

Practical Papers.

SERMONS AND SERMON MAKING.

ARTICLE I.—CHOOSING A TEXT.

BY W. S. BLACKSTOCK.



HERE are thousands of hearers of sermons who feel themselves quite competent to pass judgment upon their quality and merits, who have, nevertheless, no conception of how they are produced. They would no more think of sitting down to critically enquire into the process of their production than they would think of analysing the process of the formation and preparation of the food they eat. It is with the mature result they have to do, rather than the several steps by which it has been reached. If the discourse they hear on the Sabbath is only to their liking, they are not disposed to ask what it cost, or to enquire closely into the *modus operandi* of its preparation. That is something with which the preacher alone has to do, and with which the hearer has no concern. And yet, it is probable that a little more knowledge of this kind upon the part of the hearer, would not only produce in him a profounder sympathy for his pastor, but, in some instances at least, induce him to set a higher value upon the sermon. If this article should contribute, even to the smallest extent, toward producing a better understanding between ministers and the people to whom they minister the Word of life, and toward inducing a more sympathetic and appreciative hearing of the truth, the object of the writer will be fully attained.

Very few probably of those who are in the habit of attending church, and hearing sermons, have any idea of the labour and thought which are often involved in the selection of a text, or in fixing upon the subject to be discussed on any particular occasion. Nay, that there should be the slightest difficulty experienced in a matter so simple is utterly inexplicable to thousands of even more than average intelligence. Why, say they, is not the Bible full of texts? And then as respects topics for the pulpit, is there a duty or a delight, a pain or a privilege, a sorrow or a solace, an interest or an obligation of man which is not a proper subject for discussion in the pulpit? Surely

amid this multiplicity and variety, the preacher need not search long for a text to expound, or for a theme to discuss. But what if this very multiplicity and variety should constitute one of the chief sources of the preacher's perplexity! Even if all texts of Scripture were intrinsically equal in importance, there would be a relative importance belonging to some which did not belong to others. A score of texts may be before the preacher's mind, each the expression of some weighty and important truth, and yet not one of them may appear to him to be just the one which he ought to undertake to expound the next Sabbath; and though a thousand different subjects, none of them entirely devoid of interest, may be suggested to his mind, not one of them may appear to be the one exactly appropriate to that particular occasion.

All texts and all themes are not equally adapted to the mental peculiarities of every preacher. There is perhaps no man who is equally at home in every branch of biblical interpretation, or in the treatment of all kinds of subjects. Even if he possessed the requisite learning to warrant him in undertaking all this, every conscientious preacher must feel that there are some subjects which he is not fitted by nature to discuss. There are truths in the Bible which can only be seen by the seer's eye—which can only be apprehended by those gifted spirits who, owing in part to the fineness of their organization, and in part to their intense love of the truth, are permitted to come face to face with it; so that their eyes see what, to ordinary men, is only known by the hearing of the ear. But not to speak of those truths which, though the most real and essential of all truths, are too subtle and spiritual to be discerned except by those whose eyes are specially anointed to see them, there are logic, metaphysics, and poetry in the Bible—subjects which cannot be effectually treated except by such as have the logical, the metaphysical, or the poetical faculty (as the case may be) in an extraordinary degree. But all preachers are not logicians, metaphysicians, or poets. A man may have all the practical good sense necessary to deal with that class of truths which stands in the most intimate relation to the every-day life of men, and which should ever form the staple of pastoral instruction, and yet feel that he has no fitness for the treatment of the more abstruse and difficult problems which are ever and anon presenting themselves to the mind of the thoughtful student of either natural or revealed religion. He may feel that this is a work to which he has not been called, and for which he has not been endowed. Besides, most preachers have by them a list of reserved texts which they intend to take up, which they are persuaded they can discuss with credit to themselves and not without profit to their hearers, just so soon as they can find time to "read up" upon the subjects to which they refer, and to devote to them that amount of quiet and patient thought which will not only enable them to thoroughly understand them themselves, but also to make that orderly disposition and arrangement of their several parts which will make them easily understood by others, and to find such illustrations as will invest them with sufficient popular interest to secure the attention of those whom it is his aim to instruct. He hopes the time will come when he will

be able to take these subjects up—when the repairs of the parsonage are completed, when the new church edifice is built, when there are fewer of those everlasting committees to be met, and less of the outward business of the Lord's house is allowed to rest upon his shoulders; when the people become sufficiently intelligent to know that the most important part of the pastor's work is not that which he performs in the pulpit, or in the homes of his flock, but that which is performed in the seclusion of his own study, upon which the efficiency of all the rest depends. But this time has not yet come; and the treatment of these interesting and important subjects must be farther, perhaps indefinitely, postponed.

But after the minister has modestly set aside all those subjects for the successful treatment of which he is unfitted by the original constitution of his mind or by the defectiveness of his training, and after he has reluctantly passed by those, the successful treatment of which would require an amount of thought and research which the exigences of the hour will not permit him to bestow upon them at present, he has, by no means, reached the bottom of the list of texts and topics which he will feel it to be his duty to reject. If the modest preacher, who has a proper sense of the limitation of his own faculties has to put by many subjects simply because he does not feel that he possesses the ability to grapple with them successfully, is it any wonder if the intelligent pastor, who has made the people whom it is his business to instruct the subject of his careful study, should have discovered that all subjects are not equally adapted to all hearers any more than they are to all preachers; and that some things which would be both intelligible and interesting to him would be utterly unintelligible and devoid of interest to a very large proportion of those who hear him. It is true, indeed, that in most congregations there are individual men who are intellectually equal if not superior to the minister; but in all congregations the number of these must necessarily be exceedingly small—so small, manifestly, as to form an exception to a general rule. And while the intellectual few must not be overlooked, or their special necessities left unprovided for, the interest and profit of the many must not be sacrificed for their peculiar gratification. The intellectual man can understand and even enjoy, when they are intelligently and interestingly discussed, subjects which are level to the comprehension of the commonest mind; while those matters which would have a special interest for the man of culture, would have no manner of interest or value for the mentally undisciplined masses who throng our churches. The aim of the preacher must be to do the most good possible to the largest possible number of his hearers. And in the attainment of this end it will be necessary for him to studiously avoid these abstruse and difficult questions which, however well suited to the lecture-room or Lyceum, where the audience may be supposed to be select and educated, are wholly unfit for the pulpit, which, though it is designed for the intellectual and spiritual profit of all classes, is specially intended for the instruction and edification of the uneducated masses. There is, it is true, a peculiar fascination about such themes to the thoughtful preacher, especially if there is a natural speculative tendency in his mind, and it often requires no small degree of self-denial upon

his part to pass them by ; but if he has a proper sense of the responsibility of his office, and values more the spiritual benefit of those to whom he is sent to minister than the gratification of his own taste, the wonder which he might excite among the ignorant, or even the reputation for superior wisdom which he might acquire with a superior class, he will eschew all those subjects which, while interesting to a few, have no interest or practical value to the masses.

The conscientious preacher will feel it to be his duty for to distinguish between those subjects which are likely to only minister to the pleasure of his hearers, and those which minister to their instruction and permanent profit. The design of the pulpit is not to furnish church-goers with an intellectual treat, or a pleasing artistic performance. The preacher should indeed seek to please, but not as an end, but as a means. It would evince a churlish disposition in him if it afforded him no pleasure to know that he had been the instrument of pleasure to others, and that his performance, though designed for the accomplishment of a higher purpose, had been acceptable and pleasing to those who heard him. But, on the other hand, if he has any just conception of the real end of his ministry, and of the weighty responsibility which attaches to his office and work, nothing will be more painful to him than to learn that he has been to his hearers merely as one who played upon an instrument or who had a very pleasant voice. The simple fact a subject would most likely be interesting and pleasing to his audience, though it ought not to be overlooked, would not be sufficient to justify its selection, unless it could be made the vehicle of conveying some important lesson, or the means of making an impression which would likely to be permanently beneficial upon the mind of the hearer.

Then, it is not every subject which is capable of being intelligently and popularly treated within the limits which custom has assigned to the modern sermon. Sermons at present are judged largely by the time which is occupied in their delivery ; their value being in reverse proportion to their length. Almost any defect in them will be tolerated if they only are short ; but prolixity is even more intolerable than dullness itself. The popular lecturer will generally be allowed all the time which he may deem necessary for the elaboration of his theme, whether it be literary or scientific ; the lawyer may adapt the length of his speech to the difficulty and importance of the cause which he is engaged to plead ; and the political orator, whether at the hustings or in the forum, may speak until he has done--until he has said all that he deems it desirable to say on the question which forms the subject of discussion ; but the minister in the pulpit, whatever may be the nature of his theme or the difficulties with which it is beset, is expected to dispatch it in just about so many minutes--the limit varying according to the popularity of the preacher and the patience of the congregation, from twenty-five to forty-five minutes. Beyond the limit, in no circumstances must he presume to pass if he values his own good name or the good will of his hearers. Now very little thought is sufficient to convince any person of considerable intelligence that there are a great many subjects which cannot be treated except in the most superficial

and unsatisfactory manner in half-an-hour, which may be taken as the average time allowed to ordinary preachers. Why the preliminary statements necessary to remove difficulties and to prepare the way to the intelligible treatment of some subjects would consume the greater part of the time into which the whole discussion would have to be compressed. What other course is left open then for the judicious preacher than to give all such subjects a wide berth?

