

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

JULY, 1876.

EDITORIAL.

THE DRYING UP OF THE EUPHRATES.

At this time the eyes of the whole world are directed towards the Turkish Empire, and Constantinople its capital. It may be well to refresh the memories of our readers in regard to the rise of the Turkish power in Europe.

THE OVERFLOWING OF THE EUPHRATES.

The Dominion of the Turks in Eastern Europe dates from the time they got a hold of Constantinople.

"On the 6th of April, 1453, Mahomet commenced the siege with an army of 250,000 men and 420 vessels of all sizes. It was during this celebrated siege that monster guns were first used by the Turks, and Greek fire, an incendiary compound, was applied for the purposes of the defence. After a series of terrible combats, in which fanaticism and despair lent an almost miraculous power to the arms of the contending forces, the city was captured on the 29th of May. The Greek Emperor fell, fighting to the last, and his unfortunate capital was abandoned to all the horrors of pillage and slaughter. So great was the desolation caused by this terrible event that even the heart of Mahomet relented, and he endeavoured to re-people the city by recalling the fugitive

Greeks and according them many privileges, such as the free exercise of their religion, as an inducement to return. With Constantinople fell the Empire of Constantine the Great, 1,125 years after the rebuilding of the city by that monarch. Mahomet II. followed up his triumph at Constantinople by a series of important movements on the line of the Danube, and was so far successful as to re-occupy Servian territory which had been partly wrested from the Porte during preceding reigns, and to compel John Hunyady, the most active opponent of the Turks, to make peace and pay a tribute to the Sultan. Under Mahomet the Greek Archipelago was attacked by Turkish fleets, and many important islands were added to the Ottoman Empire, but the Turks were defeated in their second attempt to capture Belgrade, although this check was more than counterbalanced by the conquest of Greece, which was accomplished under the personal direction of the Sultan. He also defeated the Venetians at Negropont in 1470. However, although the Turkish conquests were marked by the most terrible devastations and slaughter of the conquered, they were sometimes met and checked by Christian valour. In 1475 Seliman Pacha, at the head of 100,000 men, invaded Moldavia to enforce the payment of tribute by the

reigning prince, but Etienne almost destroyed the Turkish forces in battle, and the surviving few found refuge in the territory south of the Danube, after which all the important fortresses along that river were recaptured by the Moldavians. The insatiable ambition and military skill of the Sultan were also rewarded by the conquest of the Crimea, and the subsequent destruction of Moldavian independence."

Thus it was that the waters of the Euphrates overflowed its banks, and covered those lands which had grown weary of the waters of Siloam. It happened to Western Asia and Eastern Europe for neglecting Christ and corrupting his Church, as happened (for the same crime substantially) to the land of Israel, as Isaiah tells us: "For as much as these people refuse the waters of Shiloah that go softly, and rejoice in Rezin and Remaliah's son, now, therefore, behold the Lord bringeth up on them the waters of the river (the Euphrates, *i.e.*, the Chaldeans) strong and many; even the King of Assyria and all his glory; he shall come up over all his channels, and go over all his banks, and he shall pass through Judah, and shall overflow and go over; he shall reach even unto the neck, and the stretching out of his wings shall fill the breadth of thy land, O Immanuel."

ITS DESOLATING EFFECTS.

We know what follows when a mighty river like our American Mississippi overflows its banks. Desolation like that came on all those countries over which have passed the floodwaters of Islamism. Wherever Mahomedanism triumphs, there have perished free institutions. The Caliph or Sultan is absolute ruler in Church and State. With free institutions have perished also the Christian Sabbath, Christian preaching, and Christian morality. The writer of these lines travelled through the Dominion

of the Turks, from Alexandria to the first cataract of the Nile, from Joppa to Damascus, and from Beyroot to Constantinople, and in that journey he saw on every side, and in many forms, evidence that the waters of the Euphrates had submerged under its waves all that makes a land worth living in it and dying for it. The voice of the people is never heard in the making of their laws; and in the execution of the laws they are at the mercy of every petty tyrant that may get into office. Wealth and learning, laws and commerce, are dying or dead. What there is of energy anywhere is owing to the Christian population, which is to be found largely in cities like Smyrna, Damascus, Beyroot, and Constantinople. But there is no need to repeat what everyone acknowledges, that the waters of the Euphrates have now, in this 19th century, "reached even unto the neck" of those countries over which they have come, submerging and destroying whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report.

THE EBBING OF THE FLOOD.

After such rivers as the Nile and the Euphrates reach their full height they retire slowly to their original beds, leaving behind them a desolate waste covered over with slime and mud. These rivers retire very slowly, less slowly than they advance, sinking a few feet to-day, and a few feet to-morrow, leaving now the hills dry, anon the mounds, then the villages, built on high ground, and last of all, the level plain. In the Word of God (which alone can guide us in looking into the future of history, where so many complicated forces are at work) we are told that the Turkish power will subside, shrink back and disappear, as the

Euphrates sinks back into its channel. "A drought is upon her waters, and they shall be dried up." "I will dry up her sea, and make her springs dry." These are words in regard to the downfall of the ancient empire that had its seat in the valley of the Euphrates; and similar words are used in the Book of Revelation with regard to the Turkish power. "And the sixth angel poured out his vial on the great river Euphrates, and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the East might be prepared." Rev. xvi. 12. Nothing could be more truly descriptive of the course of events in regard to Turkey during the past, and at this moment, than that picture of the Seer of Patmos. At one time the Moslems

threatened to overrun all Europe. But the waters began to fall back. The Moors were driven from Spain, and the advancing waves began to retreat. The waters remained stationary for a time; but, under the sixth vial, which is now our position in prophecy, the waters of the mighty river will retire into their channel, and leave the way open for the kings of the East. This process is now going on under our eyes. Some time ago Egypt became independent of Constantinople, so did Moldavia, and now the whole of European Turkey is about to find their independence. Let the Christian churches get ready to cast in the seed of truth as soon as the waters of the Euphrates subside, and great will be the harvest.

LIVING PREACHERS.

MODERN MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. WAYLAND HOYT, B.A.

Let us visit with Andrew Fuller the cobbler shop of William Carey. It is at Moulton in England. It is in the neighbourhood of the year seventeen hundred and eighty-nine. There he is busy with awl, and lapstone, and wax ends, and worn shoes. But he is more than cobbler. He is preacher and pastor. Tent-making and apostleship went once well together. But he is more than impoverished pastor of a struggling and dissenting Baptist church. He is a man whose bosom is the home of a design no narrower than the world. Christ's great commission has buried itself into his heart, and he cannot contract that great word "all the world" to the boundaries of a single parish, nor even to those of the British Islands. There

on the walls of his shop at once shop and study, Andrew Fuller sees hanging a very large map, consisting of several sheets of paper pasted together, on which William Carey has drawn a place for every nation in the then known world, and has entered into the space for it, whatever he could find, chiefly concerning its religion. On that map darkness spreading almost everywhere over the heathen nations—darkness there, apathy at home. You know the old story well enough. "Young man, sit down," cried out the venerable Mr. Byland, springing to his feet, with black brow and thundering voice, when William Carey ventured some speech in his presence on the duty of foreign missions. "Young man, sit down, when God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine." This the mood of dissent. A

mighty and grasping monopoly of an East India Company, sucking up fat revenues from the soil and services of heathenism, and parliament applauding, and all her thousands mute, save as she feebly spoke through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—that the word of Christian England and her national church. But William Carey's great thought grew and spread. Other hearts were touched and stirred with its celestial ferment. In seventeen hundred and ninety-three the Baptist Missionary Society was established. That is the seed out of which, for all our Protestantism, excepting the Moravian, and possibly the high church Episcopalian, our great modern missionary enterprise has sprung. And in the way of results, what is there to show concerning converted souls? That was only eighty-three years ago. And here is an approximation of the present membership of Protestant Mission Churches throughout the world: Africa, including Madagascar, 130,000; Europe, including Scandinavia and Germany, 53,000; Asia, 120,000; Polynesia, 70,000; America, North and South, 21,500; West Indies, 105,000. Total, five hundred thousand. And if you seek for the entire number of converts, dead and living, since that beginning of our enterprise, eight-and-thirty years ago, I have seen it estimated at considerably above two million. Brethren, in his lectures on Christian Missions, Prof. Seelye refers to an estimate in the *Indian Evangelical Review*, by which it appears that at the end of the first century of the Christian era, there were not half as many Christians on the globe as are found to-day in India from less than a hundred years of missionary effort. What has God wrought? But consider also what God has wrought in the way of the accumulation of missionary resources and instrumentalities. It was but

thirteen pounds, two shillings, and six pence which was subscribed at the formation of that early society in seventeen hundred and eighty-three. The average income for the last few years of the various missionary societies, British, Continental, and American, may be set down at six million dollars per annum. In seventeen hundred and ninety-three, with the exception of the Moravians and the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, that society, with Andrew Fuller at its head, stood grasping the missionary banner for all our Protestantism. It was assuredly that society which first spread the genuine missionary contagion, and which, by its example and its methods, determined more largely than any other force, all subsequent missionary activities. To-day there are no less than sixty Protestant societies dispensing the Gospel in the way of foreign missions. Throwing out of the account

THE DANISH LABOURERS

already in India, as I have explained, less than a hundred years ago, Mr. Carey and Mr. Thomas stood as the pitiable and forlorn hope of nearly the entire Protestant brotherhood for the evangelization of the heathen world. To-day the number of ordained missionaries under the auspices of these various societies is beyond two thousand, and the number of native Christian helpers of the different grades is about nineteen thousand. Brethren, I know these figures are but approximates of the truth. Some would put them even higher, many might put them less. My authority for them is a very thorough-going pamphlet lately issued, entitled: *A survey of fifty years of Mission Work*. But I am sure they do tell, at least in an approximative way, what, as to means and resources, God has wrought through foreign missions during these less than a hundred

years behind us. But consider also what God has wrought through missions in the way of the translation of the written word into the various languages and dialects of race. Compacted with this written word like a steel spring, lies every impulse towards progress; every latent force striving toward the highest civilization. It was when England found her Bible in her own vernacular; it was when Sunday after Sunday and day after day the crowds kept gathering round Bonner's Bibles, chained in the nave of St. Paul's cathedral; it was when the family group began to hang upon the words of the Geneva Bible in the devotional services at home, that England began to walk, as with a divine surprise, to her grand destiny of freedom and advancement. It is upon the foundations of the truths of the Divine Word laid painfully, course by course, by the hands of our forefathers on these shores, that the superstructure of our own national fabric has gone on greatening during these hundred years. It is the leaves of this tree which are for the healing of the nations. To-day, in three hundred various languages and dialects, men may read in their own tongues, the wonderful words of God. And the fifteen hundred Bible societies of the world, all of which have been organized since the year 1804, have issued within the last seventy years, more than a hundred and thirty-five million copies of

THE SACRED WORD

in languages spoken by the vast majority of mankind. And the translation of this word into these many languages and dialects, has been mainly done by, and is mainly due to missionaries. Consider, too, what God has wrought in, I know not what else to call it, a kind of preparatory and latent evangelization in heathen

lands. You have seen doubtless those colossal blue-stone towers which front each other from opposite sides of the East River, across which soon the swinging cables shall be thrown to bear up the innumerable traffic of the metropolis. They rise and stand firm as the mountain ledges from which their stones were hewn. But they stand so firmly and lift themselves loftily because they are rooted into foundation far below the rushing waters of that keel-vexed and tide-tossed river. The hardest work upon these towers was done far out of sight. Month after month, week after week, men wrought within the caisson sunk to the bottom, and the ships were sailing on above them, and the huge steamers smote the waters with their wheels, and the tides ebbed and flowed and tossed, and nothing could be seen. At best the only external evidence of their work was but the pushing upward and the breaking forth of the transient air bubbles which their work set free. For months it was bubbles and nothing more, until at last, laid anxiously, course by course, the great stones began to lift themselves above the waves, and then the swift and mighty river was as good as conquered. It is this very unseen and unappearing work, which in the nature of the case, must be, to a great extent, the first work of missions. Down there Judson wrangled for seven long years before we could point to the emerging stone of a single convert. But in many places this painful, sturdy work of faith has been accomplished through these years numbering less than a century. Now swiftly and still more swiftly the towers of the truth begin to rise. Now, to change the figure, the vast heathen systems stand honey-combed with truth, awaiting the final shiver preceding their utter fall. The ratio of conversions assures us of this. Prof. Scesley tells us that between 1862 and 1872 in India the ratio of conver-

sions increased for that ten years at the rate of sixty-one per cent. Says the Rev. M. A. Shering, of Benares, in a paper read before the Allahabad Conference of Foreign missionaries, "there are great processes of change and reformation, which are secretly undermining the base fabric of Hindu superstition, and which alone, were there no other effect, and were there not a single Hindu yet converted to the Christian faith, would stamp the great humanizing work in which the missionaries are engaged as one of the most noble and beneficent the world ever saw." "I believe," said Lord Lawrence, Viceroy of India, "notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit that country, the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined." Says Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of Bombay, "I speak simply as to matters of experience and observation, and not of opinion, just as a Roman prefect might have reported to Trajan or to Antonius, and I assure you that, whatever you may be told to the contrary, the teaching of Christianity among a hundred and sixty millions Hindus and Mahomedans in India, is effecting changes, moral, social, and political, which for extent and rapidity of effect are far more extraordinary than anything you or your fathers have witnessed in modern Europe." Says another celebrated man, by no means a convert to the Crucified One, but a convert only to a rationalism, "as wide and subtle as is that Oriental Indian mind,

