

THE CANADA.

Christian Monthly :

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT, CHRISTIAN LIFE,  
AND CHRISTIAN WORK.

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# INDEX TO VOLUME II.

## EDITORIAL:

A Plea for the Bible.....	1
The Nature of the Resurrection Body.....	40
The Battle with Strong Drink.....	51
"Life more Abundantly.".....	97
Thoughts on Solreces.....	99
Railway-Car Literature.....	145
The Evangelical Awakening in Great Britain: Its Lesson for Canada.....	146
The Anglo-Saxon Future.....	193
A Glimpse of Jesuitism.....	194
Thorns and Roses.....	241
Is Edinburgh from this Awakening to go For- ward or Backward?.....	243

## LIVING PARACHERS:

"To Me Life is Christ."—By Rev. William Mc- Kenzie, Almonte, Canada.....	4
Living Temples for the Living God—By C. H. Spurgeon.....	101
Burden-Bearing—By the Rev. W. H. H. Murray.....	101
Farwell Address to Young Converts in Edin- burgh, by Mr. Moody.....	149
Gospel Precepts—By Rev. Neil McKinnon, Bol- mont, Ont.....	198
The Foolish Bargain—By J. M. L.....	240
The Need of Decision for the Truth—A College Address by C. H. Spurgeon.....	240

## POETRY:

The Skylark's Preaching.....	10
Have Faith in God.....	10
Praise.....	10
Night Musings.....	11
The Little Sleeper.....	11
The Lost Sheep.....	58
"They Say.".....	59
Wcary, yet Waiting.....	59
"I Stand and Knock.".....	59
What's the News?.....	60
"Our Own.".....	105
The Healer.....	106
The Best Position.....	106
Everlasting Love.....	106
Waltz as Snow.....	153
Little Nora.....	154
The Prayer of the Destitute.....	155
The Villo du Havro.....	165
What I Live For.....	203
The Day of the Lord—By Horatius Bonar.....	203
"Thou Shalt Call Me Ishi" (Husband).....	204
The Model Church.....	204
"Showers of Blessing.".....	255
The Lesson of the Water-Wheel.....	255

"Christ will take Me In, Mother.".....	256
The Great Question.....	256

## CHRISTIAN THOUGHT:

No Education Complete without the Bible.— By Rev. Peter Stryker, D.D.....	11
The Pulpit of the Age.—By the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., of London.....	14
Historical Evidence of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.—By the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A.....	6
Christianity and Free-thought—By the Bishop of Peterborough.....	108
The Secret of Paul's Success.....	156
Ought the Christian Religion to be banished from the Public Schools?—By Rt. Hon. Wm. E. Forster.....	168
Short Roads to Greatness—By William M. Tay- lor, D.D.....	169
The Interior Life—By Alexander Clark.....	161
Recent Researches in Moab.....	205

## CHRISTIAN LIFE:

From Darkness to Light..... 18-64-117-160-210-257	X
Dr. Candlish.....	24
Mr. Moody and his Work.....	114
Dr. David Livingstone.....	163

## CHRISTIAN WORK:

Work Among our Indians—Reformed Episcopal Church of the United States—Dr. Punshon on Lay Workers for London—Dorothea Tru- del; or the Prayer of Faith—German Old Catholicism and the Bible.....	23-36
Miss MacPherson in Canada—Conference of Workers at Mildmay Park, London—The Awakening in Edinburgh—A Fight for the Freedom of the Church in Switzerland— Progress of the Truth in Rome—Helen's Story—Work in Jerusalem—A Sikh Inquirer in India—How a Native Chinese Missionary Divides his Text.....	72-82
French Canadian Missionary Society—The awak- ening in Edinburgh—Revival of Religion in England—The French Reformed Church— Religion in Hungary—Progress of Truth in Rome.....	121-127
The Tract Work in Canada East—How Dr. Bar- nardo began his Work in London—Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Dundee.....	172-175
Now Hebrides—The Women's Crusade in the United States—Legislative Crusade in Canada —Dr. Barnardo and the Edinburgh Castle— A Missionary among the Bedouin Arabs— The Awakening in Scotland.....	215-220

## INDEX.

<p><b>Canada's Future Ministers—Federation of Presbyterian Churches—Fraternity of United Methodism—Lord Ardmillan on Christian Work—Bitter Waters Sweetened—The Convention at Glasgow—Bible Schools in Italy—Syria—Six Millions of Tracts for Italy—Patagonian Missions and Providence—Chapel Burning and Chapel Building; The Consequences of a Cure—Are Modern Missions a Failure?—The Santhal German Mission.....</b> 200-272</p> <p><b>PRACTICAL PAPERS:</b></p> <p>Empty Seats at the King's Table—By Rev. William Gregg, Knox College, Toronto..... 37</p> <p>At What are you Aiming?..... 39</p> <p>The Christian a Blessing—By J. J. Hindlay, Owen Sound..... 83</p> <p>Newness of the Spirit, instead of the Oldness of the Letter—By Rev. Neil McKinnon..... 127</p> <p>What are the Best Means of Reaching and Awakening the Careless?—By the Rev. R. Dewar, Lake Shore, Canada..... 180</p> <p>Grace and Truth—By Dr. W. P. Mackay, Hull. 272</p> <p><b>MEMORIES OF PALESTINE.....</b> 40-84-129-184-231-272</p> <p><b>CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY:</b></p> <p>Trouble—Incidents in the Life of Dr. McCrie—Lie Quiet in God's Hand—Preaching Christ—Pulpit Themes—Death of Toplady—"Nobody Ever Told Me"—Power of the Bengalee Scriptures—The Philanthropist Howard—Danger of Insensibility..... 48-47</p> <p>Lost Near Home—The Cry for Help—Half of the Widow's Mite—On Which Side of the Line?..... 88</p> <p>The "Loch Earn"—Where shall we Invest?—Our Father—"Restore such an One"—The Hardest Heart—"No Burdens Allowed to Pass Through"—Carlyle and King David—The Precious Plant—Influence of Mothers—The</p>	<p>Fulness of Christ—The Drunkard's Bargain—Look to Jesus only—Character—God—Love—Personal Christianity—First Impressions—The Devil a Preacher—The Sagacity of the Elephant—Charity—A Soft Answer turneth away Wrath—Comfort in Bereavement—Habit—Abel entering Heaven—What I Bring—"We would see Jesus."..... 135-143</p> <p>Unholy Pleasure—Rules for Preaching—Pain of Dying—The Clown's Sermon..... 189-199</p> <p>"Almost a Christian"—Fault Not—The Widow's Candle—The Cost of Missions—Wanted—Sowing by all Waters..... 237-238</p> <p><b>CHILDREN'S TREASURY:</b></p> <p>The Ceaseless Weaver—Nellie's Dream—The Lesson of Patience—The Power of Love—A Child-like Faith—The Unexpected Swap.... 91-95</p> <p>The Ravens—Conscience—The Saw of Contentment—What is the Kingdom of God?—The Stolen Penny—Willie's Faith—"Take Me on Shore."..... 132-134</p> <p>The Lame Boy and his Mission-Box—A Prayer—The Two Pairs of Fetters—The Bottled Pebbles—The Irish Boy and his Bible—Sammy's Part—"Willie has no Soul"—The Treasure Found..... 191-231</p> <p><b>NOTES:</b></p> <p>The Canadian Branch of the Evangelical Alliance—By Dr. Wilkes, Montreal..... 96</p> <p><b>LETTER FROM MRS. KENNEDY.....</b> 143</p> <p><b>EDITORIAL NOTES.....</b> 239</p> <p>Close of the First Year..... 281</p> <p><b>NEW BOOKS.</b></p> <p>Book of Prayers for Family Worship..... 47</p> <p>Popular Objections to Revealed Truth..... 48</p> <p><b>KIND WORDS.....</b> 253</p> <p><b>CONTRIBUTIONS FOR MRS. KENNEDY.....</b> 48-232</p>
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# THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1874.

## Editorial.

### A PLEA FOR THE BIBLE.

It happened, a good few years ago, that the school-house of a poor, sea-ward parish on the west coast of Britain, fell into a state of miserable decay. Windows were shattered, roof leaking, and still the clergyman of the parish could not get the parents roused to repair the building. They admitted something ought to be done, but as they were poor and busy, the time never came for them to do anything. The man knew his people, and being a man of resources, fell upon an expedient by which he thought he could catch them with guile. They were a people that loved God and honoured his Word above all books. One Sabbath while preaching he took up a parable in a fashion of his own, which few could safely imitate. He personified the Bible, put words into its mouth, and made it complain against the people of that parish that they had treated it with disrespect in allowing the rains and snows to fall on it in the miserable, ricketty school-house over the way. The parable touched a chord in the hearts of the simple-minded people. As for their children they were hardy, and not bred up to care much for rain or snow, while the school-house was just as good as many of the rude cabins in which they lived with their parents. But with the Bible it was different. It was the Word of God, it showed them the way to heaven, it comforted them in all their trouble,

it deserved, therefore, decent treatment at their hands. It was, therefore, wrong, while the remedy was in their power, to allow the Book of God to be battered or stained by a leaky roof. Next week there was a general gathering of heads of families, and the old school-house was put into a state of good repair.

Do not we, in this province of Ontario, offer at times a greater indignity to the Word of God than by keeping a leaky roof over its head? Is it not a greater indignity to the King's ambassador to keep him standing at the door refusing him admittance, than to admit him to a seat in the house, albeit the roof is open to the rains of heaven, and the windows rattling in the casements? Is it not worse treatment of the Bible to refuse it a place anywhere in the school, than to give it a place and allow it to take the accommodation that is going? If the pastor's parable was strong against the *leaky roof*, what would it be against the *closed door*?

It is not our part to shut our public schools against a Book that has been such a true friend of our nation in its eventful history. It found us, long ago, idolators and savages, and it gave us Christianity and civilization. It stood with us in the 16th century, and gave us freedom in exchange for the Romish bondage that has cursed and crushed every nation in Europe that submitted to it. In the 17th century

it came again to our help and taught us to deny the arrogant pretensions of our kings, and to assert in face of their armed forces the liberties of the church and of the people. In this 19th century we have as hard a battle as any that has ever been fought on our hands, and shall we keep out in the cold the Friend who seeks the ear of this rising generation to arm it for the strife?

The Bible is entitled to a place in our public and high schools in Ontario as an invaluable compendium of tales, biography and history. "A child," says Goldwin Smith, in a recent paper on the Moral Element in Common School Education, "knows what it is to be good, the great thing is to make him desire to be good. And this is to be done, not so much by analyzing goodness for him as by presenting to him its image in a way to make it the object of his affection. This may be done either by history, biography or by fiction. . . . The philosophy of history is hardly yet in a condition to be presented to the young, but of the ethical part more might be made by simple and vivid descriptions of great characters and great events, such as would fix them in the imagination and touch the heart. . . . Examples of private virtue will be furnished by biography, and I believe that well written lives such as that model of biography "*Southey's Life of Nelson*," make a real and lasting impression on the minds of the young." . . . These are wise views and excellent suggestions, which point however inevitably in the direction of the Bible, as the book above all books, ancient or modern, which fulfils the conditions demanded in a book of history, and a book of biography for the young. Where in any other book in the world do we find the image of goodness better presented, so as to make it lively and desirable to a child, than in the story of Joseph, of David, and of Jesus? Every child, however deficient in parts and acquirements, can feel

the beauty and pathos of the life of Jesus, which, like a fine picture, or sweet music, or a magnificent mountain, speaks for itself to our common humanity. If we wish, therefore, to bring in contact with the hearts of the young, great characters and great events, to quicken their sensibilities and direct their aspirations, let us put into their hands in every school in Ontario, not alone—they are good enough in their way—the tales of Hans Andersen, as Mr. Smith suggests, but the tales of Moses, and of Matthew, of Samuel, and of Luke; not the biography of Lord Nelson, but the biography of Paul and our blessed Lord.

But why do we plead for the Bible in this fashion? Why do we appeal to men's generosity and good feeling in this style, when we can take higher ground, and appealing to conscience demand for this Book, in the name of its Author, a foremost place in our system of public education.

The Province of Ontario is Christian and Protestant. The founders and first settlers of the Province were Protestants. Our laws, founded on the common laws of England, are Protestant. Our population, at least that portion of it to which the public schools belong, (the Roman Catholics having their own separate schools), is Protestant, there being in Ontario, according to the last census, only a small number of Jews and Mahometans, 19 Atheists, 239 Deists, and 4,650 of no religion. In virtue of these facts we maintain that our schools are Christian, Protestant institutions. All institutions take the character and complexion of the people who found them, manage them, sustain them, and use them. Every acorn the oak throws around partakes of the character of the parent tree, and tends to develop itself after the parent germ. So every institution, set on foot by a Christian people, partakes of a Christian type and character in so far as its nature and aim permits. This must be specially and strongly true of schools

for the education of Christian children.

What is the real character of a public school? It is this. To parents of natural right belongs the education of their own children. But few have the skill, the learning and the leisure necessary for the work. Because of this 30 or 40 heads of families join, hire a teacher, and hand over to him the work which belongs to them, but for which they have not proper means, or time, or knowledge. Now if each of these Christian parents conducted the education of his own children, from 9 to 4 each day, in a room in his dwelling set apart for the work, he has no choice as to whether the Bible should be in that family school or not. As a Christian he is under law to Christ: and Christ says that parents must bring up their children, (as Timothy was brought up), "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," familiar with the Scripture from their childhood. But if these Christian parents agree to hand over their children to another, who, during the teaching hours, must stand in their stead with the children, how can they get rid of the responsibility of seeing to it, that that man is a Christian and the Bible has a place in his school? Jews are very careful that the Old Testament should be taught in their public schools, and Mahometans are no less watchful as to the Koran. How can Christians, therefore, answer to their Master for their remissness as to His Book?

Education, in the true sense of that word, is in truth impossible without the Bible. The eminent writer from whom we have quoted above, Mr. Goldwin Smith, says in the course of the same address—"Nor do I attach much value to any slight or furtive recognition of religion, in the way of deodorized prayer, or Scripture reading. It seems to me better to say at once that the school is secular, and does not presume to meddle with things to which it cannot do justice." If Mr. Smith means by "the things to which it cannot do

justice," the points of difference between the Protestant denominations, then we agree with him. It were foolish to introduce any denominational catechism, or denominational doctrine, into schools where all denominations meet. But denominational differences are no more religion than are clothes and shoes the man. The recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York has placed that point beyond dispute. But if Mr. Smith means that our public schools are to be secular in the sense of excluding the Bible and all reference to its leading doctrines and morality, then we hold that this position is untenable. To make the schools secular, in the sense of knowing nothing about the Bible, is to banish the Lord's Prayer from the school, and the Decalogue, for they are parts of the Bible: to make them secular in that sense is to banish God himself, for we know very little of Him and His ways, excepting what the Bible tells us: to make them secular in that sense is to make them infidel, according to the profound truth Byron puts in the mouth of Satan, "He that does not bow to God has bowed to me." If a child is late to school the teacher can quote the School Act, if he steals he can quote Acts of Parliament, but if he lies and blasphemes, what shall the teacher quote? He may as well shut his mouth and quote nothing, unless he is allowed to quote the Bible, and cite the offender into the presence of the Great Creator, who knows every thing, who forbids cursing, and who will surely punish the swearer and liar, unless he forsakes his sin.

"Imbue a single generation," says a distinguished writer of our day, "with all the knowledge of our times, and leave out the knowledge and fear of God in his word, and you have already made broad provision for your country's ruin. You have gathered fuel for irreligion which any bold mind may set on fire. Our only source of national safety

is in the Word of God. The Bible in the common schools is a constant, habitual nourishment, an uninterrupted, systematic influence over tender minds at the most susceptible age, as steady, as cheerful, as healthful as the light of the sun. In this way a great many children are blessed with the privilege of listening daily to the word of God, who, alas! would never hear it read in the family; and this is one highly important reason for maintaining it. It brings the children even of the aban-

doned, the vicious, the worthless—of families where no family altar was ever dreamed of—to the daily recognition of a Heavenly Father, and the daily table of that bread which he has provided for the soul. This seems acting somewhat in the spirit of the Bible itself. This is writing the characters of heaven upon the soul deeper than all succeeding impressions. How beneficent, how salutary in all its enlightened and elevating influences is the daily and appropriate use of the Bible in school!"

### Living Preachers.

#### "TO ME LIFE IS CHRIST."

Philippians i. 21.

BY REV. WILLIAM McKEZIE, ALMONTE, CANADA.

This is a great utterance of the heroic apostle of the Gentiles. In his argument here, he says,—taking the words very literally,—“To me life is Christ, and death is gain.” To a carnal and worldly man, death is a great loss, a loss which it is hard to estimate. For, he is withdrawn suddenly, entirely, and for ever, from all that he thinks it worth while to live for. Every comfort in which he rejoiced is lost, cast away; every scheme wherewith his brain was busy, suffers a total collapse; and every hope cherished in his heart falls to rise no more: in that very day his thoughts perish. But to the Christian man death is gain. At one step he reaches the perfection of that for which he thought it worth while to live. It is the end of his weakness and infirmity, of his humiliation and misery; the perfection of his comforts, and the fruition of his hopes. It is the sudden and blessed fulfilment of desires which had wearied his heart with longing.

