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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. I.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1882.

[No. 2.

CONCERNING OURSELF.

DR. WILKES writes: "Let me thank you for the January CANADIAN INDEPENDENT. It is a great improvement; several of the articles are of real excellence."

MR. POWIS writes:—"The CANADIAN INDEPENDENT in its new shape is a handsome magazine. I prefer it to the weekly. If, through liberal support, it can be issued fortnightly, it will leave little to be desired in regard to it. The Sunday School Lessons are very suggestive and good."

REV. R. ROBINSON, of Warton, our old pastor, says: "I congratulate you and your readers." We have had other words of cheer regarding our monthly, which we trust will not be in the end a retrogressive step, but a forward one. We should like a fortnightly, and as we are now established in our present form we would say, "Double our list of paying subscribers, and a fortnightly shall be issued of the size of our present monthly, at the same subscription price."

WE would draw special attention to the Sunday School Lessons. Pastors and churches would materially aid by introducing the magazine into the Sunday School, for we are persuaded no better helps to our International Lesson Series are to be found. Many will recognise the hand; they who do not may be glad to know that the writer is an enthusiastic Sunday School superintendent of twenty years' standing, and an earnest worker in the Congregational body.

THE introduction of the magazine to our schools would do much towards the cultivation of that *esprit de corps* we desiderate, and provide for teachers a safe guide and evangelical instructor.

THERE are more indications of improvement in Irish affairs than seemed likely a short

time ago. The Land Act is making steady progress, and it is now claimed that one-fourth of all the tenant farmers needing relief have received the benefit of its provisions. There is reasonable ground for hope that the whole question will be settled in this way within two years. The principal difficulty at present is the Land League's brutal efforts to overawe honest tenants who are disposed to be law-abiding and orderly in their conduct. John Bright, in an address at Birmingham on Jan. 3rd, traced the Irish difficulties to a long course of misrule. He justified some degree of coercion on the ground of necessity. He thought that much of the discontent arose from misconception or ignorance of English liberality, and that much of the Irish poverty is the result of driving away English capital. He recommended such a degree of liberty as would give security to freedom without destroying it, and condemned the plans of organized conspiracy by Irish Americans.

"In the witty Biglow papers, which are in many instances as wise as they are witty, we have the assurance that 'bad work follows you as long as you live'—

'It comes close after you as hard as sin,
And allus wanting to be done agin.'

The work of this country in Afghanistan was certainly not well done. We did bad work there in 1837, and repeated the same error in our last war. We have in both cases intermeddled with the people, overturned their political and social system, and, after great and irreparable losses on our own side (for Afghan losses have never counted for much in our minds), we have left our ill-done work to follow us till the next time, when we simply repeat the same performance as before. When, therefore, we hear of fresh disturbances in such countries as Afghanistan, which we have been so keen to settle, we feel somewhat un-

comfortable and cannot help prognostications."
—*The Outlook, London, England.*

LEONARD BACON, at the ripe age of eighty he was born February, 1802, has passed away. He died of heart disease, at New Haven, Dec. 24, 1881. Few names are as widely known in American Congregational annals as his; fewer more so. A thorough Congregationalist, and therefore of world-wide sympathy; a denominationalist, but not a sectary, the Congregational Churches will miss him; a determined foe of oppression and shams, his loss will be wider than that of the circle from which he elected to do the Master's work. Thirty years ago he was in the forefront of those who laboured for the slave, and having the courage of his convictions he fearlessly, whether men would hear or oppose, heralded the coming freedom. He was one of the four original editors of the *New York Independent*, only one of whom, Dr. R. S. Storrs, remains. It is not too much to say that he contributed largely to the established influence of that paper. First a student, he eventually became professor at Yale, though his connection with the Centre Church, over which he was ordained in 1825, continued until his death. It was about 1866 that he was relieved from the more active duties of the pastorate and became Emeritus pastor.

Of his preaching, the *New York Independent* says:—"His congregations would hardly claim that at any period of his ministry he was a great preacher, though they can never forget that in occasional sermons he displayed many of the highest and best gifts of the preacher. Ordinarily his style was too literary to be impassioned; but when the mood was on him, and the occasion suited, it was easy for him to throw the orator's spell over the congregation, and by turns awe, delight, or convince them. His voice, which was not unerringly trained to fall into sympathetic tones, was one of great native capacity and sweetness, which, in the happy use of it, served to express the shades and points of his pungent wit or delicate humour. It flowed out then in rhythmic cadences, which carried through the audience a delightful impression of easy mastery, or, like a well-drawn cord, threw his arrows far and to the mark. His manner in the pulpit was that kind of dignified propriety which is never dull, and sometimes

rises to the highest inspiration." Dr. Bacon's influence was not of the striking sensational order, but of quiet permanence. "Dead, he yet speaketh." Of his last years his friend Dr. Storrs thus speaks: "He grew saintlier as he grew older. Touching the past still, in experience and memory, he touched the future with more confident hope. A few weeks since, as I left the study in which I had found him busily at work, though even then the terrible pain had repeatedly smitten him with its sure premonition of coming death, his last words were, as he pressed my hand with unusual strength, and looked downward with moistened eyes: 'God bless you, my dear brother, ALWAYS.' I could not feel then that I was parting from him, after the intimacy of a whole generation, for the last time. I thought again to hear the talk which had so often been a delight, and to touch the hand so often laid on the levers of influence, which had borne so easily multiplied burdens. Thank God for the knowledge that, when again I see his face, he will have walked with Paul in Paradise, and have seen, like the others who went before, the vision of the face of Christ!"

LET it be remembered that of all the creeds or confessions of the Reformation period, that of the Westminster Assembly of Divines is the most elaborate, thorough, and rigid; let it also be noted that the Scottish Churches of all others are supposed to accept it the most implicitly as the symbol of their faith. Ordained ministers of the Established and Free Churches not only avow their adherence to the same as the confession of their faith, but disown "all other doctrines, tenets, and opinions whatsoever, contrary to and inconsistent with the aforesaid confession of faith." And yet it is of that land of one creed and rigid subscription the *New York Independent* can truthfully write as follows:—"It is a decidedly free interpretation of the subscription which office-bearers must make to the Confession of Faith which Dr. Walter Smith, of Edinburgh, made the other day, on the occasion of the ordination of the elders and deacons in the Free High Church, of which Prof. W. Robertson Smith was one. He explained that 'the adherence of the office-bearers to these questions was in so far as they agreed with Holy Scripture, because the supreme rule of faith with them, as with all Protestant Churches, was

not any confessional creed, but the Scripture itself. These Confessions were subordinate standards, and were simply received in so far as they agreed with the Holy Scripture. We wish that were the true interpretation of the subscription; but it is not. The Confessions are the authoritative and binding interpretations of Scripture, as adopted by any Church."

THE *Presbyterian* says that "the main business of Scotch professors just now seems to be to question and reject everything which they call 'traditional.'" Here is the evidence it gives—namely, that Professor Davidson, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, denies that the Book of Job is the oldest in the world, and says it was written somewhere between the time of David and Ezra, and that Professor Lindsay, in the same volume, declares that "literal and verbal inspiration is a mediæval doctrine of the Reformers." Mischievous creatures those Scotch professors must be. How suggestive the saying that "the Narrow Church is the Mother of the Broad."

DR. E. E. BEARDSLEY, in *The Churchman*, seems to substantiate Phillips Brooks' statement that the Prayer-book does not provide petitions adapted to emergencies. The Episcopal General Convention were in session in Baltimore on the days of the great Chicago fire. A resolution was adopted that the Convention stay its business to offer prayers in behalf of the city and its inhabitants. Drs. Beardsley and Andrews, of Virginia, were appointed to conduct the service, and given ten minutes in which to retire and prepare a form for it. After a hurried consultation, they came back. Dr. Beardsley read the first part of the Litany, Dr. Andrews the last part, interjecting a brief *extempore* entreaty between the last two petitions, and then followed a pause for silent prayer. The Prayer-book was not quite enough.

THE SALVATION ARMY. — Walking one Sunday afternoon last autumn through the streets of Salisbury, on my way to the Congregational Sunday-school, a rude trumpet call startled the quiet of the day, followed almost immediately by the rattling of a drum. "The Salvation Army," said my friend. A rude apology for a band seemed to suddenly spring into being, paraded the streets for a

half-hour, and led the multitude that followed them eventually to a hall, which they entered and the evangelistic service began. The next Sunday, at Kidderminster, we met, about the same hour, a motley procession of women, men, boys and girls, headed by one who had been a notorious bully (you could read the record in his face), bearing a banner on which a Scripture text was inscribed. Energetically and in unison the entire force were singing "Marching on," demonstratively marching in time. They, too, were beating up recruits and on their way to the hall of meeting. The whole affair was so startlingly novel in the religious quiet of the day, that both scenes had passed from before us ere we bethought of close observation. We have entirely forgotten the motto on the banner, and can really form scarcely an approximate estimate of the numbers. Without exception, both bands seem to have been composed of the toilers in lowly life—factory hands, labouring men, toil-browned women, and children whose school advantages have been cut short by early and necessitous toil. The meetings are of an energetic character—vigorous singing; strong, rough, yet earnest and pointed relations of experience, or exhortations to repentance; ejaculatory and sustained prayers; Scripture readings and homely expositions. To many there is a seeming grotesqueness therein.

"Bill, come and be saved!" "Go to ——" is Bill's rejoinder; but his friend is not to be put off. "I am not going there, Bill, nor you either. Come with me;" and partly by persuasion, partly by force, Bill goes to the meeting. Bill is prayed for, taken hold of—made to "feel queer:" the healing touch was acknowledged, and Bill joins the ranks. I was pointed to such an one, who had been the terror of the neighbourhood—the bully of the gin palace—the hero of the village brawls, now turning his energies in the direction of the Army work. An old and unreformed comrade jeered him—joined with others to jostle him as he walked along. The erewhile bully straightens himself up: "Lookee here, men, you know I could floor every one of ye with this old fist, but I won't, for Jesus has touched my heart. I love you—won't strike you, but pray may God give you salvation!"

THE late census in England shews that,

whether for good or evil, the existence of this army is not to be ignored. In proportion to the accommodation at their command, the Sabbath attendance is larger at their meetings than at any other religious organization or church. The movement reaches the masses, and that from the fact that the Gospel is presented by the workers in just those uncouth manners which bring home the application. Mark Twain relates a supposed conversation between some rough miners and a clergyman regarding a dead comrade. "Are you the head clerk of the Doxology works next door?" was the rough but earnest inquiry. "I am the shepherd in charge of the little flock," was replied. "The which?" "The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises;" and the poor miner scratched his head: "I'll have to pass, I judge." "How?" "You've raised me out, pard," etc. Now, the Salvation Army, in presenting Gospel truths, abandons very largely what we may deem decorum, and brings down the truth to the level of the mine, the factory, the cockpit, and the bar.

IN one of the large Bible classes we visited in connection with the Congregational Sunday school at Kidderminster, several men and women were pointed out to me as having been turned from their careless walk by the agency of the Salvation Army. Having been "brought up standing," as it was expressed, they naturally longed for "instruction," which the Army did not give; and they now were found—though from forty to sixty years old—learners in a Sunday school, seeking increase in knowledge and wisdom. To me this fact presents the real position of usefulness that movement may occupy. Under these instrumentalities men may be converted—turned—but they cannot remain stationary. If they who are thus arrested find their way into higher schools of life and work, all is well, and a work accomplished which existing institutions scarcely reach; if no means of growth are sought or provided, then, as is the case with many who, under such services as those of Moody and Sankey, profess conversion, they who have joined the Army fall away; having no deepness of earth, relapse into sin, and vanish into the darkness again. One evil to be guarded against is "imitation."

As a spontaneous effort, called forth by pressing necessities, such work is effectual, but a movement that succeeds too soon gathers popularity hunters and adventurers, who, as all mere followers, mimic the failings and miss the excellencies of the pioneers in the movement. Thus Moody's work has been in many cases spoken against by good men, not because of anything D. L. Moody has done, said, or encouraged, but because a host of would-be notorieties have endeavoured to ape a man they have neither heart nor soul to comprehend. Work for Christ that springs forth from the abundance of the heart will prove effectual. The religious quack is to be shunned by all true workers as one would shun the plague, and his work is worse than useless since the genuine is apt to be rejected under the indignant curse of the duped.

DR. TALMAGE'S church in Brooklyn was avowedly established upon the free-seat principle, it being understood that purely voluntary contributions should provide the revenue of the church, and that none should be led to stay away because they could not pay for a pew. Dr. Talmage is a man specially fitted to draw that class of people to whom the pew rent system seems distasteful. It is a significant fact, that at length that church has been compelled, for financial reasons, to abandon the position, and has substituted the practice introduced by Plymouth Church, of selling the choice of seats by auction. The absolutely free-seat system has failed, as fail it must unless supplied by endowment, public or private. In this connection it may be noticed that a short time since the Rev. A. B. Simpson, once minister of Knox Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, having changed his views regarding baptism, resigned a pastorate in New York, and expressed his resolve to devote himself to gathering together that class of the community who absent themselves from Sabbath services because of their inability (?) to worship in our "fashionable churches." He began his work with a service in the Academy of Music in New York, and found no poor folks there, but church dead-beats and those who were evidently in comfortable circumstances, and to whom manifestly pew rents would prove no real hardship. The truth seems to be, that people who wish can find plenty of church accommodation; they who will not, are not to be

reached even by free seats. It may, however, be a question worth considering, whether for poor localities it would not be a Christian act to plant an endowed church, thus financially free to do an earnest work."

Since the above was written, we clip the following from an exchange, expressing the hope that the effort may continue successful, and forbear expressing our fear:—

"The free-seat system has proved a success in the First Baptist Church, Brooklyn. Voluntary contributions during the past year have been sufficient to defray all the expenses and leave a balance in the treasury. Dr. Thomas and his people are hopeful about the future.

FAITH'S ROLL CALL.—II.

ENOCH.

As of Abel, so of Enoch, few and brief are the allusions in the Scriptures made to either his character or his life. We notice them all. It may be noted that Cain had a son, and built a city of the same name (Gen. iv. 17), though no light is thereby shed on our subject.

The name occurs in the genealogies (1 Chron. i. 3; Luke iii. 37), of which nothing more can be said. We then have the record Gen. v. 18-24; then Heb. xi. 5, 6: "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God. But without faith it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Also Jude 14, 15: "And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard *speeches* which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him"—from these all our information must be drawn.

The quotation from Jude suggests remembrance of a book found in apocalyptic literature of the period immediately preceding the advent of Christ. Jude quotes from the prophecies of Enoch. "The Book of Enoch" contains this quotation. Did Jude quote therefrom? or did he simply speak from a tradition common both to the writer of the Book of

Enoch and himself? This Book of Enoch contains passages of religious power, is full also of Rabbinical legends and Talmudic conceits. It professes to relate the fall of the angels, their guilty loves with the daughters of men—unfolds the mysteries of heaven, through which the writer had been guided by a supernatural attendant—gives some lofty but scarcely scriptural conceptions of the expected and coming Messiah. It, however, presents no information the Scripture student feels justified in accepting regarding Enoch and his history.

Attention has been drawn to the fact that Enoch was the "seventh" from Adam, and that the years of his life correspond in number (365) to the days of the solar year. From this an attempt has been made to identify Enoch with the mythical god of the year, which at its completion "is not" when the new begins. On very slender threads men hang heavy theories, and call that scientific research! We need not be detained a moment thereby. Nor need we attempt any detail as to Enoch's translation, "that he should not see death," its manner or character; there are passages that imply similar changes when the consummation comes and the last are to be gathered home. (1 Cor. xv. 51, 52): "Behold, I shew you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but *we shall all be changed*, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." (1 Thess. iv. 16-18): "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive *and* remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

I have no speculation to add to these utterances of the inspiring Spirit. Gen. v. 24, as read in the light of such passages, however, implies that Enoch's translation, though in detail unique, may in practical effect be attained by every humble walker with his God.