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY

has pervaded the whole of Indian society, and we breathe, think, feel, and move in a Christian atmosphere. Native society is being roused, enlightened and reformed under the influence of Christian education." Last fall, at Naples, I parted from the Rev. Dr. Field—I to return home along the

track I had been traversing, he to reach home at last through the circuit of the globe. After a very thoughtful investigation of missions and their effects in India, he writes thus to the New York *Evangelist*: "When we were at Benares, in sailing up and down the Ganges, we observed that the river had undermined a number of temples built upon the banks, and that they had fallen with their huge columns and massive architraves, and were lying in broken and shapeless heaps, half covered by the waters. A fit illustration of the process which has been going on for the last half century in regard to Hinduism. The waters are wearing it away, and by-and-by the whole colossal fabric, built up in ages of ignorance and superstition, will come crashing to the earth. Hinduism will fall and great will be the fall of it." Consider, too, my brethren, what God hath wrought in the way of an open chance for missions. It was for the imprisoned Peter, chained by either wrist, and with the ponderous iron gate shut and locked against him, and with the watch within beside him, and with the watch pacing their beats in front of the prison doors, that the early church were praying there in Jerusalem, in the house of Mary. And I need not tell you that God's answer to their prayers was larger than their utmost faith. For when the veritable Peter, disimprisoned, knocked for entrance at Mary's house, the church could not accept the answer to its own prayers, but must affirm him to be other than Peter, or, at best, his ghost. It was for a chained and imprisoned world the church began to pray not a hundred years ago. Superstition had welded its shackles. Governments and East India monopolies had swung to and locked the iron gates of their prohibitions. But today the shackles are being broken and the gates stand unbarred that the church may lead this Peter of the world

forth and out into the light and liberty of the gospel. There is scarce a spot on the broad circumference of the globe to-day, where the missionary may not be safe. Is it true that God's answer to our prayer is too great for our faith and occupancy? What a wonder of God's working are they—these companies of Chinese and Japanese students, some of them carrying away the highest honours of our highest schools. Out of the windows of the Vatican to-day the Pope looks helplessly, while in his own city Bibles are as free as air, and any one may tell unfettered the story of the cross. Consider, too, in this connection, the chance for missions which commerce opens. There out of the Egyptian sands the pyramids are lifted. There they stand, strange, grand, peculiar, isolated; bearing no real relation, that we know, to anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath. But at their base there flows to-day the Suez canal, bringing Europe into Asia; the new, Alexander intermingling the fresh life of the west with the old life of the east. That, not the isolated and useless pyramid, is a symbol of the world to-day. And all these ribbons of iron rail ties round eastern continents as well as western, and all these networks of wires over the land and under the sea, flashing the yesterday famine or plenty of any more distant Turkish or Chinese town to our breakfast tables, and all these pushing screws of steamers by whose floating bridges the antipodes are joined, are only highways along which the feet of God's Evangel may the more swiftly run. Why, brethren, by all these vast appliances of modern science, God has squeezed the great world smaller that the church may the more quickly conquer it for Him. What hath God wrought. But let me pause to hint, but for a moment, at what God has wrought in the way

of the indirect effects of missions. There is time for but the slightest hinting. In the graphic Bible account of the stilling of the storm in the sea of Galilee, when the Master, roused from his slumbers by the cry of the disciples, uttered the authoritative "Peace, be still," and all the winds were silent and all the waves were placid as an infant's smile, we are told that "there were also with Him other little ships." These, too, were sharers in the calm. These, too, were defended from the tossing dangers. And so exactly this great foreign missionary movement, speaking the good news of God to the troubled and sin-smitten souls of men, has been affluent of innumerable, indirect effects of help, intelligence, benediction.

CHRISTIANITY

draws after herself the highest civilization—as a king trails after himself his royal robes. As another has said most truthfully and thoughtfully, "Christianity and barbarism are certainly not incompatible with each other, yet they are antagonistic principles. They may exist together, but they cannot flourish together."

Christianity is the least materialistic of all religions. Its might and meaning is in the pressure of stupendous, unseen realities upon the souls of men. But, when once this pressure has been felt and yielded to, then the best material results appear like the well-clad, puissant warriors springing from the Cadmus teeth. Christianity means the sacredness of the family. And the family means home. And home means house, fair, substantial, with vines about the door, fit shrine for so beautiful a resident. And house means boards, windows, floors, ceiling, comforts. And these mean saw-mills, factories, running spindles. And all this means—not the isolation of the savage, his hand against every other

hand—but interchange, brotherhood. There in the Campagna surrounding Rome is the richest and fairest country the sun shines on. I saw the soil but dimly scratched with that most ancient plough—a crooked stick pulled by a yoke of oxen, and these followed by another bit of crooked stick, pulled by another yoke, until it almost took Elisha's forty yoke to gauge a decent furrow for the sowing of the seed. But that sort of ancient plough is doomed in Italy, now that the pure truth of God may be sounded along her plains and echo among her hills. For Christianity means thrift, "a shining plough-share and long furrows, gracefully turned from a shining mould-board." So, too, Christianity means intelligence, and ever more the school-house lifts itself under the shadow of the chapel, and there appear the statelier halls and wider teaching of the college. And thus was Peter so filled with the Holy Ghost that even his shadow became beneficent, and the sick along the streets whom his shadow but fell on, were healed by it, even though he himself did not directly touch them. These Christian missions passing through the world have flung abroad in the useful arts and trades of a Christian civilization, in written languages for men whose speech had been heretofore but a varying savage gabble, in education, in guarding laws, in a higher standard of morality, in the fostering of commerce, in the lifting of womanhood out of heathen degradations, and in many other ways, blessings and beneficence over millions of our brother men. But I may not pause here—even in this hasty enumeration of what God has wrought, during this less than a century, through foreign missions. We at home have entered into advantages because of foreign missions, quite as immense as they to whom this outward and far away work for Christ has been specifically directed. There has been a reflex action of

FOREIGN MISSIONS

on the church at home, every way as mighty as has been this forward and aggressive action on those who were sitting in darkness seeing no light.

When the proposition of incorporating the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was urged upon the senate of Massachusetts, the objection was made that we had so little religion at home, we could not afford to send any of it abroad. But it was replied that religion was a commodity of which the more we exported the more we had left behind. No truer truth could have been uttered. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth—there is that withholdeth more than is mete and it tendeth to poverty. In the year 1800 the population of our own country was not six millions. To-day the population of our country is beyond forty millions, and yet, notwithstanding our vast foreign immigration, our acquisition of the broad territories of Texas, California and New Mexico, with their Romish inhabitants, the membership of our Protestant Evangelical churches has, since the year 1800, increased two and one half times faster than our population. Look at any list of the religious societies whose field of work is over our own country, in which the dates of their formation are mentioned, and you will see that this thrill of evangelical energy at home strikes its roots back into and is dependent upon the impulses rising in the church when she determines to stretch herself even to the utmost width of the great commission, and carry the gospel to the world. First the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, then the formation of our own American Missionary Union, then subsequently, Home Mission societies, education societies, Sunday-school unions, seamen's friends' societies, etc. It was the christian

gazing yonder which cleared our vision for a steadier and more intense gaze upon the needs at home,

Consider, too, what God has wrought for us in the examples of high and heroic saintship upon our missionary calendar. It was no useless thing which the ancient Romans did when they placed the busts of their distinguished ancestors in the vestibules of their houses that they might be continually reminded of their noble deeds. "Example," says Henry Melville, "is like the press. A thing done is the thought printed. It may be repeated if it cannot be recalled. It has gone forth with a self-propagating power, and may run to the ends of the earth and descend from generation to generation." Not till time ends shall the examples of a Carey, a Juddson, a Boardman, or of those many tender women who laid down their graces and their culture and their lives that they might become a path along which heathen could find their way into the presence of the Crucified—not till time ends shall the example of this noble army of modern martyrs cease to stir our piety to an activity more intense, and fashion it after a more genuine and robust mould. Consider, too, the immense argument for the validity and divinity of our faith which missions yield us. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men," said our Lord; and, lo, the Crucified, set by the hand of missions in the presence of our nation, does draw them. We have learned that we may dare with Him any savageness and brutality. The chilled and stupid Greenlander is warmed into life and fervour at sight of Him. The Bushman in his burrow is drawn into strong and quiet manhood at sight of Him. The subtle Brahmin finds Him a deeper thought than his heathen philosophy, which winding through its transmigrations, dies out at last and utterly. The

Chinese wrought upon by His divine attraction, is slowly but surely turning from his idols to serve the living God.

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS,

one in nature, one in the fall, one in capacity for redemption, one in need of the Divine Christ, and this Divine Christ is efficient and sufficient for them all. This is our faith and with accumulating testimony, as years have passed, foreign missions have proved its verity. May I but mention, too, the assistance of missions to the gathering science of our time. Even our modern science, carrying herself with such lordly pride, and sure that her head does strike even the topmost stars and that her gaze is keen enough to pierce infallibly the whole of the universe, from the throne of God down to the initial globule. Even science must gratefully acknowledge her indebtedness to the labours and the researches of the humble missionary of the cross. In the nave of Westminster Abbey, that mausoleum of England's best and worthiest, I walk above a cross slab set in its ancient floor. The man sleeping beneath that slab had done more to give science light concerning that hidden Africa, than all other men combined. And as I waited there I read the name let into that tablet. It was the name of David Livingstone, the missionary. And still I might go on, but I must stop. I have but picked up here and there a slight shell and pebble upon the shore of the ocean of this great fact and victory of foreign missions. Certainly, looking back upon this less than a century ago, notwithstanding the pervading skepticism of the time, notwithstanding the sneers of the worldly and the sensual, notwithstanding a too half-heated church—it is for us to say thankfully and jubilantly—Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob. Neither is there

any divination against Israel. According to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought? But a moment longer and I relieve your patience.

In view of this manifest presence of the Divine Hand in foreign missions, what is our duty? Whither point the rays of such a history hung by God at the prow of our mission ship.

Surely courage should be ours. Foreign missions are a failure, some are saying. Failure! Then the Apostle was a failure when he shook Jerusalem at the day of Pentecost and clove down three thousand by power of his truth.]

Surely faith in the old methods should be ours. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." That is still the method for us. First, foremost, constantly,

everywhere, to all classes, to all conditions, to all nations. Not first schools and then chapels, but always first chapels and then schools; not first civilization and then Christianity, but always first Christianity, and then the civilization which will follow is as certainly as colour follows light. Not companies simply garrisoned by missionaries, winning converts chiefly from the children of those who have been already Christianized and content thus, but heralds of the cross, through jungle, by river side, in crowded street, scattering the word. Certainly, again, retrenchment should not be ours. Brethren, is it true that just as the musician is limited by his instrument, so, since God works through the church, even the Holy One is limited by the kind of church it is.

POETRY.

AT REST.

Slow creep the shadows through the curtained room,
As dies the crimson sun from out the west,
And round the sleeper falls a solemn gloom.

Rest, baby, rest!

Hush! for the wind moans through the branches hoar,
And snowflakes' wings against the pane are prest.
Hush! for an angel's step hath passed the door,

Rest, baby, rest!

Hush! for a sound of tears that needs must flow
Filleth the air, with stillness else opprest,
As wild a wounded heart sobs out its woe,

Rest, baby, rest!

Around thee fairest flowers will soon be spread,
Their blossoms breathing sweetness on thy breast—
Flowers that are sacred to the early dead,

Rest, baby, rest!

Paler than those pale flowers is thy calm brow,
 And cold as mountain snow-wreath's frozen crest,
 For in the shadowy vale thy spirit now
 Doth rest, doth rest!

Sunday Magazine.

THE PRAIRIE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

'Tis built in the midst of the prairie ;
 Of rude and quaint design,
 The veriest box of a school-house,
 But seventeen feet by nine.
 Down by the leafy Arkansas,
 In the glorious nights of June,
 By hands that were weary but willing,
 The cottonwood-beams were hewn.

They were raised in the moonlit midnight,
 When the horses and ploughs were still;
 The workers had only their hearts to give,
 But those they gave with a will !
 I think that an echo is lingering
 Of the songs that they sang at night,
 As gladly they fastened the rafters
 By the pale and quivering light ;

For still, when the Sabbath mornings
 The jubilant footsteps bring,
 And the children gather in classes,
 I wish you could hear them sing !
 Forth on the air of the prairie
 The melody floats and soars,
 Till the mothers who cannot join them
 Smile glad from their cabin doors.

Once, when a blue-eyed darling
 Drooped with the summer flowers,
 Called by a love rare perfect
 To a better home than ours—
 When her speech and her sight were failing,
 "Mother!" she softly said,
 "Let the children come when they carry
 Me hence to my graveyard bed.
 Let them sing in their sweet young voices
 Those hymns of the Saviour's love.
 It will comfort your heart's deep yearning
 Till the day when we meet above!"

Sweet love! from the dear old school-house
 We carried her forth to rest,
 While the children were softly singing
 The songs that she loved the best.
 And the hallowing presence of sorrow
 Has touched and has glorified
 That quaint little Sunday school-room,
 Built alone on the prairie wide.

—S. S. Times.

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

LUTHER AND CALVIN.

The following contrast between two great Reformers, Luther and Calvin, is from the revised edition of Bancroft's History of the United States, now in course of publication:

Both Luther and Calvin brought the individual into immediate relation with God; but Calvin, under a more stern and militant form of doctrine, lifted the individual above Pope and prelate, and priest and presbyter; above Catholic Church and National Church, and General Synod; above indulgences, remissions, and absolutions from fellow-mortals, and brought him into the immediate dependence on God, whose eternal, irreversible choice is made by himself alone, not arbitrarily, but according to His own highest wisdom and justice. Luther spared the altar, and hesitated to deny totally the real presence; Calvin, with superior dialects, accepted as a commemoration and a seal the rite which the Catholics revered as a sacrifice. Luther favoured magnificence in public worship, as an aid to devotion; Calvin, the guide of republics, avoided in their churches all appeals to the senses, as a peril to pure religion. Luther condemned the Roman Church for its immorality; Calvin for its idolatry. Luther exposed the folly of su-

perstition, ridiculed the hair shirt and the scourge, the purchased indulgence, and dearly bought, worthless masses for the dead; Calvin shrunk from their criminality with impatient horror. Luther permitted the cross and the taper, pictures and images, as things of indifference. Calvin demanded a spiritual worship in its utmost purity. Luther left the organization of the church to princes and governments; Calvin reformed doctrine, ritual and practice; and, by establishing ruling elders in each church, and an elective synod, he secured to his polity a representative character, which combined authority with popular rights. Both Luther and Calvin insisted that, for each one, there is, and can be no other priest than himself; and, as a consequence, both agreed in the parity of the clergy. Both were of one mind, that, should pious laymen choose one of their number to be their minister, the man so chosen would be as truly a priest as if all the Bishops in the world had consecrated him.

THE BOTTOM QUESTION.