It is no wonder that Paul writes here of being in a strait. He had now lived for Christ many years. He had “approved himself to be the minister of

God in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes and imprisonments; in weariness and painfulness; in watchings often; in hunger and thirst, in fastings often; in cold and nakedness.” Animated by love to men, and sustained by love to Christ, he held on his course, deterred by no self-sacrifice, discouraged by no trial, and invincible to all opposition. “We are troubled on every side,” he says, “yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus’ sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.” Paul had drunk deep into the spirit of his divine Master. The fire of love to men was not quenched in his heart by years of groundless hate, and tireless persecution, during which he was treated as the filth of the world, and the scourging of all things. There is nothing in all the annals of human heroism nobler than that life of self-denying, self-sacrificing, Christlike labour. Who would not wish to say with him, “to

me life is Christ," that we also might manifest in our body the same blessed and godlike impress?

Now, it was no wonder that Paul was "in a strait betwixt two." His strait, however, was not merely between living still on earth, or passing into the presence of his Lord. It would have been far better to pass from the atmosphere of earth, so dark and heavy with sin and sorrow, and enter the light and peace of heaven above: far better for him to leave all the sordid accompaniments of life on earth,—made so much more grievous by the contempt, and malice, and hatred of men,—and enter in to the honour and glory of the life before the throne. Betwixt these two there was no comparison. Death was to him gain unspeakable. But his strait was between *servi*ng Christ here, and *enjoyi*ng Him there. *Here*, he could do something for Christ, which he could not do *there*. Living for Christ here, he could make Him known to men; he could commend Him to tried and toiling saints; his own very sufferings and humiliation might bring glory to his Master's name. With a most unselfish, Christlike spirit, he was in a strait, willing to defer his own unspeakable gain for the good of men and the glory of his Lord. Christ was everything to Paul. His very inmost heart spoke out when he said, "To me life is Christ."

On these words, then, we would concentrate your attention; and shall try to show you how a Christian man may, and ought to say, "to me life is Christ." LIFE, giving the utmost intensity of meaning to that great word, that which is truly so called, that which deserves the name of *life*, is for a man,

### I. TO KNOW CHRIST.

The knowledge which a man may gather is various in the degree of its real worth. It may be useful, it may be interesting, it may be profitable, or it may be simply curious. There is the

practical knowledge of our calling, without which we can attain neither skill nor success; very useful in all that pertains to our temporal need, to the wants of our mortal life. There are the various branches of knowledge which form the stock of the well-informed man of the world, and which really add so much to the pleasure of life by exciting our interest, by enlarging our views, by gratifying the taste, and by giving profitable occupation. These are more or less profitable and necessary, but they begin and end with our mortal life. That is a great abatement of the real worth of secular knowledge to men destined to immortality. "But this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

It is a fatal lack of knowledge if a man does not know Jesus Christ. If he does not know Christ as his Saviour, how can he defend himself from the sting of a guilty conscience, and the fear of a judgment to come? Is there anything which can shed a purer sunshine even over our earthly life, than peace with God, and a sense of His mercy and favour? Some men seem to be able to enjoy life, even though they are without the saving knowledge of Christ. But their enjoyment is the effect of pure blindness and insensibility,—blindness to all that lies before them as immortal beings, and insensibility to all that burdens them as sinners, under the wrath of Almighty God. We do not call the empty dreams of the sleeper the enjoyment of life: and no more are the vain imaginations of the unawakened sinner. It will only be the more terrible to him when his dream is broken up, and he finds himself face to face with an offended God, and a forgotten Saviour.

But to know Christ, to know Him as the Saviour, as our own Saviour and Redeemer, as "Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood:" to be able to say of Him, this

Saviour is mine, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." This begets a solid peace and joy which can bear any test or trial. It is life to know Christ: for, in that knowledge we have the conscious possession of pardon of sin, and peace with God. When Paul came to know Christ, the estimate which he put upon that knowledge, was immeasurably higher than the worth of all that a worldly man could possibly possess. "What things were gain to me," he says, "those I counted loss for Christ." That is, those things which he considered worth living for while he was ignorant of Christ, those things which gave him all the satisfaction he ever enjoyed, and which he counted most precious, were less than nothing when compared with Christ. With a yet deeper emphasis, he says again, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." *It is life to know Christ*—life worthy of the name.

## II. IT IS LIFE TO FOLLOW CHRIST.

To follow in the steps of the Lord Jesus, or, as the old writers were fond of expressing it, "The Imitation of Christ," is the manner of life which alone becomes a man. Christ is the one pattern of perfect excellence, and the nearer we approach Him, the more closely we are able to copy this pattern, we attain more and more nearly to perfection and blessedness. It is a great matter when we can see, and are convinced of this, and when it becomes our heart's desire, our very life, to follow Christ, to walk in His steps, to be like Him, to shew in all things His very mind and spirit.

A striking scene is presented in the gospel history. While Jesus went in the way, "there came one running, and kneeled to Him, and asked Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" The speaker was a young man of an open

and ingenuous aspect. Life presented itself to him in the most brilliant and alluring aspect, for he was young, and he was rich, and even already he was marked out for earthly honour, for he was a ruler among the people. It said much for him that his heart was not wholly absorbed in that full and fair earthly portion, but that he was conscious of desire for a higher and nobler life still. "Jesus, beholding him, loved him." There was much in him to excite interest and win regard. He was blameless in outward life. In a certain sense he could say truly with respect to God's commandments, "all these things have I kept from my youth up." And yet, with a sense of want gnawing at his heart, he asks, "What lack I yet?" The Lord's answer is striking. The young man asks how he may *inherit* eternal life; Christ says to him, "If thou wilt *enter* into life." The very life he sought was near him: he did not need to wait for it, to engage in long and toilsome labour to win it as a distant future reward, he might enter on it *now*, as a present joy and blessing. But how? The Lord's direction is comprehended in one word, "Follow Me." As if Jesus had said: Life, the life you seek after, and the life you need, may be found and entered on at once by taking up the cross and following Me. This, in his case, required the renunciation of all that he had; his great possessions, and the honour of the world. The treasure in heaven did not seem to him a full equivalent for that earthly wealth; and the self-renouncing imitation of Christ seemed hard in the place of earthly ease and honour. And yet the heart sickens when we see him go away. Sorrowfully and reluctantly he did yield to the power of meaner things, and refused the life offered him. Who cannot see that he did ill for himself when he shrank from the demand of Christ; that he wringed his own soul by drawing back? for, the life he really needed, that which is alone wor-

thy of that great name, is to *Follow Christ*.

But, can we say for ourselves, To me, life is to follow Christ? Do we feel in our hearts that the imitation of Christ is the manner of life which alone becomes a man? It is indeed to this that we are called in the gospel, "because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow in His footsteps." And what a power to purify and ennoble a man lies in the choice of Christ as the pattern he aims to copy, the example by which he desires to guide and model his life. The blessed effect of this is described in such words as these, "We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Even while we look to Christ, while we are attempting to walk in His steps, to manifest His mind and spirit, we become like Him, changed into the same image. The heart's desire to follow Christ, requiring the steadfast looking to Him, has a transforming and ennobling power. Well for us then, if the imitation of Christ, is the manner of life we choose, if, to us, *Life is to follow Christ*.

### III. LIFE IS TO SERVE CHRIST.

Our whole life is a service. And when we have once made our choice, the service to which we give ourselves absorbs our whole energies and activities. The highest type of the highest service is seen in our blessed Lord. He said of Himself, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." As if He would say that the very substance of His life on earth, was the accomplishment of that work to which He had given Himself, when He came into this world in the shape of a servant.

Another type of service is given in the earthly life of Paul. He stands calmly amid the panic-stricken crew

and passengers of the storm-beaten vessel, exhorting them to confidence in God, "Whose I am," he says, "and Whom I serve." Not long before, when it was made known to him that bonds and affliction awaited him, he could calmly say to a company of sorrowing brethren, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." He had given himself to Christ, and to His ministry or service. And his very life was not dear to him, it was as nothing compared with this. To him life was to serve Christ.

Others, again, give themselves, with the same devotedness, to the service of sin, or self, or the world. They are the "servants of divers lusts and pleasures." And though these only debase and brutify them, yet we see the high estimate they place on their wretched slavery. They call it *Life*. When they are able, most fully, to gratify their lusts, and, most entirely, to devote themselves to their degrading pleasures, they feel as if they were living to some purpose. Life has nothing higher or better for them. It has nothing on which it may be so well spent. The "lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life," are their guiding stars. And yet, their bravery is only the phosphorescent gleanings of a many-hued corruption; their pleasures, a wallowing in the very mire of the pit; and their glory, in ignoble bondage to all that is selfish and ungodly. O the debasement of that soul which can say: To me, this service is life!

Now, what does your own heart say with respect to the service to which you have given your life? Can you say: To me, life is to *serve Christ*? Is this, indeed, what you have deliberately and conscientiously chosen, as that for which it is worth your while to live? When our heart is once touched with a sense

of Christ's love ; when we see all He did to redeem us from the sin and degradation in which we lay ; how He toiled for us, how He suffered for us, how He sacrificed Himself that we might be saved, *then* we begin to see where our service should of right be given. It is then we begin to reckon that now, henceforth, we should not live unto ourselves, but unto Him that died for us, and rose again. The one mighty impulse, which alone can help us to break away from the bondage of evil, and to rise superior to all its allurements, is communicated to us by a sense of Christ's love to us. With this in his heart a man rises into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. He can then choose that service which befits him. And in going himself to Christ, to be His, and to devote his life to Him, he takes that step which ennobles all his earthly life, and secures his place in that glory yet to be revealed. It is a blessed thing if our hearts can say : To me, life is to serve Christ.

#### IV. LIFE IS TO ENJOY CHRIST.

There is often some special pleasure on which the heart is set. The enjoyment of it, in a high degree, brings with it a fullness of satisfaction which relieves the craving of every other desire. We live in it for the time. The heart is at rest. It is some such heart-filling and absorbing enjoyment of which John writes, when he says, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us ; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. And these things write we unto you that your joy may be full." In that fellowship with Christ, there was fullness of joy. This is one of the pleasures which help us to know how much joy our heart is able to contain.

Augustine, in his confessions, tells us how that, when he was yet a young man, he was awakened to a deep sense

of the value of divine things, and to the desire to be Christs. But yet, for a long time he dreaded to renounce those sinful pleasures in which he delighted. It seemed to him as though in giving up these life itself would not be worth the having. But when at last he found Christ, what a change came over the spirit of his mind. He says then, "How sweet did it at once become to me to want the sweetness of these toys ; and what I feared to be parted from became now a joy to part with. For Thou didst enter in Thyself, Thou true and highest sweetness ; Thou didst enter in, sweeter than all pleasures."

When once we have tasted the joy of having Christ, then are we able to say : To me, life is to enjoy Him. Not till then have we fairly discovered that which alone can give us fulness of joy. We straightway cease the weary cry, of the unsatisfied soul, "Who will show us something good ?" which looks to nothing higher than the things of earth. We are not now to be allured away from Him in whom our heart has found a fulness of joy. He has now entered in. We recognise in Him the true portion of our soul. We can rest now in no meaner joy and fellowship. "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me, for Thou hast put gladness in my heart," is the cry and the testimony of our heart, for we now know that for us to live is to enjoy Christ.

#### V. LIFE IS TO MAKE CHRIST KNOWN.

There is generally some special pursuit, some ruling desire or passion, which gives the complexion to the life of a man. Very often that ruling passion is of a mean, debasing character, which degrades instead of ennobling. It may be the mere thirst for accumulating wealth ; or, the desire for petty distinction, that he may outshine his neighbours ; or, the ambition to rise to a place of public honour among men. Life is nothing to some men, it is robbed of all that makes it desirable, if they

are hindered from such pursuits, if they are not able to gratify some such desires as these. And thus, oftentimes, the ruling passion of their heart becomes a means to make them more earthly and carnal, and more unchristlike.

But there is nothing which fits on so well to the character of a true Christian, as the desire to make Christ known to other men, to win souls for Him. If he is indeed right at heart this becomes his ruling desire, that which makes it worth his while to live on earth. I have heard of a man in Scotland, who occupied the humble place of a day labourer. He was of a very meek and retiring disposition, never putting himself prominently forward; and yet, who was a power in the whole district where he lived, just because of his single-hearted godliness. He lay in watch for opportunities to speak a word for Christ, and to win souls. This was his ruling passion. And so greatly had the Lord blessed his efforts, that, when he died, there were at least thirty persons throughout that neighborhood who openly acknowledged that he had been the means of bringing them to Christ. So was it with Harlan Page. He seemed to live only for the purpose of winning souls for Christ. It was remarked, even by worldly men, that this was his ruling passion. And what an elevating and ennobling desire this is when it finds a place in the heart of a man; what a blessed work on which to spend and be spent. Its results do not end in this life, but through all the ages of eternity they shall endure to the praise and honour and glory of Him to whom we have consecrated ourselves.

It was this ruling passion which nerved Paul to endure such a great fight of affliction, and to engage in such endless labours. He was not moved by such things as these. He did not count his life dear unto himself, but that he might fulfil the ministry he had received: that is, to testify the gospel of the

grace of God. To him to *live*, was to make Christ known. It shall be well for us if such a ruling desire finds a place in our heart. If we are indeed true men, how can we look on the multitudes all around who are stumbling on in darkness and uncertainty, nearing eternity, which has no light for them, without the earnest desire to make Christ known to them? And when we think of the many dark deathbeds, the many sad departures from the very midst of us, what a cry there is for us to be busy in making Christ known, busy in winning souls for Him. This is service to be rendered to Christ only here. This is work which can be performed only on earth. It was his passion for winning souls which made Paul willing to defer his own blessedness, to be willing to remain still in the midst of the sorrows and trials of time, exposed to every affliction, and constant persecution; for here he could preach Christ, here he could make Him known to those yet in darkness. Well for us, if we can say with him: To me, Life is to make Christ known.

When earthly ambition, of whatsoever sort it may be, is the ruling passion of a man, it degrades but cannot ennoble. But there is an ambition competent for all to cherish. It is written, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, but they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." If we are Christ's at all, if we have indeed fled to Him, and laid hold on the hope set before us in the Gospel, then we shall shine as the brightness of the firmament. But if we have lived to make Christ known, if we have been wise to win souls, we shall shine with a more peculiar glory, even like the stars which gem the sky, and glory lasting as eternity. A man is ennobled by the pure and holy fire of this ambition.

Can we indeed make Paul's words our own? Can we say: To me, Life is to

*know and follow Christ, to serve and enjoy Him ; Life is to make Him known ?* motto of the great apostle, and say from the heart—  
Well for us if we can truly adopt this *To me, Life is Christ.*

### Poetry.

#### THE SKYLARK'S PREACHING.

Not o'er a breezy English hill,  
The little Lark was singing ;  
Not o'er its moorlands lone and still,  
Or golden corn upspringing,  
But far away across the sea,  
Upon a wild Australian lea.

Not rising up, heaven's heights to win,  
Scarcely seen but only heard ;  
No ! shut by cruel cage-bars in,  
A weary, captive bird,  
Weary, yet loud and clear and strong,  
He poured his happy English song.

How came he there ? A widow old,  
With bent and aged head,  
Had followed those who sought for gold,  
To seek her daily bread.  
Her Skylark and her Bible blast,  
The only treasures she possest.

Across the seas, in cottage rude,  
She lived with toil and pain,  
And the Skylark cheered her solitude  
With his own familiar strain.  
Love was she ? nay, for crowds drew near,  
Of hard, rough men, that strain to hear.

They offered goods, they offered gold,  
The widow's heart was true ;  
" I will not sell him though I'm old,  
And poor and needy too,  
But you may come on Sabbath days,  
'Twill do you good that song of praise."

Alas ! they had no house of prayer,  
The exiles' lot was dark ;  
So, week by week they gathered there,  
To listen to the Lark.  
He sang of England's daisied sod,  
Of home, and childhood, and of God.

And holier, gentler thoughts awoke  
In hearts long seared and dry,  
And the Skylark's Sabbath preaching spoke  
Like a message from on high.  
And better men, the week along,  
Were the diggers for that Lord's-day song.

Oh, if God thus to the fowls of the air  
Hath given a work to do,

Oh, little Lark ! how shall we dare  
To be to ours untrue ?  
Unconscious, thou wert faithful ; so,  
Conscious, may we as faithful grow !  
—*Cottage and Artisan.*

#### HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

There's a fulness in God's mercy,  
Like the fulness of the sea ;  
There's a kindness in His justice  
Which is more than liberty.

There's no place where earthly sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven ;  
There's no place where earthly failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader  
Than the treasures of man's mind ;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow  
By false limits of our own ;  
And we magnify His strictness  
With a zeal He will not own.

Pining souls, Come nearer Jesus ;  
Come, but come not doubting thus ;  
Come with faith that trusts more freely  
His great tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word ;  
And our lives would be all sunshine,  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

#### PR AISE.

King of glory, King of peace !  
I will love thee ;  
And that love may never cease,  
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,  
Thou hast heard me,  
Thou didst note my working breast,  
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art  
I will sing thee,

And the cream of all my heart  
I will bring thee.

Though my sins against me cried,  
Thou didst clear me,  
And alone when they replied,  
Thou didst hear me.

Small it is in this poor sort  
To enrol thee;  
Even eternity's too short  
To extol thee!

—HERBERT.

### NIGHT MUSINGS.

[This hymn was found in a chest in an English cottage,—author's name unknown.]

In the still silence of the voiceless night,  
When chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,  
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,  
O God, but thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,  
Some vague impression of the day foregone,  
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee,  
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes  
In token of anticipated ill,  
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,  
Since 'tis thy will.

For, oh! in spite of past and present care,  
Or anything beside, how joyfully  
Passes that almost solitary hour,  
My God, with thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,  
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,  
More blest than anything, my spirit lies  
Beneath thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,  
Of all that it can give or take from me,  
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,  
O God, but thee?

### THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

No mother's eye beside thee wakes to-night,  
No taper burns beside thy lonely bed,  
Darkling thou liest, hidden out of sight,  
And none are near thee but the lonely dead.

How cheerily glows this hearth, yet glows in  
For we uncheered beside it sit alone, [vain,  
And listen to the wild and beating rain  
In angry gusts against our casement blown.

And though we nothing speak, yet well I know  
That both our hearts are there, where thou  
dost keep

Within thy narrow chamber far below,  
For the first time unwatched, thy lonely  
sleep.

Oh! no, not thou!—and we our faith deny,  
This thought allowing, thou, removed  
from harms,

In Abraham's bosom dost securely lie,  
Oh, not in Abraham's bosom, in a Saviour's  
arms—

In that dear Lord's, who in thy worst distress,  
Thy bitterest anguish, gave thee, dearest  
child,

Still to abide in perfect gentleness,  
And like an angel to be meek and mild.

Sweet corn of wheat! committed to the  
ground  
To die, and live, and bear more precious ear,  
While in the heart of earth thy Saviour found  
His place of rest, for thee we will not fear.

Sleep softly, till that blessed rain and dew,  
Down lighting upon earth, such change  
shall bring

That all its fields of death shall laugh anew—  
Yea, with a living harvest laugh and sing.

—Trench.

## Christian Thought.

### NO EDUCATION COMPLETE WITHOUT THE BIBLE.

By REV. PETER STRYKER, D.D.

[The following article is from the pen of a minister of the neighboring Republic, and is interesting as showing us how thoughtful men in that country look at

a question that lies very close to the prosperity and permanence of every Republic. A despotism such as were common in the east in olden times, and in Europe till recently, can exist for centuries, though the people were wicked, godless and ignorant; for the sword governs them. But a Republic will go

to ruin as soon as the people become irreligious. The fact is, no true freedom can exist without the Bible being known, read, believed, obeyed by the people.]

"Our subject is an old one, but every now and then it is invested with new interest. Some conflict of opinion arouses the community, and each one puts on his spectacles to take another look at the argument. We propose, without attempting to exhaust the subject or the reader, to glance at two very important facts bearing upon this interesting theme.

*The Bible is indispensable as a book of literature.*

Look at it as a *history*. It carries us back to the first dawn of time, to the first rising of the sun, to the infancy of the first man. For two thousand years it bears us along the stream of time; in a compressed but comprehensive manner revealing to us the principal events occurring in the early history of our race. Blot out from existence the book of Genesis, and what reliable knowledge have we of remote antiquity? Traditions cannot furnish it. Monuments cannot reveal it. Ruins cannot tell it. What are the antiquities of Egypt and Nineveh? What are the legends of India and China? Can we depend upon information obtained from them? Only so far as they correspond with the sacred narrative. What are the writings of Philo and Josephus? Can they be accredited? Only, as lesser lights, so far as they reflect the brighter glory.

And this history, the first link in the long chain, is the foundation of all subsequent records. Here we see the root from which the tree, now large but still branching out, has grown. Here we read of the rise and progress, the ruin and fall of Egypt, Chaldea, Persia, Babylon, as well as the entire history of the Jewish nation, which is regarded by many as the parent nation of the world, and from which, no doubt,

civilization, science, and religion began their course. Can we over-estimate the importance of this, the earliest history? Would not the most complete education without the knowledge of this be wretchedly defective?

Look at the Bible also as a book of *science, poetry and the fine arts*. Such it is not professedly or chiefly, but such to a limited extent in reality it is. Men of mistaken minds and wicked hearts have long tried to bring the Scriptures in conflict with the established principles of science and philosophy. But they have all failed, and their efforts have only served to demonstrate, what otherwise would not be so evident, that the Bible, without any effort on the part of its human penmen to make it so, is a profound and logical book of natural as well as moral truth.

And how does it abound in beautiful passages? Where can you find sweeter or grander poetry? Where more chaste and elegant classic literature? Did ever any heathen write such glowing verse as the royal bard of Jerusalem? Did ever any wise men give to the world any such concentrated wisdom as that which is compressed in the inspired book of Proverbs? Did ever Roman or Grecian sage write or speak words so full of eloquence as those which dropped from the lips or flowed from the pen of Isaiah, Ezekiel, or Daniel?

The time has gone by for learning to attempt to decry religion, for philosophy to sneer at the cross. The literature of Greece and Rome, so much talked of, whence did it come? Whence the ethics of their distinguished moralists. No doubt but Virgil and Homer, Plato and Aristotle drank from the great fountain—the Bible. This now is generally conceded. And after all that has been said of the Corinthian, Doric, and Egyptian styles of architecture, we read of no great building until after the temple of Solomon was erected, the full account of which we find in the Bible,

and the Queen of Sheba, the King of Tyre, and other royal persons had visited the court of Jerusalem.\*

Take with this another fact.

*The Bible is indispensable as a book of Law.*

Upon it legislation, in all countries and in every time, has been founded. Grotius says: "The most ancient Attic laws, whence in after time the Roman were derived, owe their origin to Moses' laws." The similarity between the Greek and Hebrew laws has been pointed out by many learned and impartial writers. From remote antiquity we trace the influence of the Mosaic code in jurisprudence, until we come down to the common law of England, the basis of our own legislation. This evidently is founded upon the Hebrew code. In some instances, as in the time of King Alfred, whole statutes have been borrowed from it. On good authority it is stated "that until recently the civil law of Moses had been a just subsidarium in Sweden, and that, although it is no longer cited in the courts, there necessarily remain in the Swedish jurisprudence many vestiges of its former authority." (Dr. E. C. Wines.)

Every intelligent American knows that our Federal and State constitutions and all our civil statutes, closely resemble the Hebrew. Our government is, therefore, founded upon the Bible, and this gives us the more confidence in its perpetuity. It was love for this book, and persecution engendered by this love, which drove our ancestors across the sea to this broad land. When they came hither they brought the Word in God in their hands, in their minds, of their hearts. They read it each night and morning at their family worship. They slept with it beneath their pillows.

\* The writer is not strictly correct here, for "these temples, palaces and piles stupendous, whose very ruins are tremendous," in Egypt were, many of them, such as Luxor, and Karnak, in existence before the time of Solomon.

They laid it in the cornerstone of our government, as a broad, firm basis. They built upon it the principles of union, liberty, education, and religion. In framing their famous Declarations of Independence this evidently was their guide. In all their conflicts for freedom and for right this was their companion and counsellor. And when, after a long and weary contest, peace came, and with it prosperity, opening the precious Bible, they knelt at the mercy-seat, and gave devout thanks to God for victory.

This book, then, belongs to our land. It is the foundation of our government. It is the richest legacy we have inherited from our fathers. It is intertwined in all our past history. All that we are proud of as Americans can be traced to it. All our mistakes have been committed by turning from its sacred precepts. And, moreover, our hopes as a nation for the future depend upon this, the keystone of our legislation, the paladium of our liberties.

The accomplished and youthful Lady Jane Grey, who became a martyr to the Protestant religion in the sixteenth century, the night before she was beheaded sent to her sister a Greek Testament, with this word of farewell: "I have here sent you, good sister Catherine, a book, which, although it is not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is of more worth than precious stones. It is the book, dear sister, of the law of the Lord. It shall teach you how to live and how to die."

Such a book should be in the hands of every one who is an intelligent and immortal being. But our argument for the present bears upon the intellectual more than the spiritual. If the Bible is indispensable as a book of literature and a book of law then it should be in the hands of all our citizens. Not only should it have a place in the household, but in the school. It belongs to the children. Without it, you cannot give them a complete education. We have no more right to keep from them this,

the richest gift of God, than we have to deny them light and heat, air and water, food and clothing. It is theirs by holy inheritance, and it is our duty to see they receive it.

But, say some, the Bible should not be thrust in our public schools, because there are people in our country who deny its authenticity, and others who regard it as a dangerous book, only to be read by the learned. In one of our influential papers edited by a Congressman and a Presbyterian, they who argue in favour of the reading of the Scriptures in the public schools are charged with being not only "bigots," but "pig-headed." The writer evidently does not note this fact, that the question now at issue is not whether the Bible shall be *thrust in*, but whether it is to be *thrust out* of the common schools. It is now in, and has been from the beginning of our present system of education. The point is whether a few infidels, Jews, and Romanists, only about a tithe of our entire population, shall deprive us and our children of one of the most sacred and valuable privileges.

We respectfully submit to our legislators, and to all the intelligent people of the land, that there can be no complete education without the Bible. This book is the book of humanity and of God, and has a right *everywhere*, but especially has it a place in every school, as a branch of study which cannot be ignored. The moment it is excluded from any school that moment that school is converted into a heathen seminary, and a great wrong is suffered and perpetrated.

The truth is, we have been too liberal in this matter. The time was when the Bible was not only read, but *studied* in all our schools. It should be so now. This precious volume should be a textbook. As a book of history, literature, and law, as well as the great gospel directory, it should be carefully invested. Let it be understood that no person is

thoroughly educated who is ignorant of Bible truth, and this grand old book will be sought after, not thrust aside."

### THE PULPIT OF THE AGE.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., OF LONDON.

In discussing, even cursorily, the question of modern preaching, my contention throughout will be that, in proportion as we follow the Apostolic method of stating and applying the truth, will our preaching be adapted to this day and all other days of human sin and want. In order to wield the original power, is it not needful to recur to the original method of preaching? Take, for example, the preaching of the Apostle Paul, and inquire somewhat into its substance and manner. What did Paul, the Apostle of Jesus Christ, preach? Paul himself answers the question: "I preach Christ crucified . . ." "I preach the unsearchable riches of Christ . . ." "Christ sent me to preach the gospel." Here is definiteness of conviction. The man knows his business, and his mind is set upon it without doubtfulness or distraction. He does not preach about the gospel. He does not show how skillfully he can abstain from touching it even when it seems impossible for him to escape from touching it altogether. Contrariwise he preaches the gospel itself with fulness of statement and with a supreme desire to make it understood and felt. To Paul, Jesus Christ himself was the gospel. The man was the doctrine, the doctrine was the man: hence the preaching was quickened by those elements which set the personality of the Saviour at the head of all life, and make that personality the complement of all being. Thus much then for the substance of Paul's preaching, viz., a living, dying, triumphant Almighty and unchangeable Saviour. Is it not such a Lord that is needed in this day, when men are mad in wicked-

ness, and have become makers of their own gods?

We have inquired as to the substance of Paul's preaching. What was the manner of the preacher? On this point also, the Apostle speaks with peculiar, instructive emphasis. We ask him, How do you preach? He answers, "Not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." "My preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom . . . I come not with excellency of speech or of wisdom."

This law of speech would destroy nine-tenths of what is falsely called "eloquent preaching." What care is bestowed upon the manufacture of sentences; how periods are smoothed and rounded; how anxious are many speakers lest by a slip in quantity they should impair the rhythm of their utterances! Is not this the "wisdom of words" which the Apostle religiously eschewed lest the Cross of Christ should be made of none effect? Are not these the "enticing words of man's wisdom" which Paul avoided in his ministry? I put the case thus interrogatively rather than dogmatically, lest I should even seem to bring unjust reproach, or inflict needless pain on some honest man. Am I then discountenancing the highest uses of speech or would I exclude eloquence from the sanctuary of the Lord? Far from it. Seeing that we cannot preach without words, I would have all words fit and seasonable; on the right hand of Truth I would set Beauty, and on her left hand I would set Music; but as they stood together in the smiling light I would say, Now abideth Truth, Beauty, and Music: but the greatest of these is Truth. Truth is the infinite quantity; beauty and music are measurable and determinable elements. There is a danger among us, and it should be clearly pointed out—a danger of setting up an idolatry of mere words, and so drawing attention to the casket to the disadvantage of the jewel. What

do we often hear respecting a preacher and his preaching? That he is a polished speaker; that his language is exquisite in chasteness and balance; that his sermons are literary models, and that his composition is a study in art. This is thought to be complimentary—complimentary to an angel of the Lord, clothed with fire and put in trust of mighty thunderings; a preacher of the Cross and revealer of Judgment to come! God-speed to the eloquence of the heart; but as for the sentence-maker, his pulpit is a store of carved wood, not Lebanon or Bashan, not the mountains of myrrh or the hill of frankincense.

The probability is that the Apostle Paul would be impatient with a good deal of what passes among us as eloquent preaching. Would he not be ill at ease until the preacher came to the Cross and showed its bearing upon human sin and human need? Would he be so pleased with an epithet as to forget a doctrine? Is the preacher a cunning trickster in the use of words, or a teacher sent from God? Let us have a clear understanding upon these points, the scope, and urgency of our work, and do it mightily with both hands.

There is a third question which the Apostle Paul will answer in a remarkable manner—In what spirit did you conduct your ministry? Hear his reply: "I was with you in weakness and fear and much trembling" . . . "With all humility of mind and many tears" . . . "I warned everyone night and day with tears." Mark this as one secret of the Apostle's power—he always felt his own weakness, and he always saw the pathetic aspects of his work. He trembled; he feared; he wept; he travailed in birth! Yet how few suspected the existence of such experiences! So bold that he could stand alone; so resolute that neither bonds nor afflictions could move him; yet was he heart-broken as a minister of the

cross of Christ. Paul did not attempt his work in an off-hand manner, as if he were superior to it, and could do it without strain or effort. It was evermore above him—it exhausted and mocked the mean sufficiencies of human resource—it scorched and consumed him like an altar-fire! "Who," said he, "is sufficient for these things?" Think of Paul weeping! When he wept it was with "many tears." Who could argue like Paul, whose every word struck like a battering ram, yet who could cry with tears so many and so bitter! A good deal of useful work may be done with logic, but without pathos we can never get that special and indescribable influence which touches all hearts, speaks all languages, and sheds the light of hope upon all lives. Pathos is not, indeed, one-sided. There is a pathos of laughter as well as a pathos of tears—there is a godly laughter easily distinguishable from the merriment of fools. Argument applied with pathos means mastery the world over; argument without pathos may burn up ill weeds, but can never produce gardens of loveliness or Edens of delight. We must have the dew as well as the fire.

Looking, then, at the substance, the manner, and the spirit of Paul's preaching, I contend, in answer to the question involved in my subject, that in proportion as we return to Apostolic doctrine and method will our preaching be adapted to all the great necessities of our own and every succeeding age. I trust I am not violating the spirit of an honest charity in expressing the belief that the time is at hand when the preaching of Christ crucified without the wisdom of mere words and with much trembling and pathos will be the only original preaching. In some quarters we have a Christ, but not a Christ crucified; a character in history, but not a sacrifice for sins or a mediator between God and man. When Peter mentioned the name of Christ to the

Sanhedrim, he set an example to all preachers evermore—"Jesus Christ of Nazareth whom ye crucified"—that is the full style and title of the Saviour. Ruinous mistakes may arise out of its abbreviation. We have now to be very definite in the statement of His name, because many false Christs have gone out into the world—creatures of the imagination, spectres seen in troubled dreams, painted things made to order and sold for a price. Let us in so foul a market-place remember that the name of the Infinite Saviour, God the Son, is Jesus—Jesus Christ—Jesus Christ of Nazareth—Jesus Christ of Nazareth whom every man has crucified by his own great sin.

This call to reproduce the substance, the manner, and the spirit of apostolic preaching, is not a call to a narrow or superficial ministry. An inexperienced man might, on hearing the range of Paul's preaching, suggest the easy possibility of speedily exhausting it. "Preach Christ crucified," he might exclaim, "why that may be done in a sermon or two!" Such are the mistakes of ignorance and vanity. The maturest and ablest men in the Christian ministry will testify, with tears of delight and thankfulness, that the gracious mystery of redemption by the Cross has ever grown before the vision of their reverence and love, until it has filled all things with its mournful, its holy and infinite glory. They will testify further that the Cross of Christ—the Christ of Nazareth—is the only key which can open the secrets of human history. Apart from that Cross confusion without hope—a wild, fierce fight, ending in the hopelessness of a beast's grave. He who has no crucified and redeeming Christ to preach, wastes his little strength within the narrowest limits, though he may appear to have wide liberty of action. He can but talk at men; he can never speak to them—to their agonies, their heart-hunger, their helplessness, their dumb and vehement aspirations. His mouth

is filled with mocking, and his words are instruments of cruelty. As for his prayers, they are as birds with broken wings, tormented by their own impotence, testifying to the presence of an instinct, but never reaching the gates of the sun. Seest thou not, oh student of God, that the great, dear and sad cross is everywhere, and if thy course as a teacher be determined by any other meridian, thou shalt be as a thief among men, and at last be damned as a slayer of souls? History will show that the preachers who have taken the deepest hold of human life have been most faithful to the cross of Christ; others have had their reward for divers gifts and excellences; yet beyond a momentary applause they have had but little hen upon the love and thankfulness of human hearts. The preaching of Jesus Christ crucified has always elicited the greatest answers from those who have heard it. These answers have confirmed the divinity of the doctrines and set the seal of heaven upon the preacher's purpose and method. What have those answers been? Answers of penitence, of loyalty, of service, grief on account of sin, devotion to the Redeemer's Cross; service without weariness, a pursuit of the lost, a healing of the diseased, a teaching of the ignorant, and undespairing prayer for those who are out of the way. What results have attended preaching of an opposite kind? Pedantry, sciolism, self-worship, a theology without religion, a temple without a God—these we have found, together with a gentility cold as death, and a self-absorption cruel as the grave; but nowhere have we discovered the "living sacrifice" and the godly self-denial which are born of the atonement of God the Son.

