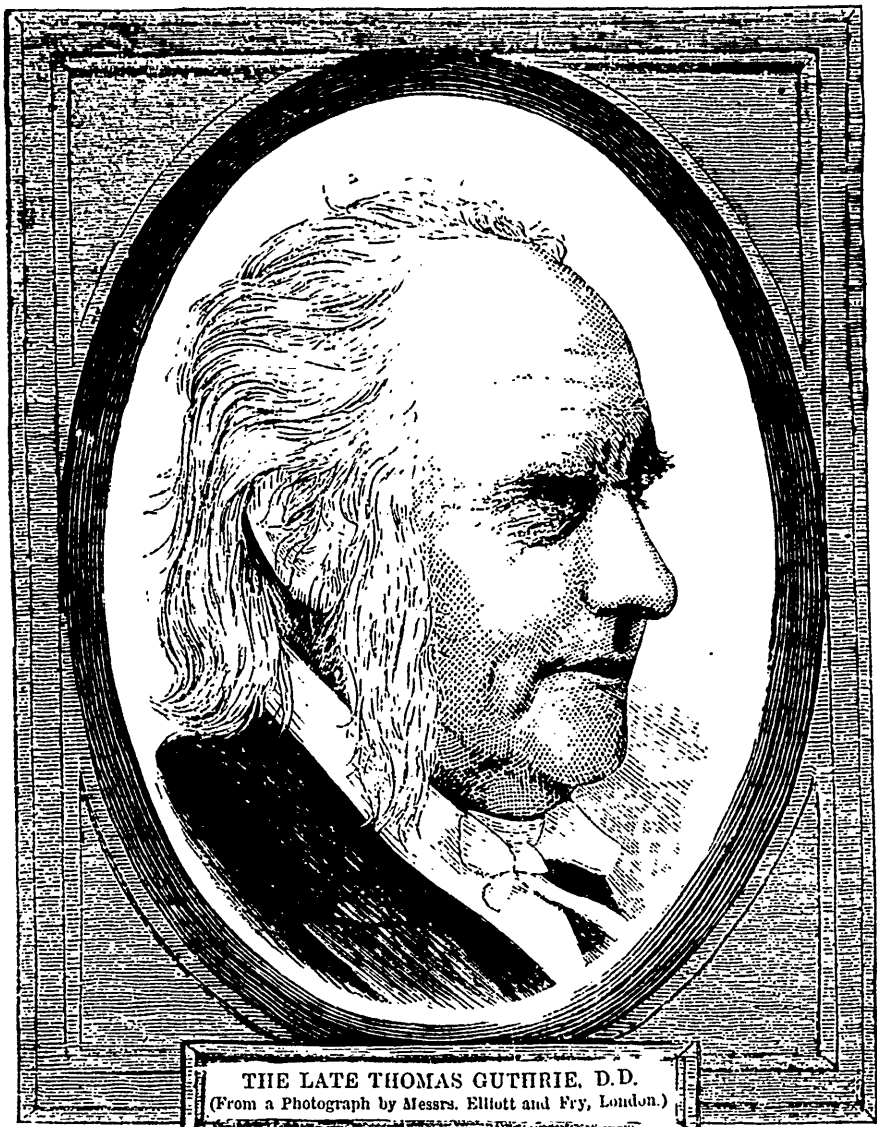
If you are to have no to-morrow on earth, but to be away in the presence of your Lord, then blessed will to-morrow be to you indeed. If the happy dead can talk of days, you will then talk of to-day as yesterday, and say, "Thank God, I took Jesus at His word yesterday, so am I with Him to-day."

And should you be here—here for many to-morrows, I have no fear for those many to-morrows from your being saved to-day.

For salvation, full and free, will make you holy. Having named the name of Christ you will depart from iniquity; having become dead to sin you will not live any longer therein. You will become holy, because God and Christ are holy, and because the Holy Spirit will be living and moving within you. The very necessity of the case will secure your becoming holy; for he that saith he abideth in Christ will himself also walk even as He walked. A man cannot become Christ's, without becoming holy. Therefore I look forward to a life of holiness in all your to-morrows if you embrace Christ to-day—a life it may be of warfare, but of final victory, for more will they be that are with you than they that are against you; and you were saved for this very purpose that you might be like God—and be with Him at last, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.—*From "Suppose It Happened Yesterday?"* London: Hamilton. 1d.

THE CHRISTIAN'S RETROSPECT.—Whoever has entered into the venerable rank of the men of sixty years of age, and looks back on the two generations over which his life has extended, may well regard himself as having now reached the last stage of his journey. He will hardly commence any new enterprise, or enter on any fresh undertaking. Living only on that it has already gained, the soul will scarcely reckon on any farther real increase of its spiritual capital. It will rather live in the memories of the past, than dream away the brief time now remaining in hopes for which at least here, on this side, there is no longer any anchor-ground. Well is it for him who is able, with the peace of old Simeon—a peace altogether different from that which the world knows, and which it seeks to build on the deceitful foundation of a consciousness of personal merit—to look forward into the future, as well as back into the past! Perhaps this retrospect will not fill his soul only with songs of joy, but will also hold him fast at many places which he will be constrained anew to water with the hot tears of repentance. But he will always raise himself up, and take courage again, and feel his just sorrow give place to equally well-founded joy over the everlasting truth, that "if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things."—*Krummacher (in his Autobiography).*

When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a lithe exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master.