The question that underlies all the politics of Europe at this hour is the religious question, which lies as Enceladus beneath the mountains, and

the politics and the governments of Europe are disturbed by that one question. There have been three great developments of this religious question. The first in the Old World was when the Church became subject to the State and to the Roman emperor; the next, when the State became subject to the Church under the Pope; and then the Reformation, bringing about the union of Church and State: and we, in the providence of God, born of such an ancestry, have been thrown far in advance, and now the problem is on our hands of the entire separation of Church and State, and the Church at the same time undertaking to begin the State and to infuse Christian principles into the State. Now, what has been done? It is not strange that intelligent men who visit us are amazed. We are amazed ourselves at what God has done in this regard—what has been done by a church that has no aid whatsoever from the State, which desires nothing but just to be left alone, with an opportunity of developing itself. And here we have for the first time a Church perfectly free and independent, with a virgin soil inviting its progress and its entrance, and the power of achievement under God is implanted in the hearts of God's own people. What has been done? Behold wondrous things! We invite our foreign friends to come and walk about our palaces, and see these churches and these schools, these colleges, these seminaries, these hospitals, which have sprung like verdure and flowers in the path of the sun as our population has been advancing from East to West.

There are those living to-day, and present here, who remember that when Home Missionaries were spoken of, reference was had to the Mohawk Valley and the shores of Lake Erie, and when, in fact, Buffalo was farther from Boston and New York than California is from us to-day.

And then, what great results have been accomplished by the power of association! Behold these associated churches! Behold these united hearts and hands in the great work of evangelizing this country, and extending out from this country into all the world! If you go to the Exposition at Philadelphia, you will see in one of the art galleries the copy of a picture from Italy, which represents that old heathen legend of the daughter nursing her imprisoned father through the bars of his cell, the emaciated form, and the daughter giving out of her own bosom the current of life to him from whom she sprang. And so this young Church is undertaking to resuscitate these old emaciated churches, and to implant the institutions of the Gospel in the Old World, the New reacting upon the Old. And how much have we occasion to be thankful to God for this day, in view of what he has done in our country by Home Missions, and to the world by Foreign Missions.

All this is just the beginning, and not the end. There is a brighter day coming. It is our religion that teaches it. These faces are bright like those that are accustomed to look at the sunrise. I do not say that the stream before us is all smooth. I have no right to say there are no grave questions before us in the future, no rocks, no breakers. I cannot say that there is no lion or scorpion or tortoise or bear in the Zodiac; but I know that the sun will keep its path as God intended it. We need not give ourselves to speculation. We believe in the promises of the God of that old Bible which our fathers carried in their knapsacks in the Revolutionary war, which is the basis of our institutions. We believe in the teaching of that Book that the kingdoms of this world are all to become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ; that He shall come down like rain on the

mown grass; and that in those days the righteous shall flourish, and there shall be peace as long as the moon endures. Our plans of life are all organized towards one belief, and that dear brother who is labouring in some rural district away out in a new settlement is doing far more than he knows for the good of this great country. Far more is he doing than ephemeral politicians. O that counsellors in these days might be, as in the beginning of our history, honest men, upon whose spotless name no breath of suspicion has ever passed—men like Roger Sherman, Jonathan Trumbull, John Jay, John Marshall, and others whose names are prominent in the annals of our land. It is for the men here before me to mould the character and shape the public sentiment of the country for the formation of such a class of men.

Xerxes, it is said, when he looked upon the countless hosts that were marshalled in warlike pride upon the banks of the Hellespont, wept when he thought that, in one hundred years, not one of them would be on the face of the earth. We are awed by the thought that, long before one hundred years have passed, every one of us will have passed from the world,

but we don't weep over it. Men die, but the cause lives. The leaves drop, but the roots of the tree strike deeper and its branches grow broader. Our hearts are full of joy as we look forward to those who shall occupy our places, and they shall see, over this vast country and over the world, what kings and prophets waited for, but died without the sight. We stand on tiptoe, jocund as we look into the future, and hail those who shall occupy our places, and do Gospel work for God. The stars may drop from their places and the mountains may be levelled by the attritions of time, but the Word of God never shall fail, and the day is to come to our country and to the world compared with which the highest splendours that have ever been witnessed will be but as the shadow of death.

“ There is a fount about to stream,
There is a light about to beam,
There is a midnight blackness changing
into gray—
Men of thought and men of action, speed
its way:
Aid the dawning tongue and pen,
Aid it, hopes of honest men,
Aid it, paper, aid it, type,
Aid it, for the hour is ripe.
And our earnest must not slacken
play—
Men of thought and men of action, speed
its way.”

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

There are few intelligent Americans who are not more or less familiar with Dr. Macleod through his writings, but those who think they know him best will find upon reading this *Memoir* that they have, after all, had but a slight comprehension of the breadth of his catholicity, the richness of his humanity, and the earnestness of his

Christianity. Then these nobler qualities were lighted up by a hearty geniality and by a characteristic Scotch wit, and irrepressible humour which finds constant manifestation in these volumes, and make them precisely what one would not expect to find in the biography of a Doctor of Divinity, so far as the traditional dignity which is supposed to be an inseparable ac-

commitment of these "semi-lunar fardels" is concerned.

Norman Macleod was born at the Scotch seaport of Campbeltown, on June 8, 1812. Campbeltown was a curious little place, the headquarters of a number of revenue cutters, whose duty it was to suppress the smuggling which was so persistently carried on there at that period. Many stories are told of these smuggling days. Once an old woman, whose "habit and repute" were notorious, was being tried by the Sheriff. When the charge had been fairly proved, and it fell to the good lawyer to pronounce sentence, an unusual admixture of mercy with fidgetiness seemed to possess him, for, evading the manifest conclusion, he thus addressed the prisoner:—"I dare say, my poor woman, it's not very often you have fallen into this fault." "Deed no, shirra," she readily replied, "I haena made a drap since you wee keg I sent yoursel." The officers and men of the cutters made Campbeltown their home, and infused into the society of the place a cheerfulness of tone, while at the same time their presence added a savour of the sea to its interests. These early associations constantly manifested themselves in Dr. Macleod's writings in later years, and gave him a fund of amusing memories to draw upon, which never lost their freshness. As a boy he was affectionate, bright, humorous and talkative. His companions were hardy fellows, fond of adventure, and so thoroughly left to form their own acquaintances, that there was not a character in the place, fool or fiddler, soldier or sailor, whose peculiarities or stories they had not learned. When about twelve years of age, Norman's father sent him to Morven to study Gaelic under the parish schoolmaster. His grandfather had died a few months before, but the biographer tells us that the memories of the venerable man cherished by Dr.

Macleod were never lost. He was, for example, in church on that communion Sunday when his grandfather, blind with age, was led by the hand up to the communion table by his servant "Rory," to address his people for the last time. This grandfather had been minister there for fifty years, and the faithful servant who now took his hand had been with him since he had entered the manse. It was then that touching episode occurred described in the *Highland Parish*, when, the old man having in his blindness turned himself the wrong way, "Rory," perceiving the mistake, went back and gently placed him with his face towards the congregation. This picture of the aged pastor, with snowy hair falling on his shoulders, bidding solemn farewell to a flock that, with the loyalty of the Highland race, regarded him as a father, was a scene which deeply touched the imagination of the child in the manse seat. The whole life of the boy in the dwelling of the worthy schoolmaster and catechist was such as to leave an indelible impression upon his character. Every evening, except when the boys were fishing codling from the rock, or playing "shinty" in the autumn twilight, writes Mr. Macleod, "there gathered around the hearth, heaped high with glowing peat, a happy group, who, with Gaelic songs and stories, and tunes played on the sweet 'trump' or Jew's harp, made the little kitchen bright as a drawing-room; for there was a culture in the very peasantry of the Highlands, not to say in the house of such a schoolmaster as good Mr. Cameron, such as few countries could boast of. There was an innate high breeding, and a store of tradition and poetry, of song and anecdote, which gave a peculiar flavour to their common life; so that the long evenings in this snug cottage, when the spinning wheel was humming, the women teasing and carding wool, the boys dressing flies

or shaping boats, were also enlivened by wondrous stories of old times, or by 'lilts' full of a weird and plaintive beauty, like the wild note of a seabird, or by a 'Porte-a-Beal,' or 'a Walking song,' to the tune of which all joined hands as they sent the merry chorus round. Norman had here an insight into the best side of the Highland character, and into many Highland customs now long passed away."

A strong contrast with the boy's early life upon the seaboard was forced upon him by the removal of his father, in 1825, to Campsie, in Stirlingshire, a half-manufacturing, half-agricultural Lowland district, where the family remained for ten years. Norman went for a year to the village school at Campsie, and here, as everywhere else, his love of the droll and humorous led him to seek out acquaintances among the more strongly marked characters of the place. "Old Bell," as he was affectionately called—the editor of *Rollin's Ancient History* and the author of *Bell's Geography*—was his great friend. This man had been a weaver, but a strong literary taste and a powerful intellect led him to devote himself to study. He lived with his wife in a mere hut, and is described as sitting surrounded by books, a Kilmarnock nightcap on his head, and conversing with an emphasis and an originality not unworthy of Johnson on every subject—literary, political, theological. Some of his sayings are worth recording. There was a hawker in the parish, a keen controversialist, ever talking of his own perfect assurance of salvation, but withal very greedy and worldly. "Humph!" grunted old Bell, when asked his opinion of him; "I never saw a man so sure of goin' to heaven, and see sweart [unwilling] to gang till't." When he was himself dying, an excellent young man, whose religious zeal was greater than his ability,

volunteered to pray with him. Bell granted assent; but as the prayer assumed throughout that the old man was a reprobate, he could scarcely restrain himself to the Amen, before he burst out, "I'm saying, my man, nae doubt ye mean well; but ye'd better gang hame and learn to pray for yoursel' afore you pray for other folk." When Norman remonstrated with him afterward for his rudeness, Bell said, "Maybe ye're richt; but, sure as death, Norman, I canna thole [bear] a fule!"

After the year at the parish school of Campsie, young Macleod entered the Glasgow University, where he took his curriculum of arts, but he did not at all distinguish himself there as a student, for he gave himself rather to the study of general literature and science than the subjects proper to the classes he attended. Dr. Chamers was then a professor in the University. Very naturally he took a strong liking to the young man. The sincerity of his confidence in him was attested by his recommending him as tutor to the only son of a wealthy English proprietor, the late Henry Preston, High Sheriff of Yorkshire. For three years he held this position, part of the time residing at Moreby Hall and part of the time travelling on the Continent. In the autumn of 1838 he went for a few weeks to Moreby, but returned shortly afterward with his pupil to Edinburgh, and was thus able to attend his theological classes while he also superintended the studies of young Mr. Preston. During his second session at Edinburgh he experienced the first great sorrow of his life in the death of his brother James, who was three years his junior, but who was so strongly contrasted with him in disposition as to be all the more necessary to him as a companion.

After leaving the University of Glasgow, Macleod, with his pupil,

started for the Continent. They made Weimar their headquarters, as the most desirable place to study the German language and literature, and to see German life. A stay of some months' there widened young Macleod's views, matured his opinions, enriched his sympathies, and increased his catholicity of sentiment, while it gave him a larger knowledge of the world. After his return from the Continent he staid at Moreby for some months, and then he returned to the university to pursue his theological studies. In 1837 he was appointed to his first charge—the Parish of Loudon, where he spent five years among the farmers and hand-loom weavers. The morality of this parish was very low. Many of the farmers were Covenanters, but the weavers were keen Chartists, and some of them violent infidels, who, with Tom Paine as a text-book, were ready for any argument on Church or State. Between the two the young preacher had a trying experience, but his directness of dealing with them, his firmness and manliness won their confidence, and carried him safely through. Two incidents which are set down in these *Memoirs* will sufficiently illustrate the extremes with which Mr. Macleod had to deal in this place: "On his first 'diet of visitation' at Darvel, one of the outlying parishes of Loudon, he called on an old pauper woman who was looked upon as a great light among the Covenanters. When he entered the house he found her grasping her tin ear-trumpet, (for she was very deaf,) and seated formally in the midst of a group of neighbours and coreligionists summoned to meet him. Unlike his other parishioners she did not at first acknowledge him as minister, but, beckoning him to sit down beside her, and putting the trumpet to her ear, said, 'Gang ower the fundamentals!' and there and then he had to bawl his theology till the old

dame was satisfied, after which he received a hearty welcome as a true ambassador of Christ."

In contrast with this type of parishioner, he used to refer to a well-known Chartist, who lived in the usual little cottage consisting of a but containing the loom, and of a ben containing the wife. Met at the door of this man's cottage by the proposal that before proceeding further they should come to an understanding upon the 'seven points,' he agreed to this only on condition that the pastoral visit should first be received. Minister and Chartist then sat down on the bench in front of the door, and the weaver, with shirt-sleeves partly turned up and showing holes at the elbows, his apron rolled round his waist, and a large tin snuff-mull in his hand, into whose extreme depth he was continually diving for an emphatic pinch, propounded with much pompous phraseology his favourite political dogmas. When he had concluded, he turned to the minister and demanded an answer. 'In my opinion,' was the reply, 'your principles would drive the country into revolution, and create, in the long run, national bankruptcy.' 'Nay—tion—al bankruptcy!' said the old man meditatively, and diving for a pinch, 'Div—ye—think—sae? Then, briskly, after a long snuff, 'Dod! I'd risk it!' The *naivete* of this philosopher, who had scarcely a sixpence to lose, 'risking the nation for the sake of his theory' was never forgotten by his companion."

March 15, 1838, Mr. Macleod was formally ordained a minister of the Church of Scotland at Newmilns. In 1843 he took charge of an important parish at Dalkeith, and in 1845 he was one of a deputation sent by the General Assembly to visit the congregations connected with the Church of Scotland in British North America. The extracts given from his diaries during his five months of journeying from

home are very brief, and most of the time was spent in the Provinces, although the traveller caught a glimpse of the States at Boston. Although at Toronto, he does not seem to have turned from the direct line of his duty so far even as to visit the Falls of Niagara, but we find this note in the very unsatisfactory extracts from his diary :

"In crossing the lake I saw on the horizon a light feathery cloud of a peculiar shape. It was the spray of the Falls of Niagara."

Quick as ever to catch up humorous incidents, Dr. Macleod tell us two among others which occurred in Canada :

"At _____ I met old Dr. M_____. He had a frightful stammer. I asked how he spent the Sabbath, having no minister? He said, 'It-ried to col-col-lect the pe-pe-people to hear a ssss-sermon; but, after reading one, s-somehow or other they did not c-come to hear me again! It was t-too b-bad!' Poor fellow! fancy him reading a sermon!"