Faithfulness to the apostolic doctrine and method will save the preacher from all the narrowness of mere denominationalism in the exercise of his ministry, and from all other narrowness of thought and sympathy. Denominationalism

properly understood and wisely administered has most excellent uses, yet we cannot have too little of it in the Christian pulpit. In the pulpit we should hear the universal language of God's love to mankind, and not the provincial dialect of zealotry and sectarianism. The wise pastor will have his classes for private instruction, in many points of secondary and relative importance, but his pulpit will be sacred to the proclamation of the eternal truth which man needs in all places and at all times. This brings me to a point which should be treated with delicate discrimination. The preacher's lips need not be sealed upon what are called questions of the day, yet, in my opinion, he will treat such questions more successfully by the exposition of *great principles* than by becoming a special pleader, or sinking into a mere debater. On the other hand, allowance must be made for men of exceptional gifts and peculiar influence. There are ministers of various denominations in whom we glorify God, and for whom we can never cease to thank Him, who are specially qualified to discuss secular questions in the course of a religious service. Such men must ever be a law unto themselves. I have no reference, how remote soever, to them, when I urgently advise those who are younger than myself to refrain while in the pulpit from the discussion of all parochial, secular, political, and other temporary questions. They will find enough to do without discussing such topics. In leading public worship, in expounding the Scriptures, and in holding up the cross over the whole field of human sin and want, the finest powers of the most brilliant preacher may be exhausted.

As to the manner of the preacher, I may express the hope that the day will never come when individuality will cease to distinguish the ministry. It is written upon all the works of God; why should it not be written upon the sanctuary, the chiefest and brightest of

His creations? Who am I that I should find fault, censoriously, with my brother's way? Have I had some secret revelation from heaven which has been denied to him? Hath God made but one instrument? Is not the trumpet His, and the lute, the organ, and the instrument of ten strings? Do I not hear in His house the clash of cymbals, the throb of drums, and the silver of sweet bells? Every man must preach in the way in which he can use his power to advantage—the advantage always being the spiritual progress of the hearer, and not the mere elevation and fame of the speaker. It would appear as if to win a world-wide renown, to make the ears of all nations tingle, it is necessary to pass through a period of offense and antagonism. Faultless respectability never made itself known afar. Gentility seldom gets beyond its own parish. And even the highest quality of power—intellect in its inspired moods and excitement so terrible that it is mistaken for calmness—is sometimes doomed to limitation, if not obscurity. The men who have become the chief figures in the Christian pulpits of all lands—the men whose names are known in out-of-

the-way places and by the most unlikely people—the men who belong to the world, have all, in some degree, been a by-word and an offense for a time; in some sense it has been said of each of them, "he hath a devil and is mad, why hear ye him?" But if the word of the Lord has been in him, and his soul has been the dwelling-place of the Holy Ghost, he has thrown off all the crudeness and vulgarity of early practice and become a master and a ruler in the kingdom of the Church. To those who do not preach let me say—you determine, to a large extent, the kind of preaching which is popular. I look to hearers as well as to preachers for a genuine reform of the pulpit wherever reform is needed. You must insist upon hearing the gospel! When you distinguish between gold and tinsel, when you show your disgust for the mere frothinesses of pulpit dolls, when you protest against all trifling with the realities of life and destiny, when you set your face like a flint against all that is unsubstantial in doctrine and all that is vicious in ritual, you will soon drive the hireling from the pulpit and banish the tallow-chandelier from the altar of God.

## Christian Life.

### FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

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

Translated for THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

CHAP. I.

Wherein there is an account of my life from childhood till I was twelve years of age.

It was my privilege to be born of pious parents (in the year 1716) who did their best to train me up in the fear of the Lord, and to teach me my duties very early. My dear mother I mention specially, who taught me to pray as soon as I could speak, who used dili-

gently every means for my spiritual good, and who prayed often and earnestly to God for my conversion. She used also every precaution that she could think of to keep me out of the company of other children, who were suffered by their parents to go wickedly at large, for fear I should be infected with their vices. But all these means were quite and utterly unable to change the evil nature within me. I learned in my own early experience the truth of this Scripture, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child," and of this one, "The wicked are estranged from

the womb: they go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies." Prov. xxii. 16. Psalm lviii. 3.

When I was four or five years of age, as far as I can now recollect, I went out a Sabbath unknown to my mother and spent some of my time in foolish play: and, although I returned home before I was missed, my soul was full of dread, and my conscience of upbraidings, for thus breaking God's Day. And that very night, after going to bed and falling asleep, I was terribly frightened by the following dream:— I dreamed that the Lord Jesus revealed Himself to me in great anger, and He said that He would punish me for breaking the Sabbath. On awaking I was full of repentance for the evil I had done, and I resolved I would never do the like again. I began, thereupon, to pray oftener than before; for hitherto I prayed only when forced, but now I prayed of my own accord.

About a year after this, on the 6th day of December, 1722, it pleased God to take my mother to Himself. After her death there was no care taken of me, either as regards education or morals; and "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Prov. xxix. 15. The brushwood fence that hedged me in was now taken away; and I soon began to neglect my duty. Like Jehoshaphat, I did well while Jehoiada lived, but when Jehoiada died I proved that I was still what I had always been. The corrupt stump began to burst into shoots, and there was none now to cut them. I had full permission now to do what seemed right in my own eyes.

At this time the Lord began to visit me by fearful visions; dreams at night which greatly terrified me. Often I dreamed that the Day of Judgment had come, that Jesus descended in clouds, and that the assembled world stood before His throne, that He divided them into two companies, and myself I always saw among the wicked, condemned to everlasting fire. This turned me

again to my duties, and I continued in them while the shadow of the eternal world lay on my spirit; but, like Pharaoh, no sooner did these thoughts leave me than I left my duties. And as God dealt with that King he dealt with me; for when I became remiss and indifferent He always sent other dreams more terrible, which straightway drove me to my prayers. These dreams I then regarded as the Spirit of God striving with me, so as thereby to persuade me to give up my sins. They continued for the space of two years, and I at last got so accustomed to them that I gave them little heed. At length, however, they ceased, I was no longer troubled with them. I was at this time about nine years of age. "For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men in slumberings upon the bed: then He openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction; that He may withdraw man from His purpose, and hide pride from man." Job. xxxiii. 14-17. But from the time my dreams ceased I had no peace in my mind; for one day as I was reading my Bible I was strongly impressed with this Scripture:—"My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Gen. vi. 3. I did really believe, as has been already remarked, that in these dreams the Spirit of God was striving with me; and now seeing they had ceased, I concluded that God gave me up, that he would with me strive no more. He strove long, I always resisted, and now I said I have quenched the Spirit.

My fears were also greatly increased on hearing some people say that once God gave up striving with men he would never again return, and that such people would never receive forgiveness. These thoughts greatly troubled me, and I wept when alone, thinking that I was a castaway. These thoughts I had of God, as an angry Judge, caused me to give up entirely all religious

duties, for I thought there was little profit in them to turn away His wrath, though the fear of His displeasure did restrain me from wickedness at times. In this way I passed the years from nine to twelve in a kind of foolish despair, often revolving the words: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man."\*

I remember very clearly many things, during these two latter years, done by me, and to this day, (1770, about 18 years before his death), their evil effects follow me, so that to forsake the habit then begun is like cutting off my right arm. Let me now make one or two reflections on this period of my youthful days.

In the first place,—When I look at this portion of my life, and note the natural bend of my desires,—how they ran after what is expressly forbidden in the law of God,—my belief is strengthened in the doctrine that says to me, as the Pharisees to the man that had been blind, "Thou wast altogether born in sins." It is not simply, indeed, that I was *born* in sin, but as the Psalmist says:—"Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." "Foolishness," says Solomon, "is bound in the heart of a

\*In the materialistic spirit of our day there is a tendency to sneer at such experiences as this boy (of vivid imagination and tender conscience), passed through in these years of boyish sorrow and conflict with sin. We admit that some dreams come from the state of the body, or from the sounds that fall on the sleeping ear, and that they are not worthy of being remembered or narrated. But does this exhaust the philosophy of dreams? In the infancy of the human race, in the infancy of the individual man, it would seem that "visions in deep sleep," as Elihu expressed it to Job, is one method of God's revelation of Himself to man. "The Scripture declares," says the Rev'd Alfred Barry, Principal of Cheltenham College, "that the influence of God's Spirit upon the soul extends to its sleeping as well as waking thoughts." We are familiar with several well authenticated cases, where God chose, in His mercy, to instruct men by striking and alarming dreams.

\*transcribed.

child," and though the rod of correction hanging over his head, may drive it far from him, yet the rod can never put it so far away but it will return till Christ regenerates the heart. The Apostle John also wrote to little children that their sins were forgiven, which were unnecessary, if sin they had none.

But, in conjunction with these clear proofs from Scripture in favor of the doctrine of original sin, my own consciousness testifies, beyond doubt, that I came into this world having in my heart an root of evil, to whose existence and strength a sad testimony is borne by the abundant harvest Satan reaped even from my childish years. Men, truly, seldom reap where no seed has been sown, and always the harvest is as has been the seed; for the Apostle says that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." And of this I am well convinced, that, instead of honouring God with them, I consecrated to Satan the first fruits of my actions. I admit that, as a child, I did many things that seemed as to outward form to be good, but the good I did was not of full, hearty choice. By no means! I undertook no religious duty, except as it was pressed on me by my parents, or suggested to me by fear of hell: and duties done under pressure of such motives cannot be pleasing to God. The man who has true knowledge of God serves him from motives very different from these: love of God draws him irresistibly to God's service, and further, there is experienced in this blessed business such sweetness, such joy, as are of themselves sufficient motive to lead one to continue and abound in it that has once tasted the blessedness. How completely empty I was of any the least of these spiritual desires my experience loudly witnesses: for I never once took a step in the outward ways of God, except as I was thereto compelled: and when the pressure ceased, I, without fail, sat down till the arm of the Lord again aroused me. What means God

used matters little, for all are equally valid in the hands of Him who causes things to bring about such issues, and after such a fashion as He wills.

In the second place,—Should I enquire who taught me these sins,—pride, covetousness, hatred, spite,—or whence they came? I could see that I had not learned them from other children, for the utmost care was taken to keep me out of bad company. I experienced these wicked passions in my young heart ere ever I had seen them in others. And again should I enquire whence came these outbursts of wickedness that showed themselves between my eighth and eleventh years, sins that I never saw any one committing, neither heard of their names mentioned, I can conclude, only, that the evil was in myself, that in me was the fountain out of which flowed that bitter and black stream. It was truly not from example, but from innate depravity, from a poisonous fountain within, as Jeremiah says, that my sins came: "As a fountain casteth out her waters so she casteth out her wickedness."\* Jer. vi. 7.

In the third place,—When I reflect on this period of my life, I am led to see my need of being renewed by the

\*On the wickedness of his childhood the views of Buchanan, as given here, are wonderfully like the views expressed by Augustine in his "Confessions," a book we are sure Buchanan never saw, and both are in accordance with the testimony of Solomon,— "Childhood and youth are vanity." Eccles. xi. 10. Among the instances given by Augustine we select these:—"How angry children are when other people, children, their elders, even their parents, do not submit to them! When others much wiser than themselves refuse to obey their nod, to their little best, they try to be revenged, even with blows. It is the impotency of their little limbs that keep them innocent of wickedness to which their infant mind inclines them." And again, "I saw not (O God) in what a gulf of filth I lay, as out of love for games and foolish fun I deceived parents and teachers, with innumerable lies, . . . stealing also from my parents to give to my companions, or to sell to make me money." Confessions, Book I. 6, 19.—Translator.

Spirit of God, not singly in the reformation of the outward life, but in the regeneration of the inner man, to the degree even that the image of God should be there restored, and I myself made a partaker of the Divine nature: "for that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit," "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God," "for all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass"\* (1 Peter, i. 24. Rom. viii. 7).

In musing over this period of my life, well may I take up my lamentation and say with Jeremiah, "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed!" (Lament. iv. 1.) How defaced is the image of God engraven at first on the soul of man! The beautiful order and harmony that once reigned in all his powers and faculties is now turned into disorder. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." Isa. i. 3. Who can consider man in his first glory and bliss, when his reason was unfettered, when his understanding was full of the knowledge of God, of himself, and of all creation, when his heart was full of love to God and in unclouded communion with Him, when, in short, his whole soul clung to God as his chief good, so perfectly holy and just in his nature and character, that in him there was not one thought that hindered this Divine fellowship, who can, I say, con-

\* Buchanan's accurate knowledge of Scripture is shown by this quotation from Peter in this connection. In the mouths even of popular preachers, and from the pens of sentimental writers, this quotation comes often to show the fleeting nature of man's life, whereas the contrast in the mind of Peter is the contrast between the reformation that comes from man's own strength, and the reformation that comes from the creative energy of the Holy Spirit. "Being born again," Peter says, "not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God that liveth and abideth for ever, for all flesh is as grass."—Translator.

sider man as to what he *was* and compare it with what he *is*, without being filled with grief that what "was planted a noble vine, wholly a right seed, is turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine." Jer. ii. 21. Oh! how unlike this man to that man fresh from the hand of his Maker. Oh! the dismal transformation by which instead of the image of God in knowledge, righteousness, holiness, with dominion over the creatures, has come the very nature and image of the Devil in ignorance, darkness, enmity, pride, disobedience, envy, atheism, idolatry, selfishness, and such like affections which in extent are innumerable, and in demerit deserving the wrath of God who hates such things. Man in this condition is without hope, without help, and altogether undeserving of hope or help from God. And to aggravate his misery, man in this woe-ful state is unwilling to receive help when offered to him. Indeed to devise a remedy for such a being as man is become is far above the utmost stretch of his foolish wisdom, although to it were joined wisdom angelic: and thus Salvation had ceased for ever, were it not for the love and wisdom of God.

## CHAPTER II.

In which there is an account of my ways from the time I was fourteen till I was twenty-four years of age.

When about twelve years of age, I was engaged in a family to teach the children to read, for at this time I could read the Bible very well. This family was remarkable for all kinds of wickedness, each one trying to excel the rest in swearing, blasphemy, and such vices, with the exception of the mistress, who, I verily believe, was a godly woman. She was, however, like Lot in Sodom, for every thing like religion was an object of ridicule in the house. I was hardly a month here, when I also learned to speak the language of Ashdod, and very soon I outwent the worst of them in their vile language, scarcely

ever opening my mouth without oaths and imprecations. My conscience being now asleep, I sinned without rebuke, save when the thought of death occurred, and then my spirits sank, and I became melancholy, but concluded that as I had no hopes of being forgiven, to cease from my wickedness was of no avail. To get temporary relief from this despair, I would try to put that evil day far away and thus get some ease.

It happened, however, one Sabbath night, that our mistress began to advise us and to reason with us about the great day of judgment. On hearing this, like Felix, I trembled, and my old fears awoke again, especially when she described the terrors of that awful day, and when she affirmed, as to the second coming of Christ, that He would burst out from the third heavens in a moment, encompassed with great glory, and that some were of opinion that His coming would be on a Sabbath night, in the winter time, and that before Him would come loud thunder, lightning, and storms of hail.\* I listened to all this with great attention, and my conscience began to prick me sorely for all my swearing, Sabbath-breaking and other sins. I tried, however, to get some relief by saying that the time when all these things should happen was yet quite distant.

That very night, however, after we had all gone to bed, there came the greatest storm I have ever seen, of thunder, lightning, and hail. The windows having been left open, the hail-stones came rattling on the floor, and the walls shone like fire by the reflec-

\* These views in regard to the second coming of Christ may still be heard among the pious peasantry of Scotland, and they are not altogether destitute of some colour of Scripture, being founded chiefly, I suppose, on the description given in the gospels of Christ's coming to destroy the church and state of the Jews, i.e., the Jewish world—which is undoubtedly typical of His coming to destroy the whole world at the last day.—*Translator.*

tion of the lightning. Trembling with fear, I concluded this was the beginning of sorrow, for everything had happened just as my mistress had told us that same night; and the nature and violence of the storm being such as I had never seen in winter, confirmed my impression that at last the day of judgment had really come. My fear became so manifest, that my room-mates asked me what I meant, when I replied that the day of judgment had now come, and enquired of them "What ought we to do?" They replied that it was nothing of the sort, and mocked me for my foolery.\* But I could not be persuaded by them, for I expected every moment to see Christ, and to hear His voice calling on the dead to arise. Oh, methought how happy I could feel were it possible for the house to fall on me and to hide me from the Judge. Terror laid hold on me for I thought that repentance was now too late. A passage from Mr. Gray's sermon came to my mind where he described the agony of the wicked on the coming of Christ, and their hatred of Him. Oh! methought, could I only begin life anew, how earnestly would I in that case pray, and how diligently would I keep the Sabbath and study the Bible, but alas! it was now too late. Not long afterwards, however, the storm began to abate, and wonderfully glad was I thus to obtain time to repent, if this were yet possible, and I resolved with all my heart that I would sin never again, but a speedy end came to this resolution, for in less than eight days I became the very thing I had been. "When He slew them, then they sought Him, and they returned and enquired early after God. . . nevertheless they did flatter Him with their

\* The Gaelic here is difficult to translate. "Rim idsan magadh orm air son mo chla-ghaireachd;" this last word, translated above "foolery" or perhaps better "Tom-foolery," means the absurdities of a half-witted creature.—Translator.

mouths, and they lied unto Him with their tongues, for their heart was not right with Him, neither were they steadfast in His covenant." Ps. lxxviii. 34, 36.

In this family I remained five months, during which time I went on steadily in my sinful ways. I remember being one day, at this time, along with others in a boat on a large loch near our home, and when we, in consequence of a sudden storm, were given up as lost by ourselves and those on shore, the Lord shewing kindness to the unthankful, brought us safe to land. But, "Let favour be shown to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness: in the land of uprightness will he deal unjustly, and will not behold the majesty of the Lord." Isa. xxvi. 10. Shortly after this, I returned to my father's house and continued to live with him for some time. Now, I was forced to cease from my swearing and blasphemy in the presence of my father, but I was no sooner out of his sight than I was at my old habit.