THE LATE THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, London.)

THE GRACE OF CHARITY.

A SERMON BY THE LATE THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

"Now abideth charity: the greatest of these is charity." 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

IN the first place, let us consider what we are to understand by charity.

It is an old word for love, that inner fountain of which kindness to the poor is but one of many streams; and where, when neither ruffled by passion nor polluted by sin, God, who is love, sees His own face, the reflection of His features, as we see ours on looking into a draw-well. I need not tell you who have been familiar with love from your earliest days what it is. At our birth she received us into her arms and welcomed us into the world. Love is associated with the first face our opening faculties recognised, with the first name our infant lips ever lisped, and with the pure, deep affection of one who pressed us, now-born, to her happy bosom; and nursing us from the fountains of her breast, forgot all the world in the helpless creature cast upon her care. Flowing through the earth like streams amid desert sands, shining in life's darkest nights like stars in a wintry sky, throwing a bright bow over every cloud of fortune—to love, more than to anything else, this world owes what blessedness it enjoys. Life without it would not be worth the having; and without it, though we had a house, and that house a palace, we could not have a home.

Of this tenderest and strongest passion *what beautiful illustrations lie, shining like diamonds, in Bible story!* In Rizzpah, lone woman, who by seven gibbets guards the bodies of her sons, nor rises by night or day for weeks but to scare away the vulture or front the hungry wolf, love forgets herself—her only care the rotting dead. In Judah, yonder, she pleads for Benjamin, and offers, so he be set at liberty, to wear a brother's bonds. In that wronged though guilty mother, who, on seeing her babe in the hands of the executioner, raises a piercing shriek, and, casting herself at the king's feet, cries, "O my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it," love consents to part with her dearest object to save its life. Nay, in David, who, forgetting all Absalom's crimes at the news of his death, bursts into this cry of wildest, deepest grief, "O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" love would buy another's life at the expense of her own. In the graves of the dead she buries all their crimes, and waters with her tears the memory of their virtues. In the garden where Peter sees his Lord betrayed, beset, and ready to be bound, she takes no count of numbers; but casting prudence to the wind, rushes on the foremost foe, striking for her master. In Paul her hand trembles while she writes the doom of the ungodly, her eyes blot the page with tears, and she is willing to be herself accursed from Christ, so that countrymen and kindred are saved. One example more. You have anticipated it, and your thoughts, outrunning my words, have fixed on that amid whose transcendent glory these all are lost—like stars swallowed up in the blaze of day. Love, perfect, divine, hangson the Cross of Calvary; and speaks in Him who, turning an eye of pity on His bloody murderers, cries, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Well may Paul say, "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

II. Let us look at some of the features of this grace.

1. Love is a mighty power. Take Paul's description of it. First, It "beareth all things." So I thought, on seeing a woman who presented a blessed and, though clad in rags, a beautiful contrast to those mothers who, committing most revolting murder, lay bloody hands on their new-born babes. To appearance she was one of those homeless creatures who are tossed about our city like the sea wreck that, torn by the rude storm from its native rock, goes floating about the shore, washed in and washed out with each flowing tide. A threadbare shawl fell in scanty folds from her shoulders, and covered something held on her left arm. As, struck by her forlorn aspect, I was watching her movements, she suddenly stopped and raised the shawl. Then, as when a flood of golden sunlight, bursting through a rift in the clouds, and suddenly falling on some field, or hillside, or lake, or village, lightens up the scene, such change came over her face when she turned to earnest gaze on an infant that lay asleep, nestling in her

bosom. You never saw a smile of more ineffable delight than this poor, perhaps guilty creature throw on her helpless charge. It was plain that she would have died for it—true to nature as the bear, who protects her young by offering her shaggy breast to the hunter's spear; and there, where love was turning what others might deem a burden into the one joy and blessing of the outcast's life, I thought of the words, it "beareth all things."

Second, It "believeth all things, hopeth all things." What will not parents bear from their children, and believe and hope of them? Did not Augustine's mother pray twenty long years for his conversion? And what is it but to hope that love breeds which still sustains the arms of praying fathers and mothers? You may quench the hopes of reason, but not those of love. It hopes against hope, and will soar like an eagle, which, rising with the rising tempest, mounts highest in stormy skies. Such hopes sustained the mother whom I saw intently gazing on the stone walls that immured her boy. Opposite the prison gate, raised on the steps whence she could see the windows of the upper cells, her tall form clad in the attire of humble but honest life, and stooping under the burdens of grief and age, she stood, oblivious of all around, while her body went rocking to and fro with that awaying motion which bespeaks the deepest grief. An hour thereafter, rooted to the spot, there still she stood; her eyes, that swam in tears, and were fixed on an iron-barred window, telling as plainly as if her choking words had told it, that within those gloomy walls lay one that had once been cradled in her, happy arms, and to whom, hoping all things, believing all things, her love yet clung, like ivy to a crumbling ruin.