I. (1) The prophet's message gives an insight into the times and circumstances which called forth his words. When Howard urged pri-

son reform, Wilberforce the emancipation of slaves, Plimsoll watchfulness over vessels bound for other ports, we know prisons must have been earthly hells, slavery a curse, and coffin-ships a disgrace to Christian civilization and enterprise. Malachi's prophecy tells of the heartless formality with which service was rendered. Jeremiah's pathetic appeals speak of the stolid indifference of the people. Enoch's prophecy in like manner unfolds what was deemed to be the spiritual and moral state then.

(2) "Ungodly deeds, hard speeches" (Jude).

We have (Gen. iv. 23, 24) a contemporary song—apparently a lawless boast—"I have slain a man, and who will avenge it unto me? Cain went free; so I, for who is Lord over us?" Enoch was the seventh from Adam, and Lamech the sixth. Godless deeds, ungodly lives, hard speeches, and therefore, judgment was announced with the coming of the Lord.

This period is moreover presented as a period when arts and sciences flourished—to what extent we cannot tell, but certainly, like our own, a marked time of luxury and invention. Gen. iv. 21, 22, speaks of the harp and organ—string and wind instruments—manufacturers of brass and ironware. There was a manifest increase in power, wealth, luxury, and apparently a superiority therein over the more frugal line of Seth.

(3) If, moreover, we take vi. 2 as referring to a mingling together of the godly and the ungodly seed sons of God being equivalent to, e.g., Is. xliii. 6, "Bring *my sons* from far;" and daughters of men as a parallel expression to e.g. Psalm iv. 2, where "sons of men" are David's enemies, and therefore the Lord's enemies as distinguished from his friends (and such an interpretation is certainly more rational than speculative utterances about the loves of the angels), another parallel between Enoch's days and our own may be drawn, namely, the weakening of national distinctions and the growth of international intercourse. Commerce, manufacturing interests, luxuries, do tend to create and maintain a common ground of intercourse, which under strong moral guidance is to be considered a blessing; but all blessings have their dangers and responsibilities. There is an inexpressible sadness in the forced restraint of a lunatic asylum, especially when, as in so many cases,

the mind is for a great part of the time in a normal state, and the sufferer realizes the degradation of confinement; yet liberty would be danger to patient and friends alike: where the responsibilities of liberty are not acknowledged, liberty rightly is denied. The soldier under strict discipline has but the one responsibility of obeying the command of his general; the general, whose will is law, bears a tremendous weight of responsibility. A people in possession of power, wealth, inventive genius, and liberty, have incalculable means of blessedness in their hands; but as the loftiest towers fall with the most dreadful crash (the collision with an ox-cart being nothing in comparison with the crash of a railway train), so those national advancements and intercourse with weak moral purposes to control are fraught with calamities in proportion, tremendous as their possible advantages are multiplied. Thus would it seem to have been in Enoch's days, and the general intercourse invited became the constant channel of evil communications which corrupted good manners.

It is so now. Constant contact with evil renders us indifferent to the difference which evidently exists between truth and error, right and wrong. Even churches lose their integrity by familiarity with the ungodly ways, and thereby wreck their testifying power. As civilization advances, money becomes a necessary medium of exchange. No work can ordinarily be carried on without it. Churches need it; and Christians, forgetting that, upon them lies the responsibility of converting the ungodly, would take that ungodly world into partnership, supplying to its demands the food, mental and otherwise, required. Thus the melancholy spectacle is presented of churches becoming caterers to a public taste instead of forming and educating,—inventing catchpennies instead of enduring hardness, as they instruct in the way of righteousness.

In this growing country, whose vastness every year is becoming more apparent, the youth of our day are destined to take their place and shape the destinies of this new world. What are your aims? To serve your own selfish day, heedless of threatened judgments?—to strengthen the bold spirit which seems to advance with accumulating pleasure and power, of practical atheism or faithless offerings?—to lay, as men in Enoch's day,

the social foundation of apostasy, pleasure, and scepticism—ungodly ways and hard speeches, and which compelled the flood to sweep the accumulating wretchedness from the earth? Don't work to be your country's destroyer; and yet if you aid in its moral degradation, or stand back from its moral upbuilding, you are occupying the position of the destroyers of your fellows and yourself. In this connection Christ's words come sternly true, "He that is not for Me is against Me;" and he who aids in the material prosperity of a country, ignoring the need of corresponding moral power, is undermining the social fabric and hastening on the inevitable ruin. I suspect it might have been said of Enoch's age, as of our own, that it was characterized by frivolity, pleasure-seeking, money-making, utilitarian morality, honesty of policy, looseness in religion, a general tendency to mingle the evil with the good in the cup of daily life, with a perhaps respected but unheeded few who raised earnest testimony against those evils which, in degrading a people by undermining their trust in and reverence for God, hasten on that to what is very plainly intimated (Job xxii. 15-17): "Hast thou marked the old way which wicked men have trodden? which were cut down out of time, whose foundation was overflown with a flood: which said unto God, Depart from us; and what can the Almighty do?"

As Heb. xi. has been named "Faith's Roll Call," Gen. v. may be named the death-roll of the antediluvian world. "And he died" is the constant record; each name sounds in steady beat at intervals upon the ear, marking the footsteps of the destroyer as the age runs on. As of each successive patriarch the announcement is "he died," a new alarm sound, a fresh warning is given, a dying testimony to a guilty world—"Behold the Lord cometh!" From out that monotonous record of doom one only stands exceptional—Enoch was not, for God took him; for by faith he walked with God.

II. We consider the character by which this faithful one obtained testimony that he pleased God. *Walked with God.* The expression occurs also in the summing up of Noah's character (vi. 9), and nowhere else in that form; yet we cannot deem any other life essentially to be meant than that which was counselled to faithful Abraham (xvii. 1):

"Walk before me, and be thou perfect," which dying Jacob expressed (xlviii. 15): "God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk"—to which also Micah refers (vi. 8): "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk *humbly* with thy God?" Nevertheless, the fact that this expression "walked with God" is peculiar to the antediluvian age, may imply a more intimate communion with God than afterwards existed, and may be paralleled by Paul's "with Christ" (Rom. vi. 8; Phil. i. 23), "with Christ, which is far better," as distinguished from his present state "in Christ," which is the state of grace, as the other is the state of glory. Be that as it may, the New Testament record of Enoch's life is within your reach—"he pleased God." This expression must be taken in close connection with the immediately following verse 6, "without faith," etc., which plainly informs us that as a believer Enoch was translated. It gives, moreover, the essential articles of his faith, which are certainly few and simple, and yet enough if realized to account for a sinner's conversion and a believer's walk—a faith not beyond the apprehension of us all. *God is*—that we must know: no consciousness but must apprehend a power within which we stand, and at whose absolute disposal we feel we are. Who escapes that solemn dread voice within which speaks of duty, and of Him whose law is the gauge of duty? Who is not conscious also of the damning accusation, "Ye know your duty, and ye do it not?"

But He not only is—He is a rewarder. Thus we come to God; we know, for faith is the assurance thereof that He rewards with favour those who *diligently seek* Him. Not seek by spasms, under the impression of this appeal for instance, to be found self and pleasure-seeking to-morrow; but *seek* after Him as one seeks after a life object—a hidden treasure. To such seekers He is ever found. Lord, give us this assurance. In Christ we walk with Thee; therefore shew us the Christ: and having seen Him with the eye of faith, enable us to walk in the growing brightness of that coming, when He comes with His thousands to execute judgment upon all.

Young hearts, let me urge this walking

with God upon you, which walking in after-years will be strong in proportion as you early find companionship there. Remember, he who neglects to sow in spring fails to reap though autumn be golden. He who neglects the years of youth must not fault Providence if manhood finds weeds only to be uprooted by bitter discipline and carking care.

We do not read of Enoch sowing his wild oats. There were enough of those in the godlessness around; there is enough of sin and misery here, without your adding to its volume of cursing. Enlarge Enoch as one who, by a life pleasing unto God, served his day and generation, and was not, for God took him.

Was not. So must it be for you, for all. The youthful step is but hastening on to that shadow which enwraps all in its gloom. As it falls on you, will it be "God took him," or "Better for that man that he had never been born?" Remember, all faith is not to be trusted. Ere Smeaton built the Eddystone lighthouse, against which the fierce storms of a century have beat, spending their force in vain, a Mr. Winstanley erected an imposing building on those rocks. So secure was he in the work of his hands, that he expressed a wish to be in the lighthouse during the wild-est storm that could blow. His wish was gratified. The wind blew, the billows rose; and when the darkness had passed, building, architect—all had been swept away; not a vestige remained, or mark to tell a tale. Trust not a refuge of lies, but by faith walk with God. Then, when earth's record may run "He is not," you shall live where glory writes, "He is, for God took him."

A BRIEF RESUME OF THE LIFE OF JESUS.

II.—THE BIRTH AND YOUTH OF JESUS.

"Wrapped in His swaddling bands,
And in His manger laid,
The hope and glory of all lands
Is come to this world's aid:

No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled—
Guests rudely came and went, where slept the royal child."

How unconscious the world often is of its greatest blessing! No portends mark the Saviour's advent, such as are found recorded in the legendary records of the demigods of old—the guardian snake at the bed of the

mother of Alexander the Great, for instance, or fiery signs at Caesar's birth. Augustus reigned; Herod ruled; Rome forgot not one of her pleasures; not even a ripple was observed on the great ocean of life when the Prince of Peace was born.

A humble pair journeyed from Galilee. Bethlehem's crowded inn was not disturbed when they sought shelter, though David's royal blood flowed through their veins. An inn, or "khan," is a low square structure, generally of one story, built rudely of brick or stone, enclosing a square where the cattle are housed, with arched recesses around for the travellers. Sometimes a cave is utilized; and tradition, with some plausibility, points out a cave as the birthplace of the Messiah. There is no furniture, nor provisions—simply shelter; all else the travellers supply. Privacy is thus out of the question where all have equal right. In such a shelter the child Jesus was born. No room in the inn, as, alas! through life; and now the world's "inns" are full of other friends, and the friend that sticketh closer than a brother still left without, an unwelcome guest. Who of us thus crowd from life and heart the Christ of God?

An apocryphal gospel relates how, at the natal hour, the pole of the heaven was motionless, the birds were still, workmen lay on the earth with their hands in a vessel, those who handled did not handle it, and those who took did not lift, and those who presented it to their mouth did not present it; but the faces of all were looking up; "and I saw the sheep scattered, and the sheep stood, and the shepherd lifted up his hand to strike, and his hand remained up; and I looked on the stream of the river, and the mouths of the kids were down, and were not drinking; and everything which was being propelled forward was intercepted in its course." No such fancies are in our gospels. Their trustworthiness, if not their divine inspiration, is attested thereby. The heavens did choir an anthem, but it was heard only by a few shepherds on Bethlehem's plains. Astrologers, too, had observed "His star in the east." What was that star? Our heavens for some time past have exhibited conjunctions and appearances of planets only possible at long intervals. One morning, rising early, under a clear sky, there were all our visible planets to be seen

with the waning moon. Venus, like a lamp; Jupiter, with a rivalling brilliancy; Mars, with its ruddy glow; Saturn, shining steadily; and the Moon, a silver crescent. We now know that Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars were in peculiar combination about the time that Christ was born. Was that the star? or is it more than a coincidence that Chinese astronomical tables record about this same period the appearance of a new star in the heavens? Such appearances have from time to time been noted: one, for instance, by Tycho, which suddenly burst upon view (November, 1572), shone as a star of the first magnitude for about a year, and then gradually faded out of sight. And in the seventeenth century another star appeared, when the planets were in the same conjunction as they were at the period in which the Saviour was born. We are, however, left in doubt as to the "star," whether strictly supernatural or an astrological sign. Our leanings are decidedly towards the latter.

The term "magi" (Matt. ii. 1), as coming through the Greek, indicated a priestly caste of Persians, but evidently has a wider range of meaning, if indeed the Persian magicians are to be included in the term as used in our gospels. Jeremiah xxxix. 3, 13, contains a proper name, "Rab-mag." There is reason to believe that the Hebrew word really means the prince of the Magi, or chief Chaldean or astrologer. It is more than probable that the word here denotes Eastern astrologers, though their home is to us shrouded in mystery. "Superstition often paves the way for faith;" and as alchemy led to chemistry, astrology gave energy to astronomy. So the earnest seeking of these wise men, under superstition, for Him of whose coming the entire Orient was expectant, was allowed in the providence of God to lead them to the object of their search.

But Herod was ill at ease when the King of the Jews, now infant, was enquired for. Intrigue and crime are poor foundations on which to erect a throne, or, indeed, anything that must stand the test of eternity's storm.

"The thief doth fear each bush an officer."

We need not tarry on the well-known story of the slaughter at Bethlehem, which, though not mentioned by other historians, is in such strict keeping with all we know of Herod, that we have no hesitancy in accept-

ing the record; nor how the tyrant was quietly baffled by Him whose "dreams" can thwart a conqueror's energy as they can sorely affright a guilty soul.

But what life did the Christ live until the time of His shewing unto Israel? John and Mark pass over the thirty years in absolute silence, not even giving a hint. Matthew relates the visit of the Magi, the flight into Egypt, and the return to Nazareth, and then his silence is as absolute as the others. Luke supplies a hint or two—nothing more. He was circumcised (Luke ii. 21), presented at the temple (verse 22); at twelve years old accompanied his parents to the Passover—shewed precocity in his converse with the rabbis—returned meekly home—was subject to his parents—advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and men (verse 51). From the fact that Joseph's name no more appears in the history, it has been inferred that he died during the early youth of Jesus—a probable inference, nothing more. So far, however, as home training entered into the Saviour's character, the mother's influence must have been felt; and she who could say the "Magnificat" was certainly no common woman. The history of the race told, commented on, by such a teacher, must have been fraught with spiritual power. Evidently from those circumstances related in Luke, the presentation, the Passover when the child was twelve years old, indicate a thorough religious training, in this case we know removed from formalism, and therefore well fitted to nurture growth in the favour of God and the respect of man—for even vice does respect virtue. The age of twelve was of special import to a Jewish boy. Up till then he was absolutely his parents'; he now became a son of the law—could no longer be sold as a slave by his father, and must begin to learn a trade. That the Christ did thus conform to the laws of His nation is plain from the question, "Is not this the carpenter?" (Mark vi. 3). In late MSS., all cursive, the addition is sometimes found, "*the son of the carpenter*"—not the only time Christianity has been ashamed of its Christ, and presented a character more after its own heart. Tennyson's reproof is not without ground—

"The churchmen would kill their church as the churches have killed their Christ."

Whether Jesus had brethren in the more limited sense of the word (Matt. xiii. 55) must remain in doubt with our present means of information, though we incline strongly to the belief that had it not been for dogmatic reasons the natural meaning of the word "brethren" in a family enumeration (for such Matt. xiii. 55 and Mark vi. 3 plainly are) would never have been questioned.

The childhood and youth of Jesus were the preparatory years for his work. "The child is father of the man." Let not youth be impatient of the restraints those years most properly feel, nor parents urge beyond measure their children prematurely on to the duties of life. The short public life of the Christ was one of action, intense, concentrated, reaching to the eternities beyond; not a word or deed that has not told will not tell upon the ages for ever: it was preceded by eighteen years of silence, absolute, persistent.

"—There is a day in spring,
When under all the earth the secret germs
Begin to stir and glow before they bud;
The wealth and festal pomp of midsummer
Lie in the heart of that inglorious day,
Which no man names with blessing, though its work
Is blessed by all the world."

DR. DOD'S SERMON ON MALT.

Dr. Dod lived, many years ago, a few miles from Cambridge, Eng. Having several times preached against drunkenness, some of the students were very much offended, thinking he made reflections on them.

As Dr. Dod was once walking towards Cambridge, he met some of the gowmsmen, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved among themselves to ridicule him, and meeting him, said:—

"Your servant, sir."

He replied, "Your servant, gentlemen."

They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late. He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favour to beg of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them *there*, from a text they should chose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have time for consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately (in a hollow tree which stood upon the road-side) from the word MALT.

He then began, "Beloved, let me exhort your attention. I am a little man—come at a short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my

text is *Malt*. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—M, A, L, T.

M—is Moral.

A—is Allegorical.

L—is Literal.

T—is Theological.

"The moral is to teach you rustics good manners, therefore

M—My masters,

A—All of you,

L—Leave off

T—Tippling.