There is another class of subjects which include a large amount of instruction, and in the treatment of which the preacher must, per force, assume the position of a teacher; and every intelligent minister knows that there is among the people of our times a growing impatience of instruction. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, a few years ago, said he had asked a public lecturer, of more than average popularity, what class of subjects and what mode of treatment he had found to take best with the public? The reply was, that this was a hard question to answer; but that he had learned, from a somewhat extensive experience and observation, that *what the people needed was instruction*. It is more than probable, that the experience of many a really thoughtful minister, eminently fitted for the work of a public instructor, coincides substantially with this. There is, undoubtedly, a sentiment abroad, which, though it has not taken a distinct form, or received a very definite expression, is decidedly antagonistic to an instructive ministry. The notion appears to be gaining ground that the pastorate has ceased to be a teaching office; that the people have outgrown the need of instruction from the pulpit; and that with the schoolmaster abroad, with books and periodicals treating upon every possible kind of subject, both plentiful and cheap, to treat a congregation of average intelligence as if it were composed of persons in a state of tutelage, needing instruction, is little less than to insult their understanding. Probably few would express themselves in these terms, and not many are even conscious of holding such sentiments; but then our hearts often feel more than our lips would willingly express, and we are not always distinctly conscious of feelings which are, nevertheless, continually manifesting themselves in our lives. This singular aversion to instruction, especially to instructive preaching, even among those who are least conscious of it, is constantly cropping out. And yet the preacher is as constantly stumbling upon passages of Scripture, the terms of which, he knows full well, must be carefully explained, their grammatical construction minutely and critically examined, allusions to ancient customs, it may be, pointed out—in a word, all the resources of a profound and elaborate criticism laid under contribution, both for the purposes of exposition and illustration, before their meaning can be made sufficiently clear to one in ten of his adult hearers, not to speak of children and youth, whose claims should never be overlooked in the ministrations of the church, to enable him to feel the force of any general observations which might be founded upon them. It is clear that if these passages are taken up at all, and if their treatment is not an utter sham—worse than no treatment at all—the preacher must assert his right to perform the work of a public instructor, and perform a vast amount of that kind of work which is generally understood to belong to the office of the

Bible-class teacher, or to the theological professor, or the professor of biblical exegesis, before he comes to that practical application and appeal, which by many appear to be regarded as constituting the sole work of the pulpit. In view of this fact what is he to do? If his conviction of duty be distinct and strong; if the moral sense be influential and commanding; if his nerves are firm, and his resolution sufficiently strong to enable him to face the fire of an unfavorable criticism; and if he is not afraid to have such epithets as "dry" and "stupid" flung at his head, or to allow himself to be "voted a bore" for conscience sake, he will not have much difficulty, it is true, in coming to a decision. But even preachers are not all men of steel. Nor are these always the most useful. There are among them the gentle, the timid, the nervous; men who are so delicate in their organization, and their nerves so finely strung, that the sympathy and approval of their people, whom they love as their own life, are almost a necessity of their very being, without which they are utterly miserable. The sensitive reader will readily understand the almost tragic state of indecision in which the mind of one of these gentle ones may sometimes be held, in view of these facts.

There are other difficulties which confront the preacher in this, the not least difficult part of his work, which will readily occur to the thoughtful reader who has given any serious attention to the subject. Some texts and topics have already been treated, or others so cognate to them, that it would not be easy to discuss them without getting on the same track. The selection of one subject would be understood as a personal attack upon some particular party in the church or congregation; the choice of another would expose the preacher to the charge of taking sides in some quarrel extant in the neighbourhood; a third would be construed as a prejudgment of a case of discipline which may have to come before him and the church shortly for adjudication. Then a theme which may be very suitable at one time, and in a particular state of the church, may be quite unsuitable at a different time, and in an altogether dissimilar state of things. Seasons of revival call for a class of topics, and mode of treatment, which would not be as well suited to seasons of spiritual quiet; and sermons which would be admirably adapted to the edification of the Church, would be utterly useless as the instruments of awakening men and leading them to decision. These, and a thousand other things, must be taken into the account in the selection of a text. Enough, however, has been said to indicate that the work of sermon-making is beset with some difficulty, and that not the least of its difficulties has to be encountered and overcome before the work is really commenced.

EASTERTIDE.



ASTER! There lies a soft power in the sound of this word—a mighty sound like the ringing of church bells, and the first sound of the robin's voice as it sings, is to say, Spring is coming; the radiance of the blue heaven makes the heart beat for joy, not only for human joy, but also for Christian joy; the same bells which proclaim the resurrection of our Saviour, peal also in joy at the resurrection of the earth after its long winter sleep; when shrubs and flowers burst forth anew, putting on a new life, and casting away the old one. And shall man not do the same? Is there any time in the Christian year a better time to cast out the old man Adam, as at Easter-tide, where we should look to the Cross—that sacred symbol which sanctifies alike the Christian's joy and the Christian's sorrow; leading along the way of to the Mount of Calvary, and pointing upwards from thence to Him, who, having risen from the grave, is now at the right hand of the Majesty on high?

Shall we not bear patiently the sorrows of this world, which come to many (crushing them almost under their weight), and follow the footsteps of our suffering Lord? What did He bare for us?—shame, humiliation, taunting, mocking words. The cross, with all its shame and grief, must have stood clearly before Him; the crown of thorns, the purple robe, the nails and the lance and the wounds. He saw it all in the distance. He had to pass through all, ere blessed Easter could come to us on earth, bring joy to every believer's heart, to know He is in His Father's house to prepare the mansions for those whom He has redeemed.

Shall we shrink from bearing the cross which procured our salvation? Shall we turn away from the way of sorrows, which He, our Lord and Master, walked, and seek the pleasant ways and flowery paths of this mortal life? Surely not. When in our infant years we were brought to the holy font, and signed with the sign of the cross, it was in token that we would fight under its banner, and walk in His ways, by obeying the commands of the Captain of our salvation.

Some of you, perhaps, have climbed and toiled up the Alps, with their steep height, and which at first seemed almost impracticable; but you have braced yourself for the task, you had determined to surmount every obstacle, and you conquered at last; you stood on the summit, and gazed upon the glorious scene which met your eye, and you felt that it had been well worth the toil, the difficulty, and even the danger of the ascent, if at the last you could look upon such loveliness as you had never dreamt of before. So it is with the way of the cross; but it takes a life-time to mount the steep, narrow path which leads to heaven, and we need rest and refreshment by the way, lest we should faint and grow weary, overcome by the difficulties which we have promised to bear.

In the blessed Sacrament, in prayer, in listening to preaching, in the comfort of God's Holy Word, and in the services of the Church, we find strength for our journey, toilsome and hard though it may be. The traveller on the mountain top, has to leave all the beauty upon which he gazed for a little time, and go back by the way which he came. But there is no turning back for us; when we have reached the summit, we stay there for ever; and the Cross which had led us on is exchanged for a crown of glory.

The path which leads to the haven where we would be, all overgrown as it is with thorns and brambles, and sometimes with bright, tempting flowers, which if we stop to cull them we surely die.

Along hard, dry roads, into the haunts of poverty and the homes of sin, where sickness and sorrow reign, where the light of joy seldom if ever enters, there it is that the shadow of the Cross shines brightest; there it is that you must walk if you would follow in the sacred footprints of our blessed Lord. We generally have to choose between two things,—between right and wrong,—and our minds are torn and harassed by doubts as to which path we shall take. One, it may be, is pleasant and bright, and has no semblance of wrong about it; the other is dreary and distasteful, but there is that about it by which we can surely recognize that it is the right path for us to take. The way to Calvary was hard and difficult, the burden of the Cross bowed down the holy Jesus with its weight, and it is for us to choose the path which is most distasteful to us, to walk humbly and dutifully in the way in which He walked, if we would share with Him the gladness of the Eternal Eastertide in the Paradise of God.

HENRIETTA SKELTON.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION BETWEEN DR. TYNDALL
AND SAMMY HICK.



THAT gave rise to the following imaginary conversation between the "Village Blacksmith" and Dr. Tyndall, was, some liberties which he had taken with Sammy in his published review of the *Bampton Lecture*, which are as follows:—

"The eminent lecturer's remarks on this head (answer to prayer) brought to my recollection certain narratives published in certain Methodist magazines which I used to read with avidity when a boy. The title of these chapters, if I remember aright, was: "The Providence of God Asserted;" and in them the most extraordinary and exciting escapes from peril were recounted, and ascribed to prayer; while equally wonderful instances of calamity were adduced as instances of divine retribution. In such magazines, or elsewhere, I found recorded that of the celebrated Sammy Hick, which, as it illustrates a whole class of special providences, approaching in con-

clusiveness to miracles, is worthy of mention here. It is related of this holy man—and I for one have no doubt of his holiness—that flour was lacking to make the sacramental bread. Grain was present, and a windmill, but there was no wind to grind the corn. With faith undoubting, Samuel Hick prayed to the Lord of the winds. The sails turned, and the corn was ground; after which the wind ceased.”

From this the scientific Dr. deduced the conclusion that the chronicler of the circumstance and Sammy Hick were quite as superstitious as the Bampton Lecturer.

Well, let the two men speak their sentiments freely, and face to face. Let the baffling and clever unbelief of the doubter, and the straightforward shrewdness of a simple-minded believer stand side by side, and compare notes for a little while. No liberties are taken with Dr. Tyndall excepting a few connecting words necessary for keeping up the form of a dialogue. Sammy's tone of thought and mode of expression as in use in his day, and in the locality of his residence, is preserved in character as near as possible.

DR. TYNDALL.—Have I the pleasure of shaking hands with the “celebrated Samuel Hick?”

SAMUEL HICK.—Thaah (they) call me Sammy Hick, bud (but) ah (I) niver knawed 'at ah were celebrated afore. Has'mivver (however) I'se feear'd (afraid) ah mun (must) be gettin a rayther notorious character, if sich as ye as heard tell o' meh. But thaah tell me, Doctor, 'at thaa's been makin' rayther free wi' me i' sum o' them fine papers o' t' i. e. Ah, lad, thaah's dearly welcome, if ta can du ony guid wi meh (any good with me).

DR. T.—Oh, Mr. Hick, I confessed that you were a “holy man,” and that “I for one have no doubt of your holiness.” And if I seemed to imply that you were a “little superstitious,” I only put you in the same class as the Bampton Lecturer.

S. H.—Well, ah niver heerd tell ot Bampton Lecturer, haas'mivver, I'se (I shall) be rare glad to meet i' class wi' him, if he's a spiritual-minded man. But nabody niver heard me say as ah was “holy,” thoah bless God, ah does enjoy perfect love, as casts aht awal fear. But wun o' our preachers as 'as read the book telled me he reckoned thah meant to mak spooart o' God hearing my pooar prayers abat t'wind. Thaah didn't tell the taal jist reet, lad; thaah'd forgetten. Bud hah dus a cliver man like thee accaahnt fur things cummin' when weh praah fur 'em, and nooan cummin' when we doant? All Micklefield and 't places rahnd abaat knaws it did happen as ha telled.

DR. T.—Oh, Mr. Hick, I could not question your word. It was a singular coincidence.

S. H.—Nah (now), Doctor, thaah mun speak plaan English wi' meh; ah's noah schollard. *What's a cooincedence?* Thah leekturs unscientific fowk betimes.

DR. T.—Why, I mean the wind happened to rise just as you had finished praying, and to drop when your corn was ground.

S. H.—Heppened? ah just reckon it did heppen; there's noah mistake abaat thot, lad. But sich c'ivver fellows as ye sud tell us poor fowk (folks) how

sich things heppen. Why couldn't ta soah it heppened acause it heppened, i'stead o' the foine word "cooinceedence?" I'se not balind (not bound) to be threeped (clamoured) down bi the' foin words.

Dr. T.—Well, but Mr. Hick, everything in this great universe moves by *law*.