Third, It "endureth all things." "Thus saith the Lord," speaking of His Church, "Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream: then shall ye suck, ye shall be borne upon her sides, and be dandled upon her knees. As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." What a depth is there in that love which God chooses as an image of His own! and yet the love of a mother's heart is but a drop from that illimitable ocean into which our sins, though great as mountains, once cast are lost for ever—buried out of sight. I believe that His love as far exceeds a mother's, when it is deepest and strongest, as does the strength of His almighty arm that of the infant which hangs helpless on her breast. She may forget a fact which the blood of murdered infants proclaims, as, unheeded by a justice that wears her sword in vain in this guilty land, it cries aloud to heaven for vengeance: "yet," He says, "will I not forget thee. Behold, I have engraven thee upon the palms of my hands."

Now, as it is by His love, seen in the face and form of a dying Saviour, that God melts the stony heart and subdues sinners to Himself, so to this power also, under God, we must trust if we would bend stubborn wills, reclaim the vicious, and save the lost. The voice that grates harshly on the ear, the eye that does not glisten with tears but glares with anger, never made the bad good, or the good better. Men are not to be scolded into the love of God; nor can the terror of hell frighten any into the love of heaven. Who would revive dead souls, let him learn his lesson in the chamber where the prophet, to restore the Shunamite's son, rose from his knees, and took the boy into such loving, close embraces, that the heart of the living beat against the heart of the dead. Deal not with ungodly children, or careless and irreligious friends, without taking care to show that you love the sinners as much at least as you hate their sins. Cultivate true, gentle, Christ-like love. What good may you not do, what stubborn hearts may you not melt, what hatred and hardness may you not subdue by the outgoings and expression of that love which is averse from censure but prone to praise; which pities while it blames; which, unselfish, "seeketh not her own;" which touches wounds with a tender hand; and which, ready to cover a multitude of sins, spake through Ilun who, purest of the pure, and holiest of the holy, said, as He looked with pity on the guilty woman, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."

2. Love is the grand principle of the Gospel.

A child had strayed from its mother's side, and, gathering buttercups and daisies, had approached the edge of a precipice. On raising her head what was the mother's horror to see her darling tottering on the dreadful brink! If she cries, alarmed or in gleesome play, he takes another backward step and perishes. With prompt, instinctive wisdom, though with

trembling hands, she bares her bosom; and caught, to use St. Paul's words, by guile, the infant, seeking its accustomed pleasure, runs into her arms. She saved her child by addressing its self-love. And so, also, was one saved who, where a bridge thrown from rock to rock spans a yawning chasm, was wont to lie over watching the waters that, ground into snowy foam, rushed, and whirled, and roared below. A servant found the urchin on his way from school hanging over the dizzy ledge, and so absorbed in the strange pleasure as not to notice the other's approach. Clutching him, as the hawk her prey, he seized the boy, and raising, held him out for a moment at arm's length over the brink of death. The dreadful experiment had the desired effect. The fright cured him; and, indeed, when that boy had grown into a man he used to tell that he never passed the place without recollections that made him shudder.

Now, dealing with us not as angels, which we are not, not as unfallen, but as sinful, disobedient, headstrong, and foolish children, God does employ means like these. He addresses himself to our self-love—to our taste for pleasure, and our dread of pain. Unwilling that any should perish, like a father or mother in such circumstances, He loves us too well to leave any argument untried; therefore heaven has been revealed, that its palms, and crowns, and thrones, might draw us to God; and the pit also has opened, that the worm that never dieth, and the flames that are never quenched, and poor wretches gnawing their tongues and gnashing their teeth might scare away the thoughtless and turn them from the paths of sin. Therefore, Jesus also, lover of our souls, presents salvation in the form of a matter of profit and loss. Making such an appeal as does a father who implores his son, if he will not regard his father's and mother's feelings, to look to his own interests, and think of the misery and ruin which his sins and follies will bring on himself, Jesus asks, and I would urge you all to consider and answer the question, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Therefore God also puts these solemn, awful questions, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Would God men would look these questions in the face, and flee to Christ's open arms, hasting from the wrath to come nor long, perhaps, to come! There is but a step between us and the grave.

Nor is it to this only, or chiefly, that our heavenly Father appeals. Take the Apostle Paul as a type of the Christian! His strongest passion was the love of Christ. Gratitude for His salvation, affection for His person, admiration of His character, regard to His will and honour, His crown and kingdom, these constrained him to love, not himself, but Him who died for him and rose again. And what motive nobler, tenderer, than that love to God, to Christ, to saints, to sinners, to friends, to foes, under the influence of which all come on entering into a state of grace! In leaving sin we leave selfishness; the less sinful we become, in that very proportion we become the less selfish. The whole case is related in the story of the prodigal. The pangs of hunger, his shame, his ragged misery, death in prospect, with no gentle forms by his side, or kind hands to wipe his brow, and close his eyes, and give his poor body decent burial, these troubles, no doubt, turned his thoughts homeward, and, blessed of God, led to the reflection, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants." As ships run before the stern to anchor-ground and sheltering bay, he made for home, if I may say so, through stress of weather; and, as when the tempest-tossed have reached the desired haven, how sweet the change—fatted calf for swinish husks, that goodly robe for rags, the flowing bowl, and merry music, and gay dancers for the neglect and wretchedness to which his harlots and boon companions had left him—first their slave and then their victim! Yet it was not these home pleasures that kept him there: but love for that loving father, who, forgiving all, had folded him to his bosom, and bathed his face with tears of overflowing joy, and glad to have a long-lost son restored, had assembled the neighbours to share his happiness; for the grave had given up its prey—he that was dead was alive again, he that had been lost was found.