The other incident the editor relates of this same good old gentleman :

"They were driving together through the forest on a frightfully hot day, and the doctor in a tremendous heat, from the conjoined labour of whipping his horse and stammering, began to implore Norman Macleod to send them a minister. 'We d-d-don't expect a v-v-very c-c-clever man, but would be quite pleased to have one who could g-g-give us a p-p-plain, every-day s-s-s-sermon like what you g-gave us yourself to-day!'"

In 1851, Dr. Macleod removed to Glasgow, having received the appointment to the Barony Parish, and here his best energies found the fullest field for exercise in the prosecution of various practical enterprises for the temporal as well as the spiritual good of those under his charge. In 1857 he was appointed Chaplain to the Queen. The extent to which he gained the confidence and affection of all the members of the royal household perhaps partially accounts for the great popularity of these *Memoirs* in Great Britain. Yet nothing in these volumes

indicates more emphatically the true nobility of the man whose life they describe than the spirit which marks every reference to Her Majesty. In October, 1862, the Queen visited Scotland for the first time since the death of the Prince Consort, and Dr. Macleod was summoned to Balmoral. He had been deeply moved by the death of the Prince, whom he had regarded as "an ideal of all that is pure, truthful, unselfish, and wise," and, from the confidence with which he had been honoured by his sovereign, he was deeply able to sympathise with her in her grief. The delicacy with which Dr. Macleod discharged his duties is fully indicated by the extracts given from his letters and diaries touching his intercourse with the royal household. That Dr. Macleod's faithfulness was appreciated, and that he had the fullest confidence of Her Majesty, is touchingly indicated by a letter which the Queen wrote to Mr. Donald Macleod after his father's death, and which is given upon page 394 of vol. 2. The high sense of the dignity of his calling which he invariably maintained, and his complete absorption in his work, combined with his earnest desire to perform his duty faithfully, were never manifested in a more marked degree than in his relations with the Queen. It is most gratifying to see how cordially she recognized these characteristics, and at the same time to observe how perfectly Dr. Macleod preserved his own manliness and self-respect, where one of less force of character would almost inevitably have manifested tendencies to toadyism.

But it was unquestionably Dr. Macleod's strong sense of the humorous—which, when toned down by earnest sympathy, deepened into the pathetic—that gave him so strong a hold on the masses, and which enabled him through his published writings, to touch so many thousands of hearts in

this country, as well as in England. The very springs of his nature are laid bare in these volumes. His letters to his friends, to his sisters, his brothers, his mother, and his wife, sparkle with wit, and overflow with a vigorous, healthful humour, which constantly break through the restraints of words, and express themselves in pen-and-ink sketches, almost always ludicrously exaggerated, but most interesting as manifesting his natural exuberance of spirits.

There is much in these volumes pertaining to Dr. Macleod's part in the great Disruption controversy, when he was elected to stay in the Established Church, and to the history of his connection with the periodical, *Good Words*, of which he was for many years the editor, which brings out prominently his strength of character, and his firmness in adhering to any line of conduct that he believed to be right. Those who wish to inform themselves regarding these and other parts of his career, which we are compelled to pass over, we must refer to the *Memoir* itself, only adding that he died June 16, 1872, beloved and lamented by thousands, from the Queen

to the peasant. The stronghold which Dr. Macleod had upon the affections of those who simply knew of him is indicated by the eagerness with which his biography has been read in Great Britain. Here, as well as in his native land, these volumes will extend and perpetuate his memory as that of a man whose goodness of heart was joined to a vigour of intellect which enabled him, through his broad and earnest sympathies, to turn all who came within the sphere of his influence to a better and a higher life. And no memoir lately published more emphatically exemplifies the fact that a rigid asceticism is by no means an essential trait of an earnest and devout Christian character.*—*Exchange*.

*Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D., Minister of Barony Parish, Glasgow; one of Her Majesty's Chaplains; Dean of the Chapel Royal; Dean of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle. By his brother, Rev. Donald Macleod, B.A., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains, Editor of *Good Words*, etc., with portrait and numerous illustrations, including pen and ink sketches, in *fac simile*. Toronto: Belford Brothers; and may be had of our publishers, Jas. Bain & Son, Toronto. Post free, \$2.50.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

SPAIN.

[Extract from a letter addressed to a friend in Canada by a lady labouring in the Mission Field in Spain.]

"God has led us to this place (Valladolid) since I last wrote. It was a matter of prayer, reflection, and waiting for many months.

"In the beginning of January we saw, clearly, His will, and packed our things at the end of the same month. Of course, our hearts were sad to part

from so many English friends, and sons and daughters in Christ who remained in Madrid. But there are thirteen foreign and Spanish labourers there; the duty of some was, evidently, to scatter through the land. Our faith has been confirmed at our arrival at Valladolid by the conversion of a simple, bright Asturian girl, who is helping Elisa, my Swiss servant, in the house, and at the same time studying with me. We had asked it as a

proof that we are at the right place. Another proof is the deep peace that we enjoy, it is: Is. 26-3 and Phil. 4-7, as I never experienced before. Mr. —'s delicate health would otherwise be a cause of anxiety; but, we put all in the hands of our loving Father and trust Him. He had provided us of a good large house even before our coming. Its quietness and large sunny gallery looking on the garden and court, reminds me a little of dear Switzerland.

"Valladolid is a fallen city, like all those of Spain, excepting Madrid and Barcelona. No foreigner, no trade, no intellectual movement among its fifty thousand inhabitants; however, there is a bright thing in it, a jewel for a spiritual eye, the little church founded seven years ago by Mr. Th. Gladstone and Mr. Armstrong. It has passed through many difficulties and persecutions, but has remained firm, humble, loving. The young pastor, Cruzado, (thirty) without knowing of the meetings of Oxford and Brighton, has received the great blessing—I mean the full consecration to his Saviour. He is the most sanctified Spanish Christian I know; the Lord has blessed his teaching and example greatly; especially among the young men. Some of his sons in Christ have lost all, to remain faithful in this fanatical city, and bring, themselves and others to Jesus.

"The Christian Young Mens' Association of Valladolid counts fourteen members, and would gladden your heart; please remember it sometimes when you are in the numerous one of Toronto.

"The young women have been very neglected before our arrival; I don't know one converted, but I believe that, however very difficult, this is one of the good works prepared here for me. I have put apart the Wednesday evening for them; only one comes till now. Will you ask the Lord to invite

and bring them Himself? All must come from Him I see. On Sunday afternoon I have a large Bible-class, well attended by the women of the chapel.

"Also, the visits are an important and daily part of the work. Mr. A. preaches by turn on evenings, or explains one Gospel on Sunday morning, which is a great blessing, even for Cruzado. He has also here the editorship of *El Cristiano*, as in Madrid, and a large correspondence.

"A young Englishman, of good position, Mr. C. H., of Newcastle, has just written his desire to become a missionary for Spain, and to be prepared at his side. Three others, young Spanish Christians, are also waiting on the Lord for the same purpose; so I think that a part of our work here will be to prepare labourers. Our family morning reading is very blessed, a strength and joy for the whole day. Cruzado, Emilio—writer of *El Cristiano*, Baldomera, the Bible woman, and other brethren always come. We sing Sankey's Hymns, which are well translated, and study now Revelation.

"Though leading, Mr. A. gives an active part to every one, the same for prayer at the end. Our spiritual communion on such occasions is so sweet! We received, since we are here, six conversions in answer to prayer, and believe they are only the first drops of a large blessing.

"You will have heard about the peace in the North, which opens a new field for the Gospel. We felt very anxious to send an Evangelist to these fanatical provinces, and when thinking and praying about it, came a letter from Lord Radstock, bringing £50 just for this same object. The will of God was so clearly manifested, my brave Baldomera was ready to go, and left on March 18th, after having been recommended to the grace of God. She is now holding numerous

meetings in Zaragoza, and next week the good colporteur Plaza will join her, to go together to Navarre. We trust that a door will be open to them, but, of course, among many difficulties and adversaries. Will you remember their mission before the Lord during April and May? Lorenza, my second Bible woman, was induced; through her adoptive family, to leave the work and join them again in Madrid. It was *very* painful to me, but the Lord is mighty to shew her what she has lost, and to bring her back to His work and His servants."

* * * * *

Some expressions in the letter will show that the writer is not an English woman. She left affluent circumstances, and a home of rare attractions, to spread among the Spaniards the knowledge of Him who is her own soul's delight.

There is no Missionary Field in the world so interesting as Spain.

The Pope is straining every nerve to maintain his hold on the country, but the spirit of the age is against him, and during the struggle the Lord's servants are working while it is called *to-day*.

Will any join in prayer on Wednesday evenings for God's sustaining grace and blessing on the Missionaries in Spain?

The writer of the letter from which the above extracts are given, and her husband, receive no pecuniary help for themselves, on the contrary, their private fortune—their *all*—is on the altar! Should any of your readers be desirous of contributing towards the collateral expenses of the Mission—the maintenance of preachers, teachers, schools, converts who, as described in the letter, "have lost all to remain faithful," etc., etc.,—the contributions may be sent to S. R. Briggs, Toronto Willard Tract Repository, Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto. These will be acknowledged in a little pamphlet, published

quarterly, by "The Association for the Diffusion of the Gospel in Spain," a copy of which shall be sent to the CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, should your readers evince an interest in the work.

SWISS.

THE BIBLE.

On the Centennial Grounds, at Philadelphia, there is not an humbler building, and one that attracts less notice, than the pavilion of the Bible Society, where the Scriptures are for sale in over a hundred languages. But in the whole exhibition there lies hid no power like what slumbers in that blessed volume. Here is an extract from the sixtieth annual report of the American Bible Society:

"GENERAL VIEW OF OPERATIONS IN OTHER LANDS.—It is a cause for devout thanksgiving to God that the Board of Managers, while making ample provision for circulating the Scriptures in our own land, have also been able to do so much for other countries—Christian, Mohammedan, and Pagan. At home the distribution has increased more rapidly than our rapidly-increasing population. During the last decade, the Society's publications were more than enough to furnish every family in the country with a new Bible or Testament. The same was true in each of the two preceeding decades. But, besides this, its foreign distribution is numbered by millions. Its methods of work by extending pecuniary aid to missionary societies have not, indeed, been favourable to the gathering up of statistics of the manufacture and distribution abroad, and for nearly fifty years the foreign circulation was not included in the figures showing the Society's issues. Even now the returns are far from complete; but in the last thirteen years it appears that the foreign circulation amounts to no less than 2,891,010 copies, this being somewhat

more than eighteen per cent. of the entire issues for the same period.

During the year now closed, the Board of Managers have aided, directly or indirectly, in circulating the Scriptures in France, Russia, Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, India, Siam, China, Japan, Mexico, South America, Africa, the West Indies, and the Islands of the Northern Pacific.

Comparative view of Receipts, Issues, Circulation and Grants in Books and Money for each successive ten years of the Society's History.

| Years. | Receipts. | Total Issues. | Foreign Circulation. | Grants & Expenditures in Money for Foreign Work. | Grants for Home Field. |
|--------------|-----------------|------------------|----------------------|--|------------------------|
| 1816 to 1826 | \$449,532 78 | Volumes, 489,580 | | \$2,338 75 | Volumes, 110,624 |
| 1826 to 1836 | 954,897 94 | 1,549,848 | | 116,615 04 | 265,251 |
| 1836 to 1846 | 1,238,039 95 | 2,510,156 | | 157,439 35 | 268,977 |
| 1846 to 1856 | 5,022,632 44 | 6,772,338 | | 159,216 21 | 451,134 |
| 1856 to 1866 | 4,754,850 65 | 10,513,654 | | 417,932 62 | 417,932 62 |
| 1866 to 1876 | 6,794,138 60 | 11,340,190 | 2,303,369 | 786,437 85 | value \$737,807 67 |
| | \$17,229,142 31 | 33,125,766 | | \$1,650,034 88 | |

From this it will be seen that the entire receipts of the Society have been seventeen millions, two hundred and twenty-nine thousand, one hundred and forty-two dollars. Of this amount one million six hundred and fifty thousand and thirty-four dollars have been expended upon the foreign field. The expansion of our work in this direction is marked when we compare the expenditure of the first decade, which was \$2,334.75 with the expenditure of the last decade, which was \$786,437.86. In other words, the amount devoted to the foreign field in the last ten years is almost as great as the entire expenditure for that purpose in the previous half century.

It is gratifying to the Board of Managers to present this brief summary of the work accomplished during the past year, and to record the widespread influence which this Society has exerted from its organization to the present time. They would express their devout gratitude that they have been entrusted with responsibilities so intimately connected with the highest good of our nation, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

By generous donations, received from all parts of this great country, and by noble bequests left to the Society by those who desired to perpetuate the work when their own personal efforts were ended, we have been enabled to devise liberal things. Even the most sanguine expectations of the founders of the American Bible Society have been more than realized, and the hope-inspiring prophecy received a partial fulfilment: "There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountain; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon."

The work, however, is as yet only in its infancy. The fields which have been under cultivation are "white for the harvest." Now fields are opening

up for Christian effort. It is hardly too much to say that the attention of the whole world is now directed to that blessed book which has made us as a nation what we are, and which is destined to enlighten and elevate all the nations of the earth.

To us have been committed "the oracles of God," not merely that we may enjoy the blessings which they have brought to ourselves, but also that we may extend these blessings to others, till all shall know "the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent." Our work can be greatly enlarged, and must be, to keep pace with the increasing demand for the Bible in foreign lands.

Your Board are confident that the past history of this Society is the best guarantee of its future. In entering upon a new decade, they would not

only call upon its friends to unite with them in presenting to God the sacrifice of thanksgiving for what has already been accomplished through its instrumentality, but also in manifesting their gratitude by increased efforts and liberality for spreading abroad the knowledge of the truth. With such sacrifices God is well pleased.

We are engaged in no uncertain undertaking. He who, in His condescending mercy, has revealed Himself both through the Incarnate and the written Word, has assured us that the time will come "when all shall know Him from the least even to the greatest." The success with which He has crowned the past efforts of the American Bible Society is the proof that He has owned it as one of His chosen instrumentalities for accomplishing this glorious result.

PRACTICAL PAPERS.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN A LOOSE THEOLOGY AND A LOOSE MORALITY.