About this time I met with a providential deliverance on this wise. Having gone with other children to bathe in a river near my father's house, and venturing too far from the bank, I began to sink, whereupon I cried for help, which was out of the power of the other children, and they all fled in terror, except a little girl who kept her place on the edge crying for help, but unable to give any. Had not the Lord (who has the winds and the waters under control), come for my help, I would doubtless have been drowned, but He, wonderfully, caused the current to throw me towards the shore and the little girl dragged me to land with a hay-rake. In a short time I recovered my consciousness, and was able to walk home, but, alas! I laid not the deliverance to heart, but went on in my old ways,—I knew not the hand that was leading me.

(To be Continued.)

## DR. CANDLISH.

There is no man living better fitted to speak of Dr. Candlish, recently deceased, than Dr. Robert Buchanan, who for many, many years was associated with him in church work. We, therefore, give here as our last memorial of the great preacher and debater, gone to his needed rest, the following sketch extracted from the sermon preached in Free St. George's, Edinburgh, by Dr. Buchanan on the occasion of his friend's death :

It has been often noticed that men of remarkable eminence come in groups, and shine together like the congregated stars of some great constellation in the firmament of heaven. Poets, artists, and orators, philosophers and men of science, warriors and statesmen, have been often thus found appearing in companies, dazzling the world for a time by their collective genius and their combined achievements, and disappearing as they came, together. The same thing has been not less observable in the Church of God. It, too, as well as secular society, has again and again had its Augustine age. It has had its culminating periods, when it has towered up far above its wonted level; when the gifts and graces bestowed on it by Him who is the Head of the Body, and who is the source and fountain of all its spiritual endowments, have been marked by a richness and fulness, a variety and power, such as to have left their stamp upon the age to which they were given, and to have made it, ever after, a bright and memorable era in the history of the Kingdom of God. Are we to imagine that these things are the result of chance—the result of a mere fortuitous concurrence of events and circumstances, without design or plan? Assuredly, no. Nothing is or can be fortuitous under the government of God; and least of all is anything fortuitous in the spiritual kingdom for the sake of which it is that material nature and civil society are maintained. He who is over all does

nothing in vain. If He sends at any time remarkable men, either into the world or into the Church, it is because he has some work to be accomplished for which their special instrumentality is needed. When He would lead forth the tribes of Israel out of Egypt, and mould a race of slaves into a nation of free and God-fearing men, He did not commission as their leader and lawgiver an inexperienced youth, but a man of maturest age, of largest experience, of profoundest wisdom, and of deepest piety. When he would raise up and send forth an apostle of the Gentiles to command the gospel of Christ, not to unlettered men, but to intellectually cultivated Greeks and Romans, He employed, not one of the untutored fishermen of Galilee, but Saul of Tarsus—a man accomplished in all the learning, both divine and human, of his time. When He would cleanse the Augean stable of the Church of Rome—when He would rescue and restore to its rightful place of pre-eminence the long-lost Bible, which had for centuries lain buried beneath the ignorance and corruption of the middle ages—when, in a word, He would reform the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the House of God, and deliver churches and nations from the soul-destroying errors and immoralities of the Papal anti-Christ, He made use, not of pigmies, but of giants, to fight that great battle against spiritual wickedness in high places, against the rulers of the darkness of this world. Such men were needed in those great emergencies, and such men were accordingly given. And even so, if, at a comparatively recent period in the history of the Church of our fathers, the Lord was pleased to bestow the almost unexampled combination of high qualities that was embodied in that cluster of distinguished men to whose lamented decease I have just referred, beyond all question it was because the Church was then advancing towards a crisis of her history—a crisis that would

demand the aids of her highest wisdom, of her intensest evangelical earnestness, and of her strongest fortitude and faith. Hence the precious gifts that were then so seasonably and so abundantly conferred. Scarcely, perhaps, if ever, in so limited a Church and country as ours, were men of living piety, and holy zeal, and self-sacrificing devotedness to the cause of Christ so rapidly multiplied. Compared with the apathy, and deadness, and headlong conformity to this world which characterised the previous century of the Church's history, the change that took place in the twenty years immediately preceding the Disruption could be likened to nothing but life from the dead. It was in that quickening time, that time of special reviving and refreshing from the presence of the Lord, that Dr. Candlish was prepared for the ministry, and for the marvellous life-work in connection with it, that, all unknown to himself, was then lying before him. A few years before his ministry began, the sudden death of a truly great man—a man who by the sheer force of his commanding intellect and noble character, conquered for evangelical religion a position in the most cultured circles of this proud city such as it had never before, in modern times, achieved—had left a blank in its most conspicuous pulpit, which seemed as if it could never again be adequately filled. For a brief interval that pulpit was subsequently occupied by one of the best of men, but him, also, death too soon removed; and again the need for Edinburgh and for the church which Dr. Thomson's decease had created, was more vividly and more painfully realised than ever. Happily, in that memorable time, when the righteous were thus taken away, there were many who laid it deeply to heart, and who, also, laid their felt want and their great anxiety before the Lord. The servants die, but the Master lives; and His name is Jehovah Jireh—"The Lord will see to it;" "the Lord will provide!" When, in the days of old, the successor of the mightiest of the prophets of the ancient Church was found in the person of one who was following in obscurity the oxen and the plough, the surprise throughout Israel could hardly have been greater than that which, thirty-nine years ago, ran through our own country when one, whose very name till that moment was altogether unknown to the church, was called to fill the most influential position within its bounds. Under the wise and wonder-working providence of God, Robert Smith Candlish had been left for six years to exercise and mature—out of sight, so to speak, and in the humble station of a simple licentiate—those rare gifts and attainments, and those marvellous endowments of intellect and utterance, which, when suddenly called to occupy the pulpit of St. George's, made him burst upon the world as, perhaps, take him all in all, the very greatest preacher of modern times. The burden of a reputation so immense as that which he almost immediately acquired is not easy to carry, and is peculiarly hard for any considerable length of time fully to sustain. By the grace of God he bore it, not only unlesened, but rather ever increasing, to the end of his long and most blessed career. Brilliant as that career was, it never for a moment turned his head. It dazzled others but it never dazzled him. At the highest, he was always so far below his own ideal of what a minister of Christ and a preacher of the glorious gospel of the blessed God ought to be, and had, in consequence, so deep a sense, habitually present to his mind, of failings and shortcomings in every department of his work for God and of his walk with men, as kept him truly humble. It has been my privilege during the last fifty years to live in the personal intimacy and friendship of many distinguished men. And looking back over that lengthened period, I can truly say that I never knew one more unpretending, less lifted up by the dis-

tinguished position he occupied, by the immense influence he wielded, or by the high public consideration in which he was held.

The department of his public life in which he was best known to me was that which belonged to the courts and the work of the church. The commencement of his career, as is well known, was contemporaneous with the beginning of a conflict which has left its mark, broad and deep, on the history of our time. That conflict turned on the character and claims of the Church of Christ as a spiritual kingdom, and on its constitutional relation, in Scotland, to the civil power. It was the high and sacred interest thus attaching to that conflict which drew into it, with their whole heart and soul, those remarkable men already alluded to, whom God had so evidently raised up for the work that had then to be done. And, if it may be allowed to one to speak upon the subject, who himself lived through it all, and who possessed advantages of knowing both its outer and its inner history, such as, in the same degree, hardly perhaps belong to any other survivor, I would venture, with no hesitation, to say that, from beginning to end of that momentous conflict, no single individual filled so large a place in it, and that no one exerted so sustained and so commanding an influence, either in expounding and vindicating the vital Scripture principles it involved, or in bringing out of it those mighty and blessed results, which have made our Free Church, with all its many faults, an honoured name and a household word throughout the Christian world. I will venture, moreover—and with equal confidence—to say also this—that all through the many trying vicissitudes of a time that searched men as with candles, and tested their spirit and character with a closeness and severity through which few could safely pass, Dr. Candlish showed himself to be one of the most disinterested, most unselfish,

most generous, most single-minded of men. To those, indeed, who saw him but occasionally, and at a distance, he might appear abrupt, irritable, impatient; but a longer and better acquaintance with him seldom failed to do away with all such unpleasing impressions, by revealing the genuine kindness of his nature and warmth of his heart. All men who are called to take any leading part in public life, and to deal with questions which keenly agitate and divide the public mind, must lay their account with being both misrepresented and misunderstood; but, in the long run, the truth rises out clear above the mists of error and prejudice, and the man of real goodness and integrity gets his due at the hands even of a somewhat sinister and censorious world. And Dr. Candlish is himself a striking example of this very thing. Not many men have been more harshly judged than, at times, it was his lot to be. But, as was most affectingly and unanswerably proved on his funeral day, he had outlived it all. As the sun never shows so large as at his going down, even so that burning and shining light which has so recently been quenched in death never seemed so great, or had so many eyes and so many hearts turned reverently and lovingly towards it, as when it was about to disappear from this earth for ever! Behind the noble public life of which I have thus briefly and imperfectly spoken, let me now say, in drawing to a close, there lay, hidden from the outside world, a private life of the simplest, the most natural, the most unpretending kind. Standing, as I have done, towards Dr. Candlish for well nigh forty years, in relations of the closest intimacy—an intimacy never broken or interrupted for over a single day, and over which there never came even the shadow of a passing cloud—if any one out of his domestic circle was in a position to know what manner of man he was, inside and out, it was he who now addresses you. His defects

and infirmities—for he was not without them—were easily seen, for they lay on the very surface of his singularly open and guileless nature, and never was a man at less pains than he to conceal them. He not only wore no mask, but he was incapable of wearing it. Whatever was in him came out without reserve. He never could endure to *seem* other than he was. From nothing did he shrink with a deeper or more habitual aversion than from using words, or assuming a tone, that went by a hair's breadth beyond his own conviction and feelings. Especially was this true when speaking on the subject of personal religion, and of his own spiritual condition. It was not often, indeed, or with every one, that he entered on that solemn theme at all; but when he did, it was always with great feeling, and with a truly touching humility. The features of his character thus indicated continued to mark it as strongly as ever on to life's close. "Pray for me," he said to one at his bedside, when his end was drawing near, "that I may have a more lively sense of Christ's presence and salvation. And yet," he added, "I would only ask for that if it be God's will, for I am satisfied. I have never believed in frames and feelings as grounds of confidence. I am not much concerned about *feeling* my personal interest in Christ. I know that my Redeemer liveth. *That is enough for me.*" His words to myself about the same time, were these—"I would fain have had a more vivid and realising sense of eternal things—of sin and salvation, and of the great coming change; but I am resting on the Word, which is abiding and sure; I am resting on Christ and Him crucified." On yet another occasion, when speaking of his approaching decease, he said, with the same perfect naturalness and beautiful simplicity "It is hard to realise the entire break between this life and the future. When I try to think of it, I always find myself still taking an interest in

the ongoings of the world and of the church after my death—looking on at my death, and so on—and cannot realise an entirely new scene. There is so little revealed in Scripture except that it is to be 'with Christ,' and I just think of Him!" In this unpretending, self-abasing, truth-loving way, which had been all along the habit of his religious life, and which would not suffer him by one iota to exceed in utterance what he felt within, he said, on another occasion still—"This is the beginning of the end, and we must look it in the face, and I can look forward to it—not with raptures; no, not anything like that; but I know in whom I have believed." I have ventured to make these dying words of your beloved and departed minister known, not merely because they so affectingly illustrate the child-like simplicity and utter absence of display which distinguished his character, but because they may prove, by God's grace and blessing, a support and comfort, in their own dying experiences, to others. My last sight of him can never, while memory lasts, fade from my mind. Though suffering constant pain he had no complaint to make, and spoke only of the graciousness of all God's dealings with him. His heart was full of love to all around him, and full of contentment and peace. His countenance had lost its careworn look. The furrows of time and toil and anxious thought had all been smoothed out from his broad bright brow. It seemed as if already he had a foretaste of the rest into which he was so soon to enter, and now he is not, for God hath taken him. Absent from the body, he is present with the Lord, which is far better. Amen!

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A WORD TO PARENTS.—If you have confidence enough to rule a family, I hope you have confidence enough to pray with a family.—*Matthew Henry.*

## Christian Work.

WORK AMONG OUR INDIANS.—In a recent number of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY we noticed the good work carried on among the French Roman Catholics of the Province of Quebec. It is an illustration of the vast extent of territory embraced in our Dominion, and of the varied work that is to be yet done within our borders, that, as a sequel to work among the French on the St. Lawrence, we give here a short notice from the report of the Revd. E. R. Young, of work among the Indians on the Saskatchewan, or rather to the north of it:

I have great pleasure in presenting at the first regularly organized district meeting of this vast district, a report of the Rossville, Norway House, Wesleyan Mission. The first sermon was preached there by Rev. R. S. Rundlo, on the 7th June, 1841. Through the care and attention bestowed on them by the H. B. Co.'s officer in charge, Donald Ross, Esq., the Indians in the immediate vicinity of the Fort were in a measure prepared for the instant reception of the word. Success attended his efforts at once, and the tears and sighs of the penitents and the glad shouts of the emancipated souls from Satan's thralldom were almost at once heard. Mr. Rundlo remained at Norway House for a short time only, and then proceeded on to the vast Saskatchewan, where he was "in labours more abundant." His record is on high. His place at Rossville was supplied by the Rev. James Evans, who may well be called the founder of this mission. He was a man of great physical endurance, of dauntless courage, and of unquenchable zeal. He feared not the frowns or opposition of men, no matter how high their position, nor could he be deterred from the conscientious discharge of his duties. Besides inventing and perfecting the syllabic character, he constructed a press by

which he was able to give the people, in their own language, portions of the word of life, and also many beautiful hymns. He also built a large canoe of plate tin, in which he travelled many thousands of miles on his long journeys into the then almost unknown interior of this vast continent, carrying with him his soldering iron, etc., with which to repair all damages received, which were not unfrequent in the rock-filled and rapid rivers of this northern land. The Mission has been faithfully served by such men as Rev. Messrs. McDougall, Brooking, Stringfellow, etc.; and so complete has been the work accomplished that not a vestige of the former paganism exists. The things they once loved they now hate. If they excel in one thing, it is in their great love for the house of God and the ordinances of the church. We always have good congregations. Fierce winds and intense cold fail to keep them from the place where prayer is wont to be made. They prize the Sacraments very highly. The watch-night services are always well attended, and the general feeling in the hearts of the people is, that it is good to be there. The population has been steadily increasing, until now it numbers nearly a thousand souls. The length and severity of the winters are serious drawbacks to the comfort and prosperity of the people. The quantity of arable land is very limited. Fish, to hundreds, is the only article of food. The principal employment and sources of livelihood to the men is trapping for the H. B. Company, and fur hunting. The former will soon cease, and steam will perform the work which, although arduous, has been profitable to the Indians. The fur hunting is very uncertain, and is not sufficient to keep the people in comfortable circumstances. The question has been discussed frequently among them, "What are we to

do to live?" It is to be hoped that our authorities will devise some scheme by which they can render them some assistance.

REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF THE UNITED STATES.—A movement, the consequence of which it is impossible to foretell, has begun in the United States, under the guidance of Dr. Cummins, who was censured by his bishop for joining (along with the Dean of Canterbury) in the Communion of the Lord's Supper, with the members of the Evangelical Alliance, in a Presbyterian church in New York.

A meeting convened by the seceding Bishop was recently held in New York, when the first general council of the new church was organized and the church itself constituted. The following declaration of opinions was adopted :

## I.

The Reformed Episcopal Church holding the faith once delivered unto the saints, declares its belief in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the word of God, and the sole rule of faith and practice; in the Creed "commonly called the Apostles' Creed;" in the divine institution of the sacrament of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and in the doctrine of grace, substantial as they are set forth in the thirty-nine articles of religion.

## II.

This Church recognises and adheres to episcopacy, not as of Divine right, but as a very ancient and desirable form of Christianity.

## III.

This Church, retaining a liturgy which shall not be imperative or repressive of freedom in prayer, accepts the Book of Common Prayer as it was revised, proposed and recommended for use by the General Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church, A. D., 1785, reserving full liberty to alter, abridge, enlarge and amend the same as may seem

conducive to the edification of the people, "provided that the substance of the faith be kept entire."

## IV.

This Church condemns and rejects the following erroneous and strange doctrines as contrary to God's Word:—

*First*—That the Church of Christ exists only in the order or form of ecclesiastical polity.

*Second*—That Christian ministers are priests in another sense than that in which all believers are a "royal priesthood."

*Third*—That the Lord's table is an altar on which an oblation of the body and blood of Christ is offered anew to the Father.

*Fourth*—That the presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper is a presence in the elements of bread and wine.

*Fifth*—That regeneration is inseparably connected with baptism.

This declaration was referred to a committee who after examination of "the principles" reported the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted: "*Resolved*, That we whose names are appended to the call for this meeting as presented by the presiding Bishop, do here and now, in humble reliance upon Almighty God, organize ourselves into a church to be known by the style and title of 'The Reformed Episcopal Church,' in conformity with the foregoing declarations of Principles, and with Rev. George David Cummins, D. D., as presiding Bishop." And subsequently the following rules for the Government of the Church until the meeting of the General Council were also adopted:

1. Ministers in good standing in other churches shall be received into this church on letters of dismission, without reordination, they sustaining a satisfactory examination on such points as may hereafter be determined, and subscribing to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of this Church.