Love is the chain that binds us to the throne of God, each to all and all to each. May its golden links be strengthened!

Gift to be coveted above all others, rather than eloquence lofty as angels' speech, than power to pluck mountains from their roots and cast them into the boiling sea, than knowledge that penetrates into the deepest mysteries and climbs to the heights of heaven, than the courage that wins the martyr's crown at a burning stake, than the faith that tramples death beneath its feet, than the hope that, stretched on a dying bed lays a mortal hand on an immortal crown, rather far than these, give me the love that dwells, dove-like, in many a lowly bosom, and turns the rudest cabin into a little heaven. "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." St. Paul crowns her queen; and so I say, with this apostle elsewhere, "Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another. . . . And above all these things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness."

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DEW-DROPS.

"JOHNNIE," said a man, winking slyly to a clerk of his acquaintance in a dry goods store, "you must give me extra measure; your master is not in." Johnnie looked up in the man's face very seriously, and said, "My Master is always in." Johnnie's Master was the all-seeing God. Let us all, when we are tempted to do wrong, adopt Johnnie's motto—"My Master is always in." It will save us from many a sin, and so from much sorrow.—S. S. World.

"Poor old fellow! he can hardly get along; let's lend him a hand." And so the boys did; and the old man, with the help of the two lads, soon got his truck to the top of the hill. Are there any whose load you lighten, any to whom you are a comfort?

A poor wounded boy was dying in the hospital. He was a soldier, but a mere boy for all that. The lady who watched at his bedside saw that death was coming fast, and placing her hand on his head she said to him, "If this is death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet your God?" The large dark eyes opened slowly, and a smile passed over the young soldier's face as he answered, "I am ready, dear lady, for this has long been His kingdom," and as he spoke he placed his hand upon his heart. "Do you mean," questioned the lady gently, "that God rules and reigns in your heart?" "Yes," he answered; but his voice sounded far off, sweet and low, as if it came from a soul already well on its way through the dark valley and shadow of death. And still he lay there with his hand above his heart, even after that heart had ceased to beat, and the soldier boy's soul had gone up to its God.

An old German minister is said to have prayed, "O Lord, when I try to do a little thing for Thee, and give up something near to my heart, Thou comest and givest me back a thousand times as much?"

HE REDEEMED ME.

A GENTLEMAN 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 limb! Rather take God at His word now, and joyfully exclaim, "O Lord, truly I am Thy servant."

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

OR, CHRISTIANA AND HER CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. THORNLEY SMITH.

WHAT divine dreamer John Bunyan, having written the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress," conceived a second, which is almost equally full of instruction and beauty, and exhibits such varieties of the Christian life as we cannot contemplate without advantage.

To one portion of it in particular I direct attention here. The pilgrims came to a beautiful valley called the Valley of Humiliation, and my object will be in this lecture to show you how they came there, what it proved, and whither it led.

HOW THEY CAME THERE.

They started on a pilgrimage. Christian had done this in the first part of the allegory, but he had done this alone.

How many are there who, like him, have had to pursue the pilgrim's way alone! How many who have refused to enter it at first, have at length done so when some friend, a husband, or a child, has died, and has reached the better land! Ah! God has to remove some of our friends to heaven ere we are willing to take a single step towards reaching it. Well, it is thus that we get linked to that world of light almost in spite of ourselves, and perhaps we can sing, many are the friends that are calling us away, to the abode of immortality and light. Beloved, you will not reach heaven unless you become pilgrims, neither will you reach the Valley of Humiliation, for there is no such valley in the paths of sin, but only mountains of pride or whirlpools of despair.

They reached the house of Interpreter.—Several stages were passed ere this, in one of which they saw the cross at a distance, as many a poor sinner does now; and then they knocked at the wicket-gate, and then they were scared by a dog who was chained; but they reached the house and were favourably received by Interpreter, who said, "Why standest thou at the door, come in, thou daughter of Abraham, and so he had them all in his house." There they passed into "the significant rooms," where they saw and had explained to them many striking things. Among others a man with his muck-rake taking up the dust and taking no heed of One above him who held out to him a golden crown. He represented the carnal mind. Then they saw a spider on the wall, by which they learnt that the venom of sin was found even in king's palaces. And then they saw a garden and a field, and were taught that only fruit was of any value, that leaves and stalks were committed to the flames.