S. H.—Bless the barn!* ah could a telled thee that. St. Paul says as nich when he axes, "By what *law* a poor sinner finds peace wi' God?" He says, "It's by the *law* of faith." If i' all the science, as ta calls it, thaah can find no lawah'at 'll accahant fur answers to prayer, thaah may be sure, mun, it's sum lawah tha' hesn't got at yit. It's noan other lawah nur (than) the lawah of faith.

Dr. T.—Oh, Mr. Hick, this is the nineteenth century. For thousands of years witchcraft and magic and miracles and special providences have had the world to themselves.

S. H.—My lad, mind how thaah talks i' thot uns, wlah there's noan ony real i' thot talk. T' Pharisees tried to get ou'd o' Christ's miracles by makin um aht to be no better nor witchcraft and sich loik. Thaah's on dangerous ground there, Doctor.

Dr. T.—Oh, I should be sorry to hurt your feelings, but the idea that the Builder and Sustainer of all should contrast himself to a burning bush. How astounding the incongruity must appear to the scientific man!†

S. H.—Where did'st get thot? There's nowt in my bible abahit God contrastin Hisself to a burning bush. He spoke out of a burning bush. He manifested Hisself in the burning bush. Thaah mud as well talk o' the law of gravitation contrastin' itsen' to the apple that Newton seed fallin.'

Dr. T.—What then do you make of the sun standing still a whole day upon Gibeon, and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon? Even accepting the interpolation, that what really occurred was the suspension of the earth's rotation. The energy here employed is equal to that of six trillions of horses working for the whole of the time employed by Joshua in the destruction of his foes.‡

S. H.—Ay, dear! It's nivver too late to learn, as ta sayin' is. It's fust time I ivver hecard the strength o' the Almighty measured by hoss power. But where didst ta get thot bible o' thoin? Thee's must a swopt the mother's bible for a queer un. There's nowt i' my bible abaet the earth's rotaytion, or t' suspension on it owther. Jozua, no doubt, set down whot he said and what he seed. If thaah can tell haah it come aboot, tho'll do a sect moore guid thon pickin' hoals i' scriptur'. Thaah's hecard tell o' Adam Clarke, hest not? To be sure tho hes, if tha's red th owd magazines. He'd someot same letters efter naam as tha hes, and ivver sa many mooar. Well, I've getten his Commentary, an' he tells abaet refraction o' t'sun's raahs when he's caunting (accounting) for t'shadow gooin back on sun-dial o' Ahaz's. It seemed to me rather queer as there were no shorter way nor stoppin' the earth. Thah knaws all about these things. They say thaah's geeu the moind to such loik. Nah couldn't thee find aht sum shurter way o' cauntin' for whot Jozua and t'Israel-

* "Child," a favorite expression with Sammy. † *Fragments of Science*, page 447.

‡ *Fragments of Science*, page 446.

ites and Canaanites seed? Jozua nobut axed for sunleet to see by. He nivver prayed abaht the earth's rotatyon. Prayin' people nivver dictates to God haah he's to answer their prayers, nor axes haah he's answered them nowther. But tha believes i' heart miracles, ah reckon. Thaah tell me at Faradah were a prayin' man, a kind o' local preacher, and he nivver mist his appointments o't Sundah 'morn at efter he'd been d'liverin them for lektures o't week dah. Thot were grand. Thot were summat loike. An' he found out a good few things, more nor sum of rest o' ye 'at does not reckon to preach.

Dr. T.—His religion was constitutional and hereditary. It was supplied in the eddies of his blood and in the tremors of his brain.*

S II.—Aych! tha nivver got thot from Faradah. Tha got that where thaah tell me tha reckons to get most o' the science, as ta calls it, fra the imagination. Dost ta mean ta say at my religion is "constitutional?" Ah can tell theh then the eddies of o' my blood and the tremours o' my braalm hedn't much religion in 'em. But haah dost accuant for this conversion makin' si mich difference i' the eddies o' fowk's blood and the tremours o' their braalm? For moind theh, it's nivver done by the electrifying machine, or owt o' that. One o' our preachers were tellin' me as Sur David Brewster were rare and cantankerous afore he were converted. It's a sore pity as all t'world dusn't get this conversion into the eddies o' their braalm. But ah've read in our magazine abaht Sir Issac Newton, and Faradah, and Sir David Brewster, and Sir Charles Bell, and Sir John Herschel, and Dr. Huggins, and Mr. Adams, as found aht the planet Neptune. All on hum were God-fearin', prayin' men. Nah, there's seven on um, "seven men that can render a reason," and seven's t'perfect number. Can ta find, think's ta, seven o' your talkin' men to match these seven prayin' men? Ah mean as 'as fahnd aht as much. Tell us what law it is 'at maks prayin' men foind out si mich moore thon yer talkin' men? For we see it must be by some law.† But how dost think the world fust began?

Dr. T.—I walked down Regent Street, some time ago, with a man of great gifts and acquirements, discussing with him various theological questions. I could not accept his views on the origin and destiny of the universe, nor was I prepared to enumerate any definite views of my own. He turned to me at length and said: "You surely must have some theory of the universe." I replied "I have not even a theory of magnetism."‡

S. H.—Well Doctor, what did this man of great gifts and acquirements say to that? He let thee off wonderfully easy, mun. It fair caps me hah ony body as used to read the owd *Melody* magazines "with avidity," as tha says tha did when tha were a boy, can talk i' that jaunty way abaht the most solemn things. Doctor, tha had a theory of the universe, as ta calls it, when tha were a little un. When tha used to praah "Our Father, which art in heaven." Tha seems to think thot the loving and holy God tha used to praah to when tha were a boy, may be ignored. Has ta any theory, as ta calls it,

* Article on FARADA, *Academy*, for May and June, 1870; and *Fragments of Science*, page 369.

† We have sought throughout the Doctor's brilliant works for answers to these obvious questions, but found none.

‡ *Fragments of Science*, Address to Students, page 105.

abaah't the own soul? Tha'll have to hev when ta comes to dee. Doant be 'fended, we Methodys axes very clois questions somtoims—but happen tha thinks Ise makin' too free wi' theh?

Dr. T.—Not at all, Mr. Hick; "The affections and emotions are eminently the court of appeal in matters of real religion, which is an affair of the heart and not of dry 'intellect.'"^{*}

S. H.—Th'art reet there, lad. I'se foin pleased to hear thee talk i' that loik. Then tha believes in real religion efter all? Ah thought all time tha was making aah't that Faradali's religion were nowt but *eddies* o' blood and tremours o' braahms; tha knew better than that. Ah lad, real religion—faith, is an affair of the heart, and so is unbelief. An' that's why unbelief condemns and kills the soul. But lah thinks tah these strange notions o' thine, or Huxleh and Darwin, takes hold o' people's fancies so?

Dr. T.—Questions such as these derive their present interest in great part from their audacity.†

S. H.—Reet again, lad; tha's just hit it. Audacity, that's t'word. If tha'd only start a prayin' tha'd soon come reet altogether. Ah tell what I likes in the lektures: tha caan't keep of religion. Tha's a bit o' the Methody in the yet; tha sometimes gives a bit o' thy own experience. But tha need not be in sich a hurry to publish the doubts; unbelief is very infectious. If tha'll seek Him tha used to call Father, with all thy heart, he'll be found on thee, when tha seeks him in prayer and in the study o' the word; and it will be the grandest discovery tha ivver made. For if tha's nivver had an answer to prayer—its because tha's nivver looked for one in humble faith. "For them as marks a providence will never want a providence to mark." "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

Let's have a verse or two of a him and a word o' prayer:

With glorious clouds encompassed round,
Whom angels dimly see;
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

Will he forsake his throne above—
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

—*City Road Magazine.*

God's LOVE, NOT MINE.—Some years ago two gentlemen were riding together; and, as they were about to separate, one addressed the other thus: "Do you ever read your bible?" "Yes, but I get no benefit from it, because, to tell the truth, I feel I do not love God." "Neither did I," replied the other, "but God loved me." This answer produced such an effect upon his friend, that, to use his own words, it was as if one had lifted him off the saddle into the skies. It opened up to his soul at once the great truth that it is not how much I love God, but how much God loves me.

^{*} *Fragments of Science*, page 442. † *Fragments of Science*, page 47.

THE PHYSICAL CAUSES OF OUR LORD'S DEATH.

BY JOHN WHITTINGHAM.



WITH all his quaint, paradoxical effusiveness, Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Religio Medici," congratulates himself that he lived not in the days of miracles—that he never saw Christ nor his disciples; for he reasons that in such case his faith had been thrust upon him, and that he could not have enjoyed the greater blessing pronounced upon all who believe and saw not. But, in truth, the learned physician of Norwich was inclined to deprecate the evidence of the senses in the highest matters, through the excessive weight he was prone to attach to it in more ordinary ones. Miracles in themselves do not compel faith in the breast of any man. Faith is not only essential to the seeing of the miracle, it is, if we may be allowed the figure, the atmosphere in which alone miracles can be wrought. Christ himself clearly tells us that in the days of his flesh there were some places in which He could do no great works because of unbelief. It was only where the heart was yearning to be convinced against the urgent demands of the senses and the mind, that the evidence was brought so close even to the senses and the mind as to compel them into obedience to the dictates of the higher spiritual principle. Thomas in his secret heart, was longing to cry out "My Lord, and my God," else surely he had never uttered with such surpassing fervour his desire to put his finger into the marks of the nails, and to thrust his hand into his Lord's riven side. Through the very breaks and rifts the light streamed in; but the inner chamber was ready for the light,—as in the case of the *camera obscura*, all that was needed was the touch of the ray to fix an enduring impression, never to be effaced. So when Sir Thomas Browne congratulates himself that he lived not in the days of miracles, he only gratefully acknowledged a mind tuned to ready reception of spiritual truth—a mind which in the days of miracle would have been prepared to believe without the direct evidence of miracle, just as it was prepared to believe in those days when it uttered its thankfulness for not having lived in that earlier and apparently far more favored time. For it was in these very days of miracle that Christ pronounced them blessed who had not seen and yet had believed. To truly believing hearts times and seasons are all of one. Abraham and Moses foresaw what John saw. Peter actually beheld, and what now saints look back to witness; but all were in the same spirit when the truth stood revealed to their hearts.