It is a remarkable fact that while the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada was step by step slowly and painfully finding its way to the vote that vindicated the teaching of their Confession on the subject of the everlasting punishment of the wicked, the Bishop of Toronto was delivering to his Synod of the Anglican Church, within a few streets of Knox Church, where the Assembly met, an address wherein occur the following weighty words and timeous warning. In answering the question HOW CAN WE ARREST THE INCREASE OF CRIME AND MORAL DEGRADATION? he goes on to say: "The license of opinion upon vital truths into which so many

professing themselves Christian believers are drifting has without doubt largely conduced to this lowering of the moral sense, and loosening of restraint upon the selfish passions and evil inclinations of men. The effects that were meant to follow such statements as these, "By the terrors of the Lord we persuade men," "After death the judgment," are being most seriously weakened by the discussions in the secular papers and otherwise that have recently been pursued in reference to man's future destiny, and what is to be the condition and duration of it.

Nothing can be more distinct and decided than our Lord's own words upon a future recompense to the righteous, and retribution to the wicked, and that this should in each

case be everlasting. We are not furnished, except in a brief and figurative manner, with any statement of the character of their future punishment or reward. Similitudes are drawn from what we ourselves know and can comprehend of the happiness of the saved and the sufferings of the lost. The revelation from the Lord Himself, followed by His Apostles, can scarcely be misunderstood, that man obtains his final and enduring happiness by his recovery through Christ of the lost image of God, in which he was at first created; and that he is doomed, as a necessary consequence, to eternal remorse and misery through his neglect or refusal to employ the means by which that holiness is recovered that fits him for heaven.

The revelations of Christ are, in fact, repetitions of what have been the instinct of mankind in every age; instincts, we must believe, implanted by Him who made afterwards positive announcements of the truth to which they point. We cannot, for instance, read in ancient poets pictures of the life that exists after death without feeling that the idea was not simply a poetic fancy, but an implanted conviction, running on from the fate of man's fall, and obtaining confirmation from the Saviour of the world in the fullness of time. It appears to be as old as the idea of propitiatory sacrifices, so universally entertained and acted upon throughout the world. Either of these would be a most unlikely human invention; their introduction would be unaccountable, unless as having come by revelation from God.

From the earliest period in the world's history there was, no doubt, a cause for this general and deeply-implanted persuasion. It could not fail to prove the most effectual restraint upon licentious living and criminal acts; it would be the surest preventive of the fall of man into the lowest depths

of moral degradation. The brute creation are moved to violence and cruelty through hunger and other natural incentives; in man there is a power to contrive wickedness and devise cruelties which brutes do not possess. In man, then, there must be implanted motives of restraint proportionate to his power of doing evil. This would be necessary for the protection of his fellow-men, and for maintaining a due sense of the moral government of God. It would be easy to adduce evidence from the history of the world, both ancient and modern, that morality has been lowered, and crime increased, wherever the belief has prevailed that there is no future, much less eternal, punishment. When heathen philosophers, a little anterior to the Christian era, gave currency to the opinion that the apprehension of future punishment from their gods was a groundless one, and infused doubts as to the existence of any God at all, it is stated by Roman writers—and confirmed by St. Paul in his epistle addressed to that people—that the most disastrous consequences followed. Truth and faith were discarded, perjury practised without shame, and every excess of licentiousness, wantonness, and cruelty was recklessly indulged.

The same results were apparent in England in the latter part of the seventeenth century, in the reign of Charles the Second. Amongst the efforts of the sceptical writers of that day there was the attempt to emancipate the minds of men from the apprehension of Divine punishment in a future world. Along with contempt of religion, the grossest licentiousness prevailed, affecting even the highest ranks. The same was observable in France during the Revolution, in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The frenzy of excitement which drove so many of the people into the most terrible excesses of crime, was studiously fostered by the denial in high

and influential quarters of the existence of God, and contempt of the idea that any future retribution was to be apprehended from such a Being. We seem to have fallen upon such evil days ourselves, and nothing will prove an effectual check to the spreading calamity but a firm, honest maintenance and promulgation of the revealed truth that the punishment of the wicked, as well as the reward of the righteous, shall be everlasting.

To assert any other belief would be to strike at the root and destroy the foundation and purpose of Christianity itself. The great fact that the Son of God came into the world to make atonement for the sins of its people by the sacrifice of himself would be shorn of its significance if the opinion we are protesting against could be allowed a place beside it. We could not permit ourselves to think that a sacrifice so vast, so tremendous, would have been made unless to avert from man a calamity in some degree commensurate with the cost at which it was to be removed. To imagine that an atonement so inconceivably great and

precious should have been made merely to heighten the well-being or lessen the ills of man during his sojourn upon earth—this would be an unworthy, a fatal conception. We could not conceive the need of such an atonement, if this was to be the limitation of its purpose; if it were to have no bearing upon man's immortal life. It is not for us to speculate with a dangerous and irreverent freedom upon the heavenly revelations touching this momentous subject. Here, we are reminded, we "see through a glass darkly; it were vain, as well as presumptuous, to aim at perfectness of vision as respects the mysteries of the world after death; we are not, it is certain, to possess it while on earth. "Clouds and darkness are round about" the Almighty; it is not meant that we should penetrate those shadows. Neither the full glory nor the gloom of the eternal world shall ever be unveiled to us in this our transition state. We have the fact of both conditions revealed to us; let us be content with this, and not attempt solutions of which we are incapable.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

FOR THE BEREAVED.

I was sorry to depart leaving your ladyship in grief, and would still be grieved at it, if I were not assured that you have one with you in the furnace, whose countenance is like unto the Son of God. I know that if you were not dear to God, and if your health did not require so much of him, he would not spend so much medicine upon you. All the brothers and sisters of Christ must be conformed to his image in suffering, and some do more strikingly resemble the copy

than others. Think, Madam, that it is a part of your glory to be enrolled among those whom one of the elders pointed out to John. "These are they which have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." You have lost a child—nay, she is not lost to you who is found to Christ; she is not sent away, but only sent before, like unto a star, which goeth out of her sight, doth not die and vanish, but shineth in another hemisphere; you

see her not, yet she doth shine in another country. If her glass was but a short hour, what she wants of time she has got of eternity; and you have to rejoice that one belonging to you is now in heaven. Build your nest upon no tree here; for you see God hath sold the forest to death; and every tree upon which we would rest is ready to be cut down, to the end we may flee and mount up, and build upon the rock, and dwell in the holes of the rock. Whatsoever you love besides Jesus, your husband, is a strange lover; now, it is God's special blessing to Judah, that he will not let her find her paths in following her strange lovers: "Therefore behold, I will hedge up her way with thorns, and make a wall, that she shall not find her paths: and she shall follow after her lovers, but she shall not overtake them." O thrice happy Judah, when God buildeth a wall betwixt her and the fire of hell! The world, and the things of the world, madam, are the lovers you naturally affect—the hedge of thorns and the wall which God builds in your way, to hinder you from your lovers, are the thorny hedge of daily grief, loss of children, weakness of body, uncertainty of estate, lack of worldly comfort, fear of God's anger for unrepented sins; but what do you lose though God twist and plait the hedge daily thicker? God be blessed, the Lord will not let you find your paths; return to your first husband—do not weary, nor think that death walketh towards you with a slow pace; you must be riper ere you be shaken; your day's are no longer than Job's that were "swifter than a post, and passed away as the swift ships, swift as the eagle that hasteth to the prey." There is less sand in your glass now than there was yesternight; this span-length of ever-posting time will soon be ended; but the greater is the mercy of God the more years you get

to advise upon what terms, and upon what conditions, you cast your soul into the huge gulf of a never-ending eternity. The Lord hath told you what you should be doing till he come. "Wait and hasten," saith Peter, "for the coming of the Lord;" all is night that is here, in respect of ignorance and daily ensuing troubles, one making way to another, as the ninth wave of the sea to the tenth; therefore sigh and long for the dawning of that morning, and the breaking of that day of the coming of the Son of Man, when shadows shall flee away. Persuade yourself that the King is coming; read his letter sent before him, "Behold, I come quickly." Wait with the wearied night-watch for the breaking of the eastern sky, and think that you have not a morrow. I am loath to weary you; show yourself a Christian by suffering without murmuring; in patience possess your soul; they lose nothing who gain Christ. I commend you to the mercy and grace of our Lord Jesus, assuring you that your day is coming, and that God's mercy is awaiting you. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit!
—*Samuel Rutherford.*

CHRIST'S EXAMPLE OF PRAYER.

"He was praying in a certain place." A characteristic occurrence. Prayer was his habit. The Mount of Olives bore witness to the devotions of Jesus. At his baptism he prayed. Before he sent out the apostles, he prayed. During the transfiguration, he prayed. When he raised Lazarus, he prayed. On the cross, he prayed. "I gave myself to prayer," was the experience of both David, and David's great Son.

To some this is perplexing. It confounds them. They cannot understand why our Lord should pray.

"That he should have worked miracles," they say, "is not strange. They were needed as credentials of his Messiahship. He who made such astounding demands on men's faith as to require that they should believe him to have come down from heaven, might well do 'signs and wonders' to support his claims. Nor is it surprising that he should have suffered. How could it be otherwise? Perfect in love, he must have inevitably pitied the victims of pain, poverty, bereavement, and disappointment, whom he so often encountered. Nay, he came to suffer; to be a sacrifice for human sin. But prayed—that is mysterious indeed! Why should he pray? The pure mirror of his soul was never dimmed by the faintest breath of evil: what had he to pray for?"

That there are difficulties connected with the subject we have no wish to deny. Nevertheless, while the fact that he prayed may be mysterious, there would have been far more mystery had he never prayed at all. Devotion is the mainspring of religion. A prayerless man is a godless one. Supplication is the very atmosphere of piety. Religion cannot exist without it. The holier we become, the more frequent and fervent is our communion with our heavenly Father. It follows, therefore, that (speaking now of Christ's human nature) the purest Being that ever existed would needs be the most prayerful Being that ever existed. To quote from the late Canon Melvill: "However incomprehensible it may be that a Being, as truly God as he was man, should, as man, have been as much thrown on a man's resources as though he had not also been God; yet what a comfort it is that Christ was thus identified with ourselves; that he went through our trials, met our dangers, and experienced our difficulties! We could have had but little confidence in committing our prayers to a High Priest who had

never had to pray himself. But, ho! how it should encourage us to wrestle in prayer, to be fervent and importunate in prayer, that it is just what our blessed Lord did for us; and that having, as our Mediator, known continually the agony of supplication, he must, as our Advocate, be all the more disposed, in the language of the Psalmist, to put our tears into his bottle, and to gain audience for our cries. It might strike me with greater amazement, to see Christ raise the dead; it might fill me with deeper awe, to behold Christ upon the cross; but it ministers most to my comfort to look at Christ upon his knees. Then I must know him as my Brother, in all but my sinfulness; myself, in all but the corruption which would have disabled him from being my Deliverer."

LIFTING.

It is related in one of our recent Sunday-School lessons, that, as the man lame from his birth lay groveling at the temple gate, Peter "took him by the right hand, and lifted him up." As often in the Scripture, these words, simple, transparent, contain a vast wealth of meaning. All about us are our fellow-men, fallen, prostrate, helpless. One is crushed under poverty, adversity, and sickness; another is listless, ignorant, shiftless, hopeless; another is the victim of evil habit, is lost in drink, is cast out from virtue.

It is very easy to pass by all these people; very easy to find reasons for letting them alone. They are not very bright, perhaps; they are destitute of energy, of perseverance, or worldly knowledge; they have wasted time, money, strength; they have not made the most of themselves. All this, of course; there are mental and moral infirmities, as well as bodily. The ankle-bones of the soul are often

weak; and that is the very reason why they need help.

We can lift by the pressure of the hand, the glance of the eye, the cheering word; and as we try to lift, our good-will and sympathy will cause new tides of happiness and life to flow through the long helpless soul, and he who was crippled shall stand erect.

But if he do not at once respond to our lifting touch, or if he rise to fall again, we must not give up. Think how many times God has to lift us up, yet he is not discouraged.

There are all sorts and classes of Christians. There are emotional Christians, and contemplative Christians, and Christians of action; there are rich Christians and poor Christians; there are wise Christians and foolish Christians; there are *lifting Christians*, and Christians who have an excellent excuse for not lifting. Which shall we be? Shall we not allow ourselves the happiness of looking back at the close of each day, yet more at the evening of life, on acts of healing, helping, lifting? What joy filled the soul of Peter, as he who had been lame leaped as an hart, as he praised God with each exercise of his new-born strength. What eternal joyousness shall be his who sees souls new-made, emancipated, happy, because he lifted them up.—*Nat. Bap.*

DAFT JOCKIE.

Said a gentleman, whose business operations are not above reproach:—"I think it is about time our pastors stop abusing men, impugning their motives and their actions. Such preaching is not the Gospel, and it does not feed the soul."

This gentleman, and many like him, who would keep the minister from touching practical matters, let out the secret of their disapprobation when they do so, in much the same style as

did "Daft Jockie Grey, of Peebles," and, as he did, they bring the laugh upon themselves.

The minister had been preaching on the sin and guilt of deceit and falsehood. Jockie sat bolt upright for a while, gazing very bravely into the minister's face. But by-and-by the charges of falsehood became very plain, and were enforced with divers poundings on the pulpit board. Jockie grew fidgety. He felt the minister was getting too personal. He screwed up his face, twisted himself about on his seat, and became very red in the face. He soon felt the grinding heel of clerical oppression more than his sensitive spirit could bear, and forgetting all the conventionalities of the place, sprang in an excited manner from his seat, and cried out, "Noo, minister, there are plenty mair liars in Peebles than me! Why dinna ye abuse them too?" Those among us who condemn faithful pastors for insisting on uprightness towards creditors, are too wise to spring up and do it in church-time, like the idiot of Peebles, but their more private course is just as suggestive of their personal application of the advice as was poor Jockie's, and the community laugh and wink at them just as did the "gude folk" of that Scottish town at the witless confessor of sin in their kirk.—*Christian Weekly.*

RELIGION THE GREAT BUSINESS.

Unless I make religion my great and engrossing concern, I shall be a stranger to all solid peace and enjoyment. I have at times caught a glimpse of the comfort which it yields to the spirit when I merge my will into God's will; when I resolve to have no will of my own separate from God. I feel quite assured that this renunciation of self and entire devo-

tion to God's service, would give a simplicity and grandeur to my existence; would throw an unclouded sunshine over all my ways; would raise me above the cares and provocations of this life; would enhance even my sensible gratifications, and superadd those gratifications of a higher order which constitutes the main and essential blessedness of heaven. O my God, may it be thus with me! Call me out of nature's darkness into Thine own marvelous light! Give me to aspire after the graces and to hold forth to my acquaintances, and above all to my children, the example of all righteousness. Conform me to the gospel economy, under which I sit, that as Christ died for sin I may die for it; that as He rose again, I may rise to newness of life, and feel it my meat and drink to do Thy will.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

THE SORROWS OF SKEPTICISM.