"The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of and another meant. The thing spoken of is *Malt*. The thing meant is the *spirit* of *Malt*, which you rustics make,

M—your Meat,

A—your Apparel,

L—your Liberty,

T—your Trust.

"The Literal is, according to the letters,

M—Much

A—Ale,

L—Little

T—Trust.

"The Theological is, according to the effects it works; in some,

M—Murder; in others,

A—Adultery; in all,

L—Looseness of life; in many,

T—Treachery.

"I shall conclude the subject, first, by way of exhortation.

M—My masters,

A—All of you,

L—Listen

T—To my text.

"Second, by way of caution,

M—My masters,

A—All of you,

L—Look for

T—The truth."

This quaint sermon was, by God's blessing, productive of a great change in the lives, not only of the hearers, but of many others.

MORE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D., NEW YORK.

It is a hopeful sign that ministers and churches are dissatisfied with the present condition of things. The very discontent is a sign of life, for absolute deadness

does not realize its own condition. Our self-complacency is being driven away. Now what are we to do? There are agencies which, deriving their inspiration from organized churches, do good work outside church-lines, the value of which will be variously estimated. But the burden of the guidance, the maintenance—even in the matter of money—and the utilization of the results, of such agencies all comes, in the end, on the churches. Therefore we may properly consider the question, "What are we to do?" as a question for the churches.

There are certain outward arrangements which we are not to disregard. He who directed the disciples, regarding the "small ship that should wait on Him," would not have us disregard convenience and the fitness of things in the concerns of worship and public teaching. Our church edifices, for example, should be adapted to their ends, and as faultless in everything connected with them as a business man, who is also a Christian, should be on the business side of his life. Debts should be cleared off; the temptation to employ mean and questionable methods of raising money, and to plead "necessity" as the justification, should be removed, and that indefinite, but quite real, moral character, which belongs to a building, should be secured. There is a real consecration—irrespective of any form, having its place in the feelings and associations of the people—which every church-building ought to have. There are meetings, secular and social, to which in themselves no reasonable objection exists, which yet I would not have in the church building. Men and women find it hard enough to concentrate their thoughts on divine things in God's house, without having the task made still more difficult by partisan or ludicrous associations with the place. It will probably be found that even in the orderly towns of New England evil has sometimes come from disregard of this principle. There was good enough reason to protest against an innerent and communicated sacredness in places. But "too far east is west;" and reactions are sometimes in need of regulation.

That there should be able, capable ministers in the churches is theoretically admitted on all hands. Proof of it is a waste of words. But they should be in the churches, not about them, or among them, and not—like swallows in the autumn—perched on their roofs and looking around the horizon, meditating the time and direction of their next flight. For this excessive ministerial migration the churches are to be blamed in part; but they are not wholly responsible. They should so arrange that the minister shall be free to lay out all his strength on his work; and they are often narrow and impolitic in making a calculation, which is not commonly made touching the lawyer or physician, on "how little can he live?" But there is frequently a want of tenacity of purpose in ministers

themselves. Instability in any calling impairs confidence. Ministers who are frequently changing from church to church, and even from denomination to denomination, have to deal with human nature as it is, like other men, and must not wonder if they have not that subtle, but very real, influence which comes from "holding on" in any line of life, and not least in the pastoral work.

It is assumed that the Gospel is preached in appropriate ways. But this is not always the case. Men who hold and believe it sometimes assume the knowledge of it on the part of their people, and discourse with more or less eloquence and originality on side issues. Sometimes the preacher says in effect: "You all know the message of salvation. I do not need to state it, but I am about to shew you how reasonable and right it is." And his demonstration proceeds. If it is clear and convincing, what then? The people who hear him did not need that argument. They would sometimes say: "Why, I never doubted that." The persons who do require that argument are not usually in the pews. But if the argument is not lucid and convincing, if its logical and dialectic phrases and forms are not seen through by the hearers, there is danger that the unsatisfactoriness of the effort may be confused in the hearer's mind with the merits of the case, and it may even be suggested to some that it is a bad omen for the Gospel if it needs to be thus defended.

There is none too much preaching of the Gospel, as the Gospel. Its themes are varied enough to keep away monotony. Its elements are sufficiently numerous and distinct to employ the highest mental powers, and the utmost culture. It has in itself the attractive and constraining force of all high moral qualities—justice, holiness, magnanimity, mercy and infinite love. The fatherhood of God, the grace of Christ, the comforts of the Holy Ghost, all the realities of man's present life, all the possibilities of his future, come within its range in the Scriptures and in their exposition. But above all this is to be remembered that it is not our acute analysis of thought, our poetical and æsthetic views, our philosophy, even our sacred philosophy, that have the guarantee of the presence and the blessing of Christ. His word, His gospel, *as His*, He has promised to make effectual, and just as far as we are in the way of obtaining the fulfilment of that promise may we expect solid success—success that will bear the test of the Judgment Day and of eternity.—*Boston Congregationalist*.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A TALE OF BUTTONS.

Breakfast was just over at the parsonage: the table was cleared away, the chairs set back, and Mrs. Ashton, in a neat morning dress, with a pretty little cap

on her pretty little head, was standing with her arm over her tall husband's shoulder, looking at the morning paper. And as fine-looking a pair they were as you will be likely to see in a summer's day. The Rev. Clement Ashton was indeed said to be the handsomest man in the parish, and that with good reason; whether he had any ideas of his own on the subject was entirely his own affair.

Mrs. Ashton, as she was styled by the parish—Christiana, as her godfathers and godmothers named her—Chrissey, as her brothers and her husband called her—was not usually regarded as remarkably handsome. Her features were not very regular, and she was not fair; but her eyes, so bright and clear, her figure so elastic and trim, her abundant hair, and, above all, her frank easy manners, and the expression of sunny good temper and perfect openness which lighted up her face, made most people consider her a very attractive woman. Every one in the parish liked her, from the two old people who sat in the warm corner near the stove in the church, and always came round to get their dinner at the parsonage on Sundays, to Mrs. Dr. Rush, who was by far the grandest lady in the parish.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton had been married about six months, after an engagement of almost three years, during which time they had corresponded vigorously, but had seen very little of each other, for Mr. Ashton was an assistant in an overgrown parish in one of our larger cities, and could seldom be spared; and Chrissey was a teacher in another great city, where she supported herself, and helped by her labours to educate one of her brothers for the ministry. It was not till this brother had finished his studies, and was placed on an independent footing, that she had consented to be married.

"George cannot support himself entirely," she said, in answer to the remonstrance of her lover; "he is not strong enough to labour as many of the young men do, and he needs my help. I know, too, that if he attempts any more than he is doing, his health will fail, and he will become discouraged. You must content yourself to board awhile longer with your good friend, Mrs. Bicketts, Clement."

And to this resolution she steadfastly adhered, despite Clement's persuasions, and those of George himself, who was very much distressed at the thought that his sister's marriage should be put off on his account. Under these circumstances, the lovers did not see much of each other, and they were finally married without Chrissey's ever having suspected her husband of any infirmity of temper. She had suffered much on discovering that such was the case, and felt inclined sometimes to wish that she had never been disenchanting. But she was a wise woman; she knew her husband's intrinsic excellencies and strength as well as his weak-

ness, and altering an old maxim to suit her own purpose, she resolved both to endure and cure.

"What do you set about to-day?" she asked, as Mr. Ashton, having exhausted the paper, arose from the sofa corner.

"Visiting," replied his reverence. "I must go up to old Mrs. Balcomb's and see the Joneses, and try to prevail on Phil Taggart to let his children come to the Sunday school once more. Then I have to see poor Maggie Carpenter, who is much worse again, and if I have time, I shall get into the omnibus and ride out to the mills, to that girl Miss Flower mentioned to me yesterday."

"What a round!" exclaimed Chrissey. "You will never get home to dinner at two o'clock. I think I will put it off till six, and run the risk of being thought 'stuck up,' like poor cousin Lilly."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you know they always dine at six to suit the doctor's arrangements. One day Lilly called about some society matter on a lady who lives not a hundred miles from her street, about five o'clock in the afternoon. The lady herself came to the door, and Lilly was about entering, when she thought she perceived the smell of roast meat in the hall, and said very politely, 'But perhaps it is your dinner hour?'"

"No indeed!" replied madame, with indignation. "We don't dine at this time of day; we are not so stuck up!"

"Poor Lilly!" exclaimed Mr. Ashton, laughing, "what did she say?"

"O! she did her errand, and retired, of course. There was nothing to be said."

Mr. Ashton turned to go into the study, and as he did so, his foot caught in the carpet and he was nearly thrown down. Chrissey started in alarm, but he recovered himself, and said pettishly enough—

"I do wish you would have that carpet nailed down. I have stumbled over it twenty times in the course of a week. I do believe."

"I thought Amy had fastened it," returned his wife, with perfect mildness. "I am sure I saw her at work there. The door must pull it out of place, I think."

"O! of course there is some excellent reason for its being out of order. It seems to me that, with all your ingenuity, you might find some way of making it more secure."

He turned into his study, shutting the door after him with rather unnecessary force, and Mrs. Ashton returned to the fire and arranged her work-basket for that day, with something of a cloud on the fair face. She was not left long here undisturbed, for Mr. Ashton's voice was soon heard calling her in impatient tones. She sighed, but arose and entered the next room, where she found her husband standing before his bureau partly dressed, and with shirts, cravats, and

handkerchiefs scattered about him like a new kind of snow, while his face bore an expression of melancholy reproach at once painful and slightly ludicrous.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"O, the old story! Not a button where it ought to be! not a shirt ready to wear! I do not mean to be unreasonable," he continued, in an agitated voice, as he tumbled over the things, to the manifest discomposure of the clean linen, "but really, Chrissey, I think you might see that my clothes are in order. I am sure I would do more than that for you; but here I am delayed and put to the greatest inconvenience, because you cannot sew on these buttons! I should really think that a little of the time you spend in writing to George and Henry might as well be bestowed on me."

This address was delivered in a tone and manner of mournful distress, which might have been justified, perhaps, if Mrs. Ashton had picked his pocket as he was going to church.

"What is the matter with this shirt?" asked Chrissey quietly examining one of the discarded garments. "It seems to have all the buttons in their places; and this one, too, is quite perfect; and here is another. My dear husband, how many shirts do you usually wear at a time?"

"O! it is all very well for you to smile, my love, but I do assure you I found several with no means at all of fastening the wristbands. We had breakfast late, and now I shall be detained half an hour, when I ought to be away. I know you mean well, but if you had served a year's apprenticeship with my mother before you were married, it might have been all the better for your housekeeping."

"It might have prevented it altogether," was repressed in a moment. She picked up and replaced the scattered apparel, folded the snowy cravats, warned her husband's overshoes, and saw the beautiful little communion service, presented by a lady of the parish, and consecrated to such sufferers as Maggie Carpenter, was in readiness. Before he left the house, Mr. Ashton had forgotten both his fretfulness and its cause. He kissed his wife, thanked her for her trouble, proposed that she should send for Lilly to spend the day with her, and strode away with his usual elastic step and pleasant face.

Chrissey watched him from the door till he turned into the next street, and then went back to the fireside and to her own reflections.

This fretfulness and tendency to be greatly disturbed at little matters, was almost her husband's only fault. He was self-sacrificing to the last degree, faithful and indefatigable as an apostle in almost all his professional labours, liberal to a fault, and in his administration of parish matters wise and conciliating to all. He could bear injuries, real injuries, with the

greatest patience, and was never known to harbour resentment.

But with all these good qualities, Mr. Ashton had one fault—a fault which threatened to disturb and finally to destroy the comfort of his married life. If his wife, by extravagance or bad management, had wasted his income and involved him in difficulties, it is probable that he would never have spoken an unkind word to her; but the fact of a button being missing, or a book removed from its place, would produce a lamentation half indignant and half pathetic, which rung in Chrissey's ears, and made her heart ache long after Clement had forgotten the circumstance altogether. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Ashton had never thought of this habit, of which, indeed, he was but imperfectly conscious, as a fault.

He thought, indeed, that it was a pity he should be so sensitive, and sometimes said that he wished he had not such a love for order and symmetry, for then he should not be so often annoyed by the disorderly habits of other people. He said to himself that it was one of his peculiar trials—that even Chrissey, perfect as she was, did not come up to his ideas in this respect; but that his peculiar trials, as he was pleased to call them, ever became trials to other people, he did not imagine. He had, indeed, remarked, in spite of himself, that Chrissey's face was not as cheerful, nor her spirits as light, as when they were first married; and he regretted that the cares of housekeeping should weigh so heavily upon her; but nothing was further from his thoughts than that anything in himself could have produced the change.

Mr. Ashton, exhausted with his day's work, turned towards home with his mind and heart full of all he had seen and felt. He said very little during dinner, but when the table was removed, and he sat down in his dressing-gown and slippers before the fire, he related to his wife all the events of the day, describing, with the enthusiasm of his earnest nature, the patience and holy resignation he had witnessed, and ended by saying—

"Certainly religion has power to sustain and console, under all trials, and under every misfortune."

"Except the loss of a button," replied Chrissey, seriously. "That is a misfortune which neither philosophy nor religion can enable one to sustain."

The Rev. Mr. Ashton started as though a pistol had been discharged at his ear.

"Why, what do you mean, Chrissey?"

"Just what I say," returned Chrissey, with the same soberness. "Yourself, for instance; you can endure with the greatest resignation the loss of friends and misfortune; I never saw you ruffled by rudeness or abuse from others, or show any impatience under severe pain; but the loss of a button from your shirt, or a nail from the carpet, gives you a perfect right to

be unreasonable, unkind, and—I must say it—un-Christian.”

Mr. Ashton arose, and walked up and down the room in some agitation.

“I did not think, my love,” he said at last in a trembling tone, “that you would attach so much importance to a single hasty word. Perhaps I spoke too quickly; but even if it were so, did we not promise to be patient with each other’s infirmities? I am sure I am very glad to hear with——”

Mr. Ashton paused: he was an eminently truthful man, and, upon consideration, he really could not remember that he had ever had anything to bear from his wife.

“If it were only once, my dear husband, I should say nothing about it; but you do not in the least seem aware how the habit has grown upon you. There has not been a day this week in which you have not made my heart ache by some such outburst of fretfulness.”

Mr. Ashton was astonished; but as he began to reflect, he was still more surprised to find that his wife’s accusation was quite true. One day, it had been about the front-door mat, the next about a mislaid Review, and then about a lost pair of gloves, which after all were found in his own pocket. He felt that it was all true; and as his conscience brought forward one instance after another of unkindness, he sat down again and covered his face with his hands.

“But that is not the worst,” continued Chrissey, becoming agitated in her turn. “I fear—I cannot help fearing—that I shall be led to feel as I ought not towards you. I fear lest I shall in time lose the power of respecting my husband; and when respect goes, Clement, love does not last long. This very moment I found myself wishing I had never known you.”

Chrissey burst into tears, a very unusual demonstration for her; and Clement springing up, once more traversed the room once or twice, and then sat down at his wife’s side.

“Christiana,” he said mournfully, “is it come to this? I have deserved it—I feel that I have—but to lose your respect, your love—my punishment is greater than I can bear, Chrissey.”

“It was but the thought of a moment,” replied Christiana, checking her sobs; “but I am frightened that the idea should ever have entered my mind. If I should cease to love you, Clement, I should die. I would rather die this moment.”

“God forbid!” ejaculated her husband, clasping her in his arms. “But why, my dearest love, have you not told me of this before?”

“It is neither a grateful nor a gracious office for a wife to reprove her husband, or a woman her pastor,” replied Christiana, laying his head on her shoulder; “and if I had not been left here alone all day, I think

I should hardly have got up my courage now. But if you are not angry, I am glad I have told you all that was in my heart; for indeed, my dear, it has been a sad, aching heart this long time. And now I must tell you how those two unlucky shirts came to be buttonless.”

“No, don’t say one word about them, my love,” said Clement penitently. “I will never complain again if the sleeves are missing as well as the buttons.”