Renan and such men mainly gain their end by inconsistently and suggestively enforcing at every point the idea that faith creates a world for itself out of no substance whatsoever. The objects of belief is an illusion that has an existence only in relation to the individual mind that is influenced by it. A new Hume is needed to carry to its last issue this sentimental scepticism, and to make an end of it. The objects of all our affections and finer feelings are surely illusions likewise, that only exist as they are conceived by us. According to this new school of thinkers, Christ partially answered to the ideal of His followers, who, out of the hint thus given them, imaginatively created the Son of God. But if humble persons, who, in the great crisis of their Master's history, weakly forsook Him and fled, could shortly afterwards, out of their own consciousness, produce such a perfect creation—a character that so enchants minds like that of M. Renan, it seems to us that the wonder were not less but more, and that in the very process of getting rid of the supernatural we have to confess to a new miracle.

And there is more than one miracle; there is a series of them. For not only did Mary at the grave create for herself the object which she sought, but various men—whose words must have had some hint of answer to the deeper wants of the human heart, in that they have been kept in remembrance for centuries on centuries,—*fore-created* the same being. Their words are either prophetic, or humanity belies the high character which is claimed for it by the writers with whom we are dealing. Faith may, indeed, create phantoms and illusions; but here we have facts clearly anticipated; the words only taking on their full spiritual meaning in the light of the facts which were foreseen. In no instance, perhaps, is this more noticeable than in the prophecies regarding the death of Christ. Jewish prophecy has no meaning, Jewish history has no real continuity, unless in view of the idea that it was needful "one should die for the people." Types and observances add their own force to that of prophecy. They are like the lights constantly held up to the inscription to read it by. The burden of all is vicarious suffering. The Messiah was to die a death of shame in all the outward forms and accompaniments of it, yet a glorious death in so far as it was to be voluntary and in a high sense independent of all those outward forms and accompaniments. And as it was local and Jewish by its circumstances, it fulfilled the prophecies in their letter; but it was universal in its spirit, and was seen so to elevate and spiritualize as to expand the limits of application till they touched the extremes of human life, and included all men. Judaism was no more; it had perished in the very fulfilment of its own prophecy. The Jews were slow to believe this, but circumstances once more added their attestation. They were dispersed over the whole earth.

Running through all the prophecies regarding Christ's death there is, if we may speak so, a double reference. The inner and more spiritual purpose seems to be realized by what might at first be regarded as a partial failure of the outer and circumstantial one. We have in our hands at this moment a very remarkable book, Dr. Stroud's treatise on the "Physical Causes of Christ's Death," the whole argument of which is that, though Christ was raised up on the cross in order that the prophecies might be fulfilled in their literal terms, yet He did not die from the ordinary results of crucifixion, but from the agony of excessive sorrow causing rupture of the heart, that so the prophecy might also be fulfilled in its very spirit. While hanging on the cross He died of that great and terrible grief for others, of which the cross is the most excellent symbol. How touching, how human it is to think that our Saviour died of a broken heart; that the nails which entered into his tender flesh did not so much hasten on his decease as the sighs and groans which He only breathed even in these awful hours over a sinning world; that in spite of the charter given to the Jews to offer him up, He did yet, in the deepest and truest sense, "offer up His own life, no man taking it from Him?" Dr. Stroud, who was a skilful physician, carefully studied all the expressions of Scripture—both those in prophecy and those descriptive of our Saviour's passion—and wrote a work which brings out in quite a striking light the final sufferings of the garden and the cross. The result of the whole is that prophecy is conclusively proved to have been fulfilled in a far more close and intimate sense than if we were to accept the idea that Christ directly died from the natural effects of crucifixion.

Crucifixion was one of the most lingering forms of death, the crucified usually living for three or four days, sometimes even so long as the seventh day. But there was little or no blood-shedding caused by it, for the feet were supported by a beam, and the nails, driven into parts where there were no large blood-vessels, plugged up the holes whereby any blood might have escaped. But in the case of our Saviour, the soldiers coming some hours after found Him already dead. They, therefore, did not break His legs, as they did

those of the two thieves crucified along with Him, that the prophecy might be fulfilled, "Not a bone of Him shall be broken." But one of the soldiers put a spear into His side, and thence issued blood *and* water. And so, in this apparently accidental and unpremeditated manner, His blood was shed. But very remarkable things come out of the medical facts adduced with regard to this blood *and* water which issued from our Lord's side.

"The blood and water which flowed from the side of Christ," writes Dr. Stroud, "when pierced by the soldier's spear, were the result of a previous effusion into the pericardial sac of a quantity of blood, which had there separated into serum and crassamentum, and was derived from rupture of the heart. The only conceivable alternatives are simple hemorrhage into the pericardium, and dilatation of one or more of the cardiac chambers; each of which conditions might, like the rupture itself, be induced by violent action of the heart owing to agony of mind, and in each of which the blood might be found after death divided into its constituents. Of these alternatives the former is liable to the objection, that the few instances of the kind placed on record seem to have depended either on the rupture of a blood-vessel, or on some peculiar laxity of the pericardial capillaries, implying local debility or disease. But, as no defect of this or any other description could have existed in the body of Christ, which was perfect and vigorous, and when previously tested in the Garden of Gethsemane had been proved to be free from such predisposition, the solution is inadmissible. Objections still stronger apply to the other alternative, for in that case neither would the mode of death have been equally speedy or sudden, nor would the quantity of blood retained in the heart have exceeded a few ounces; and, as even of this small quantity the whole could scarcely have been discharged through the wound made by the spear, the consequent flow of blood and water would not have been sufficiently conspicuous to attract the attention of the Evangelist John, and induce him to mention it in his narrative. A weightier objection is suggested by the different time required for the coagulation of blood, according as it is situated within or without the vascular system. When effused into the pericardium, owing to a rupture of the heart which proves almost immediately fatal, its mode of concretion cannot materially differ from that which occurs when it is drawn from the body during life. In the latter case it happens, generally speaking, in a few minutes, and the complete separation of the serum and crassamentum in an hour; the process being more rapid when the original temperature of the blood is maintained than when it is allowed to cool. It has been ascertained that this change takes place much more slowly in blood remaining after death within the heart and great vessels than in that which has been removed from them. This important fact is decisive of the point now under consideration. For the death of Christ happened at the ninth hour, that is, about three o'clock in the afternoon, on Friday, the first day of the Paschal Festival, which, as is well known, was celebrated at the vernal equinox; and His body was embalmed and laid in the tomb before six the same evening, when the sun set, and the Jewish Sabbath began. Between the time of His death and that when His side was pierced by the soldier, the longest interval which can with any probability be assigned is two hours; an interval which, although abundantly sufficient for the separation of extravasated blood into its constituents, more especially in the pericardium of a body still warm, and fixed in an erect posture on the cross, was, as it now appears, far too short for the coagulation of blood still remaining in the heart.

"In conclusion, it may, therefore, with certainty be affirmed, that between the agony of mind which the Saviour endured in the Garden of Gethsemane, and the profuse sweat mixed with clotted blood which so rapidly followed it, violent palpitation of the heart must necessarily have intervened; this being

the only known condition which could have been at once the effect of the former occurrence and the cause of the latter. In like manner, when on the cross this agony was renewed, and by the addition of bodily suffering was increased to the utmost intensity, no other known condition could have formed the connecting link between the mental anguish and His sudden death, preceded by loud exclamations, and followed by an effusion of blood and water from his side when afterwards pierced with a spear, than the aggravation even to rupture of the same violent action of the heart, of which the previous palpitation and bloody sweat were but a lower degree and a natural prelude. If, whilst every other explanation hitherto offered has been proved to be untenable, the cause now assigned for the death of Christ, namely, rupture of the heart from agony of mind, has been proved to be the result of an actual power in nature, fully adequate to the effect, really present without counter-action, minutely agreeing with all the facts of the case, and necessarily implied by them, this cause must, according to the principles of inductive reasoning, be regarded as demonstrated."

In this view of the closing scene of Christ's life what fresh meaning have we added to His history? His crucifixion, without losing any of its historical significance, becomes more and more the exhaustive symbol of the spirit in which He lived and wrought and taught. It is the inner that interprets the outer, and imparts to it its rich significance. The historical pales not in its colour by a single whit; but its colour is seen to be caught from something that lies behind it, higher because more secret and ineffable. The witness of blood, of darkness and earthquake, combine to affirm that He truly is "Emmanuel, God with us," at the end as well as at the beginning of his earthly life. In fashion as a man, He endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself; but, with the full prerogative of the Son of God, He suffers chiefly from His own agony over sin, and thus gives up the ghost that P^3 may accomplish fully the great end for which He came into the world. This is the source and centre of Christian mystery. Science has assured us of the bearing of certain facts; but these only conduct us back to still higher regions of mystery where our reverence should be deepened. Our knowledge is but as the steps of a ladder, whose top is lost in the clouds.

Our Saviour died the just for the unjust, and his inward agony was love's own atonement. And what a depth of sacred meaning does such a conception of his final sufferings give to all its outward attendant circumstances! Nature seemed stricken with terror, and trembled throughout all her domain. She drew a veil over the outward expression of His awful sorrow; for, as being God's most direct manifestation, it may be that no man could have looked upon it and lived. Wonderful condescension of infinite love, who could think of it and not be touched to reverence and gratitude!

The awful words, "What sorrow is like unto my sorrow?" come to us now with a fresh burden of meaning. We can no more think of Christ save as Him whom we have pierced. Our habitual forgetfulness of his great anguish can only be a fresh wounding of his heart. How fit, then, and how devout are these words which occur in a letter written by the late Sir James Simpson to Dr. Hanna, with the intention that it should appear at the close of his remarkable work on the "Life of Christ":—

"If ever a human heart was riven and ruptured by the mere amount of human agony that was endured, it would surely—we might even argue *a priori*—be that of our Redeemer, when, during these dark and dreadful hours on the cross, He, being 'made a curse for us,' bore our griefs and carried our sorrows,' and suffered for sin the malediction of God and man, 'full of anguish,' now 'exceeding sorrowful even unto death.' . . .

"It has always appeared—to my medical mind at least—that this view of

the mode by which death was produced in the human body of Christ, intensifies all our thoughts and ideas regarding the immensity of the astounding sacrifice which He made for our sinful race upon the cross. Nothing can possibly be more striking and startling than the appalling and terrible passiveness with which God as man submitted, for our sakes, his incarnate body to all the horrors and tortures of the crucifixion. But our wonderment at the stupendous sacrifice only increases when we reflect that, whilst thus enduring for our sins the most cruel and agonizing form of corporeal death, He was ultimately 'slain,' not by the effects of the anguish of his corporeal frame, but by the mightier anguish of his mind; the flesh, walls of his heart—like the veil, as it were, in the temple of his human body—becoming rent and riven, as for us 'He poured out his soul unto death,' 'the travail of his soul' in that awful hour thus standing out as unspeakably bitter and more dreadful than even the travail of his body."—*Sunday Magazine*.