We think no careful observer can have failed to note the expression of dissatisfaction and unrest, visible in the countenance of skeptics and infidels. We have in mind at this moment the visage of a noted advocate of infidelity; eloquent, prominent, intelligent, but O, so uneasy; so sad, so uncomfortable, so void of joy, and rest, and peace, and blessedness!

At a recent meeting in London of the Victoria Philosophical Institute, the Rev. Dr. Thornton read a paper on the Sorrows of Skepticism:

"He had been led, he said, to employ the title of his paper from an observation of the physiognomies of skeptics; for he never looked at the faces or photographs of those who cherished doubts about the revealed religion without being struck with the expression of pain which they exhibited. Their sorrows might be divided as follows: The sorrow of mere negation, the sorrow of doubt, the

sorrow of insufficiency, and the sorrow from the absence of God. With regard to the first, the mind from its very nature sought for the positive and affirmative, and could not rest in the negative or destructive. The whole of skepticism was essentially negative, and its conclusions were destructive. Then as to the sorrow of doubt; as the intellect could not be satisfied with negation alone, so did it also long for assent, and refuse to be contented with doubt. Thirdly, he came to the sorrow of insufficiency. He meant by that the regret that many, if not all, skeptics must feel at finding that they failed to clear away all the difficulties which attended the rejection of revelation. There was a latent feeling that all was not right, and a lurking dissatisfaction with their own method and their own conclusions. In short, it must be one of the sorrows of skepticism to see her despised adversary, religion, still standing fast, assailed at all points, but consistent and undismayed, while she herself was not altogether free from the fear of seeming self-condemned. Then there was the sorrow from the absence of God. This was a sorrow above sorrows for the skeptics; not merely severance from the ultimate end to which soul and spirit alike looked upwards, towards which the moral and intellectual alike desired to struggle. The notion of the existence of a God was implanted in the human mind, and to this personal Being, all-good, all-wise, self-existent, the longings and yearnings of humanity, frail, weak, and ignorant, yet ever conscious of a possibility of better things, were eagerly directed. And this was the great sorrow of skepticism, that it cut man off from his highest good."

"Without God in the world," men have "no hope." The present is a maze of inexplicable mystery; the future is dark with the shadows of

eternal night. Well may the skeptic, lost in the gloom of doubt and uncertainty, exclaim with the Psalmist: "Oh send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me, let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles."—Ps. xliii. 3.—*Armory.*

AT HOME.

Religion at home is more precious than at church, or in the world. Every day each family should worship as regularly as they eat. Have they time to eat? Let the soul have food. Open the Bible and have God talk to the family; pray and praise in song, and on bended knees ask mercies. A family without worship is a domestic orphanage, and a school of unbelief, sensuality, and sin. Without spiritual life at home, it will be wholly lacking or exceedingly thin abroad. Children will grow up Christless; physical objects and carnal life will absorb attention and engross affection. With pure, sincere, tender religion at home, children will begin to be Christians so soon as they learn of the Saviour's love, and never know rebellion. Why should the offspring of saints be for one moment exposed to condemnation? Why should they not know the Saviour so soon as they know sin? Generally they will if Christ is honoured at the family altar. But He is not honoured. Thousands upon thousands of church members live like infidels at home. The Bible is unread, praises never sung, prayer never heard. Can they not read? Why not let God speak to them out of His word? Can they not pray? The Lord's prayer can at least be repeated in concert. Is there no time? It will save time to take counsel of God. It is waste of time and waste of life to ignore God. We can have no real home without Him. It requires a Heavenly Father as well as earthly

parents to make a sweet, healthful, absolute home.—*Baptist Union.*

HOW TO COMBAT MODERN ERROR.

Error will never be headed off by preaching and praying alone. When error represents intellect, when it represents philanthropy, when it represents art, and culture, and music, you must fight it with its own weapons. Match eloquence with eloquence, match culture with a higher finish, match its philanthropy with wider plans, and a more generous outlay for human weal. Indolence can never overcome activity. Lethargy can never conquer wakefulness. Faith can never hold its own against works. No creed can be as beautiful as good deeds. The teaching and the feeding of the multitude must go together. A belief without any adequate expression in acts is like an organ when all its pipes are silent and its keys untouched. It is dumb; it charms no one; it attracts no one. But bring forth the player: let him press the keys, let the dead air in all the choral columns be started into vibrations, and how the anthem swells, and how hearts are lifted on the waves of sound, and all the thousands applaud, some with their hands, others with eyes filled with happy tears! That which was dumb has spoken, and the multitude hasten to give it praise.—*Golden Rule.*

PRAY MORE—WORRY LESS.

A lady correspondent inquires if this is not a good text for an article, "Pray more—worry less." Yes, manifestly, and the text "preaches itself;" it scarcely needs an extended homily for its illustration and enforcement. Worry is the bane of the times. It is everywhere. It comes in a thousand forms, and its inlets are

vide open in the hearts of the multitude. People fret, and fume, and chafe themselves into disease and wretchedness, and finally to inaction, and an untimely grave. And our correspondent is right in the suggestion that the true antidote to excessive worry is more prayer.

There is a message in the Divine Word (of which a burnt-out Chicago friend gave an impromptu and almost inspired analysis, as with his family he sat down in his hired residence, on the evening after the great fire:—“Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.” “There,” said he, “that means just this, that we must be care-burdened with nothing, that we must be thankful for anything. Let us pray.” And he knelt down and poured out his heart in the spirit of that exegesis, and then went to his rest, calm and tranquil as a lake unstirred by a ripple. We commend the prescription to everybody, for these times, and for all times.

MIKE AND THE BIBLE.

Never was a better answer made than by a poor Irishman to a Catholic priest, while defending himself for reading the Bible.

“But,” said the priest, “the Bible is for the priests, and not for the likes o’ you.”

“Ah! but, sir,” he answered, “I was reading in my Bible, ‘You shall read it to your children,’ and sure the priests have got no children.”

“But, Michael,” says the priest, “you cannot understand the Bible. It is not for you to understand it, my man.”

“Very well, your riverence; if I cannot understand it, it will do me no harm; and what I can understand does me a heap o’ good.”

“Very well, Mike,” said the priest, “you must go to the church, and the church will teach you. The church will give you the milk of the Word.”

“And where does the church get it from, but out of the Bible? Ah! your riverence, I would rather occasionally milk the cow myself.”

HINTS TO TATTLERS.

The heights and recesses of Mount Taurus are said to be much infested with eagles, who are never better pleased than when they can pick the bones of a crane. Cranes are prone to cackle and make a noise (Isa. xxxviii. 14), and particularly so while they are flying. The sound of their voices arouses the eagles, who spring up at a signal, and often make the talkative travellers pay dearly for their impudent chattering. The older and more experienced cranes, sensible of their besetting foible and the peril to which it exposes them, take care before venturing on the wing to arm themselves each with a stone large enough to fill the cavity of their mouths, and consequently to impose unavoidable silence on their tongues, and thus they escape the danger. Reader, hast thou an unruly tongue? Learn a lesson from the elder cranes, and to bridle thy tongue by watchfulness and prayer, that thou mayst say with the Psalmist, “I said, I will take heed to my way, that I sin not with my tongue.”

ONE IN LANGUAGE.

There is a beautiful and suggestive incident related in Welsh history, which may well teach us a lesson. In one of the fierce wars of France with Britain, it so happened that a company of Welsh soldiers were opposed to a company of the French from the province of Bretagne, which had been originally peopled by a colony from

Wales. They were just ready to fall upon each other in bloody conflict, when, upon uttering their war-cry, they discovered that they *spoke the same language!* Instantly the tears came into their eyes, they threw away their weapons, rushed into each other's arms, and embraced as brothers and countrymen!

Thus it is, brethren of every name, if we indeed are Christians, then we *too speak the same language*, are citizens of the same heavenly country, and expect to meet in the same heavenly home at last. Surely, then, if we hear from each other the common language of Canaan, we may well throw aside the weapons which we had grasped with which to assail each other, or turn them upon the common enemy, and feel that we indeed are one.

May it not be true that we, Christians of different name, love each other no more because we know each other so little? When we come together—as sometimes we do—on our union platforms, and especially in our union prayer-meetings, or on our knees, bowing together at the same mercy seat, do we not sometimes wonder to find that, in spite of our different opinions and different names, we speak the same language—and that not the shibboleth of party, but the sweet-language of Canaan?—*Selected.*

HOW TO LEAD OTHERS TO THE SAVIOUR.

Dr. William Ormiston, in the course of a sermon on the text, "Behold the Lamb of God!" at the late Convention of Christian workers in Philadelphia, uttered these eloquent words: Are you going to point any one to Jesus? (1) Be sure you yourself have found him. (2) Have a deep human sympathy with the perishing. Hold them up to look as the Israelites held up their dying friends, turn around their heads, hold open their

eyelids. That is what I tried to do last night in the inquiry meeting. There is no patent way of being converted. Every conversion differs from another, as does every face, form or character. What we have in common is our sin and our Saviour. You can't reason men into the kingdom of God. You must get nearer to their hearts than that. The holiest of all baptisms is the falling of a believing mother's tears upon her baby's head. I remember the room where my mother used to take me with her alone to pray. O, these congregations of one! This preaching from the lips of our mother as she murmurs a prayer for our salvation! Whosoever will, may come to Christ. It requires much ingenuity and terrible squirming for a sinner to get beyond the reach of that divine invitation. Come, and come now. The Spirit and the bride say come. It makes little difference between two men whether one dying Christless, dies upon a bed of down, and another upon a pallet of straw. In three minutes their state will be alike. *Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die!*

TWO POINTS IN THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., in the Christian Convention some weeks since in Philadelphia, as reported for the *Illustrated Bible Studies* said:—

(1) Have faith in our translation. In King James' Bible is all essential truth. Do not imagine that you will be amazed and perplexed in ascertaining the mind of the Spirit, because you are unacquainted with Greek and Hebrew. Exhaust your own powers of investigation before you resort to commentaries. If they agree with you, you can say, "We are brethren." If they do not, you can compare views and elucidate the truth.

(2) Pray as you study. A picture always looks best in the light in which it is painted. You will show others the best result if you draw lessons from the Bible for yourself, and in prayerful reception of the divine illumination.

GOING TO CHURCH IN 1800.

In the biography of the late Rev. Dr. Goodell, veteran missionary and Oriental scholar, is quoted this picture of the way they went to Church in Templeton, Mass., his native place, at the beginning of the century: "The old, Puritanical horse seemed to know as well as the most pious of us that it was holy time, and he stood at the door, saddled and bridled, with his head bowed reverently down, as if in solemn meditation upon the duties he was expected to perform. My father, with one of the children in his arms, rode before; my mother sat behind him on a pillion, and carried one of the children in her arms; and still another child rode behind, clinging as closely to her as she did to her husband. I recollect, on one occasion, in ascending a steep, sandy hill, the girth of the saddle gave way, and there was an avalanche of the whole load, father and mother and three children, with saddle and pillion, over the horse's tail, plump into a sand-bank. The old, rheumatic horse never seemed amazed at anything that might happen; but this time he simply opened his large eyes wider than usual, and wheeling half round, looked to see whether he could help us in any way."

WHAT HAS THE WORLD DONE?

The world has had six thousand years to bring in its "more excellent way." What has it devised, apart

from the Bible, to heal the sores of the broken, wounded, bleeding heart? What has Rome, in her ages of martial glory, or Greece, in her era of philosophic culture and refinement, done to solve the vexed problem of aiding humanity? What streams of comfort have the rod, yielded by their greatest intellects, extorted from the barren rock? What trees have they planted in the world's desert "whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed; whose fruit shall be for meat, and the leaf for medicine?" On the other hand, how many thousands, racked with pain, tortured with doubt, anxiety, agitated with remorse, darkened with bereavement—the sick, the weary, the lonely, the dying, have been cheered and comforted by the everlasting consolation of this Holy Book.—*MacDuff.*

TEACHING THE CATECHISM.

The Pittsburg, Pa., *Presbyterian Banner*, which, by the way, is the oldest religious journal on the continent, says:—"It is one of the favourable indications of the times, that along with the awakened religious interest in many parts of the Presbyterian Church, the Shorter Catechism is beginning to receive unusual attention. Ministers and intelligent Christians see, as they have not seen for years, the need of fixing the minds of the people upon the great and fundamental truths taught in the Bible, that they may be steadfast in their adherence to sound doctrine, and in maintaining habits of life consistent with the Gospel. The study of the Catechism does not interfere with the study of the Bible, but promotes it. Those who know the Catechism best will most fully and correctly understand the Holy Scriptures. Sabbath-Schools in our Church from which the Catechism has been banished, have de-

prived themselves of one great means of usefulness. And pastors who fail to urge the study of the Catechism in the family and in the Sabbath-School are neglecting a powerful agency for the instruction of the people, and also for confirming them in the previous doctrines of salvation. That is an admirable arrangement in the Reformed (Dutch) Church, which requires every pastor to 'go over the Heidelberg Catechism in his pulpit ministrations once in every four years.'

THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF SIN.