2. All ordinations of Bishops and other ministers in the church shall be performed by one or more Bishops with the laying on of hands by the presbyters.

DR. PUNSHON ON LAY WORKERS FOR LONDON. —At the recent meeting in London on behalf of the Metropolitan Lay Mission, the Rev. Dr. Punshon delivered an impressive address, from the report of which, given in the *Recorder*, the following is taken:—"He had a conviction, which had forced itself with painfulness upon his spirit, that there was a greater moral degeneracy now than there was six years ago—when he last looked upon London society; that there were deeper depths, so to speak, of impurity, and a wider confederacy of evil, and a greater grasp of the pillars of the social fabric by those who had no right to grasp them—because they had not the moral education that alone could fit them to grasp them—than some time ago. He would always rather look upon the sunny than the sad side, but he did feel that there were foul and fetid streams of evil flowing up and down this great city, which brought in their track very much of national danger; there was ignorance, improvidence, indifference—that strange, impalpable thing that they could no more fight with than a ghost—and yet it was present everywhere, preventing the reception of the truth, and dulling all the inner faculties to the reception of the Gospel of the grace of God. Then there was infidelity; then Popery, which glossed over the evils to which he had referred, and gave them a sort of *imprimatur* and sanction on certain conditions of belonging outwardly to the Church. These things seemed to him to indicate that there was at this moment in his beloved land a very considerable gathering of those elements that were portentous, and that had within them, like the thunderclouds, the destructive elements that only needed to be let loose to destroy.

It was a great mistake to think that if the poor were suffered to go down, the social fabric would stand; or to think that the head that wore the crown had interests separate from the most degraded and outcast of the population. If the people went down they would involve—like Samson in the last effort of his strength—thousands in their fall. The interests of our country were wrapped up, to a certain extent, in such movements as that which they had met to promote, and they were the truest patriots and the most loyal citizens who endeavoured to build the social fabric upon a sure foundation. It was said that a Gallic general once came upon a battle-field about sundown. There was valour in the troops, but there had been mismanagement somewhere, and they were fleeing from the face of their enemy. His keen glance swept round the field, and took in with the sagacity of a commander all the salient points of the battle. Jumping upon his horse he exclaimed, 'It is not yet too late to win the victory,' rushed into the ranks, turned the tide of battle, and added new lustre to the Gallic arms. So he (the speaker) believed it was not yet too late for them to win the victory; and, although there were great dangers, he believed there was a spirit of resolute consecration and earnest purpose in the hearts of the Christian people which would not suffer them to retreat from the field until the Lord of Hosts manifested Himself upon the side of His own truth and power. He rejoiced that that was a *lay* mission. There was room in the work for all: there was an ample field of toil and an ample recompense of honour: for the little child to whom in the startled night the summoning voice came, and upon whom, though he knew it not, the prophet's mantle was ready to fall: for the little maid in the Assyrian palace whom God used as an instrument of double healing—both body and soul; for the men of Cyprus and Cyrene—*lay* preachers, her-

alds who had never sat at the foot of Gamaliel; all these lay men and lay women—for the little Assyrian maid was a deaconess—of God's own providing—were engaged in doing good. He wondered if he came and shook each of his hearers by the hand and looked straight into their eyes, whether he would find the enthusiasm which befitted the soldier—whether those who had enjoyed God's favour for a whole jubilee of years had sitting by their sides the spirits they had won for Christ? Their fathers had done noble things, but was the burial ground to be richer than the Church? It was their duty to work individually as well as in aggregation and in corporate bands for the uplifting of man from moral degradation and shame into the light of the Gospel and into the fellowship of the Lord Jesus Christ. When a drum-major in the Crimean army, who was rejoicing in Christ's service, was consulted by a chaplain as to the best mode of fulfilling his office, he said, 'Come with me to the hill top.' They went. 'Look upon that scene. There are the pickets of the Russian army; see the men in the trenches; look at those trains of ammunition. Sir, we are all in earnest here; if we don't conquer, the Russians will conquer us. We don't know, any one of us, that it may not be our own death-struggle; we are sure it is a death-struggle in connection with the cause we have in hand. We are not playing at soldiers here, sir, every man is in earnest.' (Cheers.) That was the advice which they must follow in their conflict of the Church with the world. It was the world for Christ they were endeavouring to win. The work was His, and if they but did their duty, the success would be theirs according to the promise. It was not they who would be crowned and laurelled; it was for Him they asked, as the result of that glorious meeting, hearts full of devotedness to the service and glory of the

Master, and He would cause their work to prosper in their hands. (Loud applause.)

DOROTHEA TRUDEL: OR, THE PRAYER OF FAITH.—In illustration of our remarks on the subject of healing by prayer in last month, we referred to a letter about Dorothea Trudel. By some oversight the letter was omitted (although in type) from its proper place. We now give it with the explanation that it was written in 1862, and that the work is still going on with increasing power and success.

We have received the following communication from a correspondent of the highest intelligence, by no means of a credulous disposition. As we have had many inquiries as to this Miss Trudel, recently deceased, we requested our correspondent to make investigations upon the spot, of which the following is his account:—

*(To the Editor of the News of the Churches.)*

Swiss travellers have been in the habit of hearing for some time past of wonderful cures wrought in a remote Swiss village by a Christian woman. Exaggerated as these stories were by the time they reached the ears of strangers, they received little credence, and were soon forgotten; or, if remembered, it was only as a trait of the superstition still lingering in the heart of Protestant Europe. Wonders are out of date in the nineteenth century; there is a natural incredulity of anything like miracle, and the stories came and went, were told and ridiculed and dropped from year to year. Yet any one having the curiosity to visit the village of Mannedorf would have been well repaid.

It is one of the many pretty and thoroughly Swiss hamlets that add such a charm to the scenery round Zurich, lies quietly under the shadow of the hills on the left bank of the lake, and can be reached within an hour by the

Zurich steamers. It is a mere cluster of a few houses, with a pretty view in every direction over the bluish water; a simple out-of-the-way place, almost beyond the reach of the villas that are sprinkled so plentifully over both sides of the lake. There lived here a family of the name of Trudel, of whom two at least have reached a wider reputation than the village gossip. The mother was an excellent and pious woman, the original of a little tract that is common enough in the south of Germany, *Ein Mutter*. It was the simple tribute that one of her daughters paid to her memory, and no mother could seek a more honourable monument. This daughter, Dorothea, grew up what was called a poor girl. She bore an excellent character, and she was also strictly religious in all her habits. But it was not till twenty-two that she says herself she was converted. Her life until then had been one of strict religious observance and high religious morality. She discovered that it was spiritually dead and burdensome, and under the same teaching of the Spirit of God she was led into the precious liberty of the children of God. From this time she was characterized by great earnestness, by singularly profound spiritual knowledge, and by a quiet, happy, and modest Christian spirit. She was a worker in flowers, and came in time to have workers under her; and when she was about thirty-seven, four or five of her workers fell sick. The sickness rejected all treatment, grew worse, appeared to be hopeless. She was a diligent and unselfish nurse, and as a Christian her anxiety for the work-people drove her to earnest prayer and careful thought of the Scriptures. It was during this time that, like a sudden light, she says, the well-known passage from the Epistle of James (v. 14, 15) flashed upon her. If medical skill was unavailable, was there not prayer? And could not the same Lord who chose to heal through medicines, also heal without them?

Was He necessarily restricted to the one means? There was a time when His healing power went forth directly; might it not be put forth directly still? The doctors were at fault; but was not faith in God perhaps more at fault? Agitated by these questions she sought help in prayer. And then kneeling by the bedsides of these sick people, she prayed for them. They recovered; and she thought that at first had startled her became now the settled conviction of her life. A sickness broke out in the village, and where it did break out, her help and tenderness and Christian teaching were rarely absent. She sought the recovery of the patient in answer to prayer alone. Many got better, and as the rumour spread, persons came or sent from the neighborhood, and her leisure was fully occupied. Meanwhile she had resisted all solicitations to leave her proper work, and establish a kind of cure. Her proper calling she considered was that which God had provided for her, of worker in flowers; her natural shyness and reserve made her shrink from publicity. But as more persons came and even besieged her doors, she was compelled to re-consider her position, and at last, with much reluctance, to receive persons into her house. It was at first out of mere compassion, when the sick had been brought from a distance and could find no proper shelter or care if she turned them away. And by degrees the one house grew into three, and her days were spent in superintendence and in constant prayer; and patients came from France and Germany, and even Great Britain. There came to be in fact an hospital at Mannedorf.

At this time a Christian physician in the neighborhood began to entertain some scruples about the propriety of an hospital without a physician. His scruples could not be removed, but rather grew in force. A medical agitation was begun; the town-council of Zurich was persuaded to interfere; and

an order was issued by the Government, directing the suppression of the institution. It became a serious question what to do with the sick already there; so serious that (with the advice of friends) it was determined to disobey and to appeal, rather than turn them out of shelter. The appeals were lodged, tried, and defeated, and Miss Trudel was sentenced to a fine of 100 francs and costs, on the plea that it was illegal to heal without the help of a physician. Further appeals were entered; it was carried from court to court; and at last, in November 1861, the judgments of the lower court were unanimously reversed, and Miss Trudel received permission to go on in her old way. Not, however, for long. Typhus fever broke out at Mannedorf this autumn. It was a fever of unusual virulence, and tried the strength of the sick nurses to the utmost. Miss Trudel was attacked, and gradually sunk. She had a presentiment from the first that she would not revive. She grew delirious, and in her ravings, was full of devout thought, and as the raving subsided, would sometimes utter, apparently but half-conscious, most pregnant sayings. On Saturday morning, the 6th of last September, the chaplain (if he might be so called in a house where there are no officials) went into her room, accompanied by her sister and some friends. It was about half-past three, and they found her conscious and clear-minded, and in audible prayer. Contrary to her habitual reserve of feeling, she continued in prayer, uninterrupted by those standing round,—a prayer that, for its humility and marvellous, childlike boldness of faith, its fulness of request, its pathos, eloquence and often sublimity, left an awe upon the listeners. So she continued till half-past seven, till in fact she could speak no more—prayed herself into death at forty-eight. And on Tuesday afternoon she was buried in the village churchyard.

This is the simple biography which I had from her friend Mr. Zeller, when I visited Mannedorf the week after. Mr. Zeller, a son of the well-known founder of the Reformatory at Beuggen, had been with her since 1857, co-operating in all her work, as fully convinced as she was that the prayer of faith shall still save the sick. And the institution, if it may be so called, is carried on on this principle. It starts questions which at least are worth considering. For there seems no doubt that cures have been wrought, whatever difficulty there may be about the explanation. And there seems as little doubt that Miss Trudel was of a very genuine Christian character, that her results were arrived at in a Christian spirit, and with the deepest faith in the Bible. Nor does she seem to have been of an excitable, but rather of a quiet and sensible disposition. Nor did she seek publicity; whatever prominence she had was forced upon her by circumstances.

During the course of the trial, authenticated cures were brought forward, it is said, to the number of some hundreds. There was one of a stiff knee, that had been treated in vain by the best physicians in France, Germany and Switzerland; one of an elderly man who could not walk, and had also been given up by his physicians, but who soon dispensed with his crutches; a man came with a burned foot, and the surgeons said it was a case of "either amputation or death," and he also was cured; one of the leading physicians of Wurtemberg testifies to the cure of a hopeless patient of his own; another remained six weeks, and says he saw all kinds of sickness healed. Cancer and fever have been treated with success; epilepsy and insanity more frequently than any other form of disease. The mode of treatment is exceedingly simple. The first and main object is to impress the heart: the cure of the body is secondary. There is a short service, a Bible-hour, three times a day, and

personal visitation of the patients besides. Prayer is made for them; hands are laid on them; and they are anointed with oil. I was informed that no other means were used, and that these are used simply as means; that there is no stress upon either the anointing or the laying of hands as if there was any virtue in them; that they are merely retained from their connexion with the apostolic word. Nor in this use of prayer is there any presumption of an infallible cure. It only takes the place of medicine, "a direct means and a simpler way." It also may fail; it is not professed to heal all; to introduce the human will within the province of the divine. It is not even expected that the answer to prayer will be immediate. Some of the insane have remained a year before they recovered. But there is a close connexion between the spiritual condition of the patient and the cure. In a case of cancer of the lip, the cure was cotemporary with the sufferer's conviction of sin, and one singular example was narrated, where the progress of the cure seemed to keep pace with the spiritual history, when it seemed retarded by want of a frank repentance. There is a receptivity on the part of the patient, as well as boldness of faith on the part of the suppliant. Until the recent outbreak of fever, the patients filled the houses, there were two tables *d'hôte* daily, and as many as eighty sat down at the first. Many were relieved free; but as Miss Trudel had no means, those who were able paid a small sum, varying from four to ten francs a week, yet not enough to cover the expenses. Patients may be attended by their own physicians if they wish; nor is medical skill despised. But it is held that Christians may be restored without it; and, I am afraid, this has developed into a theory that, while medical aid will always be necessary for the unbelievers, Christians ought simply to wait on God in prayer. The stranger

breathes a healthy Christian atmosphere in this place. There is no mistaking the genuine Christian tone,—the tone of a higher Christian life; of a strange and more childlike faith; of a deeper consciousness of spiritual power than is at all common. There is no denying that Miss Trudel has been the means of quickening many Christian people; that her personal ministry has been the greatest blessing to the neighborhood; that her hand has been a centre of spiritual life within a circle of prevailing spiritual death; that men like Tholuck and Prelate Kapff sifted her work, and expressed their confidence in her as a child of God. On that work, I do not venture to express any opinion. Most men with whom I have spoken in Germany say, it is too recent; let us delay our judgment. But it is worth record as a feature of the Christian life of our century. Nor is it solitary. Others are reported working similarly in other parts of Switzerland. Pastor Blumhardt of Wurtemberg has had his house crowded with patients for years. Dr. Bushnell in his *Natural and the Supernatural* reports like instances from America. There is no supposition of fraud. Will mesmerism, animal magnetism, the power of sympathy, be adequate explanation? Or is there still a prayer of faith that shall *save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up?*

W. F. S.

GERMAN OLD CATHOLICISM AND THE BIBLE.—It is matter of thankfulness that the old Catholic Bishop Reinkens, as we learn from the following letter, from Berlin, has placed an open Bible before his flock.

Since Bishop Reinkens' consecration by the Bishop of Deventer, he has issued what may be called two manifestoes. The first is contained in a pastoral addressed to the body of the Old Catholics of Germany; the second is a speech delivered in Constance, in the

great Council Hall, at the second public meeting of the Old Catholic Congress, in the month of September.

In his pastoral he begins by declaring himself the bishop of 50,000 Old Catholics in Germany, lawfully elected by the priesthood and the people. Resting on this foundation, he openly breaks with Rome. This union of the clergy and the laity in his election makes him a *legitimate*, his consecration by a bishop of the unbroken apostolical succession a *real*, bishop of the Church Catholic. He is thus at the same time a "real" and a "legitimate" bishop; while the Pope and the entire body of the hierarchy, lacking the element of the vote of the laity, are, by virtue of the succession, "real," but by no means "legitimate" bishops of the Church. The theory and practice of the Primitive Church make the voice of the people a *sine qua non*. "If the great bishops of the ancient Church—Cyprian, Hilary, Martin, Ambrose, Augustine, or the Popes Leo I., Innocent I., Gregory I. in Rome—were suddenly to reappear in our midst, they would not recognize the election of a single living bishop of the Romish Church, not even that of the Pope himself as legitimate."

This principle involves grave consequences. It does away, with a stroke, with the supposed jurisdiction of the Popes or the Romish bishops over the clergy and the laity, and frees the consciences of all Catholics scrupulous on this point. Bishop Reinkens was therefore logically consistent in refusing to allow the Bishop of Deventer to notify his consecration in Rome, as has hitherto been the invariable practice of the Old Catholic Church of Holland on similar occasions.

Leaving himself and his "orders," he contrasts the spiritual character of Christ's Church with the degeneracy and ceremonial worship of the Church of Rome. Comparing modern Romanism with the Judaism of the apostolic age, he finds the former even more de-

generate and corrupt than the latter: "The degeneracy is even greater than it was in the age of Jesus Christ. A *heathen* element has been added to the ceremonial worship of the Jews; an attempt to render visible, so to speak, in the official dignity of the priests the majesty of the living God, to turn aside the religious feeling of men to those who bear the sacerdotal office, as though God had appointed viceregents to receive the homage due to Him alone." The identifying of the episcopate and clergy with the Church is shown to be one of the most efficient weapons wielded for furthering this end.

What is said of the preaching of the Romish Church in our day is very characteristic: "The faithful hear little of the Gospel at present in the Church of Rome. Instead of the Word of God, they hear polemical discourses from the pulpits; instead of Christ, the Pope is preached; instead of 'truth and grace,' stories of fictitious miracles; not charity, but hate and cursing, in place of blessing. . . . The watchword is '*Prove nothing!*'"

The paragraph on indulgence is not clear as to whether they are absolutely rejected and condemned. The licentious abuse is denounced, and "the superstition regarding the Pope's power over purgatory." Not faith, but submission, is the Romish idea of the root of justification. The following passage may serve to illustrate both his brilliant style and his evangelical conception of the ministerial office:—

"I ask, then, what is my office? It is no part of my office to set up a Prince's court, with gay and splendid colours, and to cause myself to be served with pomp and circumstance. All this passed over from the ancient imperial court into the households of the bishops, with distinctions of colours, costly material, silk, and purple, and ermine. It is no part of my office to receive homage in titles and ceremonies of a religious nature which belong to God alone;

above all, it is no part of my office *to rule*. Strictly did the Lord Himself forbid this to His apostles, and Peter warned the bishops against it in a manner as touching as it is clear. Bernard, of Clairvaux, asked Pope Eugene III. if he thought that he (the Pope) had inherited the *right* of ruling from Peter; the answer was, 'Peter could not give what he himself never possessed. Hear his own words, 'Be not lords over God's heritage, but ensamples to the flock,' (1 Pet. v. 3). And lest thou shouldst imagine that he says this out of humility, not in truth (*i.e.*, according to the relation of right ordained by Christ), we have the Lord's own word in the Gospel: 'The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors ["gracious lords"]. . . . but ye shall not be so. It is then clear, *it is forbidden to the apostles to rule*,' (De Consid. ii. 6). It would have been strange indeed if the Lord Himself, who had glory with the Father before the world was, should come, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and then appoint servants who had the right of ruling as gracious lords and being ministered unto."