“But I must tell you, for I really mean to have my housekeeping affairs in as good order as anyone. I was looking over your shirts yesterday afternoon, and had put them all to rights but these two, when Mrs. Lennox came in, in great distress, to say that her sister’s child was much worse, and they feared dying; so I dropped all, and went over there. You know how it was. No one had any calmness or presence of mind. The child’s convulsions were indeed frightful to witness; the mother was in hysterics, and Mrs. Lennox worse than nobody at all. It was nearly midnight before I could get away, and meantime Amy had put the room in order, and restored the shirts to their places.”

Amy now put her head into the room. “If you please, missus, a young woman in the kitchen would like to see missus a minute.”

“Missus” arose and went out into the kitchen, and Mr. Ashton, taking a candle from the table, entered the study and locked himself in. Chrissey waited for him a long time, and tapped at the door. It was opened with a warm embrace and a fervent kiss, and though there were not many words spoken on either side, there was a light in the eyes of both husband and wife which showed that the understanding was perfect between them.

But I do think, nevertheless, that men’s wives ought to sow on their buttons.

THE DIAMOND BREASTPIN.

“It will cost two hundred dollars, Anna,” said George Blakely to his young, proud, extravagant wife. The tone in which he said this showed that her request startled him.

“I know it will. But what are two hundred dollars for a diamond pin?” Mrs. Blakely’s voice was half contemptuous. “Mary Edgar’s diamonds cost over a thousand dollars.”

“Just one thousand dollars more than her husband could afford to pay for them,” said Mr. Blakely.

“He’s the best judge of that, I presume,” retorted his wife. “But that doesn’t signify. You can’t afford to purchase the diamond pin?”

“I cannot, Anna.”

“What do you do with your money, pray, husband?” and her words and tone stung him into a rather harsh

reply. But this only roused her anger, and made her only more unreasonably persistent.

"O, very well," said her too yielding husband at last, "go to Camfield's to-morrow and get the pin. Tell him to send in his account on the 1st of January, and it will be paid."

Mrs. Blakely was in earnest. There was not one of her fashionable acquaintances but had a diamond ring or breastpin, and until she was the owner of one or both she could no longer hold up her head in society. Her husband was receiving teller in a bank, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum when he married, which was about a year before; and he still occupied the same post, and at the same income.

For a young man in his position he had not married wisely. The handsome face and captivating manner of a dashing belle bewildered his fancy. He proposed in haste, was promptly accepted, and led to the marriage altar, not a true woman, to be transformed into a true wife, but a weak, capricious, vain creature, incapable of genuine love, and too selfish and narrow-thoughted to feel the influence of honourable principle.

An extravagant love of dress and ornament characterized her from the beginning, and she would hearken to none of her husband's gently offered remonstrances. Nearly half of his income she spent during the first year of their marriage in dress and jewelery.

The demand for a two hundred dollar breastpin coming on young Blakely, as it did, at a time when he had just made the unpleasant discovery of a deficit in his income, when compared with his expenses, of several hundred dollars, sadly disheartened him. But he was not brave enough to meet the exigency, and therefore weakly yielded to a demand that should have been met by unflinching refusal.

The 1st of January found Blakely short of funds by considerably more than the price to be paid for the diamond pin. Camfield's bill came in, and must be settled. It would not do for him to hold back in the matter of payment, for the jeweller was an acquaintance of more than one of the directors of the bank, and questions might be asked and inferences drawn prejudicial to his standing. In an evil hour, under distress of mind and strong temptation, the young man made a false entry, which enabled him to abstract two hundred dollars from the funds of the bank.

This was only the beginning of a series of defalcations, which ran through many years before the exposure came which always follows such a course of crime. It was easier now to supply the extravagant demands of his wife, whose annual wardrobe and bills for jewelery, for which she had that passion which is characteristic of weak minds, almost reached the full amount of his salary.

But the end came at last. One evening, seven years from the date of their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Blakely

were about leaving for the opera, when the bell was rung violently. Mr. Blakely started and turned pale with a sudden presentiment of evil.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife, who saw the singular change in his countenance.

Mr. Blakely did not answer, but stood listening toward the door. Men's voices were now heard, and the tread of heavy feet along the passage. There was a start and a hurried movement by Blakely; then he stood still, as if riveted to the spot.

"Who are they? What is the meaning of this?" asked Mrs. Blakely in alarm. At the same moment two men entered the room.

"You are arrested," said one of them, "on a charge of defalcation."

Mrs. Blakely shrieked, but her husband stood still and statue-like, his face of an ashen hue.

"George! George! This is false!" exclaimed Mrs. Blakely, recovering herself. "You could not stoop to crime."

"It is true," he answered in a low, sad voice.

The words of her husband had stunned Mrs. Blakely. Ere she recovered herself he was gone. She never saw him afterward. That night he passed to his account before a higher tribunal than an earthly one, and she was left in poverty and disgrace.

The story is one of every day-life. George Blakely is the representative of the class. Not all of them rob banks or defraud their employers; but all of them, to support idle, extravagant wives in costly establishments (costly in comparison with their means), spend more than their earnings or profits, and fail in the end to pay their just obligations.

A modern young lady, fashionably educated, and with modern notions of style, fashion and domestic equipments, is altogether too costly an article for a young man of small means or a moderate salary. Diamond pins, rich silks and laces, rosewood furniture, six, seven, eight or nine hundred dollar houses, operas, balls, fashionable parties, Saratoga and Newport, and success in business, are altogether out of the question.

If young men would unite the latter and matrimony, they must look into another circle for wives. A girl who is independent enough to earn her living as a teacher, or with the needle, is a wife worth a score of such butterflies of fashion; and a rising young man, who has only his industry to rest upon for success in life, is a fool to marry any other. Useful industry is always honourable, and difference of sex makes no difference in this particular.—*T. S. Arthur.*

THE Rev. Edward White, well known as an earnest and thoughtful writer on "Conditional Immortality," is named as a possible candidate for the chairmanship of the English Congregational Union.

Mission Notes.

A PEEP INTO ZENANA LIFE.

A Hindoo woman's story is dreary, hopeless, and often unhappy. From the first moment of her life, when the excitement and expectation of the occasion is instantly quenched with the *unc* home news that the newly-born is a girl, to the last hour when her relatives hurry her away dying to the holy river, her position is sad and degraded, without education, without hope, and without God.

Our little Hindoo girl is born in a great house. Three generations live in it, and it is a little patriarchal world. Her grandfather at the head is probably an orthodox worshipper of idols, and a strong believer in the customs of his forefathers; her father and uncles are well educated, speak English fluently, and are *enlightened*—that is, their common-sense has taught them their own religion must be false; but at home, for the sake of their parents, they continue to conform strictly to its requirements. The family is wealthy and of high caste, and the home is a rambling old pile full of courts, verandahs, passages, and rooms most intricate to understand. The outer portion is exclusively for the men. The inner court and surroundings comprise the Zenana, beyond which the women must not venture; and it is here that the little girl spends her childhood. It is a dreary place; the court-yard looks up to a little sky, but the ground is damp; weeds spring up between the flag-stones; the verandahs are low, and the rooms that open into them are small and dark and airless, and everything suggests discomfort; yet the years spent here are the happiest of her life. She is a merry child, dressed as a miniature woman in the *Saree*, a web of pink or white muslin which is wound round the body and brought over the head to form a veil; and her ornaments are golden necklaces, bracelets and ear-rings, and tinkling silver anklets. Her mother loves her and calls her Motee—"pearl;" and sometimes her father notices her and gives her a toy. She plays with curious rag dolls, makes wreaths of jessamine flowers for the shrine of the household god, and when her brothers are at home she enjoys "marbles" or a romp over the house with them: so, though her life would be tedious to us, she is happy because she is comparatively free.

But at *eight* years old her fate is sealed for life. For months negotiations have been going on with another family of the same caste and position as hers, and when these are completed and the *parents* of either side satisfied, there is a great gathering of friends, the priests perform various ceremonies, and little Motee is married. Her husband, a youth of fifteen, once looks at her, and as she is fair and "moon-faced," he is pleased; but they do not ex-

change a single word; and when the religious rites are over he returns to his father's house, and she remains with her mother. Her position, however, is changed. She must keep her face veiled; she wears a huge nose-ring—the *wedding* ring of India—and is obliged to be shy and silent. The childish merriment is subdued, and she must not venture beyond the Zenana. So the years drag on.

At *fourteen* comes her first real sorrow. A second marriage ceremony is performed, and she goes to live in her husband's home. The parting with grandmother, mother, and aunts, is a terrible one, and they weep for days at the prospect of it; for though the bride is to be only a few miles from them, it may be years before they meet again. She is conveyed in a closely-covered palanquin to her new home, feeling sad and strange and solitary. But her mother-in-law, whose orders she has to obey implicitly, is kind-hearted; her sister-in-law, and all the numerous women in the family, receive her pleasantly; and, after a time, the home-sickness wears off, and she settles down to her new lot. The life now is dull and monotonous in the extreme—nothing happens; and weeks and months and years pass with nothing to see, nothing to do, and nothing to think about. Motee sees little of her husband; she is ignorant of his thoughts and pursuits, and so cannot sympathize with him. Her own mind is a sealed book, and her only occupation is preparing her husband's and her own food, and her only amusements plaiting her hair, looking at her jewels, and playing cards, or gossiping over the small affairs of their neighbours with her companions.

After some dreary waiting, though she is not yet twenty, the great desire of Motee's life is fulfilled, and a son is born to her. For the first time in her life she understands what joy is; the newly-born is named Anondo—happiness; and henceforth her own identity is merged in his. She is known no longer as Motee, but as Anondo's mother. The very word for son, "*Putro*," deliverer from hell, expresses the deep feeling of her heart. The time passes quickly now in nursing and caring for him; but as the years slip away it is not all sunshine. The boy grows too big for her caresses, and gains ideas, and learns things in which the mother has no share. Other children are born; but the daughters are early torn away from her, and a younger son is taken away by death; it is an endless parting, and her sorrow is without hope.

Then comes the greatest blow—her husband dies. She always feared more than loved him, but her widowhood is hard to bear—it is a perpetual self-sacrifice. The few pleasures of life are now denied her. She must eat the plainest food, and only once a-day, twice in the month fasting altogether; her dress is of the coarsest kind, without colour, and not a single jewel is

permitted ; she is degraded in the family, and looked down upon by all except her son, and life becomes nothing but a burden. At last, after months of weariness and despair, she sinks under the load—her last sigh is breathed ; in a few hours her body is reduced to a heap of ashes ; and her soul has fled—to some indefinite beyond, her relatives say, where it is no use to remember her more.

Is the story too dark ? There are many sadder cases. There are in India 80,000 widows between the ages of six and sixteen, all condemned to life-long misery and temptation and shame. If a wife is childless, her husband may marry again, and embitter her dreary life yet more.

The love and obedience of their children is the one real happiness possessed by Hindoo women ; and yet this has been the great stumbling-block to progress with the whole nation. Their personal belief in their religion is not strong—they are indifferent ; but if their sons forsake the old path, it is death and ruin to the whole family.

It is to try and remove this stumbling-block, and to cheer and brighten these desolate lives, that the Zenana Missions are carried on. The men help ; they have found it intolerable to have uneducated wives, and hundreds of houses are open for the visits of missionary ladies. The pupils are far from being stupid ; they are only undeveloped. A picture of a tree was shewn to a woman : she looked at it every way, and then innocently asked if it represented a house or a man ! Yet in a few weeks she made a good start in reading, and was able to copy a group of flowers in wools, arranging all the colours correctly. Fancy-work has a fascination for them, and they are most patient and persevering learners. Books open a new world to them ; many delight in their Bibles, and not a few have found the true secret of happiness, and are humble believers in Christ. They cannot be Marthas, active in His service ; but they are like Mary, sitting at His feet and learning of Him.

A. F.

WORK THAT WILL LAST.

"There, now ! There is something done that will last, I hope," said Mrs. Henderson, as she carefully tightened the covers of some fine jars of fruit. "I like housework well enough, but I do think it is discouraging sometimes to have your work eaten up before you can turn round."

"You have been doing several things beside that which will last," said Aunt Abbie, quietly.

"I don't see how you can prove that, Auntie," was the reply, as Mrs. Henderson seated herself in a low rocker and laid a caressing hand on the old lady's knee.

The bright, grey eyes regarded her kindly. "When Abbie broke that dish right in the most trying time

of your hurried morning, I knew you well enough to dread a sharp word that was not allowed to come. Abbie is not a careless child ; she will remember your forbearance longer than you think. When you took time last evening to read that scientific article to Rob, I thought it was beyond his depth ; but I soon found that you must have laid the foundation before for the eager interest which he showed. Such a taste will be a great safeguard. Depend upon it, that is work that will last. When Mrs. Vale called to ask a contribution to home missions, I was glad to see you respond so willingly. I have lived at the West. I know better than you do the far-reaching possibilities of what you would call a small gift."

"There are people whom a word of praise will send down to the valley of humiliation quicker than a volume of reproofs," Mrs. Henderson exclaimed, vehemently. "Aunt Abbie, you don't know anything about it ! You are not here always. I'm cross ten times where I'm patient once, and I think I must be always missing opportunities to do the kind of work you mean."

"Well, my dear, perhaps there is some truth in your self-reproaches. I was sorry, when your pastor was here last week, to have you so quick and decided in refusing his request. It did not seem to me unreasonable."

"Oh, but I can't do that ; there is no question about that ! I can't go calling on new people in the church. I told Mr. Kent I wasn't the one at all for that."

"Who is to do it, Hattie ?"

"Well, I don't know—Mrs. Lovell and Mrs. Peterson. They're always making calls."

"And because they do their utmost, therefore they should be asked to do more. Is that your doctrine ?" Hattie blushed a little.

"Let them ask Miss Arnold." But she laughed as she said it.

"It is best to send some one who is acceptable," said Aunt Abbie. "I may be wrong, but I think you would be. You are naturally cordial, and I think you would not let your conversation be altogether of the earth, as some do."

"I like calling well enough, but the time, Auntie, the time ? I'm well and strong, but I won't answer for the consequences if I try to get anything more into the working hours."

"Is there nothing that could be omitted ?"

"No, indeed ! Why, I see hosts of things every day that I am obliged to neglect."

"Was your Wednesday's work all necessary, my child ?"

"Now, Aunt Abbie, I just think that's too bad ! I will have my children dressed prettily, and of course I must do my own sewing. I can't afford to put it out."

"You will have your children well dressed whether

the Lord's work is done or not? Did you mean to say that?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Mrs. Henderson, desperately; "but sewing is my recreation. Some women can paint or embroider. I just love to make things to suit me. Isn't Helen's new suit lovely? Now, you know it is. And as to the Lord's work: didn't the Lord give me my family, I'd like to know? What would become of them if I should take to running the streets? I never expected to hear such advice from you, Aunt Abbie."

"Fair and softly, my dear. I don't believe in extremes. The Lord gave you a family to care for, that is true. Did He ever tell you that He had nothing more for you to do? Is there anything in the Bible to justify excessive care? Now, Hattie, though I seem to be laying down the law, I believe from my heart that every Christian must decide these matters for herself. I only want to beg you not to decide carelessly, wilfully. Give the question prayerful consideration. The most useful members of Christian society that I have ever known have been very busy women. They did not neglect their homes, but I noticed that they usually gave up superfluous things. Don't you remember what Mrs. Whitney says? 'Something always gets crowded out.' Would you rather it were your own work or the Master's?"

Mrs. Henderson was silent for some time over her mending. Then she said decidedly, "I don't see my way clear to do anything of the kind." Aunt Abbie said no more. But about a month later, when she was once more in her own quiet home, she received a letter from her niece, which contained the following frank confession:

"Well, Aunt Abbie, I've taken your advice. I always was like the man in the parable, who said, 'I will not,' and afterward repented and went. The very day after you left I asked Mr. Kent for some names, and I went in and out of people's houses feeling a good deal like a book agent. But I'm bound to say they were all very nice to me, that is, excepting Mrs. Dudgeon, and I think she meant to be, only—well, she was so peculiar that when I left her house I said to myself, 'I'll go straight home!' But I had only had two more names left on my list, and one of them, a Mrs. Hartwell, lived so near that I thought I'd just go there; and I'm very glad I did, for the poor woman is in great trouble. She has lost two children with diphtheria, and she hasn't any one left, Auntie, for she is a widow.

