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# BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

AND

## Friendly Greetings.

"Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the world with fruit."

Vol. VIII.—No. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

{ WHOLE No. 30.

### Short Sermons Without Texts.



E should endeavor to forget injuries, and bury them in love. There will a time come, perchance, when, gazing on the beloved one, we shall find it very easy to forget any hasty word, and if our hearts are full of bitterness it will be with the thought that we have been so unforgetting.

A bitter word may make a wound that will never heal. A kind word may win a friend that will never turn. A caution may save a soul, and yet silence is sometimes more stinging, and at other times more soothing, than any word.

John Wesley said once: "Beware how you invite rich men into your churches until you are sure they are christian. Beware how you manage your churches in such a way that rich men will become a necessity to you. If your church buildings are so luxurious that you need an enormous income, wealthy men will be necessary to you, and they will rule you, and then you must soon bid farewell to Methodist discipline, and, perhaps, to Methodist doctrine." A wiser thing was never said. On the floor of God's house he is the tallest who is nearest to God.

### THE CROSS.

Blest they who seek,  
While in their youth,  
With spirit meek,  
The way of truth.

To them the sacred Scriptures now display  
Christ as the only true and living Way;  
His precious blood on Calvary was given  
To make them heirs of endless bliss in heav'n.  
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace  
The glorious blessings of his Saviour's grace

For them He bore  
His Father's frown;  
For them He wore  
The thorny crown;  
Nailed to the cross,  
Endured its pain,  
That His life's loss  
Might be their gain.  
Then haste to choose  
That better part,  
Nor e'er dare refuse  
The Lord thy heart,  
Lest He declare:  
"I know you not,"  
And deep despair  
Should be your lot.

ARE YOU SAVED?

WHY NOT?

No; look to Jesus, Who on Calvary died,  
And trust in Him Who there was crucified.

### The Regions Beyond, Mission Notes.



ADAGASCAR rum and religion. The Rev. A. G. Shaw, writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of missionary work in Madagascar says: "But what can the missionary do against this powerful agent for evil introduced in European vessels by professedly Christian men, to the complete destruction of all morality among these ignorant natives? Not only are the people being ruined in body and soul, not only are they becoming so debauched that they cultivate barely sufficient rice to supply their most pressing wants, but they fail utterly to supply that most pressing demand of the foreign merchant and planter, the labor market. So long as over ten thousand barrels of rum, each containing between forty and fifty gallons, are imported in one year to the east coast of Madagascar at so cheap a rate as to be retailed at sixpence a quart, it is in vain for the planter to look for labor, constant, regular, trust-worthy, among those people. And this is the lowest view of the matter. There is a higher and graver responsibility resting upon the British nation, who with one hand send the Bible and missionaries to teach these people, and with the other pour into the country that which washes out at one sweep both the moral and religious life of the natives and conducts them to an early and certain grave. It is to the disgrace of those speaking the English tongue that it was their voice which was uplifted to prevent the native government from imposing a higher duty upon this importation, and so restricting in some measure the evil effects upon their people."

In the matter of missionary statistics in Africa, there has been comparatively little change in the last two years, since every one of the African mission fields has been more or less disturbed. Wars in South Africa, French intrigues on the West Coast, the revolts of Arabi Pasha and El Mahdi in Egypt and Soudan, and all interposed between Egypt and Abyssinia, have not interfered with missionary work. Across the sea in Madagascar, it has been much the same. War with the French, the death of the Queen, and the futile efforts of the Hova Government to secure the sympathy and help of Protestant Europe and America, have all tended to retard the advance of missionary work among the unevangelized aborigines. It is cheering, however, to find that not only the Government, but the people of Madagascar, are, if possible, stronger, than ever in their adherence to the Christian faith. The last words and acts of the departed Queen afforded a beautiful illustration of

the power of the Gospel. She died in the midst of distractions brought against her by a nominally Christian nation, and yet illustrating the spirit of Christ to a degree worthy of all imitation.

**SOUTH SEAS—SAMOAN GROUP.**—The Rev. George Turner gives, in the *London Chronicle*, an account of the remarkable work accomplished by the London Missionary Society in the group of Central Polynesia, consisting of ten highly volcanic islands. The native population is now 35,000, a slight increase within the past forty years. When the French navigator, La Perouse, in 1787, sailed away from this group, twelve of his men having just been killed, he said: "I willingly abandon to others the care of writing the uninteresting history of such barbarous nations. A stay of twenty-four hours, and the relations of our misfortunes, suffice to show their atrocious manners and their arts, as well as the productions of one of the finest country in the universe." Forty-three years later, in 1830, Christian missions entered this unpromising field. Heathenism is now a thing of the past. Of the population, 27,000 are under the care of the London Society (5,000 being church members), and the rest are either Wesleyans or Roman Catholics; more than 8,000 are in the schools. The London Society has a staff of seven European missionaries, aided by upward of two hundred ordained village pastors, who have all passed through a four years' course of study. These pastors are entirely supported by the people among whom they labor. In the Malua Institution for the training of a native Christian agency, there have been 1,750 enrolled students, 600 of them young women. Self-support has been secured by keeping up the fishing and agricultural habits of the students for an hour or two daily. From the institution, missionaries have gone into several of the island groups of the South Seas. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were printed as early as 1863. Already 23,000 copies have been sold, and at the British and Foreign Bible Society has been reimbursed to the entire amount of the cost. This elevation of the people from a savage to a civilized life has created a call for articles of commerce, and the Samoans now pass to the stores of the merchants, annually, from a quarter to a half million dollars' worth of native produce. For the past twenty years, not less than \$6,000 a year have been contributed by the islanders to the funds of the London Missionary Society. Let it be remembered that commerce turned away from these islands as a hopeless field; but since Christians, from higher interests than those of trade, entered the region, these mighty transformations have occurred. It is the Gospel which saves men and blesses the world.