These, and many such lessons, the Christian pilgrim has to learn before he gets into the Valley of Humiliation, and it is only in the house of Interpreter that they can be learnt. That house stands by the roadside, and all may enter it who will. But some there are who already think themselves too wise to be taught, and who imagine that they need no one to interpret to them either the mysteries of revelation, or the mysteries of Providence. "Be not high-minded, but fear." "As newborn babes, desire ye the milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." "Sit at the feet of any saint of God who can make known to you the deeper lessons of His grace, and what you know not the Spirit will teach you, and will lead you into all the truth. He is the true Interpreter, and to human teachers we are to give heed only as they are taught by Him.

They obtained the guidance and help of Greatheart. Clothed in fine linen, white and clean, the pilgrims left the house of Interpreter, and a man-servant of the latter, armed with sword, helmet, and shield, went before them. His name was Greatheart, and a noble character he was. Scared by no difficulties, afraid of no foes, he was the very opposite of Mistrust and Timorous; and when they came in sight of the Lion, and the boys were afraid and stepped back, he drew his sword and made a way for them; and, though Mr. Grim disputed their right, Greatheart gave him a downright blow, and brought him to his knees. He was for leaving the pilgrims once, but they implored him to remain, and after pausing for awhile at the porter's lodge, he was willing to go with them again. Here, in "the chamber of rest," they heard music, and here at night Christiana had a sweet dream. Here, too, the boys were catechised, and were proud to be well taught by their mother in the things of God. When they left, Mr. Greatheart again appeared, and they were full of joy at the prospect of having his company on their further journey. O, how he cheered them on their

way! O, what lessons he taught them of the deep things of God! He led them on from one stage to another, and was their fast and faithful friend; and when they came near the Valley of Humiliation, he told them there was nothing to fear, for though combats with Apollyon would await them, victory would certainly be theirs.

Christian pilgrims! take Greatheart with you. Arm yourselves with courage, and be afraid of nothing. Christ, if you ask him, will strengthen your heart, and make you like a lion in the glorious fight. Greatheart never yields to fear, never plays the coward, never shrinks from conflict and from battle. But there are some Christian pilgrims who are so timorous that the shaking of a leaf makes them tremble all over, and a shower of rain drives them into the first shelter they can find. Beloved, clothe yourselves with the invincible armour of faith, and then, whatever your age, or sex, or station in life, you shall go forth conquering and to conquer, and shall ultimately win the crown.

WHAT DID IT PROVE?

The pilgrims reached this valley, and we must go with them and observe them, and learn what kind of a valley it is.

It was difficult to enter. "It was a steep hill, and the way was slippery," for the Valley of Humiliation lies very low, far below the usual paths trodden by Christian pilgrims; and to go down into it, seems to some a very gloomy thing, so that they would fain pass it by and continue on the latter path. Yes; it is difficult even to those who are wholly sanctified to become, and to keep humble, before God. They are in danger of spiritual pride, and Satan suggests to them: "You are now very favoured children of God, much better and holier than many around you, and there is no need that you should sorrow or weep, or even pray. You are sure of heaven whatever path you take." The truly sanctified will repel these thoughts, and will resist these vile suggestions; but to get down into the valley is even to them a difficulty, and only if they are very careful, as Christiana and her children were, will they get down "pretty well." As Prudence said to Christian: "It is a hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of Humiliation, and to catch no slip by the way, therefore we are come to accompany thee down the hill." The difficulty arises here, that if a man begins to think that he is humble, that moment he is becoming proud. The best way down this hill is not to think of ourselves at all, but to lose sight of ourselves, to let ourselves alone, and just to sink into the will of God, as a child in danger would throw itself into its father's outstretched arms. I scarcely dare ask you, dear reader, if you have got into this valley, for if you say no, the answer will not satisfy; and if you say yes, I shall almost doubt your word. And yet a Christian may know whether he is there or not, and if he find the least degree of pride lurking in his heart, he can go to Him whose grace can save him, and can say, "Search me, O Lord, and try my reins and my heart."

It proved of itself a very fruitful place. "It is the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all those parts. It is fat ground, and as you see, consisteth much in meadows; and if a man was to come here in the summer time as we do now, if he knew not anything before thereof, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his eyes, he might see that that would be delightful to him. Behold how green the valley is, also how beautified with lilies. I have also known many labouring men who have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation. For God resisteth the proud, but gives grace, more grace to the humble, for indeed it is a very fruitful soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls."

Christians thrive wonderfully in this valley, for when the weeds of pride and the briars of vanity have been rooted out of their heart, and they have learnt to sit at the feet of Jesus, or to occupy any place that he may assign to them, the fruits of holiness grow in their nature in rich clusters like the grapes of Eschol. Peace is theirs, and joy, and contentment, and they can join in some of the sweetest songs which ever rise from the lips of pilgrims. Hark! In this valley there is a poor shepherd boy, who is but meanly clad, and is not very plump of flesh; and what does he sing:—

"I am content with what I have.

Little it be or much,

And, Lord, contentment will I crave,

Because thou savest such."

Ah, that boy wears a herb called Heartsease in his bosom, and it is only in this valley that the herb is found. Moreover,

the Lord of the land has a country house in this valley, and in that house the pilgrims rest themselves for awhile, and are strengthened for the battles they will have to fight.