"Not a soul had been near her except the minister, and she a perfect stranger! Oh, dear me! To think that I might have hugged my ruffles and tucks, and never gone near her, if it hadn't been for you! We had a long talk, and she asked if there was a ladies' prayer-meeting. I promised to take her to it. Now you see how one thing leads to another. How am I ever to find time for that? Aunt Abbie, what do you think Howard said to me last Sabbath? He asked if I would have any objections to his taking a class in

Sabbath-school. I declare, I could have cried! To be sure, I've always said a good deal about having Sabbath to ourselves, but I never meant to hinder him from anything he felt to be a duty. I am so penitent about it that I don't know but I shall go into the Sabbath-school myself when baby gets older. You are responsible for the whole of it. If I get to be a regular Mrs. Jellaby, you'll please to remember whose fault it is. No, I don't mean that, Auntie dear; I'll tell you what I really think, and that is, that Mrs. Charles was right when she said:

'The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.'

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

The Church and the World walked far apart

On the changing shores of time:

The World was singing a giddy song,

And the Church a hymn sublime.

"Come, give me your hand," cried the giddy World,

"And walk with me this way."

But the good Church hid her snowy hand,

And solemnly answered, "Nay,

I will not give you my hand at all,

And I will not walk with you;

Your way is the way of endless death;

Your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"

Said the World, with a kindly air;

"The road I walk is a pleasant road,

And the sun shines always there.

Your path is thorny, and rough, and rude,

And mine is broad and plain;

My road is strewn with flowers and gems,

And yours with tears and pain.

The sky above me is always blue;

No want, no toil I know;

The sky above you is always dark;

Your lot is a lot of woe.

My path, you see, is a broad, fair path,

And my gate is high and wide:

There is room enough for you and me

To travel side by side.

Half shyly the Church approached the World,

And gave him her hand of snow.

The old World grasped it,—walked along,

Saying, in accents low:

"Your dress is too simple to suit my taste,

I will give you pearls to wear—

Rich velvet and silk for your graceful form,

And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church looked down on her plain white robe,

And then at the dazzling World,

And blushed as she saw his handsome lip

With a smile, contemptuous, curled.

"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"

Said the Church, with a smile of grace;

Then her pure white garments drifted away,

And the World supplied their place

With beautiful satins, and shining silks,

And roses and gems and pearls,

And over her forehead her bright hair fell

Arranged in graceful curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World,

"I'll build you one like mine—

Carpets of Brussels, and curtains of lace,
 And furniture ever so fine."
 So he built her a grand and costly house ;
 Splendid it was to behold ;
 Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there,
 (Gleaming in purple and gold.
 And fairs and shows in the halls were held,
 And the World and his children were there,
 And laughter, and music, and songs were heard
 In the place that was meant for prayer.
 She had cushioned pews for the rich and great
 To sit in their pomp and pride,
 While the poor folks, clad in their shabby suits,
 Sat meekly down outside.

The Angel of Mercy flew over the Church,
 And whispered, "I know thy sin."
 The Church looked back, with a sigh, and longed
 To gather her children in.
 But some were off at the midnight ball,
 And some were off to the play,
 And some were drinking in gay saloons :
 So the Angel went away.

The sly World gallantly said to her :
 "Your children mean no harm, —
 Merely indulging in innocent sports ;"
 And she leaned on his proffered arm,
 And smiled, and chatted, and gathered flowers,
 As she walked along with the World,
 While millions and millions of deathless souls
 To the horrible pit were hurled.

"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
 Said the gay old World, with a sneer ;
 "They alarm my children with frightful tales
 Which I like not for them to hear ;
 They talk of brimstone, and fire, and pain,
 And the horrors of endless night ;
 They talk of a place that should not be
 Mentioned to ears polite.

I will send you some of the better stamp, —
 Brilliant and gay and fast,
 Who will tell them that people may live as they list,
 And go to heaven at last.
 The Father is merciful, great, and good,
 Tender, loving, and kind ;
 Do you think He would take one child to heaven,
 And leave the rest behind ?"
 So he filled her house with gay divines—
 Gifted, and great, and learned ;
 And the plain old men who preached the Cross,
 Were out of the pulpit turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,
 "Far more than you ought to do ;
 If the poor need shelter, and food, and clothes,
 Why need it trouble you ?
 Go, take your money and buy rich robes,
 And horses and carriages fine,
 And pearls, and jewels, and dainty food,
 And the rarest of costly wine.
 My children they dote on all such things,
 And if you their love would win,
 You must do as they do—walk in the ways
 That they are walking in."

The Church held tightly the strings of the purse,
 And gracefully lowered her head,
 And simpered, "I've given too much away ;
 I'll do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,
 And she heard not the orphan's cry,
 And she drew her beautiful robes aside
 As the widows went weeping by.
 The sons of the World and the sons of the Church
 Walked closely, hand and heart,
 And only the Master that knoweth all,
 Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease, and said—
 "I am rich, and in goods increased ;
 I have need of nothing ; have nought to do
 But to laugh, and dance, and feast."
 The sly World heard her, and laughed in his sleeve,
 And mockingly said, aside,
 "The Church is fallen, the beautiful Church,
 And her shame is her boast and pride."

The Angel drew near to the mercy-seat,
 And whispered, in sighs, her name,
 And the saints their anthem of rapture hushed,
 And covered their heads with shame.
 And a voice came down through the hush of heaven.
 From Him that sat on the throne—
 "I know thy works, and how thou hast said,
 'I am rich,' and hast not known
 That thou art naked, and poor, and blind,
 And wretched before My face ;
 Hence, from My presence I cast thee out,
 And blot thy name from thy place." M. C. E.

WHERE SHALL IT BEGIN?

Where shall it begin ?

What ?

Why, the revival. We all think we want it. We pray for it in our prayer meetings and in our closets. We are looking, though not very hopefully, to see whether our prayers are to be answered. Where shall it begin ?

Some of us watch our pastor to see if he preaches with more directness and power ; if he feels what he says ; if his eye moistens or his lip trembles.

Some of us watch the Wednesday evening meeting ; we count those who are there, and our faith rises or falls with the counting. We watch Deacon A. to see how he feels and talks, and wish he were a little more active. And so through the prayer-meeting and church, each is looking at the other, to see if we are to have a revival.

We all wish the young people would be interested, and come to meeting and come to Christ. We look for the signs of His coming. Where shall it begin ?

What if each of our Church should say, Lord, *I* want a revival. Let it begin in me. Give *me* the earnestness, faith and tenderness that I am looking for in others. Make *me* such a devoted worker as I think my minister or brother or sister ought to be. Let the revival begin in *me*, and begin now. Lord, *what* wilt thou have *me* to do ?

We should soon have a revival if each of our hundred Church members would begin thus. S. R. M.

News of the Churches.

MONTREAL.—A highly successful social meeting was held in the basement of Wesley church, Dec. 16th, for the purpose of giving a "welcome home" to the pastor of the church, the Rev. Mr. Roy, on his return a few days ago from an extensive trip in Europe. The attendance was very large, and included the Rev. Dr. Stevenson, Rev. G. H. Wells, and Rev. Mr. Clarke, and letters regretting their inability to be present were read from Rev. Gavin Lang, Rev. B. B. Usher, Rev. Mr. Barnes, and several other clergymen. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Stevenson and Rev. G. H. Wells. Mr. Roy spoke in general terms of what he had seen during his trip, saying he had acquired a large amount of information, which he proposed to give to his church in the form of lectures during the coming winter. He was, during the evening, made the recipient of a beautiful vase of flowers by the Christian Workers' Association of the church. The meeting was socially one of the most enjoyable in the history of the church.

HAMILTON.—Rev. J. Griffith preached his farewell sermon to the church there Sunday, Dec. 25th. On the 29th a farewell social was held, at which Mr. Griffith was made the recipient of a gold watch presented by the ladies on behalf of the congregation. The Evangelical Alliance of the city, through their president and vice-president, also conveyed to the retiring pastor their appreciation of his worth, not only as a secretary of the Alliance but as a Christian minister. The Rev. Mr. Griffith said his intercourse with brethren had always been extremely pleasant. He hoped and prayed that this church, and indeed every church, would ever be ready to act in the spirit of Christian brotherliness and kindness. He valued the peculiarities of his denomination; but he could say in the sight of God, Congregationalism second, Christianity first. He thanked the members of the church and congregation for the kindness shewn him during his three years' pastorate. A great many things had taken place in those three years; he had never passed through three years which were more crowded with incidents. He had been with some of them when their hearts were very heavy, and he had tried honestly and truly to enter into their feelings. He had tried to help them as a brother, as a servant, as a minister of Jesus Christ. No one knew better than he the imperfection of his work. There was one regret, and that was, that the work has not been ten times better than it has been. His wishes and prayers must be for the prosperity and happiness of the people. The room was decorated for the occasion, and the proceedings were of a very interesting character, though tinged with sadness from the separation of pastor and people.—Farewell, brother;

may we frequently hear of your future weal, and the God of grace be with you.

FRANKLIN CENTRE.—It is not often that we hear from Franklin Centre; it is gratifying to learn that our friends there are having something of joy and gladness in their hearts and homes during holiday time. Christmas brought a richly laden tree and a happy gathering on the 27th Dec. The exercises consisted of responsive Bible reading and hearty singing by the Sunday school children. A pleasing feature of the programme was a handsome presentation. The organist, Mrs. C. Coonley, has led in the song service of the church for several years, and is certainly worthy of the gift bestowed—a fine silver tea set, chased and gold lined. One lady at least was delighted with Santa Claus on this occasion. There were many other tangible proofs of respect bestowed, and all present were both pleased and profited by the exercises. A surplus of over ten dollars remained, which is kindly and cheerfully bestowed by the scholars as a Christmas gift to the school at Labrador. The school is doing well, and looking into the future hopefully. We trust this news may cheer and incite others in the good work.

BELLEVILLE.—We gladly note the following under date Dec. 26th, 1881:—It is some time since anything has been heard from Belleville. Signs of life are showing themselves there. Previous to the past summer there had been no regular supply for twelve months, but during the summer vacation Mr. Geo. Robertson, a student from the college, supplied the pulpit, and as a result of God's blessing on his labours some of the young people have been led to decide for Christ, three of whom were received into fellowship this month, and more are to be received on the first Sunday in the new year. We join our correspondent in the hope and prayer that the Lord will add more to the church there, and make it the means of advancing His kingdom in that city.

WIARTON.—On account of increasing infirmities, the Rev. R. Robinson has resigned the pastorate. The pulpit is now open to candidates, and a good pastor, who is not afraid of work or endurance of hardness, will find this a promising field of labour.

EDGAR AND VESPREA.—On the 22nd Dec. a soiree and Christmas tree was held in the Congregational Church at Edgar; also one at Vesprea on Monday, Dec. 26th. Both were pleasant and profitable. A new organ has also been purchased and *all paid for*. Make a note of those last words, friends; they are golden. Mr. Hindley reports general interest and progress in all departments of church work.

ALTON.—The church building in Alton was on the night of the 4th inst. burnt, nothing but the walls remaining. Insured for \$3,000. We could hope that this

misfortune would stimulate our friends there to united action and renewed energy, laying a new foundation on love, unity, peace.

NORTHERN, TORONTO.—This church is quietly progressing; contributions towards denominational and charitable objects are increasing; general church work and Sunday school active. At the annual meeting held on 11th ult., the pastor's salary was increased, and progress made in lessening the debt upon the church.

WATERVILLE.—The accustomed tea meeting in the church at Waterville was held in December last. The church was well filled. The pastor, the Rev. G. Purkis, took the chair. After tea the chairman called on the Rev. Mr. Forster, of Montreal, who spoke on "Dr. Livingstone." The only drawback was, Mr. Forster had not time to deal with such a theme. During the evening the choir sang several anthems and quartettes in excellent style.

BRANTFORD.—At the close of the prayer meeting in the Congregational Church, on the evening of the 4th ult., the Rev. Mr. Cutler, on behalf of the Bible class and teachers, presented Mr. Edmund Yeigh, who has been superintendent and Bible class teacher for the past four years, with a Teacher's Bible, Dr. Vincent's Lesson Commentary for 1882, and a bound volume of "The Quiver" for 1881. The presentation simply consisted in a few words of appreciation by the pastor, and of grateful acknowledgment by Mr. Yeigh. It may be added that the church and Sunday school are in a very prosperous condition. We notice also our friend the pastor has been doing good service on the Bible Society platform in the city where his work lies. Prosperity to our Brantford friends.

WINNIPEG.—The first annual meeting of the members and adherents of the Congregational Church was held in the Oddfellows' Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 11th. Rev. J. B. Silcox was appointed chairman, and W. J. Scott secretary. It was resolved to organize a society in connection with the church after the plan of the American Congregational churches. A constitution for the society was read and adopted—all the spiritual interests and arrangements to be under the control of the church, and all the financial and secular affairs to be under the control of the society. The following gentlemen were elected to constitute the Finance Board and Building Committee:—Hector McLean, W. H. Lyon, Robert Muir, H. W. Kennedy, J. L. McInnis, William Wellband, W. J. Scott, Alexander Macdonald and Alfred Pearson. The Building Committee reported that plans and specifications were prepared, and building would begin early in the spring. The treasurer's report of current expenses reported all accounts paid, and a balance in hand of \$350. It was resolved to increase the pastor's salary to \$2,000 per annum. It was also resolved to establish a relief fund

in connection with the congregation. A committee of four gentlemen was appointed to take charge of this, the object being to afford practical assistance to the needy and unfortunate. The four gentlemen appointed accepted the position by subscribing \$250 to start such a fund. The past year has been one of steady progress in every department of the church, and the outlook is full of hope. The new church edifice, so greatly needed, will be pushed forward with all possible speed. It is the intention of the congregation to dedicate it free from debt. The church property on the corner of Princess and Notre Dame streets is valued at \$25,000. A vote of thanks was passed to the Colonial and Manitoba Missionary Societies for the help rendered in the past. A continuance of the grant is not asked for, as the congregation is now able to meet all financial obligations. This will enable the societies to establish churches in the regions beyond. We congratulate the Winnipeg church and its enterprising pastor.

PINE GROVE.—A very successful entertainment was given in this place on January 2nd, consisting of a New Year Tree for the Sunday school, laden with presents for the scholars and their friends; addresses by the Rev. Mr. Condon, C.M. minister, and Rev. H. D. Powis, of Toronto; and the offerings of the children to Foreign Missions. Envelopes were given to the children, in which they enclosed sums ranging from five cents to one dollar, which were placed on the tree. This latter feature presents a much better training for scholars than the constant expectation of receiving,

YORKVILLE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL.—This Sunday school held its annual festival on Thursday, January 5th. Upwards of two hundred children sat down to tea. An entertainment was afterwards given by the children in the church, which was literally packed. A letter has since been received by the school from Mrs. S. McMaster, the President of the Children's Hospital, Toronto, expressing her appreciation of the suitableness of the gifts presented by them, and received at the hospital. May others go and do likewise. This is Christian training; "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

BOWMANVILLE.—On Sunday, Jan. 15th, the Congregational Church in course of erection for the past year, in Bowmanville, was opened for Divine service and dedicated to the worship of God. The style of architecture is the Gothic. It is 40 x 70 feet, and side walls 18 feet high. The windows of stained glass, five on each side, two (small circular) in rear, eight in front, distributed over the surface thus: four in porch, three (small lancet) over each door, and one large triplet in the centre, directly above the porch. The building is entered by two doors opening into a porch which extends half way up the front, and a few

feet from the top of gable begins a piece of external frame work of Swiss cottage style, terminating in a belfry which rises several feet above the roof. The roof is adorned with ornamental ironwork. The arches over the doors and windows are formed of red brick, which presents a pleasing contrast with the surrounding white brick composing the whole. The interior walls are tinted, and are broken at intervals by portions of wooden arches running overhead and drooping to within eight feet of the floor. The ceiling is divided into squares, formed of several bands of various colours. In the front wall are three doors leading from the porch. Over the top of the central door is a fine clock set in a covered arch. The floor is covered with carpet. There are three aisles—one on either side and one in the centre. The pews are stained and varnished, and afford seating accommodation, with seats in aisles, for 350 people. On either side the pulpit platform are smaller platforms for organ and choir. The pulpit is drawn from a design of 1,000 years ago. It is composed of two parts—the desk in front and the chair in rear, whose back, running up several feet, is tastefully pannelled, and the top is curved over so as to form a sound ling board. Altogether the edifice is a thing of beauty, admirably adapted to the high purpose for which it was built, and reflects credit on its architects, Messrs. Smith and Gemmell, and those engaged in carrying out their designs. The opening services on Sunday morning and evening were conducted by Rev. Dr. Jackson, of Kingston, assisted by the pastor, the Rev. W. H. Heu de Bourck; in the afternoon by Rev. J. R. Black, B. A., Garafraxa. At each service the edifice was crowded. On Monday evening following the ladies had provided a supper, gotten up in the most *recherché* style, and though the price of admission was 50 cents, about 400 people were served. Phineas H. Burton, Esq., Toronto, occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by the chairman; Rev. B. Nott, late of Devonshire, England; J. R. Black, B. A.; Rev. H. J. Nott, Editor *Bible Christian* paper; Mr. O'Hara, Toronto; Dr. Jackson; Rev. Mr. Kenner; Dr. Stevenson, Montreal. At intervals the choir gave some music, which was greatly enjoyed by the large audience. It seems fitting that a few words should be said by way of showing how great a thing may come out of a very little thing. Four years ago there were, all told, about 23 adherents and members; the building itself, a small wooden structure, was closed, when Rev. W. H. Heu de Bourck arrived. Gradually the few gathered around him, and were increased by additions from time to time. A new edifice was soon considered by the pastor to be a needful thing, then a possible thing, and at length steps were taken to give practical shape to the idea, with the result—the building already described. To tell the whole story would be to speak of faith in God, wise economy of resources, heroism,

pluck, and I know not what else. But the story as outlined may serve to stimulate other weak ones, and cause them to "go and do likewise."