GATHERING POWER OF THE CHURCH FORESHADOWED.

BY REV. W. E. BOARDMAN.



HERE is one movement of the times which must strike every reflective observer; it is the process of POPULARISATION. God, in his providence, is spreading the treasures of knowledge and power amongst the people. Everything, in every department of human acquisition, which has hitherto been kept within the narrow circle of the limited few, God is now opening out to the million. He is making the masses rich; lifting them up; and ennobling them in every element of true greatness. There are 'prentice boys, this day, who know more than Franklin did of the workings of the fiery fluid, brought down from the clouds by him, and had they lived in his time and known what they now know, their memories would be lifted up to lofty niches in the temple of fame.

Many a lad in the engine works, taking the early lessons of his trade, knows more of the power and application of steam than Watt or Fulton knew; and many a schoolboy is better acquainted with the order, numbers, magnitudes, distances, motions, and laws of the heavenly bodies than Copernicus. Really, these schoolboys and 'prentices are greater, in these elements of greatness, than Franklin, Watt, Fulton, and Copernicus.

Knowledge is popularised, and knowledge is power. But the best of all knowledge is the knowledge of Jesus, and the greatest of all powers is the power of God through faith in Jesus, and this knowledge and power are being popularised.

The question is often asked, Why does not God raise up some Whitefield or Luther in our day?

The answer is, He *is* raising up a multitude of Whitefields and Luthers. He will have all men to be *Kings and Priests*. The same great truths which made Luther and Whitefield great, will soon make the whole church of Christ upon earth, a church of Whitefields and Luthers—if not in intellect and eloquence, yet in living union with Jesus, which was the greatest and noblest endowment of these noble men.

This popularising process is universal. It goes forward in everything, not alone in the utilities, but in the luxuries and elegances of life. "Costly apparel," such as once must be sought alone in kings' palaces, finds its way now into the cottage. Silks, satins, broadcloths—where will you not find them? The servant does not wait now for the cast-off clothing of master or mistress, but buys new from the shop, more showy, if less costly, than their employers wear. Gold chains, once the ornaments of the princes of mammon, now festoon the persons of the servants of tradesmen. Travel—formerly the rare privilege of the favoured few—is now enjoyed beyond the sea, to countries remote, by flitting, migrating myriads; while at home, the whole people, drones only excepted, like bees of the hive, sip nectar and gather manna from every flower, and every pool too, alas! in the land. Coach and livery are distanced out of sight, and almost driven from the track by the iron-horse and his train, and he and his owners care little who rides and pays, whether plebeian or prince. Even the light and the lightning are harnessed in for this process of popularisation. Turned artist, the light paints our likeness in a few seconds for a few cents, with a truthfulness which, if it does not flatter like the pencil, never lies; and so it comes about that these fac-similes of our loved ones, erewhile the rare and treasured ornaments of mansions and palaces only, are now piled up in every cottage. And the lightning, tamed and taught—not the English, but a universal language—is turned spokesman for the world, and soon, if not already, will so speak as to be heard, whether in behalf of king or peasant, the whole world over in a single moment of time. It is, therefore, just in harmony with this universal movement that God is popularising the deeper and sweeter knowledge of Jesus.

A scene occurred one morning in far-famed Old South, Boston, in the morning meeting in the chapel, too natural to be noticed as at all extraordinary by the attendants at that precious daily reunion. At the close of the meeting, after the sound of the doxology had ceased its hallowed vibrations, as the people were greeting each other and leaving the chapel, two of the venerable men always occupying the front seats, with their ear-trumpets upturned to catch every word, arose and greeted each other. One placed his trumpet to his ear, and turned up its broad mouth toward his stooping white-headed companion. The other, bending down, and almost burying his face in the open mouth of the trumpet, with a slow, loud, wailing utterance, said, "Well—brother—we have been long—meditating—thinking—trying—to find out how—this divine life—could be best promoted—in the soul—and—we shall get it yet! Yes, we shall find it yet!"

"Oh yes, yes! we shall—we shall!" was the answer.

Yes. Yes, venerable father! Even so. You *will*, very soon. The Master will soon call for you, and then you shall see him; and he is the "*best way*," the only way. God grant, however, even now, before ye shall go hence, that Jesus may reveal himself to you as the best way.

In that same assembly, a moment before its breaking up, a fair-haired youth arose and said, "Dear brethren, help me to praise God! I have found the way! Jesus is the way! He is mine, and I am his! He is complete, and I am complete in him!"

Here were the venerable fathers feeling after the better way, and here was the child in it already, happy and satisfied.

Leaving that sacred place, and falling in with one of the dispersing worshippers—"Ah! my brother,"—so was the greeting,—"*you seem to understand that Christ is all in all! Your remarks show that you are in the light.*"

"Ah, yes, brother. Those words of Dudley Tyng stand up for Jesus; and those other words, 'Praying IN Jesus,' as his father has published them to the world, came home to me like a new revelation. I have long been a Christian,

and an active one, but the life hidden with Christ in God I never understood till then; but since then my views have been all new, and the fire has burned in my heart as it never did before."

Introduced to one in the meridian of life, who has been many years bearing his part in a prominent city church, he began talking of Jesus, and what he had done for him. "Oh, his ways are wonderful! He has dealt with me in great wisdom and mercy," said he. "I had a lovely wife. She was the sunshine of the house, and we were the happiest family in the world; as we used to think and say. But God came and took my wife away. My children felt it deeply. I was inconsolable; all summer I went mourning and bowed down. Life was a dreary waste. I thought I should go down in sorrow to the grave. But I was led to make a new covenant with the Lord; and somehow, I can hardly tell how, Jesus manifested himself as the way, and now all was new to me. The bible was new. The Christian life was new. The world was new. And I am happier now than I have ever been in all my life—happy in Jesus."

And he is not alone in his church. Others, too, have come out in the same fulness of light. And yet others are feeling for it.

After an address to Sunday-school teachers, closing with the thought that the wellspring of power to the workers for Jesus is union—an abiding union with him,—

"That is it! That is it!" said one of their number. "That is the very thing. Oh for that living union with Jesus!"

At the parlour fireside, half-an-hour later, in the sweet home of another of the teachers addressed,—“You touched the spring of all power,” said he, “in the closing remark.”

“Yes,” responded his excellent companion, “I have felt it for years, and longed to have the experience of it myself. My husband has been deeply interested a few months now, and now do tell us. How is it?”

Here, too, another yearning heart was found,—one who is a missionary among the Indians. She had left home, and friends, and all, to go and tell the Indians of Jesus.

Her life was laid thus a living sacrifice upon God's altar. She had tried the work, and loved it, and longed to be worthy of it. And now, while home on a visit, hearing one and another speak of a new and a higher experience, she grasped at it in a moment, as what she needed to satisfy the cravings of her own soul, and also to give her a higher power of usefulness in her mission.

“Tell me,” said she, “all about it. I must have it; but how? It is wrapped all up in mystery to me. I long to have it explained.”

In another place, one who has been somewhat enlightened, and been a living witness, testifying of the things that Jesus had done for her, and how precious he was to her every day, and all the time, said,—“Come and see us. There will be gathered at our house to-morrow evening, the parlours full of those, either recently come out into the the fulness of faith, or seeking instruction as to the way.”

These are the incidents of a few hours, and they are given to show a little of what comes to the surface in the view of a single observer, of the great work going on deep down in the solid and substantial stratum of the church, hidden almost entirely from the eye even of the christian world.

So God is popularising this union—this abiding vital union of christians with Christ.

So, also, is it in the field of activities as well.

The attentive observer cannot fail to see that the church is in the transition of a new phase of its life and power. The Phillips; and Stephens are multiplying; but what is most remarkable is to see the privilege of actual usefulness

grasped by so many who have thought hitherto that they could do nothing. Young men, business men, maidens, mothers, clerks, apprentices, journeymen, firemen, and those who have run after the firemen—in some instances outstripping even the watchmen on the walls—and this increasing every day.

Prayer and exhortation come from the lips of those in all grades of the church, from the youngest to the oldest, and in the tones and words of glowing hearts and fire-touched lips. The old man no longer says, "I am a dry tree, I cannot bear fruit." The youth no longer says, "I am untutored, I cannot speak." The business man has ceased to plead, "I am busy, I cannot spare time." All come up, and all come up to the help of the Lord. This, at least, is the tendency of the present, and in this there is a prophecy, that *all will come up* in the future at hand, if they do not already.

And oh, of the power the church will have then, we can form no conception! Isolated cases of the power of abiding union with Jesus, and its blessed abundant fruits, do certainly give some idea of individual power; but then these are *isolated cases*, and isolation is weakness, combination is power.

A thousand grains of powder, or a thousand barrels if you please, scattered a grain in a place and fired at intervals, would burn it is true, but would produce no concussion. Placed together, however, in effective position, they would lift up a mountain and cast it into the sea. Even so the whole church, filled with faith and fired by the Holy One who gave the tongues of fire on the day of Pentecost, will remove every mountain, fill up every valley, cast up the way of the Lord, and usher in the jubilee of redemption.

Something of this power we may see in such instances as the great awakening.

What was the secret spring touched by the Lord a hundred years ago to throw open the doors for the reception of Jesus by the tens of thousands then converted to God? Just this very experience of full salvation in the leaders and others.

What was it by which the Lord prepared Edwards, the Wesleys, and Whitefield, to herald the blessed Jesus to the multitudes with such simplicity and power? Just this very experience of full salvation.

What was it that gave Luther power to break his own Roman fetters, and become the champion of the free? Just this experience of the power of Jesus in him for full salvation.

What was it that gave the apostles power to come forth into the light themselves, and shed the light in such effulgence upon a benighted world? Christ the Sun of Righteousness risen in their own souls.

And if in the past this has wrought such glorious things by the few, and the isolated, oh, what will it not work when it shall pass into the experience of all!

Christ in the church, walking in invisible power amongst the golden candlesticks,—Christ seen by the faith which is the evidence of things not seen—Mighty to save!

And the world seen in its guilt and peril! Death at hand. The Judgment near. Heaven and Hell—with the impassable gulf between them—opening to receive the crowding multitude who are hastening onward!

Ah! when these great realities shall become the realities of living experimental apprehension, then will the church arise for the conquest, and then shall the battle be fought and the victory won.

There is one way in which we may shadow, dimly to ourselves, the power of the church then. Suppose every church in the world revived at the same moment, greetings from the north and from the south, and from the east and the west, coming in from every city and town and hamlet and habitation, "The Lord is here!" "The Lord is here!" Then suppose that to go on from year's end to year's end unceasingly—no longer in spasms, chills and fevers no more

alternating; but ever and ever the Lord working his works; sinners seeking and finding the Saviour! Jesus the hope of glory—every man's theme!