Believe me, reader, it is not in lofty stations, in king's palaces, and among the great men of the earth that the truest enjoyment and the highest hopes are found, but in the paths which are trodden by the lowly and the meek, and such shall one day inherit the whole earth. Passing through the Valley of Humiliation the pilgrims make it a well and the rain from heaven filleth the pools. Their God speaks comfortably to them, giving them vineyards from thence, and they sing there as in the days of their youth, and as in the day when they came up out of the land of Egypt (Hosea ii. 15).

But there are dangerous places in this valley. There is one called Forgetful-green, and here it was that Christian had the terrible encounter with Apollyon; for when people begin to forget God's mercies they make themselves like a target for Satan's darts. Beware of Forgetful-green. Do not forget either the threatenings, the promises, or the commandments of God's Word; for as certainly as you do you will expose yourselves to great peril, and the foe will gain an advantage over you. Then there is Bye-path-meadow, near to which is the castle of Giant Despair, but happily Christiana and her children did not fall within his clutches, for they found the castle demolished, and the giant's head stuck upon a pole. It was so to them; but the giant is not dead, and you must take heed not to listen to Mr. Despondency, lest he should lead you into that castle, and you should then be detained as Christian and Hopeful were. Then there is the enchanted ground where the air has a tendency to make one drowsy. It is all grown over with thorns and briars, except where you come to an enchanted arbour; and here a mist and darkness fell upon the pilgrims, so that they could scarcely, for a time, see one another. They came to an arbour where they found two men sleeping, whom they tried to awake, but they talked in their sleep, and were like men who had completely lost their senses. Is not this a true picture? Are there not many who get into the enchanted ground, and into the arbour of sleepiness, and then after all, fail to obtain the Mount Zion which they seek.

It is needful, then, whilst passing through the valley of Humiliation to be wide awake, to be ever on the alert, to take heed of bye-paths, and to be prepared to stand your ground against Apollyon and his emissaries round about. Christiana and her friends had Great heart with them all the way through this valley, or I know not what would have been their lot. But under his guidance none need fear, and, ere long, the pilgrims will come up out of the valley leaping upon the arm of their beloved.

WHITHER DID IT LEAD?

To the land of Beulah. Several beautiful spots were passed on the way, such as Mount Innocent, and Mount Charity, and when Bunyan says, after this I beheld, until they were come into the land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they took themselves to rest, and because this country was common for pilgrims, and because the orchards and the vineyards that were here belonged to the king of the celestial country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of these things.

The land of Beulah is the pleasant land where the winter has passed, where the voice of the singing of birds is heard, and where the Christian pilgrim regales himself with all the fruits of holiness, and claims the richest provision as his own. It lies beyond, or within the Valley of Humiliation, and on the very borders of the Celestial City. Some find it in an early stage of their pilgrimage, but many do not until they have wandered long in the wilderness. And yet it is the privilege of all to enter it at once, and having entered it never leave it, for it means married, and here the espousals of the believer with his Lord are cemented by the strongest ties. None but those who dwell in this land know how pleasant and how far it is. Oh, dear reader, if you want to meet death without fear, get into the land of Beulah, and you will be conscious of such sweet avowings of the Spirit as will fill you with the full assurance of hope unto the end. Perfect love casteth out fear, and it is in the land of Beulah that love is made perfect.

The river of death neath appears. This river each pilgrim, as a rule, must cross alone; and now a messenger is sent to Christiana with a letter, the contents of which were these: "Hail, good woman, I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldst stand in

His presence in clothes of immortality, within these ten days."

When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was this: "An arrow, with a point sharpened by love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the appointed time she must be gone."

Yes, death to the Christian is an arrow pointed by love, and Christiana was ready to receive it; and she called her children and bequeathed to them such as she had, and at length she entered the river, beckoning farewell to all her friends; and, though her children wept, Mr. Greatheart and Mr. Valiant tuned cymbal and harp for joy.

This river we have all to cross, but, though it may appear deep and cold, yet shall we find, as Christiana did, the presence of One who will bear us through the waters, and on the other side we shall receive a glorious welcome from the shining ones who will come to meet us, and from our friends who have gone before. O blessed consummation of the pilgrim life! Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, an innumerable company of angels, the spirits of just men made perfect; the tree of life, the sea of glass, the presence of God, the beautiful vision! What mind can conceive? what tongue can describe the joys that await us when our journey ends? Just as the traveller, when he arrives at home and finds himself again in the company of his wife, and children, and friends, thinks little of the toil he has endured, of the mountains and the valleys over which he has walked, or of the storms and the tempests he has encountered in the way; so shall we, when landed yonder think little of the sorrows of this present life, or think of them only to bless God for them, as the means of preparing us for this weight of glory.

Whether Christiana met her husband in the Celestial City Bunyan does not say, for he does not follow her there, but leaves all her joy to be implied. The reunion of friends in that bright abode is, however, certain. The glorified without us are not made perfect. Their highest bliss will be realized only when all the elect of Christ are gathered home. But the event is sure, and we will therefore wait for it.