SHEFFIELD, N. B.—A Christmas social, under the auspices of the Congregational Sunday school and the Ladies' Home Missionary Society in connection with the Congregational Church, Sheffield, was held on Tuesday evening, December 27th. The meeting was presided over by Charles Burpee, Esq., M.P. Appropriate pieces were sung by the choir and by the children of the Sunday school, led by Miss Ida Barker. Rev. J. Barker, pastor of the church, and Rev. R. Crisp, Methodist minister, of Sheffield, spoke, the former on the two-fold object of the meeting—namely, to make the children happy in this time of joy, and to aid in spreading the good tidings of great joy "unto all people;" and the latter on what he had seen of Sunday school work among the poor in London. An illuminated Christmas tree, which stood on the platform of the hall, was stripped of its load of good things, and these distributed among all the children present. One-half of the proceeds, after paying expenses, will be devoted to the purchase of books for the Sunday school, and the remainder to the Home Missionary Society.

GARAFRAXA FIRST.—The Sunday school had a very successful entertainment on December 23rd. There was a Christmas Tree laden for the children; and this, with dialogues, recitations, songs, etc., made an interesting evening for the large number present.

DOUGLAS.—This church was beautifully decorated for the Christmas season, and on January 2nd the tea-meeting held realized about \$70.

GEORGETOWN.—After a pastorate of twenty-nine years, the Rev. Joseph Unsworth has felt constrained to resign, the resignation to take effect on 31st January. Mr. Unsworth will for a short time continue to minister to the church after the cessation of his pastorate; therefore his address will meanwhile continue "Georgetown."

BRANTFORD.—We gladly give room for the following, and as many more such items as our friends can send:—The annual report of this church, given January 12th, is most gratifying, showing for the first time in a number of years a balance on hand after paying all demands, increasing interest in all departments, congregations nearly doubled, and the Sunday school progressing most favourably. All this is worthy of mention; the increasing spiritual activity is more so. The children's annual gathering was held on the Thursday after Christmas, and was a pleasant and well-attended meeting. At the first church meeting in January, Rev. Mr. Cutler presented Mr. Edmund Yeigh (who has held the superintendency of the Sunday school for nearly four years) with several volumes,

on behalf of the teachers and scholars, as a slight token of their love and appreciation of his efficient services.

OTTAWA.—The annual report of this church comes to hand as we are at press; it is very encouraging. Outlay for improvements and ordinary expenses fully met; membership increasing; pastor and members "thanking God and taking courage." We shall give a more detailed account in our next.

LANARK.—Rev. B. W. Day has been the recipient of a Christmas gift from his attached congregation in the form of a pair of valuable sleigh robes. We are glad to know Mr. Day is quietly, but none the less successfully, doing the Master's work.

OBITUARY.

Died, at Sheffield, N. B. on Wednesday, Dec. 7th, 1881, Henry P. Bridges, Esq., in the 61st year of his age.

The deceased was for several years a deacon of the Congregational Church in Sheffield, and for some time a teacher in the Sabbath school. He took a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the young, praying always in their behalf, and for this especially, that they might so live that when they came to die they might not then *have a Saviour to seek, but one to enjoy.*

The circumstances of his death were such as to forcibly impress one with the appropriateness of such a prayer. He had not been very well for a few weeks before he died, but still was able to go out for the most part. Only the Friday before his death he rode several miles over a frozen road, and on the following Sunday was able to conduct family worship as usual, though somewhat poorly.

On Monday afternoon he suddenly became much worse, and from that time till he died was in a state of unconsciousness. How well for him he did not then have a Saviour to seek! But it matters little how the Christian dies. All God's saints are in His hands, and He will overrule the circumstances of their death for the glory of His most holy name. (See John xi. 4.)

Mr. Bridges has left a widow, two sons and two daughters, besides a large circle of relatives and friends, to mourn their loss. In their sore bereavement may the afflicted family richly enjoy the abundant consolations of Divine grace!

CONGREGATIONAL PROVIDENT FUND SOCIETY.

Receipts since last acknowledgment: Kingston 1st Church, \$37.50; Toronto, Northern, \$30; Toronto, Zion, from Benevolent Fund, \$25; per Mr. Higgins, \$1.10; Paris Church, \$7; Sheffield, N.B., Church, \$7.50; Unionville Church, \$5; Yorkville Church,

\$3.24; donation, Mrs. McGregor, \$1. CHARLES B. BLACK, Secretary-Treasurer.

RECEIVED FOR CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY.

Congregational Church, Ottawa, \$10; Zion Church, Toronto, \$35; 1st Congregational Church, Kingston, collection at missionary prayer meetings, \$12.47; Pine Grove Sunday school, \$17.50; total, \$74.97. B. W. ROBERTSON, Treasurer.

THE Embro Congregational Sunday school has on hand a large number of library books which have been used for one year. Any school *not in a position to buy a library* may have these *gratuitously* by applying to the undersigned.

E. D. SHECOX, Pastor.

Embro, Jan. 17th, 1882.

THE Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn has a body of fifty Chinamen under its care.

THE Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, New York, has greatly prospered during the past year, under the Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost. A year ago there was a debt of \$40,000; now there is none. Two hundred additions have been made to the church, and its benevolence has greatly increased.

A NOVELTY has been introduced into St. Paul's Cathedral in the shape of a new organ on wheels, which can be easily removed to any part of the building where the less-numerously attended services are held. It is a small instrument, which has cost only £700. The larger one involves much labour and cost to use constantly, besides being really too full-toned to be always suitable. Very few people have any idea of the cost of keeping up such musical services as those held constantly at the metropolitan cathedral. Beyond the ordinary expenses of the choir, lighting, and so on, a full choral festival cannot be held in the evening at St. Paul's under an outlay of two hundred pounds.

TREATS ALL ALIKE.—We often hear of persons in humble circumstances being conquered by King Alcohol; but to shew that he is no respecter of persons, we give the following paragraph, cut from an exchange paper:—"Daniel H. Haskell, who was one of the founders of the express and banking houses of Adams & Co., San Francisco, and at one time had an income of \$70,000 a year, died in the almshouse in that city ten days ago. In the failure of the bank his private fortune was swallowed up. He was a broken-hearted man, and his courage disappeared with his wealth. In the course of years he became a drunkard and a street beggar, and finally he was arrested for mendicancy. Half an hour after he was taken to the almshouse he died."

Literary Notices.

THE PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL OF MARK, by E. W. Rice, is the first Commentary we have seen on the Revised text, which is printed in parallel columns with the Authorized. This work is more in the commentary style than "Hughes," noticed in our January number; is illustrated, superseding in great measure the Bible Dictionary, and has maps after the most recent survey. It is evidently written with a view to Sunday School and Bible class work, though not divided into the separate lessons of the International scheme. It forms a worthy addition to the issues of the American Sunday School Union.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE may now be considered fairly started on its way under the new name, and with the February (Midwinter) number, and the adoption of the new cover-design, by Elihu Vedder, the name of *Scribner's Monthly* will no longer be continued as the sub-title. Since the change of name, there has been a decided increase in the sale of recent numbers of this magazine. The average edition during the last year of *Scribner's Monthly* was 120,000, while of the first four numbers of the *Century* it has been more than 132,000. Of December, a new edition of 9,000 was printed, and a new edition of the January issue is now called for. In England, 20,500 copies of November were sold, against an average of 16,230 for the twelve months preceding. The recent growth of *St. Nicholas* in England has been even greater in proportion: for while 3,000 copies were sufficient there a year ago, 8,000 and 10,000 copies are now needed every month. The publishers have printed 135,000 copies of the Midwinter *Century*.

We are glad to announce that Messrs. I. K. Funk & Co., New York, have begun a reprint of C. H. Spurgeon's master-work, *The Treasury of David*. It consists of six large octavo volumes, and the great preacher has been many years at work upon it, all the volumes except the last having been published in England. It is a work of extraordinary merit, a commentary and much more, a very treasury of the Psalms, rich in homiletical hints and suggestions helpful to readers, preachers and teachers. It is highly commended by distinguished ministers of various denominations. Messrs. Funk & Co. have arranged with Mr. Spurgeon as to the reprint in this country, and they will bring it out in the same sized type as the English edition and in better binding, while the price, \$2 per volume, will be only half that of the English edition.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE FOUNTAIN, Dr. Parker's weekly, has changed its name to the *Christian Chronicle*, and has vastly im-

proved its appearance. It comes filled with excellent reading and a large mosaic of advertisements.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION is again before us, with its weekly store of useful reading. The January 5th number contained an unfinished article on the Utah problem by the late Dr. Leonard Bacon. A pathetic interest attaches itself to these the last words written by that experienced and wise pen; and it gives no uncertain sound regarding that festering sore of the Great Republic. It advocates a vigorous policy, and therein represents the mind of the great body of our American friends. An illustrated supplement on Palestine is promised with the issue of Jan. 19th.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE still maintains its character and influence. Without illustration, it preserves a constant circulation by the wisdom and extent of its selections. We would note two of the selections in the issue of 14th ult. (not because they are superior to other selections, but because we must pick somewhere)—the first, "English Satire in the Nineteenth Century," by Ernest Myers, in *Fraser's*. Satire is stated to be essentially a weapon of the weak against the strong, of a minority against a majority, though it must surely be confessed it sometimes smites from the other side; it is also laid down that beside a sense of the ridiculous, there must also be a real sense of grievance, either public or private, ere its voice becomes a power. The English satirists of this century are said to be Byron, Carlyle, and Thackeray, whose characteristic differences are thus aptly and briefly stated:—"Byron and Carlyle both attacked false authority, Carlyle also false liberty, Thackeray pre-eminently false dignity and false reverence. The words of all these three potent voices to pompous rank and respectability, to false splendours and pretensions, political, religious or social, are those of the Apocalyptic Apostle to the self-complacent Church of the Laodiceans: 'Thou sayest thou art increased in goods and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked.'" This is the key-note of the thoughtful criticism of the article. "Kioto," by W. G. Palgrave, from the *Fortnightly*, in the same issue, is an interesting account of the once religious and political capital of Japan, and until very recently the seat of the *Mikado*. Shintoism, the original religion of Japan, is described, as "Japanese nature worship in its most absolute form: patriotism its first duty: the laws of nature and the high deeds of Japanese ancestors its moral code: the *Mikado* its centre and embodiment: : noble life and admission among the demigods its reward." In the seventh century of our era, Buddhism from China invaded Japan, not in its original purity and simplicity, but in "its Chinese travesty of pomp and ceremony, hagiology and legend, formula and spell, attended by a crowd of saints, hermits, monks, angels, demons in-

numerable, and the whole Hindoo pantheon in its train." Nevertheless, spite of Buddhist temples and gorgeous worship, Shintoism never, according to Mr. Palgrave, lost its hold upon the Japanese mind, and since the revolution of 1868 is regaining popular favour. Under the Chinese-Buddhist *regime* the ancient Mikado reigned, but the Tyeoon governed, the latter, with his Council, being the actual power which was derived from the Mikado, who was the embodiment of the Japanese divinities. In 1868 the Mikado was virtually restored to his ancient throne, and should he reign as his ancestors, one of the people, for them, Japan will not be troubled with the political intrigues and bitternesses that curse lands more highly civilized—at least in their own estimation. Shinto worship, as followed in Japan, seems simple and pure, the people under it being contented and happy. "Secure in his congenital and inherent rights, the Mikado, raised above all around him by dignity of nature and of birth, a demigod among men, owns no need of the two props that most uphold the tottering weakness of artificial rulers—the iron and the gold, military strength and pompous display." Hence his habits, home, and person are as unostentatious as those of the humble citizen, and thus has it been for over two thousand years. If Mr. Palgrave has not overdrawn, in his enthusiasm, the picture, we might learn something from the study of Japan and its wonderful inhabitants.

THE New York *Independent*, Boston *Congregationalist*, and Chicago *Advance* continue their weekly visits. It were hard to choose; and the Editor is glad that in his exchange list Mormon rules obtain.

RESTORING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Reuf Pasha, the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem, has recently received imperative orders from Sultan Abdul Hamid to resume the work of restoration of Solomon's Temple, commenced under the reign of Abdul Aziz, but discontinued some five years ago. The Pasha has also been instructed to clear the great square fronting the Temple of all the rubbish and rank vegetation with which it is at present encumbered. In this square stands the famous Mosque of Omar, which derives a revenue of some £15,000 a year from pilgrim contributions and other sources. Hitherto the greater portion of this sum found its way annually to Stamboul. The Sultan, however, has decreed that henceforth it shall be applied to defray the expenses of the works above alluded to, the present resumption of which, as well as their original inception, is due in reality to suggestions made at different times to the Ottoman authorities by members of the Austrian imperial family. Not only has the Commander of the Faithful signified it to be

his sovereign will that the works should be carried out without further delay, but two officials of the Sublime Porte, Serid and Raif Effendim, have already left Constantinople for Jerusalem with instructions to take measures, on their arrival, for insuring the literal fulfilment of his Majesty's decree. The gratitude of Christians and Jews alike is due to Abdul Hamid for lending his high authority to so generous and enlightened an undertaking.—*London Telegraph*.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Those few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are;
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why? They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
O, by that little word
How many thoughts are stirr'd!
That sister of the past.

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
Ye 're types of precious things:
Types of those bitter moments
That fit like life's enjoyments
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
That time the fastest spends;
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words, half uttered,
Last look of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day—
The last day spent with one,
Who ere the morrow's sun
Must leave us, and for aye?

O precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers, ye 're types of those—
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because like those the nearest
Is an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath,
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows—
Tell me of change and death!

THREE Congregational churches have been dedicated in Denver, Col., within six months, without debt. The last of the three, the Second Congregational, was dedicated in December.

THE words of Christ have been translated into almost every tongue spoken under heaven, says Dr. R. W. Dale; they still await translation into a language more intelligible, more impressive, more touching—a translation into the life of the home, of the counting-house, and of the workshop, and into municipal and political life.

International Lessons.

Feb. 12, } **CHRIST'S FOES AND FRIENDS.** { Mark 3:
1892. } 20-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He that is not with Me is against Me"—Matt. 12: 30.

TIME.—In the year 27 or 28—second year of Christ's ministry, and during His second circuit of Galilee.

PLACE.—In Capernaum again.