Ah! that would be glorious!

But even then, you must add the higher element of power. Jesus our sanctification, filling every man's cup of blessedness to overflowing, before the picture is complete.

When Jesus was on the earth in person, and the people saw him with their eyes, and heard him with their ears, they thronged him, and wondered at all his mighty works. Then he was only in one place at a time. The economy of God for the future is that of the presence of Jesus in all the plenitude of his grace and power in every place at the same time; working works of salvation more wonderful than miracles, and his presence realised by faith, so that it is really substantial; that is, actual.

In the days of his flesh, even his disciples failed to understand the nature of his kingdom and the glory of his designs. God's economy for us in the future is that we shall be strengthened with might in our hearts, that Christ may dwell in us by faith; that we, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able with all saints to comprehend the length and breadth and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and to be filled with all the fulness of God.

Then, when this is the status of universal experience, and when Christ is realised as present in every church, working in power, not limited by unbelief, as it was in the days of his flesh, and when the cry of every church is, The Lord is with us! The Lord is with us! and the glory of every soul is Christ, the hope of glory—then will the church come up to its normal state and to its predicted efficiency. And then a short work the Lord will make of it in the earth. For then he who stands out against the power of truth and grace will soon be cut off by the righteous hand of unsparing judgment. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Come quickly. Amen and Amen.

REVIVAL AND PRAYER.

BY THE REV. S. HEBDITCH.



HE revival of religion is no less the simplest than the sublimest of problems. Its author is the Holy Ghost, its condition is prayer. The resources and grace of the Spirit are adequate, and our Father who gave the Spirit without measure to Jesus, will give the same Spirit to them that ask Him. When He has done for us exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think, it will be by a power not other than but "according to that which worketh in us."

With the steadiness of a rule, which puts us much nearer to the law of spiritual than of natural storms, revival follows prayer. The great Hebrew revival, the first in History, followed upon the ten thousand cries which left the brickfields of Egypt as groans, and entered heaven as prayers. Before that cascade of glory, which fell from the hills of Heaven, and filled and flooded the new-made temple, Israel was hushed in prayer, led by him who, in the litany of urgent importunity, said: "Hear thou in Heaven, and when thou hearest, forgive." That warm breeze of mercy which thawed the ice of the captivity, and sent Israel home with joy to their own coasts, was put in motion by that praying patriot who *thus* panted after God: "O Lord, hear;

O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer not for Thy name's sake, O my God." Before the Advent, there were they that looked for redemption in Israel, and the Lord, whom they sought, came suddenly to His temple. Pentecost crowned ten days of continuous prayer. This is the rule. There may be exceptions. There may be a coming of the Spirit without a seeking. There is never a seeking without a coming.

I profess my deep and sorrowful conviction that all the defects which we deplore in the Church of our day result from one cause—restrained, diminished, hasty, joyless prayer. The hard-kneed race of Christians is gone. How seldom are we, by the fascination of prayer, "detained before the Lord." How hard it is to begin, how easy to leave off. How embarrassed, how tight an act it is. How seldom does our soul melt and flow out into God. Confession, how conventional; intercession, how restricted; pleading—who of us knows how to *plead* with God? Look, on the one hand, on the sublime nature of prayer—its reasons, encouragements, examples, and possible issues; and, on the other, at the actual praying of the modern Church, and it will appear contemptibly poor. Three or four hours of devotion a day, possible to Luther, to Doddridge, to George Muller, may not be possible to us. But are the habits of our men, who cut short their morning prayer because of business, and their evening prayer because of fatigue; of our youth of both sexes, who lie so late, and linger at the toilette so long; of all those who know nothing of crying at noon to God, and nothing of special seasons of prayer;—are these worthy disciples of Him who prayed about everything; who rose up a great while before day and went out into a solitary place, and there prayed; who more than once tarried all night in prayer to God, and in whose prayers there were strong crying and tears, and agony and bloody sweat?

Is there an unrest that shall be followed by perfect peace? The Lord give me that trouble. Is there an emptiness that shall be filled with the Spirit? God give me so to be poor. Is there a sorrow that shall be turned into the joy of the Lord? Let such tears fall from these eyes. Is there a praying that shall cause God to arise, and light up His Church below with His all-quickening presence? Then whatsoever prayer it be, whatsoever its faith, frequency, fervour, be it the prayer of the closet, of the special hour, of the fast; be it the concerted prayer of the little company, or the Christians of a continent; be it the prayer of ejaculation; be it *all* prayer and supplication; then the Lord teach us so to pray!

The question of revival, then, turns mainly, perhaps wholly, upon another question: Can you bring the Church to her knees? There, in the heavens, is the residue of the Spirit; prayer taps the reservoir, and the outlet widens as we pray. There, behind the frozen mountains, is the Sun of Righteousness; prayer is the power which can turn our wintry regions towards His healing beams. If there were a general reform in modern habits of prayer, removing formality and imparting life, fervour, grasp, and grip; if everyone would "stir up himself to take hold of God," is it not certain that there would be a general, genuine, and abiding revival of religion? John Foster somewhere says, "I have intimated my fear that it is visionary to expect an *unusual success* in the human administration of religion, unless there were *unusual omens*. Now, an *emphatic spirit of prayer would be such an omen*; and the individual who should solemnly resolve to make proof of its last possible efficacy, might probably find himself becoming a much more prevailing agent of good in his little sphere. And if the whole, or greater number, of the disciples of Christianity were, with an earnest, unflinching resolution of each to combine that heaven should not withhold one single influence which the very utmost effort of conspiring and persevering supplication would obtain, it would be the sign of a revolution of the world being at hand." Who will initiate his reform?

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.



UMAN life was probably not so hard among the Jewish people in the better periods of their national history as it is among us. Their climate was kindly, and a great part of their soil fertile. There was a more equal distribution of wealth, and their wants were comparatively few and simple.

"There were not large masses of people congregated in great towns, many of them on the edge of starvation, and a vast proportion of the rest defending themselves from the same misery only by incessant and monotonous labour.

"No clouds of smoke hung over the cities of Judah and Israel. Nor was the roar of machinery heard in them.

"None of them were so large that the people were imprisoned in a wilderness of dreary and melancholy streets. They saw the sun; olive trees and vineyards were within reach; the mountains were not far away; near to many of them were green pastures and still waters, and the music of torrents, and the peace of lovely glens, to give them refreshment and joy.

"And yet, with the Jewish people, as with us, the greater part of life had to be spent in work, and in hard work too. Many a back ached through bending hour after hour over the vines; and the heat of the corn harvest and vintage exhausted them. The shepherd had to walk over the rough hills after his wandering sheep, and the fisherman got weary of casting his net.

"An agricultural and a pastoral life, though it seems to us a life of romance and delight, brings the sweat to the brow and makes the limbs long for repose; and God, in His goodness, took the side of man against the inevitable hardships of his lot, and made rest from work a religious duty. The Sabbath was a perpetual witness that though, under the actual conditions of our life in this world, severe toil may be absolutely inevitable, it is not God's will that all our days should be spent in drudgery. We were made for something better than that,—for peace, for joy, and for freedom, and not for perpetual enthrallment to the inferior necessities of our nature.

"It was specially beneficent in relation to slaves. To them, at least, we may be sure that the Sabbath was always a 'delight.' It was beneficent, too, in relation to the animals which man has subjected to his service, and for which rest is as necessary as for ourselves, if their life is to have freshness, elasticity, and vigour.

"There were some, no doubt, to whom the Sabbath was an offence and a constant source of vexation,—men who were eager to accumulate wealth, and who could not endure any suspension of business. Such men, when the Sabbath came round, looked upon their sons and their daughters and their slaves and their cattle taking their ease, and calculated how much they lost by this fantastic and absurd institution, reckoning, no doubt, in their folly, that if they could only make their people work seven days instead of six, they would increase their profits by the worth of the additional day's labour, and forgetting that they worked more effectively on the six days because they rested on the seventh; men who, to quote the words of Amos, asked impatiently, 'When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat?' If you have any pity for the sufferings inflicted on such men as these by the compulsory weekly rest, I have none. That they were obliged, on one day in seven, to suspend all common work was a singular proof of God's goodness both to them and to the people under their power.—

"The Ten Commandments."

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

“Repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ.”



SHIP there was, one eve autumnal, onward
 Steered o'er an ocean lake ;
 Steered by some strong hand ever as if sunward ;
 Behind an angry wake,
 Before there stretched a sea that grew intenser,
 With silver-fire far spread,
 Up to a hill mist-gloried, like a censer,
 With smoke encompassed ;
 It seemed as if two seas met brink to brink,
 A silver flood behind a lake of ink.

There was a soul that eve autumnal sailing,
 Beyond the earth's dark bars,
 Toward the land of sunsets never paling,
 Toward Heaven's sea of stars ;
 Behind there was a wake of billows tossing,
 Before a glory lay.
 O happy soul ! with all sail set, just crossing
 Into the Far-away ;
 The gloom and gleam, the calmness and the strife,
 Where death behind thee, and before thee life.

And as that ship went up the waters stately,
 Upon her topmasts tall
 I saw two sails, whereof the one was greatly
 Dark, as a funeral pall.
 But oh ! the next's pure whiteness who shall utter ?
 Like a shell-snowy strand,
 Or when a sunbeam falleth through the shutter
 On a dead baby's hand ;
 But both alike across the surging sea
 Helped to the haven where the bark would be.

And as that soul went onward, sweetly speeding
 Unto its home and light,
 Repentance made it sorrowful exceeding,
 Faith made it wondrous bright ;
 Repentance dark with shadowy recollections,
 And longings unsufficed,
 Faith white and pure with sunniest affections
 Full from the face of Christ :
 But both across the sun-besilvered tide
 Helped to the haven where the heart would ride.

REV. W. ALEXANDER.

Miscellany.

SELECTIONS.

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1875.
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I know not what it bringeth,
This new untried young year ;
I should stand upon its threshold,
With a sickening sense of fear,
But for the gracious tokens
That Thou, my Lord, art near.

It may be that it bringeth—
Bringeth a cross for me—
A cross which I must shoulder,
Or carry silently,
Oh help me, Lord, to lift it,
And bear it after Thee.

It may be that it bringeth
Some joy so strangely bright,
That I forget the Giver,
Clasping the gift too tight.
Then hold me closer, Jesus,
To Thee, my true delight.

It may be that, or ever
This glad new year shall wane,
The Bridegroom's glorious presence,
Shall lighten up the plain,
Fulfilling the sweet promise,
"I quickly come again."