And now our pilgrims have got through the Valley of Humiliation, and are yonder on the Mount of Everlasting Deliverance. Humble they will still be, but, Oh, how exalted! Lowly they will always seem, yet oh, how dignified and great! Yes, this valley leads to light, to honour, to glory, to immortality, and it is the only way by which we can obtain them. There is no other, for he that humbleth himself, an' he only, shall be exalted to the kingdom and throne of the Most High.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

AMONG the assemblies of believers on earth, if there is one most interesting and supremely blessed, it must be a prayer-meeting. It is there we sit "in heavenly places in Christ Jesus"; there we more fully and practically realise our fellowship in the Lord, our companionship in journey to our Father's house, and, by anticipation, enjoy an inside view of our heavenly home. The distinctions of rank and wealth vanish; the world, with all its distracting and all-absorbing allurements, seems to be shut out for the time being. A spiritual atmosphere appears to prevail, sinful passions to subside, and even the most indifferent "assume a virtue if they have it not." I have been deeply struck with the remarkable fact that individuals who, in their ordinary walk and conversation, are very reserved and diffident, and far from being fluent of speech, have in the prayer-meeting, when called upon to address the Throne of Grace, poured forth a strain of spiritual eloquence surprising to those who knew not the power of the "Spirit giving utterance." And as springs are the source and vitality of rivers, so are the prayer-meetings the life and maintenance of the Church; and as the traveller in the desert, exhausted with the heats and labours of the journey, turns aside with delight to enjoy the refreshing comfort and coolness of the welcome oasis, so does the Christian, wearied with the business and anxieties of the busy day, betake himself to the enjoyments of the prayer-meeting, as an anticipation of the pleasures of his future heaven. All other enjoyments, no matter how highly seasoned or however varied, after a short time, pall upon the taste and grow insipid, and leave a vacuum in the mind

which nothing earthly can fill. But the prayer-meeting—the earthly communion of saints—is ever pleasing, ever new, and those who truly enjoy its blessings wish to enjoy them again and again. Surely those who are conscious that the present life is but an introduction to an eternal and unchanging future, and that future is to be passed in the unveiled and direct presence of our blessed Redeemer, cannot qualify themselves for heaven and its enjoyments by any means equal to the prayer-meeting.

Then all the storm of life subsides,
And the vexed spirit into rapture glides.

MILES COVERDALE.



OF the early life of Miles Coverdale very little is known, nor, indeed, have we more than scanty information respecting many of his later years. It has been supposed that Coverdale's name points to his birthplace, and that, like Wycliffe, he was a native of North Yorkshire. The year of his birth was 1488.

The first notice which we possess connects him with the monastery of the Augustine Friars at Cambridge, at the head of which was Dr. Robert Barnes, well known in the early records of the Reformation. In 1526, when Barnes was required on pain of death to abjure the errors laid to his charge, Coverdale stood by his side. His earliest extant writing is a letter which (probably in 1527) he writes to Thomas Cromwell, then one of Wolsey's dependents, afterwards his successor as Lord High Chancellor. In this letter Coverdale refers to the "godly communication" which Cromwell had had with him in the house of "Master More" (Sir Thomas More), and earnestly solicits assistance in the prosecution of sacred studies. . . . If we pass over some incidental notices of his preaching, very interesting as showing the distinct opposition which he offered to the errors of the Romish Church, the next reference to Coverdale is presented in Foxe's statement (quoted above, Vol. II., p. 124), that in 1529 he assisted Tyndale in translating the Pentateuch. It is impossible to say what reliance is to be placed on the details of this isolated statement; but the passage has the look of truth, and some of the minor particulars have recently been proved accurate. . . . Tyndale would certainly welcome, and would receive valuable assistance from, such a companion as Coverdale, whose zeal in the good work was only equalled by his retiring modesty. After this Coverdale passes away from view until the appearance of the first English Bible, in 1535. . . . In 1533 Craumer was made Archbishop of Canterbury; and the Convocation over which he presided in 1534 made petition to the king that "his Majesty would vouchsafe to decree that the Scriptures should be translated into the vulgar tongue by some honest and learned men, to be nominated by the king, and to be delivered to the people according to their learning." In this year Coverdale committed his Bible to the press, and the printing was finished on the 4th of October, 1535. The place of publication is still a matter

of dispute, but the probability is that the volume was printed by Froshover, of Zurich. Though issued under the patronage of Cromwell, and dedicated to Henry VIII., the book appeared without express licence. In 1536 Convocation petitioned the king "that he would graciously indulge unto his subjects of the laity the reading of the Bible in the English tongue, and that a new translation of it might be forthwith made for that end and purpose."

The following year a second and a third edition of Coverdale's Bible were published by Nycolson, of Southwark; and here at last we read at the foot of the title-page, "Sett forth with the Kynges most gracious license."