PARALLEL.—With the whole section, Matt. 12: 22-50; Luke 11: 14-28, with ver. 29; Luke 12: 10, with vers. 32-35; Luke 8: 19-21.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Dangers.—Unquestionably the one great danger in this lesson is to be drawn away into discussion as to the sin against the Holy Ghost. This is one of those subjects on which the counsel of God has been darkened by words without knowledge. The incident in verse 21 may tempt some to go off at a tangent on the unbelief of friends, "a prophet not without honour," etc.; there is a truth—mind you don't miss it in too much talk.

Topical Analysis (We have been asked to add this)—

1. The friends of Jesus and their mistake, 21, 31-35.
2. The blasphemy of the scribes, 22.
3. The reply and warning of Jesus, 23-30.

What and How to Teach.—On the *first* topic—Refer to John 7: 5, and shew that this is one proof that the mission of Christ was not a concocted plot, as some have insinuated. His kinsmen, who, if His claims were true, had, according to their views, unbounded honour within their reach, were slow to believe. Even Mary did not fully understand her Divine Son in his lifetime. Shew that some, likely all, did afterwards believe—Gal. 1: 19.

On the *second* topic—Shew how unbelief hardens and debases, leading to the most terrible blasphemy. Point out the malignity of these scribes, first in following Jesus from Jerusalem, then in trying to incite these simple half-heathen Galileans against one who had done good, and only good. From the accounts in Matthew and Luke, we find that He had just healed "one possessed of a devil, blind and dumb." This miracle aroused the people, and they inquired, "Is not this the Son of David?" Shew that right through Christ's life these bad and bitter men could never deny the truth of His miracles, so they boldly said that He was in league with the devil. Tell your scholars if they do not believe and receive Christ, they practically say, too, that He is a sinful man.

On the *third* topic—Shew with what wisdom and power Christ refuted this blasphemy. He was crushing the head of Satan. How could He do it if in league with Satan? His hearers would understand, and yours will, that strength, power, is only in unity. You can illustrate, likely by family incidents, in the one case, where there has been unity—a pulling together and the result—happiness; in the other, all at cross-purposes—there no comfort and no progress. The warning of Jesus is for all. What this sin exactly is we may not know. We agree with *Meredith*, that from the language used it cannot be any specific sin; rather that it is "a state," a state reached by constant resistance of religious impressions, until the very capacity for religion is destroyed. If your class will yield to the drawings of the Spirit in early life, they need never trouble about the sin against the Holy Ghost.

Notes and Comments.—Ver. 20. Great crowd in house—impossible to get meals in order. Strangers were allowed to go in and out as they pleased during *special* gatherings at meal time.

Ver. 21. "Friends;" better "kinsmen," as margin; "heard of it." What? v. 20 likely magnified and distorted. Mary was with them. Did they suppose Him insane? *Lange* thinks not, but that they pretended to believe the popular rumour to withdraw Him from danger. Afterwards they tried to thrust Him forward.—John 7: 3.

Ver. 22. "Scribes, came down,"—everybody else going up to Passover. "Beelzebub," Lord of flies, read "Beelzebub," Lord of dung—or of the habitation; hence ref. verse 27, "casteth out,"—could not deny, so John 11: 47.

Ver. 23. Likely they had not said this for Him to hear, but He calls them, and so challenges attention. "Sa'an" is one, not two; can never cast out himself.

Ver. 24. Satan said to have a *kingdom*, never to be a *king*: there is a kingdom of evil.

Vers. 25, 26. "Household," same principle. "Against Himself"—the words of Jesus make the absurdity very vivid. Satan is all evil; there is no good to fight against it.

Ver. 27. "A strong man," REV. "*the*—more specific referring to Satan; Satan the strong—Christ the stronger." His "house," anyone in whom He may dwell.

Vers. 28-30. Solemn words, "and blasphemies," read "and *the*," more forcible. "All sins"—do not limit this by what follows; "on the contrary, what follows is to be explained by this." "Holy Ghost," without whom forgiveness and holiness not possible. "Is in danger of," REV. "is guilty of an eternal sin." Punishment only implied, sin eternal—therefore punishment—they go together through eternity.

Ver. 31. "Came," sequel of "went out," verse 21. "Without," outside the circle of His hearers. It is hard quite to understand the action of His mother and brethren; the general idea is that it was policy, they thought that He was endangering His life by His bold attacks on the Pharisees and their allies.

Vers. 32, 33. "Who?" Not in any contemptuous manner, but for the sake of teaching a higher truth. The second and last appearance of Mary in ministry of Jesus, and in both reproved.

Vers. 34, 35. "Do the will." This it is that brings us into the family of God, and makes us brethren of Christ—spiritual relationship.

Incidental Lessons.—That the good may make mistakes and do foolish things (v. 21).

That we must do our duty, even though friends would hinder (v. 21).

That the religion of Jesus must never be made subservient to human policy (v. 21).

That the wicked are always ready to declare "good," "evil;" they come under the woe of Isa. 5: 20 (v. 22).

That Jesus is the "strong man" who can conquer Satan (v. 27).

That it is possible to get into such a state of hardness and unbelief as to be past care and forgiveness (v. 29).

That in days of apparent peril to religion we must remember that Christ's thoughts are not as our thoughts (v. 33).

General Lessons.—Those who receive Christ become the children of God, and are heirs of heaven—John 1: 12; Rom. 8: 15; Gal. 3: 26; 1 John 3: 1, 2.

There are but two classes in the world: Friends and Foes of Jesus. To which do we belong? Luke 11: 23; John 15: 14; 14: 15.

Feb. 19, }
1882. }

PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

{ Mark 4 :
1-20. }

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches."
—Rev. 2 : 29.

PLACE AND TIME.—By the Sea of Galilee, following close upon the last lesson—same day.

PARALLEL.—Matt. 13 : 1-23.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Dangers.—There is a rock to the young and inexperienced in vs. 11, 12. Unless you fully understand its meaning do not attempt to explain it, and even then not to the younger scholars; it is one of those truths that can only be brought out by comparing Scripture with Scripture, truth with truth, and even then, if not in wise hands, might make doubts and trouble instead of removing. You have more truth than you will be able to teach in the parable itself. See notes on those verses.

Topical Analysis.—(1) The Parable, vs. 1-9. (2) An explanation asked, 10-13. (3) An explanation given, 14-20.

What and How to Teach.—On the *first* topic.—This is the first set parable recorded by Mark. The illustration in ch. 2 : 19-22, and 3 : 22-27, though the word is used with reference to the latter, is scarcely a parable in the sense of this before us. Explain to your class a parable and its use; show how it differs from a *fable*, in which animals are represented as speaking and acting as men and women; how also it differs from an *allegory*, which simply dramatises the story, but explains itself. Our Saviour in using parables followed the practice of the Jewish rabbis, which species of teaching the people preferred. Christ's parables, however, stand alone, unapproached in the world's literature—simple, natural, and life-like. Like all the parables of Jesus, there was an element of reality in this that at once struck His hearers. Here—so *Stanley* tells us—was undulating corn land, descending to water's edge; the trodden pathway with no fence or hedge; hard with constant tramp of passers, man and beast; there—the good rich soil of the plain and the rocky ground of the hill side, cropping up in many places. There—were large bushes of thorn, the "Nabk" springing up in the midst of the waving wheat, and the "birds of the air" were there in countless number—partridges, pigeons, and aquatic birds—hovering over the rich plain. You should be able to picture these points in the machinery of the parable clearly and vividly, that you may bring out the corresponding truths in the close.

On the *second* topic, point out the privileges of companionship with Jesus, and how He meets those who would truly inquire of Him. He does not even rebuke, as some have wrongly supposed His utterance here to be, but He meets the weakness of His people and gives them the light they need, and for which they ask. The saying of verse 13 would indicate that this parable was the foundation of all the others respecting the kingdom of God, and that failing to understand that, they would not be able to understand those that followed.

On the *third* topic keep very close to the interpretation of the Master—in fact, if you attempt to improve you will ruin it. Your business is to apply—point out how it works to-day—your own class will doubtless illustrate how Satan still takes away the word sown in the heart. There are many, alas! too many instances in churches and communities of the upspringing and speedy withering of the seed sown in stony ground, and even children have their thorns which choke the word—thorns which they themselves might sometimes root up, but fail to do so. Dwell espe-

cially upon what is good ground, and upon the blessedness, for this life and the life to come, of bringing forth fruit to the glory of God.

Notes and Comments.—Ver. 1. "Began," after the interruption of last verses. "A very great," lit. "greatest" multitude; "the Sea," of Galilee; had to get into a boat to escape from pressure, as on another occasion.

Ver. 2. "Parables," lit. a placing side by side, comparison; so teaching by parables was by comparison.

Ver. 3. "Hearken," a hush to the noise of the multitude, that they might not lose His words; the picture is very graphic.

Ver. 4. "Way side," the hard path passing through the field; "fowls," Old English for "birds," so Rev.

Ver. 5. "Stony," rock slightly covered with soil, so that the roots could not strike down into the earth.

Ver. 6. "Scorched," burnt up; had the roots gone deeper, the moisture would have prevented this.

Ver. 7. "Thorns," which, we are told, grow abundantly in Palestine. "Choked," being of ranker growth took the space and the nourishment from the good plant.

Ver. 8. "Other," the rest of the seed falling where no hard path, rock or thorns, but good ground, "increased," Rev. "growing up and increasing," and for each seed thirty, sixty, or one hundred more.

Ver. 9. A proverbial saying often following an important utterance.

Ver. 10. "Alone," perhaps they pulled out a little further into the lake; "they that were about," some of the after seventy, doubtless; "asked of Him"—see Matt. and Luke more definitely.

Ver. 11. "Unto you," significant to those who sought to know the truth. "Mystery," gospel truths, hidden from those whose minds were darkened. "Without," the careless and unbelievers.

Ver. 12. This verse must be read right through as man's action, not God's. The "not see," "not understand," is wilful—see Isa. 6 : 9, 10.

Ver. 13. "Know ye not," this the first, the foundation parable of the kingdom; understood, it was the key to all.

Ver. 14. "The sower," Christ; others sow the same seed and are His servants. Are you sowing it?

Ver. 15. "By the way side," hardened by the tread of the world. By how many means this is brought about! Our churches and schools have, alas! many way side hearers. "Satan," the ever active adversary. "Taketh away," Matt. 13 : 19, catcheth.

Ver. 16. "Stony ground," the second danger—emotion only, shallow, superficial. Christ had such hearers; no wonder they are found to-day.

Ver. 17. "No root," no fixed principles, strong convictions. "When affliction," Rev. "tribulation," the trying time. "Offended," lit. as in Rev. "stumble," it is a hindrance.

Ver. 18, 19. "Thorns," worldly cares, desires, habits, all making a divided heart, and finally the stronger and ranker choke, kill off, the better.

Ver. 20. "Good ground," honest, true, believing hearts; they not only "hear" but "receive," still more, practise. "Bring forth," and their fruit is according to their means and opportunities.

Incidental Lessons.—That the seed for the soul is God's word of truth.

That the seed is always the same, although the soil may differ much.

That we should sow this seed everywhere, and at all times, though much may fail.

That we must commit the seed to the care of Him who gave it, with patient waiting and faith.

That all our scholars may be sowers of this Divine seed.

Main Lesson.—*On hearing the Word.*—Four kinds of ground, or hearers: (1) Way side—hearts gospel-hardened, bad habits, bad companions, and bad passions, repel the truth and harden. Examples, Pharaoh, Festus—see John 12: 37-40; Heb. 3: 12, 13. (2) Stony ground—emotional, resolutions like the “morning cloud and early dew,” as King Saul and King Herod—see Gal. 3: 1, and 5: 7. (3) Thorny ground hearers, choked by the world and its lusts, as Balaam, Judas, Ananias—see Matt. 6: 24; Rom. 12: 2; 1 John 2: 15. (4) Good ground hearers, bringing forth fruit, like Nathaniel and Lydia—see Rom. 1: 8; Col. 1: 3-5; Philemon 4: 5. To one of these classes all your scholars belong—which?

Feb. 26, 1882. } **THE GROWTH OF THE KINGDOM.** { Mark 4: 21-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.”—Ps. 72: 16.

TIME AND PLACE.—As in last; a continuation of that discourse.

PARALLELS.—With vs. 21-5; Luke 8: 16-18; vs. 26-29, is given by Mark alone. Vs. 30-32, with Matt. 13: 31, 32; Luke 13: 18, 19; vs. 33, 34, with Matt. 13: 34, 35.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Dangers.—Are not many in this lesson, even to the inexperienced teacher. Do not, however, be carried away by the minute details of the parabolic teaching, but try to grasp its meanings in the broad aspect. You may be very exact about candles and mustard seed, but lose for your class the glorious truths of Christ's kingdom.

Topical Analysis.—(1) The manifestation of the kingdom, 21-25. (2) The secret growth of the kingdom and its fruition, 26-29. (3) The marvellous growth of the kingdom, 30-32. (4) The teaching of the King, 33, 34.

What and How to Teach.—On the *first* topic shew that these parables are a continuation of the last lesson. There we see how much of the Divine seed is lost through the activity of the great adversary, the inconstancy of man, or the worldly passions that too often overmaster him, and choke the good in him. Now we see that, notwithstanding this, the kingdom is to be manifested, to grow steadily with wonderful increase, and to fill the whole earth; that though man is worldly and careless, and the devil active, the kingdom is to triumph over all, the mighty power of God. Teach here that as one means to this end Christ was shewing His disciples they were to have a part in this work—they were not to cover up, to keep the truths He had given, but to let them shine forth, that through their light the truth might be manifested; that nothing was to be hidden or kept secret; and that just according to what they gave they should receive. If they kept back Christ and His teachings, there should come to them a famine of hearing, and that the privileges they then enjoyed should be taken from them.

On the *second* topic shew that quiet growth is the law of God's kingdom. It is not in the tempest, earthquake, or fire that He is found, but in the still small voice. This topic carries on the idea of the first; it is the duty as well as the privilege of Christ's disciples to be workers together with Him, and they are here shewn what they can do and what they cannot (a lesson for you, teacher). All they can do—and that they ought to do—is to cast in the seed; then they must leave it to Divine influence, to the power of the

Highest; they can count upon that if they sow in faith and prayer. So learn yourself, and so teach to do what can be done earnestly and constantly, and leave the results to God.

On the *third* topic, you can point out how marvellously the history of the kingdom has illustrated the truth of this teaching. Small, how small, its earthly beginning in the manger at Bethlehem; how weak and insignificant its growth. It was indeed “small as a grain of mustard seed,” but how mightily it has spread! How vast its proportions; how universal its influence! Sketch in a few words, as sharply and clearly as you can, what Christ's kingdom is to the world to-day; if it were possible to take it away, it would be like taking the sun out of the heavens; and then shew that this law of growth will continue until the whole earth shall be under its shadow, and in this, as the first topic shews, you and your scholars may have a part.

On the *fourth* topic little need be said, mainly to shew that the truths of the kingdom are only known to those who are Christ's; that if we love Him, serve Him, and keep close to Him, we shall understand and know Him and His—an earnest of the time when we shall know as we are known.

Notes and Comments.—Ver. 21. “Candlestick,” lamp stand, “bed,” or couch—under this, on a large measure, the little vessel filled with oil could be placed in safety; but as *Erasmus* paraphrases thus: “The light is kindled by me in you, that by your ministry it may disperse the darkness of the whole world.”

Ver. 22. “Nothing hid,” REV. “save that it should be manifested. God so designs, “manifested,” as John 3: 21, gradually now, fully, as 1 Cor. 4: 5. Nothing is to be hidden forever.

Ver. 23. “Therefore,” all have not—a proverbial expression following an important statement.

Ver. 24. “What,” Luke reads “how,” both important, lit. “see what ye hear.” “With what measure,” in proportion as you give to others shall more be given to you.

Ver. 25. “He that hath,” this is not arbitrary, but a law of the moral world; use begets capacity—neglect, incapacity. Use the spiritual knowledge and power God gives you, and you will be able to receive and use more.

Vers. 26, 27. “A man,” the representative of God and Christ. “Sleep,” “rise,” go about his daily round as usual. “Grow up,” under thy Divine care. “He knoweth not how,” that is, the sower.