It may be, oh, it may be !
And therefore I would stand
This year upon my watch-towe,
My lamp within my hand ;
Just listening for Thy footsteps,
Along the dreary land.

It may be thou wilt tarry ;
And yet this year will bear
From earth some tender lilies
To grace heaven's garden fair.
Lord, who will be the lilies
To be transplanted there ?

It may be—but I know not,
Nor do I ask to know ;
'Tis sweet to walk with Jesus,
Not knowing where I go,
But happy and contented,
Because *He loves me so*.

And wilt Thou give, dear Saviour,
This New Year's gift to me ?
A heart all self-forgetting,
And taken up with Thee—
A meekness, O Beloved,
Thy chosen Bride to be.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Two boys, both about fifteen years of age, were employed as clerks in a large grocery in one of our cities. Walter Hyde was the son of an invalid widow, and his earnings were her only means of support. Andrew Strong was the eldest son of a poor mechanic, who had a large family depending upon him for their daily bread.

Both the boys were capable and industrious ; both were equally well disposed, and both were members of the "Temperance Union," which had been started in their Sunday-school.

Walter and Andrew were good friends and glad of a situation where they could

work together. But they had not long been employed in the grocery before they learned that Mr. Bates, its proprietor, kept a bar in the store, where he retailed spirits and strong drink. The two boys talked together as to remaining at a place where liquors were sold.

"Let us talk with our folks at home," said Walter. "They will know best. I shall do what my mother says."

"And I will ask my father and mother," said Andrew; "I don't know whether they will think it reason enough for me to leave, but I know they won't like me to loose my situation."

"Mother," said Walter Hyde, seating himself beside her easy chair and leaning his head upon her shoulder, "Did you know Mr. Bates sold liquor?"

"Why, no, my son!" said Mrs. Hyde, with a start. "Does he?"

"Yes. I didn't know it for a fact until to-day, though I have had my thoughts about it before. What do you think about my staying there? I haven't anything to do with the liquor department."

For a moment the mother did not answer. Poverty is a hard thing to battle with, and Mrs. Hyde knew only too well what must follow the loss of her son's situation. But as she pondered, there came to her mind the dim recollections of the past, a memory of a boy she had known in girlhood. A brave, high-spirited lad, with the promise of as noble a manhood as lay before her own cherished boy. But how a little thing had wrecked the hopes of his friends, and brought him to a drunkard's grave. It was at first but the *companionship* of those who loved strong drink.

"Lead us not into temptation." When could those words be more fitly uttered than now?

"My dear boy, let us pray together," said this good mother.

And together they knelt in the cheerful fire-light, and the Lord's prayer was breathed from the lips of Mrs. Hyde.

"I can answer you now, Walter. I would rather starve than have you, for a single day, exposed to such temptations as beset a drinking-house. You may tell Mr. Bates in the morning that you cannot work for him longer. The bitterest poverty would be immeasurably better than to have my son in danger of becoming a drunkard."

In his home that evening, Andrew Strong asked the same question of his parents that Walter had asked of his mother.

"You say you haven't anything to do with liquor, eh?" questioned Mr. Strong.

"No; but I can't help that, if I stay there."

"If we were able to get along without your wages, I wouldn't have you remain there another day; but I have so many mouths to feed, and our rent is coming due, and if you leave there you may not get another situation for a long time. What do you think, Anna?" he asked of his wife; "had the boy better leave?"

Mrs. Strong was one of the Marthas—troubled about many things. She keenly felt their necessities, and the more limited their circumstances, the more care and burden fell upon her shoulders. It seemed to the poor weary woman almost unbearable. She suggested a compromise.

"Let him stay a little while," said she, "until we can get the rent paid, and meanwhile we can be looking out for a new situation for him. We won't have him remain any longer than is really necessary."

The next day Walter Hyde resigned his situation, and he and his widowed mother were left without the means of support. But they put their trust in God, and He did not forsake them. You have heard the proverb, "Heaven helps those who help themselves." Never was a truer saying.

Walter, when he found himself out of employment, did not sit down and fold his hands in discouragement, but he went about looking for something to do, ready, meanwhile to take any *honest* occupation that offered itself. He picked up little jobs here and there, performing them well and faithfully, until at last a gentleman, struck by his frank, manly countenance, and learning something from his history, interested himself on the boy's behalf, and procured him a clerkship in a large manufacturing establishment,—a far better position, even as far as money, than the one he had had before.

Andrew Strong remained in the store of Mr. Bates. "It was only for a little while," said his father and mother. They intended to find him another situation as soon as possible. His father made inquiries whenever he thought it advisable,

but nothing satisfactory turned up, and Andrew still remained.

At first no apparent evil resulted from his stay, and as familiarity with the danger causes it to seem less dangerous, they finally ceased to feel troubled about the temptations that surrounded him.

For a long time Andrew was careful to avoid the liquor department of the grocery as much as he could. But as day after day passed by and he grew accustomed to the sight and smell of liquor, and became familiar with the men who frequented the bar-room, he would now and then be persuaded to taste of the drink. He no longer went to the meetings of the "Temperance Union;" he felt that he had no right to be there. He had not the courage to confess his wrongdoing and promise amendment for the future.

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Twenty years passed by.

In a large manufacturing town, as one of the wealthiest mill-owners was walking along the street one wet day, he saw a man lying drunk by the road-side. He stooped to see if he could not do something for the poor fellow, for he was a kind-hearted man.

"Do you know this man?" he enquired of a passer-by. It chanced to be the superintendent of one of the factories that he addressed.

"No. He is a stranger in the place. He came to me yesterday morning to get work in the mill. I hired him, and then he told me he had been out of work so long that he had been unable to get him anything to eat, and that he wanted pay for yesterday's work in order to get him something. I paid him, and he spent it on liquor it seems."

"What did he tell you his name was?" inquired the factory owner.

"Andrew Strong," was the answer.

"Is it possible?" said the wealthy gentleman, as he looked earnestly at the features of the poor wayfarer; then he added, "Yes, it must be he."

Then, turning to the man he had been talking with, he said, "Mr. Horton, if you will help me to carry this man to my house, I will do you a good turn some day."

Mr. Horton looked surprised, but he did as he was asked.

When Andrew Strong awoke from his drunken slumber, he found himself in

a rich apartment, and beside him sat a strange gentleman whom he never recollected to have seen before.

"Where am I? What does this mean?" he asked, as his scattered senses returned to him. "What am I here for?"

"Andrew Strong," said the stranger, "do you remember me?"

"No, I never saw you before," was the answer.

"You are mistaken, then, for you and I were once old friends. Don't you remember Walter Hyde who used to work with you in the store of Mr. Bates?"

"Yes, yes," was the answer, "but you cannot be he."

"But I am the same boy who talked with you about leaving the store because they sold liquor."

The poor drunkard looked with his bleared eyes into the face of his companion, and after a long pause said,—

"Then I suppose you are the Hyde that owns the — factory, and is so rich?"

"Yes."

A pause, and then came a deep and heartbroken groan.

"Oh, that my father and mother had laid me in my grave," said he, "rather than have let me remain in that liquor-house. That was the turning-point when I went down and you went up. If I had left the place when you did, I might now be an honored and respected man like you."

"My poor friend, do not despair," said Walter Hyde. "It is not yet too late for you to mend. I will help you, and I am sure there is manhood enough left in you to bring you up again."

And he did help him. And the poor, wretched drunkard became a man, respected by his fellows, and a blessing to society.

See to it that ye forget not the petition our Saviour taught us—"Lead us not into temptation."

"THE EDINBURGH CASTLE."

ABOUT a year and a half ago a religious movement was commenced in Limehouse, London, England, under novel circumstances. On a piece of ground near St. Paul's Road a commodious and substantial tent was erected, and here, according

to public announcement, Fiddler Joss and his wife, or in other words, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Poole, would hold religious services every evening in the week. No doubt the novelty of the thing was its first attraction, and out of curiosity many went to see what was going on. When once there, the racy earnestness of Joshua Poole was enough to interest them and bring them again; and very shortly the tent was crowded every evening in the week with a miscellaneous group of men and women, most of whom had never been in a place of worship in their lives. The Gospel and Teetotalism were the prominent topics of Fiddler Joss's preaching. It is almost unavoidable in dealing with men whose besetment has been drink to preach the Gospel apart from teetotalism. The influence of Poole's preaching was marvellous. Drunken husbands became sober, scolding wives patient. Into many homes where nothing but hatred and misery had reigned for years the preaching of the tent brought peace and love and joy. Results such as these cannot be gainsaid. The news of such good tidings soon began to spread. The place gained a reputation for conversion, and for about six months every evening in the week and all day on the Sabbath an eager crowd thronged the tent to hear the word of God. Joshua Poole is a man admirably adapted for the work. He had formerly been a very bad character, his misdeeds finally landing him in prison, where in solitude and retirement he was clearly converted to God. Since that time he has been endeavouring to glorify God by such work as that indicated above. He has a great deal of natural ability, and a strong sense of humour which he turns to very good account in dealing with men. His knowledge of life and human nature is very extensive, especially of the life and nature of those who chiefly compose his congregations, his past experience giving him a power in this respect which could perhaps have been gained in no other way. Of course he says things which to polite ears sound vulgar, many of which would be better left unsaid, but that is part of the man, and you must take him as he is; and after all these detract but little, if at all, from his general usefulness. Mrs. Poole is far superior in mental power to her husband. Some of her addresses in their directness and simplicity

reveal a mind of no ordinary capacity. In her influence with the women she contributes much to the success of the work. Fiddler Joss without his wife would be like Samson without his locks. Their united efforts have been greatly blessed by the Lord. Hundreds signed the pledge, many were converted, and the foundations of a large church laid. It was evident that if the souls thus gathered in were to be saved from falling they must be carefully watched and guarded. The evil influences around them were very strong, and they could only be neutralized by religious influences equally strong and attractive. The tent could not be a permanent institution, and the Fiddler and his wife could not always stay in Limehouse. Their mission was an itinerant one, and other parts of the country wanted them. Just at that time a large public-house came into the market for sale. In the East of London the "Edinburgh Castle" has been a well-known place for many years, possessing an unenviable notoriety. Situated in the midst of a densely-populated neighbourhood it possessed the combined attractions of gin-palace, music-hall, dancing-saloon, and tea-gardens. It was thus a complete establishment for ruining both bodies and souls of men—a very stronghold of the Devil's kingdom. Over it the inscription "Mangling done here" might have placed with terrible meaning and reality in the words.