We next find Coverdale in Paris, engaged, under Cromwell's direction and patronage, on Biblical work. In the same year were published three editions of a Latin-English Testament, containing the ordinary Latin text of the New Testament (the Vulgate), with an English rendering by Coverdale. All these labours on the translation of Scripture will presently be noticed in detail. As long as Cromwell lived, Coverdale seems to have retained his close connection with his patron. His last letters to Cromwell are dated from Newbury, where he is employed in proceedings against Romish usages and books. In July, 1540, Cromwell died on the scaffold. Coverdale appears to have left England for Germany in the same year, for in a letter to John Calvin, written from Frankfort in 1548, he speaks of his approaching return to England, "after an exile of eight years." During this exile he was occupied with the instruction of pupils, and with the care of a church at Bergzabern, not far from Strasburg. On the accession of Edward VI. he was made one of the king's chaplains. His appointment on the commission against Anabaptists (1550) is another proof of the high estimation in which he now was held. In 1551 he was promoted to the bishopric of Exeter, a preferment which he retained for two years only, being deprived of his see on the accession of Queen Mary. For some months Coverdale remained in a position of considerable peril; many a less active opponent of the party now in power atoned for his zeal by the sacrifice of his life. Coverdale owed his release to the intercession of the King of Denmark. After a second exile of about three years, towards the close of which period we find him at Geneva, he returned to England in 1558. In 1564 he was appointed to the living of St. Magnus the Martyr, London Bridge; but either through the pressure of age and infirmity, or in consequence of his adhesion to the views of the Puritan party in the matter of vestments, etc., he retained his benefice only two years. He died in February, 1569. His character is faithfully reflected in his writings, especially in the work which will immediately come under review. The brief sketch which we have given is sufficient to show how zealous, consistent, and devoted was the life of the second Translator of the Bible.

[The above sketch is an abbreviated extract from an article by Professor Moulton, on "The Translation of the Bible," appearing in the third volume of "Cassell's Bible Educator." This series of volumes is invaluable to the student, and in fact to every thinking Christian.]

GOD'S PRESENCE.

MY days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I hardly feel that I want anything. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for Him, and to live with Him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to Him, and converse with Him, speak to Him while I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awaking, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or, perhaps, weeks of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home; pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick; pleasant to write letters of necessary business by which any good can be done; pleasant to go out and preach the Gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the week-day to think how near another Sabbath is; but, oh,

much, much more pleasant to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven.

"With Thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here."

DR. DODDRIDGE.

"WONDERFUL THINGS."

THE poet says, "Wonderful things in the Bible I see"; and some of us often sing these words, perhaps simply because we love the tune, without having any real longing for the wonderful salvation of which the Bible speaks.

"Wonderful things!" Of these the unconverted often join the children of God in thrilling song; but ah! they do not know of them from heartfelt experience. Among these things is the fact that the sinner may be saved from his sins. Wonderful intelligence is this—news at which all heaven rejoices, and which all hell laments. The hideousness and number of the sinner's crimes are no obstacle to his salvation. If he will only now heartily abandon them all—confess and truly repent of them—they will all be blotted out. Nothing more wonderfully glorious could possibly happen to the sinner than such a deliverance. Certainly it is what he needs above everything else. If you, dear reader, are still destitute of this "great salvation"—the forgiveness of your sins—now go to Jesus, who loves even you, and waits to save you this moment. Will you do so, and be saved? or will you refuse, and be lost? May "our Father in heaven" help you to choose salvation now!

"Wonderful things!" Among these are, as taught "in the Bible," that we may also have, in addition to pardon, our hearts fully cleansed from all sin. For the blessed promise is, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Oh, what a "wonderful" salvation this is, to be cleansed from all evil! The Holy Scriptures teach that after conversion, a degree of carnality remains; and from this we are to be cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus. Yes; this is one of the "wonderful things" revealed to us in the blessed Bible. And yet some professors of religion fail to see this, or at least say they are not able to see it. Others confidently assert that no such truth is taught in the Word. To such, I would kindly recommend to adopt the prayer, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."

How encouraging to know that our hearts may be made perfectly pure; that we may be saved even "unto the uttermost." And all this may be done long before death; it may be done now. If Jesus cannot fully save us now, he never will be able to do so, for His power will never be greater than it is at the present. Neither will He ever be more willing. "Now is the accepted time" for any degree of salvation, whether it be regeneration or entire sanctification.

Thank God! we have a "wonderful" Saviour—one who loves us with a "wonderful" love, who will do "wonderful things" for us, if we will only allow Him to do so. And who that has refused, will refuse Him any longer, and be without His great salvation"?—*Free Methodist.*

Let it not be imagined that the life of a good Christian must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloominess, for he only resigns some pleasures to enjoy others infinitely greater.

Men discover that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine themselves. They will not advance their minds to the standard, therefore they lower the standard.

Jehovah, Jesus our Shepherd, careth for His feeble as well as for His strong ones, with all the sympathies of our nature and all the power of Deity.

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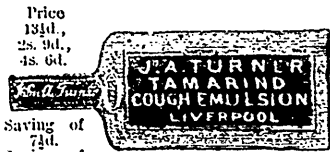
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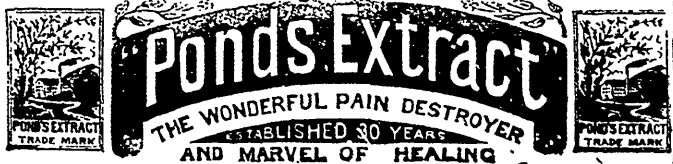
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