As a commentary on this part of the pastoral, I may relate that in the services held during the Congress in Constance, Bishop Rinkens refused to use the beautiful episcopal vestments sent him as a present from the province of the Rhine, and never appeared more gorgeously apparelled than in the simple rochet and stole. May not the English Ritualists take a lesson from the Old Catholic bishop of Germany? I give one more extract:—

"What, then, is my office? This: to preach what God has revealed to the little ones, to proclaim from the house-tops what He taught His disciples in secret. In this, nothing is inopportune, but all opportune; all of it a longed-for message, not for a privileged caste, but all of it for everybody and at every

time. What is it? No penal code, still less a sentence of death uttered in the form of a curse, since the handwriting which was against us was nailed to the cross and blotted out by the blood of Him who judgeth no one, but gave His life for us. Not this; on the contrary, it is an Evangel—the glad news, not the terror, but the joy of the human family; that truth which, because it makes free, can only spread her light in liberty, and shine as the light of peace. Christ is this truth; He who at first rises on the heart as in the mild rays of a morning star, not to blind the eye so long accustomed to the night, but afterwards beams forth on the spirit, grown strong in the truth as the sun of righteousness, and spreading light over heaven and earth, solves the enigma of existence, and manifests it as the mysteries of the infinite love of God. The true herald of the Gospel preaches, therefore, not himself nor the interests of his order, but knows nothing else than *Jesus Christ and Him crucified*," (1 Cor. ii. 2).

But I must stop. The second manifesto—the speech in Constance—was still more remarkable. It was an elaborate defence of the reading of the Scriptures, especially the New Testament, on the part of the laity. Some of the Old Catholic priests had advocated this duty before, and introduced the Scriptures into their schools; others were doubtful and timid. Their bishop spoke for three-quarters of an hour on this sole theme, and declared before his 4,000 hearers, and through them to all Germany, that for those Catholics who entrust themselves to his episcopal guidance, there exists no such thing as a prohibition of the reading of the Bible; on the contrary, all were urgently admonished to make it their daily and devout study, as containing the words of Him who alone hath the words of eternal life.

## Practical Papers.

### EMPTY SEATS AT THE KING'S TABLE.

By REV. WILLIAM GREGG, KNOX COLLEGE, TORONTO.

After his victory over Goliath, David had been received into the palace of Saul, recognized as a member of the royal family, and permitted to sit at the King's table. On one occasion (1 Sam., xx., 25-27,) the King noticed that "David's place was empty; nevertheless Saul spoke not anything that day." Next day the king noticed that "David's place was empty," and therefore enquired of his son Jonathan—"Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat, neither yesterday nor today?" The true reason of David's absence is well known. Saul was jealous of his influence, and sought his life. David had learned this from Jonathan, and was therefore justified in keeping away from the King's table.

There is another King, infinitely nobler and better than Saul, the empty seats at whose table cannot be so easily accounted for as in the case of David. The Lord Jesus Christ has instituted a feast, to which he invites all who believe in Him. On the night on which He was betrayed he appointed the communion feast to be observed in all ages by His friends and disciples, saying, "This do in remembrance of me." Does it not, alas! very often happen that at this royal feast there are many empty seats? Are there not many who desire to be ranked among the friends of Christ, who, communion season after communion season, absent themselves from the King's table? Various causes may be assigned for this neglect, which it may be useful to consider.

1. In the first place, some may be absent from the Lord's table because *they have imperfect views of the duty and privilege of coming to the Feast.* They imagine that it is a matter of little

consequence whether they communicate or not. They undervalue, or value not at all, the obligation and advantages of entering into Christ's banqueting house, and sitting under the banner of His love. If this, reader, be the case with you, it is worthy of your consideration that Christ's command is very plain. As plainly as He has enjoined prayer or the reading of the Word, He has enjoined the observance of the communion feast; and the neglect of this command is the less excusable when account is taken of the affecting circumstances in which it was given to the disciples of Christ. It is base ingratitude to disregard the dying command of Him who died to save us. As a question of *Duty*, then, the observance of the Lord's Supper cannot be regarded as a matter of indifference. As to the *advantages* connected with the observance of this ordinance, they likewise deserve not to be lightly esteemed. In the Supper there are exhibited to us such views of Christ as are fitted to strengthen our faith, to inflame our love, and to animate our hope. At this feast it is the privilege of believers to enjoy high and holy fellowship with "the general assembly and Church of the Firstborn, which are written in heaven," with "the spirits of just men made perfect," with "God, the Judge of all," and with "Jesus, the Mediator of the new Covenant." (Heb. xii. 23, 24.) Partaking of this Feast, in the exercise of faith, we are permitted to draw supplies of grace out of the infinite fulness which it has pleased the Father should dwell in Christ. (Col. 1, 19.) At the table Christ virtually says to His guests—"Come eat of my bread, drink of the wine I have mingled; eat O friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved!" In accordance with these views, many a communicant who came to the Feast, faint and

weary, hungering and thirsting after spiritual blessings, has gone from it, saying, in the language of the bride in the song—"I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." (Song ii. 2, 3.) Reader, beware of forsaking your own mercies by neglecting the communion feast.

2. In the second place, some may absent themselves from the royal feast because *they fear the wrath of the King*. They think of Christ, to some extent, as David thought of Saul. They dread a near approach to Him, lest they suffer for their folly or presumption. They have read these solemn words (1 Cor., 11, 29)—"He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation (or judgment) to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." They are afraid, therefore, lest by partaking of the communion feast they may be sealing their own condemnation. Now, it is quite true that those who come to the table unworthily, as for example in a worldly, self-righteous, irreverent spirit, do commit sin which deserves condemnation. But let it be remembered, that while holiness is required of communicants, Christ is merciful and gracious, willing to extend pardon and impart holiness to all who ask these blessings earnestly and believingly. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." (Matt. v. 6.) Those, therefore, who feel their personal unworthiness ought, in the first instance, to repair to the Throne of Grace, that they may obtain pardoning mercy and sanctifying grace. But, some may say—"We have tried to do this, but still find within us roots of bitterness which trouble us; we have still to deplore sinful tempers and dispositions, and therefore fear we are not in a fit state to hold communion with Christ." To such persons we reply—if you really deplore the remains

of sin in your hearts, and are sincerely desirous of reaching a higher standard of holiness, you have in these feelings and desires evidence of a work of grace begun in you of a more satisfactory kind than if you imagined you were perfect. Every child of God who knows the purity of God's law, and the real state of his own heart, must feel many imperfections. This, however, should not deter from the Table, but should rather be a reason for coming to it for strength and succour to obtain new victories over the power of indwelling sin. If none were to come to the Table but those who were perfect, Christ would have none on earth to commemorate His dying love. Blessed be His name, notwithstanding our imperfectness in holiness, we are accepted on the ground of His own merits, and welcomed to His Table, if clothed with the robe of His own righteousness, which is unto all, and upon all, them that believe. Be of good courage, then, O trembling child of God. Say to thy soul, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

3. In the third place, some are absent from the King's table because *others may be there with whom they are not on friendly terms*. Christians ought to love one another with a pure heart fervently, to bear and forbear with one another, and to exhibit the goodly spectacle of "brethren dwelling together in unity." No one can have evidence that he is a child of God who hates the brethren; "for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" It follows that no man is in a fit state of mind to partake of the communion feast—which is a feast of love—who cherishes an unforgiving spirit towards any of the brethren in Christ. Nay, more than this, no man can safely repeat the Lord's prayer who cherishes a re-

vengeful temper. What, then, is to be done when offences and misunderstandings arise between professing Christians? It is plainly the duty of the offending person to acknowledge his fault and seek reconciliation. On the other hand, it is the duty of the offended person, if no acknowledgment is made, to tell the offender of his fault in a calm spirit. If this fails to secure reconciliation, the complaint ought to be made in the presence of witnesses. If the offender is still obstinate; the case should be brought before the Church, acting by its office-bearers. With them it remains to deal with both parties in accordance with the Word of God, and with the hope of removing scandal and effecting reconciliation. It may sometimes happen that persons absent themselves from the communion from a cherished dislike to others, founded on no special circumstances, but from vague suspicions of their moral and religious character. Such suspicions of others are not a sufficient warrant for a man's neglecting his own duty, and forfeiting his own privileges. He who entertains them ought also to consider whether he is exercising that charity which "thinketh no evil," "believeth all things," and "hopeth all things," and whether his own character and conversation do not sometimes stand in need of a very charitable construction on the part of others. With reference to the whole subject of offences among professing Christians, the language of the Apostle cannot be too frequently considered—"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ; for if a man thinketh himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another. For every man shall bear his own burden." (Gal. vi. 1-5.)

AT WHAT ARE YOU AIMING?—"What would you advise me to aim at?" asked a young man of a Christian friend. "At riches and honors and pleasures," replied the friend, "if you mean to seek your happiness in this world, and be satisfied with it; but at God's favor and a truly Christian character, if you have any desire ever to enter heaven."

Though the last part of the advice is wise and correct, the former part may well be questioned: for all experience, as well as God's word testifies that godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come; profitable for its true enjoyment and highest happiness. When the devil tempted Bonaventura to plunge headlong into the sinful pleasures of the world, telling him, by way of inducement, that there was no life beyond the grave, "then," said Bonaventura, "then I will faithfully serve God now, and so make sure of the highest possible happiness in the life that now is."

It is not true, as we are often told, and sometimes even from the pulpit, that there are no enjoyments in the ways of sin. There are enjoyments, many and various. But the great radical defect of them all is, that they are transitory and unsubstantial, and at war with reason and conscience, and they always leave a sting behind. We are hungry, and they offer us bread, but it is poisoned bread. We are thirsty, they offer us drink, but it is from deadly fountains. They may, and often do, satisfy for the moment, but it is death in the end. It is only the bread of heaven and the water of life that can so satisfy that we shall hunger no more, and thirst no more for ever!

There is a life beyond, and in comparison with it our life here is but as a moment. When the sun shall have gone out in darkness, and the last star has been quenched from the heavens, every one of us is still to live on, in joy or woe, through its endless ages.

Is it not wise, now, to be preparing for that life—so to direct our aims and

lay our plans, that when our life here shall fail, God may receive us to everlasting habitations? There is such a thing as, at the same time, making the best of both worlds. The Bible makes

plain the way of doing it. Seek God's favor; trust in Christ Jesus; live a Christian life, and in whatever world you may be, you shall be safe and happy.

## Christian Travellers.

### MEMORIES OF PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

#### INTRODUCTION.

My object in writing these chapters on the Holy Land is, as a Canadian writer, to describe the country for Canadian readers. My desire will therefore be obtained, if readers of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY can get, through the careful perusal of this narrative, a clearer knowledge than they had before, of the character of the country where prophets and patriarchs flourished, and where an adorable Redeemer lived and died and rose, and whence He ascended to Heaven. I will try to tell my story plainly and honestly, and will expect from my readers a respectful hearing to the end.

To see Palestine to the best advantage, one should enter it from the north, and travelling southward finish the journey with Jerusalem, its spot of crowning interest. The usual way, however, is first to visit Egypt, and on the approach of hot weather there, to enter Palestine from the south, travelling northward with the advancing season. By following this course, the traveller, although probably having the usual allowance of "sorrow in his song," may safely calculate in "having no winter in his year," but he reads the country backwards, beginning where he ought to end and ending where he ought to begin.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### FROM ALEXANDRIA TO JOPPA.

From Egypt there have been, from time immemorial, three routes into Palestine and Syria. People that have plenty

of curiosity, time, strength and money, take the long wilderness journey, by way of Sinai, and following the track of the children of Israel enter the country from the south-east. One who reads the vivid and minute description given of that route by Professor Robinson, feels an "cerie" sensation of awful helplessness and loneliness creeping over him, as in imagination he travels the great and terrible wilderness wherein were fiery serpents and scorpions and dragons, and *where there was no water*. For all this, even ladies are found venturesome enough to face the perils and privations of this route, of which fact I had proof in meeting, on their return, two young ladies, Englishwomen, who alone, in the spring of 1858, performed the journey in safety.

The common way of travel, however, since the days of Abraham till these days of steamers, was by what is called the short desert route, through El-drish and the country of the Philistines to Jerusalem. The best description of this journey that exists is perhaps in the simple, graphic "Narrative of a Mission of Enquiry to the Jews," from the pen of the Rev. Andrew Bonar.

The quickest, the cheapest, and the easiest way, when the weather is favourable, from Egypt to Palestine, is by steamer from Alexandria to Joppa, and thence up to Jerusalem. This was the route our party chose, and on the afternoon of a Monday in the middle of April, our steamer, the Hydaspe of the French line, steamed out of the harbour of Alexandria, bound for Constantinople, calling at all intermediate ports,--

the first on the list being JOPPA. A Mediterranean steamer is a little world of itself, containing generally, representatives from the three continents that border this sea, and from almost every tongue and tribe in these countries. Monks and nuns are here on their way to their convents in Syria and Palestine, Mahometans returning from their pilgrimage to Mecca, German Protestant missionaries going to Constantinople after a summer trip, in January or February, to Egypt, and Jewish families on a pilgrimage to the holy places. Americans are here, of course; some seeing sights, and some making money; and Frenchmen in abundance, for this sea is, in a commercial sense, a big French Lake. Here are English officers from India, who are going to take a peep at the Holy Land in passing to their homes; and there is at least one Scotchman on his way to Bagdad, where he is settled as a merchant. Let us step forward among the deck passengers and see how they fare. They are mostly respectable people, many of them Jews, travelling in families and carrying with them food, drink and bedding. Their evening meal consists of bread and fruit. Their bedding a mat and a blanket, which are spread on the clean deck long before bed-time, as a place to sit on, for the Oriental scarcely knows the use of chairs. They seem very cleanly and very sober, a striking contrast to the deck passengers of our British coasting steamers. The truth is that these people are not much given to drunkenness. The besetting sin of the Jews in our day, is not drunkenness, nor was it in the days of our Saviour. It was not drunkenness in the days of Christ, but spiritual formalism and carnal bigotry, which fact is a more satisfactory explanation of Christ's first miracle than any criticism on the word wine. His gift to a marriage party, in a district where such a thing as drunkenness was scarcely known, loses all force as an example or excuse for giving or taking strong

drink, in a country where drunkenness is a prevalent sin. I talked to some of the old men about Jesus, and asked their opinion of Him. They said they could not acknowledge Him as their Messiah as he lacked the marks of the true Christ. Their Messiah, they said, was yet to come, and when he came he would restore the Jews to their own land and make them a nation equal to any in the earth. In this groove Jewish thought has run since the days of our Lord, clinging, like ourselves too often, to the shadows of things while they let slip the substance. The shades of evening gathered as we talked together through an interpreter, receiving from them courteous words and acute arguments, and the moon rose full in a cloudless sky, while a balmy breeze played on the silvery waters. Gradually the living mass on deck retired to repose, and there they lay so thick together that one could hardly step along without disturbing some sleeper. Tuesday was a glorious day, the sky without a cloud, the sea without a ripple and the great crowd on deck without a quarrel or a bicker, for there was no drink stronger than coffee, and no stimulant fiercer than the universal pipe. There is a Carmelite monk, on his way to his convent, out of whose mouth the cigarette never is. He looks a kind man; his voice has a mournful tone, which tells more than his words, for they are few. Of a much higher order of intellect and education, is a young Frenchman, Secretary to the Vicar Apostolic of Syria. It is pleasant to talk with him on things in general, and even on things concerning his church; his views were liberal, as compared with the views now maintained at Rome. Protestants, he said, might be saved, because their separation from the true Church was through ignorance, and the infallibility of the church did not lie in the Pope, but in the Pope in conjunction with a general council. If that priest is still alive, he must either change

his views or leave his church, for these moderate Gallican views have no place any longer in the church of Rome.

## CHAPTER II.

### JOPPA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Our steamer dropped anchor quietly through the night in the roadstead of Joppa. We retired to rest on Tuesday night with nothing in view but water; on Wednesday morning as we rose for breakfast, all the western side of Palestine lay like a great panorama right in front of us. The outlines of the picture are very simple, very easily described and not soon forgotten, once seen. Right in front, as the base of the picture, is the blue sea on which float our steamer and a few fishing boats; then where land and water meet is a long thin strip of white sandy beach, rising abruptly into a hummocky, sandy coast, green atop with furze and coarse grapes, and stretching in flat monotonous barrenness south and north as far as the eye can reach. The rock on which Joppa is built rises up like a knot in a straight stick, as the only break in the uniform level, till the eye rests on the great ridge of Carmel to the north. Away from the shore there stretches inland a plain, of which, however, little is seen from the deck of the steamer, because of the coast line. Out of that plain—at what distance it is not safe for the eye to say—there rises in a long, jagged rampart, the mountains of Juda, tending towards the shore, as they stretch to the north, till they embrace the sea at Carmel, and opening out from the sea as they go south till they sink into the tawny desert flat, over which the caravans pass as they go down into Egypt. That border wall of mountains, behind which the sun is rising, is pierced by many a defile, and up through one of its rocky passes lies our way to Jerusalem.