To know just what popery is, we must see it where it fully has its own; or rather where it has long had it. Sicily is such a place. It is a land of great natural capability, and has a population of between two and three millions, almost entirely Roman Catholics. Here indulgencies, which so roused Europe in the sixteenth century, have until lately been sold as unblushingly as under Leo X. Says the *Christian World* of London:

"In Sicily accordingly there was organized a regular market of indulgence in sin. What was called the *Bolla di Composizione*, the Bull of compositions or indulgences was annually sent to Sicily by the Pope, and in it, or its annexed schedules, was arranged a tariff of absolution, in accordance with which any man wishing to sin with impunity and a clear conscience might be accommodated. Sir George Boyer says that the money was paid, not for absolution from sin, but for exemption from penance. The distinction, however, would practically, as every one who reflects upon the matter must see, be untenable. In the paradisaical days before Garibaldi set foot in Sicily, the arrival of the bull was periodically announced in the churches, and the faithful at once set

about buying pardon for past sins, and making provisions for future transgression. It was convenient for all parties that the mere purchase of the Bull should be an effective way of compounding for sin, and it was easy to charge higher for a Bull when the sin was heinous than when it was slight, just as we pay more for a stamped deed when the amount inscribed was large than we do when it is small. Sometimes, "after civil wars and other sanguinary pastimes," the run upon the holy fathers was so great that it was necessary to share the profits with middle-men, and a pushing retailer who bought a good stock of Bulls, and had an extensive connection among pious criminals, would do an excellent stroke of trade. "Speculators purchasing a thousand or so, besides promoting piety among their neighbours, would be able to turn an honest penny by circulating those promissory notes on Paradise, and as the administrative bureaus of the state were actively engaged in selling the godly and profitable article, private persons were all the more encouraged to imitate the example of their king, and largely hawked copies about." A devout monarch encouraged the traffic, and condescended to share the profits to the tune of about £5,000 a year. Need we say that this exemplary sovereign was the renowned Bomba, King of Naples? But Garibaldi came; United Italy and Victor Emanuel ruled in Sicily; the new *regime*, which is, in Cardinal Manning's eyes, the abomination of desolation, introduced a changed order of things; and on the 11th of June last, Signor Tajami, who had been Procurator-General at Palermo, rose in his place in the Italian Parliament, and gave an account of some of his experiences in attempting to grapple with the appalling depravity of this Goshen of the priests. "A burglar or bandit," he said, "would appear before the priest,

telling him he had pilfered and spent 1,000 lire. 'No matter, the priest would say, under the Bull, if you have preserved a portion of the spoil for the Church.' Thus a compromise was easily arrived at. The burglar paid the Pope a tax, the Pope in return absolving the burglar. There was a complete list of all imaginable crimes contained in the Bull. Rape, theft, robbery, murder, nothing was omitted. Side by side with each crime you had the price set upon it, the amount being considerably increased for offences against the servants of the Church." Signor Tajami of course lost no time in seizing all the copies of the bull he could find, and refusing the royal *exequatur*.

THE JESUITS IN CHINA.

The Jesuits are regaining some of their ancient influence in China. Under recent treaties they have obtained possession of the enormous property which they owned two hundred years ago, but which was confiscated when they were expelled from the country. Large profits have arisen from these possessions; and from them they are building in Canton a cathedral which is to cost three million dollars, besides another quite as magnificent and expensive in Peking, while churches thronged with worshippers are rapidly growing up in every important city of the empire. The French minister has obtained from the Chinese government a decree permitting the priests to decide all questions of law between the Chinese members of the Roman Catholic Church, and those who still adhere to Chinese systems. It will be seen that this is a privilege of great importance, and one which cannot fail to exercise considerable influence upon the spread of Romanism in China. It is reported also that the priests pick up foundlings by the hundred, and purchase the children of the poor

in order to train them up for the Church.

The zeal and energy displayed by the Jesuit missionaries two or three hundred years ago in China were worthy of the highest praise, and ought to furnish us with a sufficient stimulus for exertions imbued with a little more life and power than we have been accustomed to aim at. While the most numerous and the most influential of the Christian communions is displaying so ardent a zeal as this, there are minor bodies which are showing themselves equally energetic in scattering over the world what they believe to be the truths of the Gospel. From a short item in a recent issue it appears that so comparatively obscure a sect as the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, not disposed to confine their peculiar creed to the hillocks of their own beautiful land, and to the music of the language of Taliesin, have sent it far away to the Khassyah hills in eastern Bengal, where the children are learning to sing their Welsh hymns in the Bengali tongue. When circumstances like these force themselves upon our attention, it becomes time to ask ourselves the question, "What are we doing?" The Roman Catholics and the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists have given us these proofs that they believe in their religion. What proofs have we shown that we believe in ours? While they are striving to extend their systems to the remotest corners of the earth's surface, what are we doing? The answer may be given that many of us are expending our energies in squabbling about little points of ritual and church ornament, the dress of the priest and the furniture of the altar. Forming as we do a branch of the Church of Christ which occupies a position perfectly unique in itself, the grandest among all the Churches of Christendom and absolutely peerless, we are allowing the millions of the earth's population

to pass away from the influence we ought by this time to have exercised over them, while other religious bodies less favoured than ourselves are gathering them within their fold, and increasing their own vitality and power at home by the reflex influence of their active operations abroad. The very trifling symptoms of life that we have shown in this way are almost too languid in their character to exercise much influence upon us at home, or to cultivate the boundless charity which embraces a world, much less to produce any perceptible effect upon the countless millions that are lying in the region and shadow of death.

“Two men toiled long and hard at a clearing. They spent weary days of winter and spring digging up sprouts and roots, and with oxen and chain slowly and patiently dragged the brush into heaps. All over the ten acres there were the piles which resulted from their industry; and no one, perhaps, but themselves, knew how much of labour it required to accomplish

such a result. Nor was the work seen save by a few, and there was no way of making it striking to the public view. But one day a third man started into the field with a shovelful of coals, and applying them to a heap soon set it all ablaze. The flames leaped up to the sky, and as he went from heap to heap with his torch, he soon had the whole field in a fury of fire and smoke, while people for miles around saw and wondered at the lurid sky and blazing hills. Who did all that? Why, this man with the torch, who has run from pile to pile to start its blazing. It is thus oftentimes in the Church that laborious pastors work through years of care and toil, getting all things ready for somebody else to fire and put in motion. They have preached, prayed, taught, wept, and agonized for many anxious hours, and when the stranger arrives, and by a few explosives ignites the heaps which they have thus gathered, he gets all the praise, while they are forgotten, if not reproached. Honour to whom honour is due, is a rule in all such cases, but little thought of.”

CONTRASTS.

Stretching along a billow-beaten shore,

A low white line of foam and hoary spray,
Fringing a coast whose cruel rocks loud roar,

Resounding with tempestuous fray;
There, rooted firm amidst the circling waves,

A jutting crag with high upreared crest,
The fierce attacks of wave and weather braves,
With bold unyielding breast.

Fierce eddying whirlpools rage around its base,

The sullen roaring of the sea fills all the air,
As many a billow breaks upon its face,

And leaves its deep-traced furrows there;
And often, with the lightning's lurid flash,

Loud thunder rolls across the troubled sea,
And threatening tempests the fierce waters lash,
Uprising furiously.

Flowing between two sedgy banks of reed,
 A peaceful rill scarce rippled by the breeze,
 There where the shallow wavelets slow recede,
 A pebbly mound o'erspread by trees—
 A spot ne'er touched by wind or rushing tide—
 Hid from the storm by branches overhead,
 Yet where the dancing sunbeams softly glide
 Through green and leafy bed.

And as with ocean crag and river mound,
 Is it not too with life on earth below?
 While one man lives amid a ceaseless round
 Of trouble, sorrow, sickness, woe—
 While ever round him foaming billows roar,
 And gathering tempests crowd the darkened sky,
 Another's lot is cast on happier shore
 Of bright prosperity.

And seeing this, have we not often dared
 To doubt the justice of the Great All-Wise?
 Look we still further—see how it hath fared
 Where Nature's book before us lies—
 Mark how that while the stone amid the rill,
 Covered with moss and earth, is hid from sight,
 The wave-worn ocean crag remaineth still
 Unspotted, pure, and bright.

So too with man. For he whose lot is cast
 Upon prosperity's untroubled shore,
 Above whose head no clouds of woe have passed,
 Nor waves of trouble flooded o'er,
 Amidst such long unbroken peace is apt
 To quite forget the goal of precious worth,
 And with a growth of sloth and sin enwrapped,
 To live alone for earth.

Far otherwise with him who has his place
 Amid the turmoil of opposing waves,
 Who meets misfortune with a cheery face,
 And hostile tempests boldly braves;
 For sorrow then but points the soul away
 Beyond this earth to seek the Father's breast,
 Where, midst the glories of eternal day,
 The weary are at rest.

G. W.

GOD'S MIRROR.

Oh, might I see,
 As in a glass, the glory of Thy love :
 That so, on me
 Thy light reflected, I to men might prove
 A mirror that might something show of Thee.

Fain would I gaze
 Unwearied, till I gazed all self away ;
 That so Thy praise
 I might in every act and word display,
 And Thou in me live only all my days.

So, through my heart,
 Thy love unchecked, unceasingly should flow.
 This all my part—
 The glad possession evermore to know,
 And then to all the living joy impart.

Oh, might it be !
 O Thou that dwellest in the gardens, hear !
 Grant this to me :
 Cause me to hear Thy voice, to feel Thee near,
 That so I may forget all self in Thee !

HOME.

Over dark fields, and rivers deep and cold,
 And fen-land waste and drear,
 Flies the glad message on a wire of gold,
 "Home and true hearts are here !"

Fain would I hide me from the icy blast,
 But yet it may not be ;
 So, with averted eyes, I hurry past
 The firelight and the glee—

Home ! gasps my home-sick spirit, and I bound
 Onward and onward still ;
 Glad, when in distance dies the siren sound,
 That might have warped my will.

And as at length I fling the wintry gloom
 And perils far behind,
 The twinkling point becomes a fire-lit room.
 And rest, and peace of mind,

And happy faces, and a loyal wife,
 Whose pulses ever beat
 One tune amid the treacherous chords of life,
 Unchanging, true, and sweet.

So, from the lattice in the sapphire keep,
 (Where lie the treasures true)
 A line of glory threads the mazy deep.
 A voice comes out to woo.

Pure is the lamp that guides our feet on high,
 And sweet the gentle call,
 So soft around Love's silken fetters lie,
 There is no sense of thrall.

As to one goal we move, a pilgrim band,
 Chastened by tears and pain,
 Thorns hedging up the way on either hand,
 Lest we should run in vain.

G. S. OUSTRAM.

WORK AND WAIT.

A husbandman who many years
 Had ploughed his field and sown in tears,
 Grew weary with his doubts and fears.

"I toil in vain! These rocks and sands
 Will yield no harvest to my hands!
 The best seeds rot in barren lands.

"My drooping vine is withering,
 No promised grapes its blossoms bring,
 No birds among its branches sing.

"My flock is dying on the plain;
 The heavens' are brass, they yield no rain;
 The earth is iron; I toil in vain;

While yet he spake, a breath had stirred
 His drooping vine, like wing of bird,
 And from its leaves a voice he heard;

"The germs and fruit of life must be
 For ever hid in mystery;
 Yet none can toil in vain for Me.

"A mightier hand, more skilled than thine,
 Must hang the clusters on the vine
 And make the fields with harvest shine.

"Man can but work. God can create;
But they who work and watch and wait
Have their reward, though it come late.

"Look up to heaven! Behold and hear
The clouds and thunders in thine ear,
And answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked: and, lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flames afar,
Was rushing from a distant star;

And every thirsty flock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the fields with grain;

And on the clouds he saw again
The covenant of God with men,
Re-written with His rainbow pen.

"Seed-time and harvest shall not fail;
And, though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail!"

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

CHILDREN.

"*A little child shall lead them.*"

One cold market morning I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, well-browned young fellow from the country, with his long cart-whip and a lion, shaggy coat, holding up some little thing and turning it about on his great fist. And what do you suppose it was? A baby's bonnet. A little, soft, blue satin hood, with a swan's-down border, white as the new fallen snow, with a frill of rich blond around the edge.

By his side stood a very pretty woman, holding with no small pride the baby—for evidently it was the baby.

Any one could read that fact in every glance as they looked at each other, and the little hood, and then the large blue, unconscious eyes and fat dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby like that before.

"But really, Mary," said the young man, "isn't three dollars very high?"

Mary very prudently said nothing, but taking the bonnet, tied it on the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked and grinned, and without another word down went the three dollars—all that the last week's butter came to; and as they walked out of the shop it is hard to say which looked the most delighted with the bargain.

"Ah!" thought I, "a little child shall lead them."

Another day, as I was passing a carriage factory along one of our back streets, I saw a young mechanic at work on a wheel. The rough body of a carriage stood beside him—and there, wrapped up snugly, all hooded and cloaked, sat a little dark-eyed girl about a year old, playing with a great shaggy dog. As I stopped the man looked up from his work, and turned admiringly toward his little companion as much as to say, "See what I have got there."

"Yes," thought I, "and if the little lady ever gets a glance from admiring swains as sincere as that, she will be lucky."

Ah, these children! little witches! pretty even in all their faults and absurdities! winning even in their sins and iniquities! See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit; he has shaken his long curls over his deep blue eyes; the fair brow is bent in a frown; the rose lip is curled in infinite defiance, and the white shoulders thrust haughtily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty even in their naughtiness?

Then comes the instant change, flashing smiles and tears, as all the good comes back in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises and kisses! They are irresistible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen, tumble about his papers, make somersaults over his books, and what can he do? They tear his newspapers, litter his carpets, break, pull, upset, and then jabber unintelligible English in self-defence, and what can you do for yourselves?

"If I had a child," says the precise man, "you should see."

He does have a child, and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose like all other children, and what has the precise

man to say for himself? Nothing. He is like every body else, "A child shall lead him."

Poor little children! They bring and teach us human beings more good than they get in return. How often does the mother repay this by doing her best to wipe, even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity from childhood, and make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been.

The hardened heart of the worldly man is unlocked by the guileless tones and simple carresses of his son, but he repays it, in time, by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks, and hard ways, and callous maxims which have undone himself.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

I GRABBED QUICK.

Johnny one night climbed up into his mother's lap, and laying his head on her shoulder, said in a low, sorry tone:

"I took that glass marble, mamma."

"Took it from whom?" asked his mother.

"Took it from the ground," said Johnny.

"Did it belong to the ground?" asked his mother; "did the ground go to the shop and buy it?"

Johnny tried to laugh at such a funny thought, but he could not.

"I saw it on the ground," said he.

"What little boy had it before?"

"Aa May's it is, I guess," whispered Johnny.

"When you put out your hand to take it, did you forget, 'Thou, God, seest me?'" asked his mother. "Did you not hear a voice saying, 'Don't, Johnny! don't, Johnny!'"

"I didn't hear it," said the boy, sobbing. "I grabbed quick!"

Johnny is not the only one who has "grabbed quick" at some forbidden thing—too quick to hear the still small

voice within. It is better not to grab too quick, to take time for thought and prayer; to watch and pray, and to resist temptation, and to avoid the stings of a guilty conscience, and the sorrows and stains that sin brings upon the soul.

MISSIONARY TURKEYS.

Away in the West lived a little girl named Jessie. Jessie heard about other children who had not Sunday school papers and library books, and she wanted to help them. She had a turkey, and the turkey had a nest of eggs. As soon as the little turkeys broke the shells and stepped out of them, Jessie set apart three of the youngsters for a missionary contribution. She did not put the turkeys themselves into the box, but sent the money for which they were sold to an officer of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, to be put into books and papers for needy children. Well done, Jessie!