The brilliance and attractiveness of this place made it a strange contrast to some of the dirty and miserable rooms, not only devoid of any external attraction, but positively repulsive in their discomfort, in which religious services are held; and we wonder with small reason why the working-classes do not flock to them. It is only another illustration of the old truth, "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

As if with the intention of bearding the lion in his den, Fiddler Joss pitched his tent directly opposite this public-house, and commenced his services within sound of the music and dancing of the singing-saloon and tea-gardens opposite. It was strange to stand in the road between these places, and listen to the varied sounds that fell upon your ears; on the one side the noisy music and boisterous voices of half-drunken revol-

lers, on the other the solemn and earnest singing of some simple revival hymn. Extremes often meet in this world!

The popularity of the mission-services soon began to tell upon the numbers who nightly frequented the "Castle." The tent was filled every evening to a great extent by those who had formerly thronged the bar and theatre of the public-house opposite; and the consequence was the trade began to decline.

From this and other causes it so happened that the famous "Edinburgh Castle" was advertised one morning for sale. Dr. Barnardo, who was all along the presiding genius of the movement, could not regard this in any other light than a providential opening. He was in sad need of a permanent place in which to establish and extend the work of God already commenced. He had been praying for such a place, and here was one exactly suited to his purpose. It was in the very best position, and well-known in the district; at a very trifling cost it could be adapted to all the purposes of the mission. The large theatre would make a splendid hall for public services, the public-house could be turned into a coffee-palace, and there would be ample accommodation for reading-rooms, and rooms for any and every purpose the work of God might require. Although he had not a penny in hand, a busy canvass amongst his friends soon secured the necessary funds, and in less than three weeks he had paid the purchase-money, (£1,200) just in time to save it from passing into the hands of a large music-hall proprietor. Thus it came to pass that the once famous "Edinburgh Castle" was transformed into a house of prayer, and became the centre of a real and extending work of God. The external appearance of the place has been changed but very little; the old sign-board is left outside the house, but instead of "Courage & Co.'s Entire," "Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co.'s" or "Charrington & Head's Splendid Ales," we read the solemn words, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Over the gateway there is a large illumination of the words "God is Love," shedding a welcome light on the dingy street. In the windows of the public-house, where formerly the words "Gin, Brandy, and Rum" were conspicuous in gilt letters, in equally

brilliant characters, we now read, "Rich Cocoa," "To-day's Papers," and similar announcements. Outside the large gates leading to the theatre, there is, as formerly, an immense notice board, but instead of the announcement of some popular singer, or entertainment, we read, "Dr. Barnardo will preach here to-night at eight o'clock," or "A Bible-class will be held this evening," concluding with an earnest invitation for all to come. Externally the old public-house appearance has been wisely preserved as much as possible. Let us enter and see what is going on inside. In the bar we find instead of the noisy, cursing, drinking group of former days, a number of honest-looking working-men sitting round little tables, with their hot coffee, reading the papers or engaged in earnest conversation about some prominent question of the day. On the wall we read the following inscription: "The Edinburgh Castle, used formerly as a gin-palace, was opened on Friday, Feb. 14, 1873, as a Working Men's Club and Coffee Palace, by the Earl of Shaftesbury." Further inside there is a reading-room supplied with the first periodical literature of the day. Upstairs a library for the use of those who will pay a small weekly fee. These rooms are crowded every night with working-men who thoroughly appreciate the provision made for their comfort. There are all the attractions of a public-house minus the drink and its attendant evils.

In the mission-hall close by there is every evening some kind of popular religious service, and from the bar and reading-rooms of the palace many stray into the hall and hear words whereby they are saved. The former concert-hall has been enlarged and admirably fitted up for religious meetings. It is well lighted, well warmed, and comfortably seated, the walls all round being decorated with appropriate passages of Scripture. How much all these things have to do with the success of the work, no one can say. Thomas Collins used to say, "No man can get his soul saved when his toes are cold," and there is much philosophy in it. Dr. Barnardo rightly believes in making a place of worship comfortable and attractive. We wish all good Christian people had as much common sense. At the end of the room there is a suite of vestries, and here

the workers come into personal contact with those who are wishful for spiritual advice and direction, and in these rooms some hundreds have, during the last eighteen months, passed from death unto life. The place has now the reputation of being a converting centre. I met a good man, a member of a Christian church in my district, going with a friend one evening towards the "Castle." I asked him where he was going. He replied, "I want to get my friend converted, so I am taking him down to the 'Edinburgh Castle.'" The work in connection with this movement has been largely owned of God. Men may criticise it and see much to find fault with if they look for it. No doubt many extravagant things were done which we cannot justify—no doubt many, under superficial impressions, professed to be converted and afterwards disgraced their profession; but if this work had been only of man it would have come to nought long ago, and the fact that out of it there has grown a stable church of near 500 members is an incontestable proof that it is of God. Several problems that Christian people have been puzzled with for a long time seem to be solved by this work at the "Castle." It is a fact that by our orthodox churches the lowest strata of society have hardly been touched at all. Our City Mission movements have not been so successful as we should like. The work chronicled in this paper shows us that they can be reached and saved; but it will be by extraordinary means. The decorum and regularity of our services will never attract them, I fear; and there has been too much red tape about the organization of every church to admit of those extraordinary efforts which are necessary. I am sometimes afraid our "Lay Mission" movement in London will be strangled by rules and regulations. Such men as these are reached best by one of their own class, and when a church can get hold of such a man—a man with the love of God and the love of souls in his heart, and with an evident aptitude for influencing men—the best way is to set him to the work, and let him carry it on pretty much as he likes.

—
FAITH.

FAITH is the spirit's calm,
 The resting of the soul;
 The sweetly energising balm
 That ever makes it whole.

Faith is a haven where,
 Through all the storms of life,
 The wild and wind-lashed waves of care
 Can never bring their strife.

Faith is the chain that binds
 Us to the Infinite;
 The passport for terrestrial minds
 In every heavenward flight.

Faith is the heavenly key
 To sinful mortals given,
 To unfold the realms of purity,
 And ope the gates of heaven.

Faith is a conscious hold
 On the Redeemer's arm;
 The eye that doth in Him behold
 A never-failing charm.

Faith! O the Christian feels
 Thy meaning, when in prayer
 The present Comforter reveals
 The present Saviour there.

LOVEFEAST.

—
FULL TRUST AT FIRST.

FROM early childhood I have had serious impressions, so much so, indeed, that when little more than six years of age, I was in the habit of withdrawing myself from the members of my family, and telling my childish sorrows to God; and I have a distinct remembrance of the comfort I derived on those occasions. Up to the time of my conversion, although I was always cheerful and lively, I had the name of being religious, though God knows how little of Him I had in my thoughts. But his afflicting hand was laid heavily upon me. I had set up idols in my heart, to the utter exclusion of Himself, and He thought fit to remove them, one after another, until I was completely broken down, and I knew not whither to run for succour. I forgot that the Giver of all good had a right to do what seemeth to Him best with His own, and so far was I from acknowledging Him in these afflictions that bowed me down with grief, that I was ready to curse God and die. Oh, what a mercy that He did not answer my prayer? In this state of mind was I when the Lord sent one of His servants to visit me, but I received no comfort, nay, I would not be comforted; but He extorted a promise that I would visit the house of God on the coming Sabbath, which I did, and

there my Lord met me, not as a smiling Saviour, but as an angry and outraged God. Never shall I forget the terrors of the succeeding week. My sleep left me, the desire for food was gone. Yea, the pains of hell got hold of me, and the continual cry of my soul was, Release me, O my God! release me from the powers of darkness that surround me. Yes, my God had made me willing in the day of his power, and I was constrained to cry out, "Nay, but I yield, I yield. I can hold out no more." I felt at that moment ready to give up all if He would but reveal to me the light of His countenance. I went again to the house of prayer, and there my Jesus came to the rescue. The light of His love beamed into my soul, and I became a possessor of that peace which passeth understanding. I am persuaded that the Lord accepted me fully and freely, and that at the time of my conversion I was not only justified, but sanctified also through His grace. I felt then, that all I had, or could have, was entirely given up to my Saviour, who had redeemed me with His most precious blood, and who had saved me with such a complete salvation. A. B.

DAILY RENEWAL—THE LESSON LEARNED.

THROUGH the strivings of the Spirit, I was led many years since to give my heart to God, and from that moment lived, as I thought, according to His will; but now I cannot look back upon that period without sorrow at my little growth in grace. I can only describe my religious life as a kind of circuitous route, making a succession of fresh starts, but back again to the same point. The subject of the "higher life" I never heard of, so I appeared to be aiming at no given object. But in the providence of God I was removed to London, when I joined King's-cross Chapel. My first visit to the Sabbath morning class-meeting will ever be memorable to me: all seemed different. "Holiness unto the Lord," hung upon every lip, and while several of the members were certifying to the enjoyment of the sanctifying graces of the Spirit, and others expressing their intense pantings after holiness of heart, I sat as one "weighed in the balances

and found wanting." I went home, dissatisfied with self, felt I knew nothing, but resolved by the help of God to get clearer light. The enemy now began with me, suggesting these things were not for me to possess. This occasioned great anxiety, and I was led to doubt whether I had even experienced a change of heart; but through the Spirit, I was enabled to hold on by a timid faith. At that time, the minister of the chapel, at the close of a Sunday service, invited not only the penitent, but the believer, to the communion rail. With faith brightening I went forward, and after a few moments' earnest pleading, I laid myself, my all, upon the altar, and in that very act of consecration, with the words of Wesley's hymn—

"Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee"—

sounding in my ears, such a flood of heavenly light burst in upon my soul that is indescribable. All I could do was to shout "Hallelujah, the Lord has come!" Praise God. This precious state of heart settled into a holy joy, a perfect peace, a hallowed calm. This continued for many months, but when clouds gathered o'er me, from want of experience of the subtlety of the devil, my faith wavered, and I lost the clear witness of the Spirit. For several weeks the darkness that hung over me was something beyond description. The enemy was at me, at all points. I felt I could not live without this clear light. I cried mightily unto the Lord, and gave him no rest; and while, amid the confusion and noise of London streets, I was talking with God, the Holy Spirit came again, in so precious a manner, that I scarce knew for the moment whether I were on earth or in heaven. Oh, the nearness I have realised since then to God; my whole soul seems full of His divine presence! My loss for a time of the witness of the Spirit taught me a most profitable lesson—that of a daily re-consecration—and from the hour of my regaining the blessing, I have every morning re-dedicated my already consecrated heart to God, and have been safe. By so doing, I find I get closer fellowship with the Saviour, and the world has less influence with me. Proportionate to my love to God, have I found my love for souls.

G. T.

I AM COMING, LORD.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee; For

cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee.

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled
If faith but brings the plea.

5 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.