Here there is no harbour of any account, nor is there all along that coast, from the river of Egypt till you reach

Acre, sixty miles to the north, not unlike in this respect to the coast of our own Lake Huron between Sarnia and Southampton. Palestine was in fact, in olden times, by its surroundings very nearly as much an island among the nations as Britain is by its sea. To the east, between it and the mighty conquerors of the Euphrates valley, lay a desert of almost unexplored vastness and the deep ditch in which the Jordan runs. To the north, the Lebanon mountains, with the deep chasm of the Litany at their base, reared their snowy heads as the grim sentinels of the land on that side. To the south, between Palestine and Egypt, stretched a desert, short, it is true, but terrible from its drought and its heat, as for instance, Napoleon found in twice crossing it with his army, the last year of last century. While to the west lay the "great sea" against whose commerce and wars this inhospitable shore, without bay or harbour, stood a formidable barrier. Thus did the little Jewish nation occupy a country about the size of Wales, less than 140 miles in length and barely 40 in average breadth, dwell apart in the midst of the earth, secure for centuries, while kingdoms and dynasties rose and fell around it, receiving neither wealth nor wisdom from without, but having outlets enough through its natural ramparts to send forth to the Gentile world its surplus population, its sacred books and its Christian missionaries. Here Palestine stood the connecting link between Europe and Asia, occupying, as Warburton happily expresses it, the "dividing barrier between the birthless Past and the Future that has no end, the difficult Pass that leads from Thought to Action; behind it, to the east, an old decrepid world, and before it, to the west, a world of glad bustle and strife."

(To be continued.)

**Christian Miscellany.****TROUBLE.**

Trouble is more frequently made than sent. If every person would take the world as it is—its joys and sorrows—and yield at once an humble reconciliation to what is unavoidable, there would be far more happiness, and infinitely less misery than there is. Six thousand years' experience ought to convince mankind that there are clouds here as well as sunshine, and the man who starts life with the expectation that everything before him will be smooth and uninterrupted, is a dreamer who knows nothing of the world's realities. Wealth cannot shield us from disappointment and affliction, and poverty is not as heavy on the heart as the cares brought on by the possession of uncounted riches.

We cannot keep death away from our door, no matter how faithfully we may guard its portal: nor can we so control the mind and disposition of others that the most tender ties and associations are not at times snapped asunder. Let us take matters as they come, and try to be content. If we are prosperous, we should rejoice and give God the praise. If we fail in our enterprise and find our plans of business dwarfed and thwarted, let us submit coolly to the visitation, and try again, with renewed hope and effort. There is no use lamenting, when lamentations would no good—or shedding tears, when they only tend to heighten our sorrows. The grave will soon cover our troubles, and there is a happy life beyond, which we can make our own, no matter how the world treats us.

**INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF DR. M'CRIE.**

In the life Dr. Thos. McCrie, the biographer of John Knox, an interesting incident is told of his early years. On his first setting out to attend the University of Edinburgh, his mother accom-

panied him part of the way, and before taking leave of him, led him into a field near the road, on Coldingham moor, and kneeling down with him, affectionately and solemnly devoted him to the service, and commended him to the fatherly care, of his covenant God. Who can help contrasting this with Amleac swearing Hannibal to eternal hostility to the Roman people, or comparing it with the mother of John Huss accompanying her son to the University of Prague with her cake and a goose as a present to the rector? It was the pious Hannah leading her son to the Lord.

Dr. McCrie never saw his mother again. She died in the following year. Her form never revisited him again even in dreams, till towards the close of his life, and after an interval of nearly fifty years. She then reappeared to him in the visions of the night, and he hailed it as an intimation—and it proved not a false one—that he was soon to join her in the better land. It was not long after a son in Vienna, hearing of his death, wrote back to his brothers one of the most touching pieces that was ever perused by filial affection. "I used to think and speak," he says, "of my two fathers, the one in heaven and the other on earth. Thomas's letter has informed me that both are in heaven. This event, so unexpected to me, happened as His will. The great God loved my father very dearly—even as he had loved my mother also—and it seemed to him that he had laboured and toiled enough on earth, and that it was high time he should retire to rest: so he called unto him that he should come up to heaven and live forever in his presence, and labour no more. And when my father heard the voice, he knew it and was content. So rising up quickly, he visited the churches in his religious connection—preaching to them the Kingdom of God, and exhorting them to continue steadfast in the

faith. Then he went and abode one whole week with my sister, who had been sick, speaking to her of his decease, and strengthening her for what might come to pass. After this, he returned home, and preached yet again to the lambs whom Jesus had told him to feed. And all these things being now ready, he sat down and began to write unto me, that he might give me a bond from his hand, that as he loved me when I was with him, so he loved me unto the end. For God knew the soul of this holy man was grieved beyond measure when he said farewell: ere therefore he had yet finished writing, or had taken leave of those around him, God caused a deep sleep (apoplexy) to overshadow him, and when sleep had had cleared away, behold! he was not for God had taken him."

#### LIE QUIET IN GOD'S HAND.

I know how ready the heart of a believer is to faint, and how busy Satan is in suggesting doubts and questionings, when the body of a Christian is weak. I have seen something of the depression and melancholy which sometimes come upon the children of God when they are suddenly laid aside by disease, and obliged to sit still. I have marked how prone some good people are to torment themselves with morbid thoughts at such seasons, and to say in their heart "God has forsaken me; I am cast out of his sight." I earnestly entreat all sick believers to remember that they may honour God as much by patient suffering as they can by active work. It often shows more grace to sit still, than it does to go to and fro and perform great exploits. I entreat them to remember that Christ cares for them as much when they are sick as he does when they are well, and that the very chastisement they feel so acutely is sent in love, and not in anger. Above all, I entreat them to recollect the sympathy of Jesus for all his weak members.

They are always tenderly cared for by him, but never so much as in their time of need. Christ has had great experience of sickness. He knows the heart of a sick man. He used to see "all manner of sicknesses, and all manner of disease" when he was upon earth. He felt specially for the sick in the days of his flesh. He feels for them specially still. Sickness and suffering, I often think, make believers more like their Lord in experience, than health. "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses" (Isa. liii. 3; Matt. viii. 17). The Lord Jesus was a "man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." None have such an opportunity of learning the mind of a suffering Saviour as suffering disciples.—*J. C. Ryle.*

#### PREACHING CHRIST.

"Present Christ in every sermon," is the utterance of one whose success gave value, almost authority, to his opinions. Those to whom He is precious will never weary of the theme. Things both new and old are there which experience and Scripture knowledge bring forth. And by presenting Christ, something more is meant than teaching his precepts. The presentation is more *personal*, dwelling on his love, his power, his fellowship, his glory.

Walking away from church, on a beautiful Sabbath, in company with a friend, the subject of conversation was the sermon just listened to; how profound, how searching, and how scriptural too. "Yes," he said, "but did you notice one thing? It lacked Jesus' name. The blessed Saviour was not mentioned once." And so it was.

A minister of the gospel, some time since, on going into his pulpit, found a slip of paper, on which were written the following words from St. John xxi. 21, "Sir, we would see Jesus." The hint brought a consciousness of his fault, which was acknowledged the next Sabbath by an evangelical sermon from

another passage, "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

Dr. South gave some good directions of his own on preaching Christ:—

1. He is the *text*; and all preaching beside Christ is beside the text: therefore keep to your text.

2. Christ is the very *foundation and subject-matter* of preaching; and all preaching without Christ is building castles in the air.

3. Christ is the *life and soul* of preaching; and all preaching without him is like a body without life and spirit.

4. Christ is the great *end* of preaching; preaching is to manifest his glory; and when Christ is not preached, the great end is lost.

#### PULPIT THEMES.

One class of church members look for success in a secularized pulpit. Their minister must grapple with the living issues of the day—even if the day will afford no better theme than a local conflagration, or a horse disease. Living issues, indeed! what has more life in it now, and will forever have, than the "glorious gospel of the blessed God?" It has power in it to kill the living sinner, and to bring to life the dead, and impart eternal life to all who accept of it. And shall the "legate of the skies" crawl in the dust of the earth, and hunt for subjects there, when a fund of topics, as exhaustless as heaven, and as deep and profound as hell, lies before him, urging, imploring, demanding his closest attention, and the employment of all his powers and time? Let that class of preachers exhaust their splendid powers in delighting an eager crowd with lectures on Humanity, Civilization, Philanthropy, Benevolence, and Moral and Natural Philosophy in general—even they will yet learn that they have lost a glorious opportunity of saving souls, and lost it by not giving prominence and emphasis to the life-giving and soul-

inspiring doctrine of salvation by grace, through faith in the crucified Saviour.—*Baltimore Methodist.*

#### DEATH OF TOPLADY.

In the pleasant county of Devon, and in one of its sequestered passes, with a few cottages sprinkled over it, mused and sung Augustus Toplady. When a lad of sixteen, and on a visit to Ireland, he had strolled into a barn, where an illiterate layman was preaching: preaching reconciliation to God through the death of his Son. The homely sermon took effect, and from that moment the Gospel wielded all the powers of his brilliant and active mind. Toplady became very learned, and at thirty-eight he died, more widely read in fathers and reformers than most academic dignitaries can boast when their heads are hoary. In his tones there was a commanding solemnity, and in his words there was such simplicity, that to hear was to understand. And both at Broad Hembury and afterwards in Orange Street, London, the happiest results attended his ministry. Many sinners were converted. And the doctrines which God blessed to the accomplishment of these results, may be learned from the hymns which Toplady has bequeathed to the Church: "When languor and disease invade;" "A debtor to mercy alone;" "Rock of Ages, cleave for me;" and "Deathless principle, arise"—hymns in which it would seem as if the finished work were embalmed, and the lively hope exulting in every stanza; whilst each person of the glorious Godhead radiates mercy, grace, and holiness through each successive line. During his last illness, Augustus Toplady seemed to lie in the very *vestibule of glory*. To a friend's inquiry he answered, with sparkling eye, "O, my dear sir, I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant, that He leaves me nothing to

pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul." And within an hour of dying, he called his friends and asked if they could give him up; and when they said they could, tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added, "Oh, what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and part with me; for no mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul."

#### "NOBODY EVER TOLD ME."

Whilst driving out near an encampment of gypsies, I went in amongst them. After buying some of the skewers they were making, I learned one of their number was ill. I begged to be allowed to see him. The father asked: "Do you want to talk about religion to him?" "No." "What then?" "About Christ." "Oh! then you may go—only if you talk religion, I'll set the dog on to you." In the caravan I found a lad alone and in bed, evidently at the far end of the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, and he looked as one already dead. Very slowly in his ear I repeated the Scripture: "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I repeated it five times without any apparent response; he did not seem to hear even with the outward ear. On hearing it the sixth time, he opened his eyes and smiled. To my surprise, he whispered: "And I never thanked Him; but nobody ever told me. I turn Him many thanks—only a poor gipsy chap! I see! I see! I thank Him kindly!" He closed his eyes with an expression of intense satisfaction. As I knelt beside him, I thanked God. The lips moved again. I caught "That's it." There were more words, but I could not hear them. On going the next day, I found the dear lad had died (or, rather, had fallen asleep in Christ) eleven hours after I

left. His father said he had been very "peaceable," and had a "tidy death." There was no Bible or Testament in the encampment. I left them one of each. The poor man wished me "good luck," and gave me a little bundle of skewers the dear "boy Jemmy" had made. Fellow-believer! may God forbid that any one within your reach or mine should ever have occasion to say, with regard to these everlasting realities, the awful words, "Nobody ever told me!"

#### POWER OF THE BENGALIE SCRIPTURES.

—The following incident, among others mentioned by *Dr. Wenger*, is an interesting illustration of the power of the word of God to reach the hearts of men and lead them to God. Among the booty carried off by the persecutors of the Christians at Baropakya, in the district of Backergunge, in the year 1855, was a copy of the Bengalee Bible. It fell into the hands of a village carpenter. Its destruction had commenced, the leaves being used for strengthening the slender framework of some idol or Moslem tazzia used in their processions. The carpenter took the Bible home, and both he and his father read it to such good purpose, that they became convinced of the truth of Christianity. Ultimately they joined the Christian community, and about two or three years ago were baptized. They are among the most active and zealous of the converts. Not long ago the old Bible was sent to be rebounded, with the request that the missing leaves might be replaced could a spare copy of the edition be found. If not, defective as it was, it was to be returned rather than a new one substituted. It had evidently been much used, especially in the New Testament and Psalms. No other copy would be to the owner what this old copy was. "I certainly," adds *Dr. Wenger*, "looked with deep emotion on that old book, when it was brought to me from Burisal."

## THE PHILANTHROPIST HOWARD.

This great man, in whom his country glories, and who is justly considered as the martyr of humanity, expressed himself at the close of his last will and testament:—

"My immortal spirit I cast on the sovereign mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, Who is the Lord of my strength, and, I trust, is become my salvation."

He also gave orders for a plain neat stone to be placed upon his grave, with this inscription, *Spes mea Christus*; "CHRIST IS MY HOPE."

So true is it—for this is but one example of many—that the men of most diffusive and self-denying benevolence are to be found, not among those who trust in their good works, but among those whose faith is most evangelical.

## DANGER OF INSENSIBILITY.

A poor man, having a dreadful disease in his leg, suffered excruciating pain, and vainly entreated the doctor to give him something to alleviate it, and to remove the cause. It was beyond human power. One morning he awoke in such joy!—he had had some hours of sleep, and was free from pain. What did the doctor say? Was he glad or sorry?

"Poor fellow," said he, "there is no hope for you now; while you were in pain, I thought I might be able to do something for you; but now mortification has set in, and there is no hope!"

Thus with all who feel no burden of sin, whose "consciences are seared as with a hot iron;" to such, and only to such, there is "no hope."

## New Books.

BOOK OF PRAYERS FOR FAMILY WORSHIP. Edited by Rev. Wm. Gregg, M.A., Professor of Apologetics, Knox College, Toronto. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The object of this little book is to afford help "in connection with the observance of family worship, and also in connection with the visitation of the sick and the exercises of secret communion with God." In the matter of family and secret prayer, it is always best that people should pray in their own language, and for such blessings as their heart tells them they need; but when the head of a family is diffident and cannot muster courage to pray in his own words, or when the father is cut off, and when the widowed mother must take his place at the family altar, or when she puts the duty on her eldest born, who may be young and lacking in qualifications for extempore prayer, then

in such cases this little book would be found the very thing that is needed to keep the fire on the altar from going out, in which blessed mission, all consequences considered, it might often, to a fatherless family, be found worth its weight in gold.

The editor has done his work—selecting prayers, arranging them, fitting the book in short to the varied wants of our Canadian households—in a way that can be emphatically characterized as *judicious*, which is in fact the supreme virtue of an editor of a book like this. This editorial quality meets us in every page and in every line, so that in praying these prayers one forgets doctrinal controversies, denominational distinctions, and is throughout brought to be possessed of one thought—that he is a sinful child at the footstool of a Heavenly Father, through the Spirit pleading for acceptance and blessings in

the name of Christ. The eight directions given at the end of the volume to the friends of sick and afflicted persons are very valuable; we only regret that the space now at our disposal will not allow us to quote them here in full. It should make the hearts of all true Canadians glad to see books of such practical aims and solid worth issuing from native authors and native publishers.

**POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO REVEALED TRUTH:** Considered in a Series of Lectures delivered in the New Hall of Science, London, under the auspices of the Christian Evidence Society. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

The innate strength of Christianity and the consummate skill and ability of its defenders are brought from time to time into powerful light by the attacks of its enemies. The enemies of the Christian faith find what they think is a new species of gun, which they hope will do great havoc in the Christian ranks. With many shouts they bring the gun into position and open fire. It does sometimes happen that the friends of truth are taken aback a little at first and thrown into confusion (for they are but men), in which plight they may be at times found taking up the wrong weapon for that kind of warfare, and handling it with the timidity that comes from want of perfect confidence. But give these Christian soldiers time, let them be allowed to wait a little till the smoke of the first onset has cleared away, till they have understood the nature of the conflict now forced on them, till they have measured the enemy, their range and their weapon, give them, which is the rule in honest warfare, give them time for this and then watch the result. In every age of the Church new enemies rise and old weapons are constantly being furnished for assailing our faith: but with what result? The result that we see in the book whose title

and object we give above, the result, viz: that men and arguments are called into the field of Christian Evidence, that show to the satisfaction of all reasonable men; that show clear as noon-day to those whose eyes are not lost by reason of mis-use, or closed wilfully against the light, that Christianity is from God, that this Divine fabric is founded on a rock; and that the gates of hell are as far now (nay farther) from prevailing against it as when such men as Paul and Peter and John were among its defenders.

Against Secularism and Atheism as they appear among the working classes of the large towns of Britain the lectures in this volume are a most conclusive answer. The lectures show, (1) a thorough acquaintance with the field of the Christian evidences, in which point they possess an immense advantage over the champions of Secularism and Atheism—Holyoake and Bradlaugh who are (although acute and versatile) men of imperfect culture and narrow range of study: (2) a good acquaintance with the working men of the large cities, their prejudices, vices, virtues, the strong points and the weak points in their intellectual habits: And (3) a kindly disposition towards the men who are in error regarding Christianity. They go to the Secularist and the Atheist with the closed fist of logic dealing staggering blows, but they show also the open palm of love, asking them to return to allegiance to Christ. But it is best for us in our next number, to give our readers as a specimen—the lecture on the Resurrection of Christ.

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