SPECTACLES.

It is odd, but very true, that many people will insist on wearing spectacles when there is no need of them. Even very young persons fall into the habit and put on the glasses, and then looking around, they see the world sadly distorted. Sometimes they magnify all the faults and failings of their friends. "Miss S—— is good-looking, but so freckled;" "Mr. S—— is good-natured, but very stupid;" or "Mrs. S—— is generous, but what a voice!"

How should we appear if our friends in turn borrowed the spectacles and looked at us through the same magnifying-glasses? Then there are jealous green spectacles that make us almost sick with envy, and we think how happy and satisfied and contented we should be, if we could only step into our neighbours' places; but a

little worse than those, perhaps, are the dismal black spectacles through which, if we look, all of the sunshine is taken directly out of our lives. The sky is gray, the trees are gloomy; every thing is dismal and dreary, and the world seems a sad place. Every body had better die than live, for they certainly will die some time. The rain will certainly ruin the crops, the damp will breed a pestilence, or the sun will surely scorch and burn everything to a cinder. Beware of the black spectacles. But in laying them away do not try on the one-sided glasses; for if you do, you will only understand one-half of every subject, and argue as people may with you, they will not be able to make you comprehend that there must be two sides to everything in this world.

Better than these are the rose-coloured. How lovely the world is, and everybody and everything in it! Skies are always clear; Nature is ever beautiful; no one is ugly, or false or wicked; nothing is dismal or wrong. Ah, it is very pleasant to look through such spectacles; but there is only one defect—they are not quite true; and when we take them from our eyes, we may come to grief when we see that we have been bitterly deceived.

If we must wear spectacles, let us try and wear clear, truthful glasses—the best kind of all; for then we shall see people as they really are, and perhaps they will help us to see "ourselves as others see us."—*S. S. Advocate.*

GLEANINGS.

A WONDERFUL thing is seed—
The one thing deathless for ever!
The one thing changeless—utterly true—
Forever old, and forever new,
And fields and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

WHAT believer, in looking to the past, cannot say "Ebenezer;" or, in looking to the future, may not say, "Jehovah-jireh?" Ps. xxiii.

CHRISTIAN tracts offered for sale in a heathen bookstore, for the sake of "turning a penny," is a sign of the times in India, says *Times of Blessing*.

ROBERT HALL said:—"When the devil sees a young man in earnest he gets on his back, and rides him to death that he may the sooner get rid of him." And statistics show that the greatest mortality among ministers is during the first three years after settlement. For the sake of both health and work, make haste slowly at the outset.

SIN may have a *residence*, but it has not a *rule*, in the believer's heart; but in the heart of the unrenewed it has both.

A LITTLE lad in a large gathering heard an infidel speaker boast of his freedom from all fears with regard to the future.

"Yes," he remarked, "though a leader among those who espouse infidel doctrines, I can proudly exclaim I fear no evil."

At this point a clear child's voice cried out:

"But, sir, you have never been in the valley of death."

The effect was electrical. The boaster was silenced by the hisses of the audience, and the little defender of the faith cheered and honoured.

ONE little fox is "By-and-by." If you track him, you come to his hole—Never.

Another little fox is "I Can't." You had better set on him an active, plucky little thing, "I Can" by name. It does wonders.

A third little fox is, "No use in Trying." He has spoiled more vines, and hindered the growth of more fruit, than many a worse-looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is "I Forgot." He is very provoking. He is a great cheat. He slips through your fingers like time. He is seldom caught up with.

Fifth little fox is "Don't Care." O, the mischief he has done!

Sixth little fox is "No matter." It is matter whether your life is spoiled by small faults.—*Good News*.

THERE was a lad, in Ireland, who was put to work at a linen factory, and while he was at work there, a piece of cloth was wanted to be sent out, which was short of the length that it ought to have been; but the master thought that it might be made longer by a little stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and the boy the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull!" but the boy stood still.

The Master again said, "Pull, Adam, pull!"

The boy said, "I can't."

"Why not?" said the master.

"Because it is wrong," said Adam, and he refused to pull.

Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer.

But that boy became the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, and the strict principle of honesty of his youthful age laid the foundation of his future greatness.

"WEX did you not pocket some of those pears," said one boy to another. "Nobody was there to see you." "Yes, there was. I was there myself, and I don't ever intend to see myself do a mean thing." Noble words! Let every boy adopt and practice the sentiment.

DO THY LITTLE.

Do thy little, do it well ;
 Do what right and reason tell ;
 Do what wrong and sorrow claim,
 Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little, never mind
 Though thy brethren be unkind ;
 Though thee men who ought to smile,
 Mock and taunt thee for a while.

Do thy little, never fear
 While thy Saviour standeth near ;
 Let the world its javelins throw,
 On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little, God has made
 Million leaves for forest shade ;
 Smallest stars their glory bring,
 God employeth every thing.

Do thy little, and when thou
 Feelest on thy pallid brow,
 Ere has fled thy vital breath,
 Cold and damp, the sweat of death,

Then the little thou hast done—
 Little battles thou hast won,
 Little masteries achieved,
 Little wants with care relieved,
 Little words in love expressed,
 Little wrongs at once confessed,
 Little favours kindly done,
 Little toils thou didst not shun,
 Little graces meekly worn,
 Little sighs with patience borne ;

These shall crown thy pillowed head,
 Holy light upon thee shed ;
 These are treasures that shall rise
 Far beyond the smiling skies.

These to thee shall all be given
 For thy heritage in heaven.
 These shall all perfume the air,
 When thy spirit enters there.

Yet they still will linger here,
 And thy name shall long endure,
 For a legacy shall be
 In their deathless memory.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

- "Have you any room for Jesus?
 When we gather, shall we say,
 That the followers of the Master
 Have no time for prayer to-day?"
- "He was cradled in a manger;
 His own angels sang the hymn
 Of rejoicing at His coming;
 Yet there was no room for Him.
- "Oh, my brothers, are we wiser,
 Are we better now than they?
 Have we any room for Jesus,
 In the life we live to-day?"
- "Not much room for our Lord Jesus
 Has there been, or will there be;
 Room for Pilate and for Herod:
 Not for Him of Calvary!"
- "Room for pleasures—doors wide open—
 And for business; but for Him
 Only here and there a manger,
 Like to that at Bethlehem.
- "Have you any time for Jesus?
 Oh, my brothers, you and I,
 When a few more days are ended,
 Must have room and time to die.
- "Have you any love for Jesus?
 When we gather shall we say,
 That the followers of the Master
 Are not followers to-day?"
- "Room for Jesus—King of Glory!
 Time for Him all times obey:
 Love for Him who came to save us;
 Let us ask these things to-day."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MAP OF PALESTINE.

It should be laid down as a rule, that no Sabbath School, (we ought also to say, no family,) is properly equipped for the intelligent understanding of the Word of God without a good map of Palestine and the adjacent countries. If Geography and Chronology are the two eyes of history how can a student of the Bible realize the agents and the actions without a careful study of dates and a careful study of maps.

It is one of the great and many advantages resulting from the present exploration of Palestine, that we are already in possession of enlarged and corrected maps of that country. Save Africa, there is no country in the world whose map has been so much changed and enlarged within the past few years as Palestine. After the survey has been fully completed, and its results calculated, there will be published a final and full display of these results in a map of large dimensions, which will become the standard map of the country. It will however be some years before this can be accomplished. In the meantime we welcome such maps as Prof. Osborn's, constructed from the authorities of Robinson, Eli Smith, Thompson, Kiepert, Van de Velde, Lieut. Symonds, Porter, Wetzstein, and the recent British Admiralty surveys, with the results of those of the English and American Exploration Societies, together with personal examinations by Prof. H. S. Osborn, LL.D., and Rev. Lyman Coleman, D.D., for the use of Sabbath Schools, Bible Classes, Colleges, Seminaries, and all other institutions of learning.

There are two editions of this excellent, full and correct map. The large

size map is an excellent map for school rooms and lecture rooms, showing with great distinctness, the natural features of the country, with the position of towns, villages and ruins. The same map on a smaller scale, ($1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the inch,) is better fitted for the family and for small country Sabbath Schools. This smaller map exhibits to the eye a general view of the physical geography of the country, showing almost with the distinctness of a raised map, mountains and valleys, plains, swamps, lakes, groves, woods and sterile desert. Besides this, the face of the map is full of interesting information brought down to 1875, in regard to population, tillage, etc. These maps are for sale with Mr. Young, Tract Society Rooms, Yonge Street, Toronto.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

It is matter for thankfulness that the religious upbringing of the young is, both in the United States and Canada, advancing year by year to the position of a great question of living and pressing interest. In this question lies the solution of many questions, such as the influence of Popery on the future of the land, and the prevalence of morality and order in society.

The schools of Ontario are, at this moment, without any provision or arrangement for imparting to the young any religious instruction. This is a question that concerns Protestants of all denominations: and we are glad to find that united action is contemplated on this vital question among the various Protestant denominations. We give here the report presented to

the Anglican Synod of Toronto, and submitted by the Bishop in his opening address the other week :

"The Committee appointed to confer with the authorities of the various Protestant religious bodies with a view of ascertaining whether a common basis of action cannot be agreed upon with regard to religious instruction in our Public Schools, beg leave to report:

That a conference was held in the Synod Rooms, York Chambers, on the 14th of March last, at which most of the leading denominations were represented either by some of their members or by letter.

The subject was discussed at some length, and as there was considerable variety of opinion expressed, it was thought better not to determine upon any course of action until the question had been submitted for more general consideration. The following resolution was unanimously adopted :

Resolved,—"That a circular be prepared and laid before the several Synods, Conferences, Assemblies and Unions, etc., of the various Protestant religious bodies, at their next annual meetings, inviting them to consider the expediency of addressing the Provincial Government, with a view of obtaining a shortening of the Public School hours in the afternoon of one day in the week, in order to give opportunity for the imparting of religious instruction; and also asking them to give some expression of opinion as to the manner in which they think the said religious instruction should be imparted."

A circular embodying this resolution has been forwarded to the various bodies indicated, inviting them to give the matter their earnest consideration.

The Protestant Churches in Ontario have, at this moment, no adequate conception of the power that lies in their united action on any great question. But recently the Protestant ministers of Toronto, by united action,

put a stop to Sunday funerals. Let there be an Evangelical Alliance in this Dominion, whereby united action can be taken on such questions as the Sabbath, Religious Instruction in our Public Schools, Prohibitory Liquor Law, and we may look for important results which can never be reached by the denominations singly.

THE MACDONNELL CASE.

This case began, as our readers know, by Mr. Macdonnell, a young preacher of the Presbyterian Church, Toronto, preaching a sermon in which he asserted his doubts as to the truth of the eternal punishment of the wicked, as taught in the Confession of Faith of his church. For this sermon he was called to account at the bar of his Presbytery. From the Presbytery it was carried to the Synod, and ultimately to the General Assembly which met at Toronto in June. After five days of anxious deliberation the following result was reached by a large majority of the Assembly :

"Considering (1) that this General Assembly has already declared that the statements of his views made by Mr. Macdonnell before it are not satisfactory; (2) that on meeting with the Committee appointed by the Assembly to confer with him he signified that he has at present no further statement to make by which his position towards the doctrine in question might be modified; (3) that the doctrine of the eternity or endless duration of the future punishment of the wicked, as taught in the Confession of Faith, is a doctrine of Scripture which every minister of this Church must hold and teach.

"The General Assembly feels under obligation to continue its care in this matter.

"But inasmuch as Mr. Macdonnell has expressed his regret for having preached the sermon which gave occasion for these proceedings, has in-

timated that his mind is at present in an undecided state as regards the doctrine in question, and has engaged, while seeking further light, not to contravene the teachings of the Church,

"The Assembly, in the hope that Mr. Macdonnell may soon find his views in accord with the standards on the subject in question, *Resolve*, that further time be given him carefully to consider the matter; and, that he be required to report, through his Presbytery, to the next General Assembly, whether he accept the teaching of the Church on the subject.

"The Assembly would recommend their brother to the guidance of the Spirit of Truth, praying that, with the Divine blessing, upon further study of the Word of God, all difficulties as to the Spiritual evidence of the momentous doctrine concerned may speedily cease to perplex his mind."

The protracted and anxious discussions which terminated in the above resolutions, and the resolution itself, suggest the following reflections, now that the din of the conflict has ceased and that a calm view can be taken of the situation :

1. The Presbyterian Church in Canada is of one mind as to the awful doctrine on which Mr. Macdonnell, with recklessness, threw discredit and doubt in his ill-digested sermon. On the floor of the Assembly during the long and frank debate there was not found one man, minister or elder, who avowed anything else but a belief in the words of our Saviour, as understood in their plain meaning, save Mr. Macdonnell. The difference of opinion that divided the Assembly was not in regard to the doctrine, but (1) in regard to the degree to which Mr. Macdonnell had departed from the doctrine of the Confession, and (2) in regard to the manner in which the Assembly should deal with him.

2. It is a dangerous thing to glorify doubters and exalt doubting into a religion. One of our popular poets

has said that there is more faith in honest doubt, etc., etc., and young men when their beards are growing are fond of spouting such sentiments and going about in a Tennysonian or Carlylian mood doubting every thing. But that is a youthful disease, like the measles or scarlet-fever, which, though disagreeable, is useful to healthy subjects. But young men of strong character and convictions emerge out of that dreamy state into a state of settled faith soon after leaving college and entering on the realities of life; and if they dont, they should never enter the ministry, at least in the Presbyterian Church. In view of these facts it is foolish, nay dangerous, to bespatter with praise men who carry boyish doubts into men's estate and avocations. "That we henceforth," says Paul, "be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine; but come" (such is the sense) "into the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man."

3. It should also be noted that doubting is a positive attitude towards truth. "He that is not for Me is against Me," is Christ's definition of doubt and hesitation in regard to the testimony He gave of Himself and His mission. To refuse to assent to truth is unbelief, a positive denial of sufficient evidence.

4. There is a great conflict impending between Rationalistic and Scriptural theology. It has been raging for years in the literature of Europe. It has been on the floor of General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, and, although indications of its coming on us in the Dominion did not appear in any of the motions before the Assembly, yet there were too many indications in some of the speeches delivered that Rationalism, whether they know it or not, is the type of thought to which some of the speakers incline.