Vers. 28, 29. “Earth bringeth forth,” independently of man, so in the kingdom of grace; God works in both—but though secret in growth, it is manifested in its fruit. Now man's agency is resumed; he sows and reaps, but cannot make to grow.

Ver. 30. “Whereunto,” etc.—so the rabbis began their discourse. “With what comparison,” REV. “in what parable.”

Ver. 31. “Less than all” of those used in Jewish husbandry, although there are smaller known; but the saying was a Jewish proverb for anything very small—as such this is to be understood.

Ver. 32. “Greater,” not absolutely, but relatively. *Thomson* says that it grows “tall as a horse and its rider.” “Fowls,” birds—so they do—rest on its branches and pick its seed.

Vs. 33, 34. “Able to hear,” they could not bear plainer language, they could only receive the truth by degrees. “Without the parable,” that is, at this time and concerning the kingdom. “When they were alone,” blessed privilege of Christ's disciples.

Incidental Lessons.—That those who have been enlightened by Christ should communicate to others.

That all now hidden shall be made manifest.

That in hearing the Gospel we should remember our responsibilities.

That God's blessings to men are measured by their use of them.

That the best learning is teaching.

That those who are Christ's disciples will be "taught by Him."

General Lesson.—*On the Growth of the Seed.*—That there must be a seed sowing if there is to be a harvest.

That man cannot control the growth of the Divine seed; he has to do his work and leave the rest to God.

That the results, the "blade," the "ear," the "full corn in the ear," will prove the growth.

That an abundant harvest may come at last, though it be long waited for.

On the Mustard Seed and Christ's Kingdom.—That though the beginning of Christ's kingdom was small, it will ultimately fill the whole earth. On this see Isaiah 9: 6, 7, 11: 9; Dan. 7: 14; Luke 1: 33; John 12: 34; Rev. 5: 9-14.

March 5, 1882. } **CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.** { Mark 4: 35-41.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.—Ps. 107: 29.

TIME.—Evening of the same day as last lesson.

PLACE.—On the Sea of Galilee, during the passage across in a south-easterly direction to the country of the Gadarenes.

PARALLEL.—Matt. 8: 23-27. Luke 8: 22-25.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Dangers.—Missing the central thought, the helplessness of man without Christ. Some could teach that it is the power of Christ—power over nature—that is in the lesson and to be taught; but if it is made the one principal idea, the great lesson is lost.

Topical Analysis.—(1) The storm on the lake, 35-37. (2) The terror of the disciples, 38 (3) The authority of the Master, 39, 40.

What and How to Teach.—This had been one of the busiest days in the life of the ever-busy Saviour. He had cast out the dumb demon and replied to the accusation that He did this through the power of Satan—Luke 11: 14-26. He had dined with a Pharisee, and there, at his table, had denounced the formality and hypocrisy of the Pharisees—37-54. The seven parables on the kingdom had been given, for which see Matt. 13. Three memorable conversations had taken place: first, a man who would follow Christ, but who was daunted at the prospect; then one whom He called to follow Him wanted to delay for a time, but was forbidden; while a third sought to excuse himself just then, but was reproved and shewn his unfitness for the kingdom of God. And now, wearied out, He sets sail upon the lake.

First topic.—Shew how continuously the multitudes waited on Christ, and what a strain it must have been to the man Christ Jesus, so sympathising and yearning towards the sinful and suffering. The crowds had to be sent away, and then, just as He had been teaching from the ship, they put out into the lake. Shew briefly how sudden storms come over that lake, and how it was so then, until the ship, filled with water, was ready to sink, and Christ asleep in the hinder part on a pillow. You can then easily shew how this pictures the voyage of life (a ship is a favourite Early Christian symbol of life), how storms arise when least expected, and how the dangers threaten to overwhelm us. If your scholars have not yet experienced any of these storms, they may be sure that sooner or later they will come. How to be prepared for them is the lesson.

On the *second* topic picture their terror; get from your scholars if it was right and reasonable. Were they not there

by Christ's command? Was He not with them? Should they then have displayed such abject terror? You may teach here that though men are Christians, they must not expect to be kept from all trouble, but if they have Christ all will be right:

"With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm."

If their terror was not right, what did it shew in them? Surely unbelief. They had seen mighty deeds; could they not have believed? But He was asleep. They did then the only thing they could—"awake Him" and cry "Master," etc. Teach here that while right to pray in trouble, only right because prayer is always right; to pray in trouble alone, mean and contemptible.

On the *third* topic shew that He forgave their weak faith for the faith they had. How wonderful the change—the wearied man, the mighty God! Shew how the words imply that the wind and the sea are His creations, to obey His word. If he was man, truly man—and, thank God, this is true—He was more, He was Divine. The scene brings out more fully than perhaps any other in His life the completeness and perfectness of the two natures—He is truly the God-man. Teach here that as He calmed the violence of the waves, so He can still the storms of life; that there are no tempests that beat upon us too mighty for Him to subdue; and if we turn to Him in our hour of darkness and danger, He will save; yea, and more, that when the storms of our passions are raised and threaten to destroy our faith, our cry to Him for help will not be unheeded. He will save us from ourselves.

Notes and Comments.—Ver. 35, "same day"—day of the previous teaching and healing. "Other side," of the lake, the eastern side, lit. "to the beyond,"—probably to escape from the crowd and get needed rest.

Ver. 36. "Sent away," REV. "leaving the multitude;" more correct, "as He was," without any preparation for the sail. "Little ships," likely with a part of the disciples and some of His hearers, these were but fishing boats."

Ver. 37. "Great storm," to which that lake is specially subject from its position; lying low and warm, with the snow-clad peaks of Hermon to the north, the winds rush down the ravine with suddenness and violence.

Ver. 38. "He—asleep." Wonderful picture of the wearied God-man. "Pillow," REV. "cushion," a part of the vessel, probably of wood, used for the boatmen. "Awake," no doubt they delayed until hope was well-nigh gone. "Master," twice repeated—Luke 8: 23, great urgency, "Carest thou not?" this their unbelief. Mark alone gives this exclamation.

Ver. 39. "Aro" at once; "rebuked," Matthew and Luke record the fact. Mark alone gives the words "Peace, be still," and nature heard its Lord and obeyed. "A great calm"—ordinarily the sea would have remained rough for some time.

Ver. 40. "Fearful," that is, with Me; there was reason for fear otherwise. "No," lit. "not faith;" had they not had reason to trust Him? So REV. "have ye not yet faith?"

Ver. 41. "They feared," lit. feared a great fear. "Said," the talk all round in whispered, fearful tones, "What manner," REV. "Who then is this," shewing such wonderful power "that even"—here was a thing they could understand; it was in their line of experience; they knew and dreaded the treacherous lake, but this man could make it obey Him.

Incidental Lessons.—That in the voyage of life we shall meet with storms, as did the disciples. Acts 5: 40; 8: 1; 2 Cor. 1: 7; James: 2; 1 Peter 4: 12.

That even in the right course where Christ sends us, we may expect these.

That even Christ with us does not necessarily protect us from the storms of life, but saves us from being overwhelmed by them.

That the storms of life only shew us more clearly the love and power of Christ.

That Christ sleeping in the vessel shews the man.

That Christ stilling the storm shews the God.

Principal Lessons.—We should meet all the storms of life with trust in God. Isa. 30: 15; Ex. 14: 13.

Christ with us, all well. Without Christ, helpless, undone, lost. Deut. 31: 6, 8; Isa. 43: 2; Rom. 8: 35, 39; 1 Pet. 3: 13; John 6: 68.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

We intend giving monthly a series of Bible Questions, for correct replies to which, during the year, we shall give

THREE PRIZES

in books of the value respectively of FOUR DOLLARS, THREE DOLLARS and TWO DOLLARS. The replies are not to be sent until the close of the year. With the December number forms will be sent out for the use of any who desire to try.

The conditions are that those who send replies must not be more than twenty-one years of age, and they must not have been assisted in the questions. The Scripture reference or references must always be given.

For the first three questions see THE INDEPENDENT for January.

PRIZE QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

4. There is a narrative of the dangerous illness of a king thrice told—twice in historical books and once in a prophetic book. Give the passages.

5. Christ and His people are said to be the same in one attribute, blessed and a blessing. What, and where?

6. Quote from the writings of the Apostle Paul an exalted and passionate declaration of the unchangeableness of the love of God and Christ.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

GINGER SNAPS.—Two cups of butter, 2 cups of sugar, 3 cups of molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of ginger, 2 teaspoonfuls of soda; mix stiff, and drop on tin for oven.

Our good wives whose husbands are exacting about their dinner, and at the same time not over-punctual, will thank us for the following recipe. The pudding is none the worse for an extra hour's steaming, or even two, provided the pot is kept boiling all the time. These recipes have all been tried and not found wanting:—

DARK-STEAMED PUDDING.—One cup of beef suet chopped fine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of molasses filled up with sugar, 1 teaspoonful of soda in 1 cup of milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of raisins stoned and chopped, 1 teaspoonful of cloves, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful of salt; mix in dish and steam four hours. Sauce.—Four tablespoonfuls of sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar; rub all together, and pour on 1 pint of boiling water.

A QUICKLY MADE CAKE.—Three eggs, leaving out the whites of two, 1 cup of sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sweet milk, 4 tablespoonfuls of melted butter, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder stirred into the flour, of which take enough to make a thin batter. Put all in a dish as you measure them out. Beat for ten minutes, or till light. Bake in 3 jelly tins. For icing beat to a stiff froth the whites of 2 eggs, add 1 cup of fine white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of vanilla, spread on the cakes while hot; sprinkle cocoanut on top of each, then place one on the top of the other.

ANDREW RYCKMAN'S PRAYER.

Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me,
What the future life may be.
Other lips may well be bold;
Like the publican of old,
I can only urge the plea,
"Lord, be merciful to me!"
Nothing of desert I claim,
Unto me belongeth shame.
Not for me the crowns of gold,
Palms and harpings manifold;
Not for erring eye and feet,
Jasper wall and golden street.
What Thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive.
If my voice I may not raise
In the elders' song of praise,
If I may not, sin-defiled,
Claim my birthright as a child,
Suffer it that I to Thee
As an hired servant be;
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace:
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true.
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace, that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to Heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

—J. G. Whittier.

I PRAY that the Lord would help me; for the pulpit without Him is a terror.—Boston.

CERTAIN it is, every Christian Church ought to be, whatever else it is, an ever-wakeful and totally in earnest "reform club." Its reason for being so is, that it may aid in furtherance of the "universal well-being." As Dr. L. T. Chamberlain has put it, "There is nothing wrong which the Church is not to oppose; there is nothing right which the Church is not to cherish." The Congregational Convention of Wisconsin appeared to take the same view of the matter. It lately re-affirmed its testimony that since the abolition of slavery the next great question to be passed upon by the American people is that of temperance; that the movement for the prohibition of the liquor traffic is "pre-eminently a Christian movement, and one in which the Church should take the lead;" and that the "temperance reform should be taken up as a Christian work by the Church and ministry, and carried forward by all legitimate means till the end."—*Advance.*

Children's Corner.

CHILDREN, COME.

My Father, when I come to Thee,
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek thy face,
With my whole heart desire thy grace.

I plead the name of Thy dear Son,
All He has said, all He has done ;
Oh may I feel His love for me,
Who died, from sin to set me free.

My Saviour, guide me with Thine eye,
My sins forgive, my wants supply ;
With favour crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak Thy praise.

Thy holy Spirit, Lord, impart,
Impress Thy likeness on my heart ;
May I obey Thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with Thee above !

NOW IS THE TIME.

"Not yet," said a little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball; "when I grow older I will think about my soul." The little boy grew to be a young man. "Not yet," said the young man, "I am now about to enter into trade; when I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now." Business did prosper. "Not yet," said the man of business; "my children must have my care; when they are settled in life I shall be better able to attend to religion." He lived to be a grey-haired old man. "Not yet," still he cried; "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray." And so he died; he put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope.

"Now is the time," says *Conscience*. "It is right you should give to God the earliest and best of your life. While your heart is tender, and your life is before you, you should begin to love and serve Him. If you had a rose to give to a friend, would you wait till it was faded and dead before you offered it? Would you not give it when it was in its blossom and beauty?"

"Now is the time," says *Providence*. You will never again have so good a time. The Word of God is all written, and is in your hands. You have teachers, and ministers, and Sabbaths. The door of mercy is open. "All things are ready." You will gain nothing,

and may lose much, by delay. A man on a journey came to the side of a river, and there sat down on a green bank. A traveller, who found him playing with some wild plants which grew by his side, asked him what he was doing. He said he was waiting till all the water ran past. But soon night came on, the river still flowed, and the man was left in darkness in a strange land. You say, "He was a foolish man." But when you sit down, and do not go to Christ until you think there is less to hinder, you act just like that man. If you do not yield yourself to Him now, sin will harden your heart as you grow older.

"Now is the time," says the *Word of God*. It is "the accepted time." Your Saviour says, "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me." "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." He speaks to you, "Give Me thine heart,"—not the body only, though that must be given. He asks not for the shell, but for the kernel; not for the casket only, but for the jewel. Not only your tongue, your hands, your ears, but your heart. It is the best thing you have to give; and Jesus is pleased to accept it. It is better in His esteem than silver, and gold, and diamonds. If you give Him your young heart, He will make it better. By nature it is sinful; He will renew it by His Holy Spirit. It is naturally hard; He will soften it with His love. It is barren and unprofitable; He will make it fruitful by His grace. He can make it not only holy, but happy. He will make it a faithful heart. Then your sins will be blotted out by His precious blood, and you will be one of His redeemed family. But do not forget, "NOW IS THE TIME."

It is *wicked* to delay to make this gift. It is true you are young; but you must not put off faith and repentance. Young as you are, you have sinned against God, and it is not too soon to repent. You need a Saviour; it is not too soon to believe on Him. It is also *dangerous* to delay. There was a famous general named Hannibal, who went with a great army to take the city of Rome. When he could have taken it he did not, and when he would have taken it he could not. He lost all by delay. So when many young persons may come to Jesus, they will not; they put it off till it is too late. Consider, you may die soon, and if you die in your sins you

will be lost for ever. It is related of a little Syrian boy that he asked his teacher to instruct him in the law of God, and was told that he was too young. "But, master," said the boy, "I have been in the burial ground, and measured the graves, and find some of them shorter than myself; now, if I should die before I have learned the Word of God, what will become of me?" Now is the time.

"Give me thy heart," the Saviour cries;
Ye children, hear His voice;
Now in your early days be wise,
And make a heavenly choice.

"Give Me thy heart," nor linger more,
Too soon you cannot give;
Now on your knees His grace implore,
Believe, obey, and live.

Come, children, supplicate His grace,
Let this your answer be—
"Behold, O Lord, we seek Thy face,
And give our hearts to Thee."

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

This is a question often asked and not always satisfactorily answered; for the ideas conveyed to different minds by the word are very different.

To some persons he is a gentleman who wears fine clothes, who does not work, who has an abundance of money, and spends it freely. But in truth, though a gentleman may be rich, well dressed, liberal, and have no need of toil, no one or all of these things give him any right to the name. But the man who is of kind and gentle demeanour to all, who is upright, candid, and truthful, who is loyal to his friends, and needs no bond to hold him faithful to his promise—this man is a gentleman, whether he be clad in broadcloth or homespun; yes, even though he may be so poor that he has no means for prodigal giving, and is compelled by stern necessity to labour hard for daily bread. It is what he *is*, not what he *has*, that makes the true gentleman.

GOD'S SPARROWS.

A good woman, searching out the children of want one cold day, tried to open the door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say: "Pull the string

up high! Pull the string up high!" She looked up and saw a string, which, on being pulled, lifted the latch, and she opened the door upon two half-naked children all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the older one.

"Are you not very cold? No fire a day like this!"

"O, when we are cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around Tommy and Tommy puts his arms around me, and we say, 'Now I lay me;' then we get warm," said the little one.

"And what have you to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home she brings us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say, 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

So the good lady that God sent fed these little attic sparrows. Remember that not one of the sparrows, or the children, or the men or the women, is forgotten by Him to whom we say "Our Father."

HOLD ON, BOYS.

Hold on to your tongue when you are ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you at all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.