It is said that 30,000 women in Paris make their living by manufacturing artificial flowers.

**SPECIAL NOTE.** Will our friends show and distribute the enclosed circular or circulars, and do their best to largely increase our circulation for 1885. Please make an early canvass, so that we can have an idea how large we shall need to make our next year's contract.

The British Royal National Royal Life-boat Institution last year saved 955 lives, making a grand total of 30,563 saved by its efforts.

## Ribbon of Blue Temperance Notes, or Gathered Thoughts for the Thoughtless.



**C**OMFORTING facts and figures for those who love strong drink. Bass's great brewery in England includes six acres of beer barrels; and it is estimated that the keer from it fills up each year, about six acres of grave yard. At a recent temperance meeting in New York city, Major C. B. Cotton thus confessed:—I manufactured liquor for twenty five years. I began the liquor business selling beer over my father's bar when I was 15 years old. I know all about it, and can make any kind. The adulteration of liquor is something you know little about, and the extent of it will surprise you. A man stands about as good a chance of being struck by lightning as to get a pure article of brandy in New York. With rectified whisky as a basis we can imitate any kind of brandy. The French are more expert than we are. We begin where they leave off, and God pity the man who drinks the stuff we make. We make champagne, which you buy for the genuine article. It costs to manufacture \$4 a basket; we sell it for \$10 to dealers. We make the stuff and put it in our own bottles, make a facsimile label of the genuine import. Spanish corks for the bottles and French straw and baskets to pack them up in. We want to make a genuine imported wine. We buy one larrel of it. Our cooper takes the barrel as a pattern and makes ours by it. They are new and bright. We put them through a staining process, and they come out old and nasty and worn, just like the genuine importation. Thirty-two deadly poisons are used in the manufacture of wine. Not one gallon in fifty sold here ever saw France. We send thousands of gallons of whisky to France to have them come back to us something else. Of all poisonous liquors in the world Bourbon whiskey is the deadliest. Strychnine is only one of the poisons in it. A certain oil is used in its manufacture, eight drops of which will kill a cat in eight minutes and a dog nine minutes. The most temperate men in New York are the wholesale dealers. They dare not drink the stuff they sell.

The wary traveler no longer drinks "the wine of the country" in Paris for fear of the evil effects of water. In the last report of the Paris Municipal Laboratory, under whose chemical scrutiny the wines of city trade must pass, the number of good wines found in the analysis of 3,361 samples was only 357, while 1,093 were passable, 1,709 were bad, and 202 positively dangerous.

### STRONG DRINK IS RAGING.

The lamented Keshub Chunder Sen was orthodox on the temperance question. His latest utterance on this topic is full of earnest, truthful endeavor to rid India of the universal scourge. He says: "So long as God is with us in this cause we have nothing to fear. Roll, roll back then, O thou fatal tide of intemperance, and swallow no more the fair children of our Holy Father. Statesmen, patriots, reformers and philanthropists of England, come and strengthen our hands, that we may, by personal and individual influence, and by joint co-operation, save if possible

both India and England from effects of intemperance. Since the light of religion dawned upon my heart I have never been the least skeptical about the result of human effort in the cause of truth. Whatever is done in the name of God does good and bears fruit. Let obstacles come in our way, but the day will come when, if temperance friends will speak, million-voiced and trumpet-tongued parliament will hear; for God will make it hear, and a nation's curse will be obliterated forever."

John Wesley said: "Liquor sellers are poisoners general; they drive the people to hell like sheep, their gain is the blood of the people." Earl Chesterfield, in 1727, said, in the House of Lords, in a speech on the gin bill: "Vice, my lords, is not to be licensed, but forbidden. Instead of encouraging the sale of these liquors, which degrade and brutify the people, we ought to burst the phials that contain them, and repress the dealers in them,—those artists in human slaughter." Mr. Senator Lot. M. Morrill said, on the floor of the United States Senate: "The liquor traffic is the gigantic crime of crimes" It inflicts upon society more evils than come from any other crime.

"Read the following from an English paper; it illustrates drink's demoralising power." The public-house has just been shown to have deprived a large number of poor children of boots under peculiar circumstances. It appears that Mr. Francis Peck, whose interest in school children has been so munificently shown in many ways, has for seven or eight years given a thousand pounds a year to the Charity Organisation Society to be disturbed by their thirty-nine committees principally in supplying boots and other necessaries to deserving cases attending school. But with all the care that could be exercised it was found that in quite one-half the cases the boots were pawned and the money spent in drink. Under these most discouraging circumstances Mr. Peck has been obliged to withdraw his handsome aid, and the children are the sufferers.

"WHO GROWS THE BARLEY?"

"Now the farmers of the country are deeply interested in any matter that will have a tendency to ruin the market for such an important article as barley."

A stump orator on the rum side in Ohio, at a great open air meeting a year ago, appealed to the farmers in that way. With a swagger and a flourish, putting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and swelling out, he said: "Farmers, if you vote for prohibition, and shut up the distilleries and breweries, what can you do with your corn and barley?" A burly farmer in the audience, in a smock frock, with a whip in his hand stood up and said. "Squire Voorhies, do you want an answer to that?"

"Yes, my honest friend, if there is an answer."

"Well, Squire Voorhies,

WE'D RAISE MORE PORK AND LESS HELL!"

whereupon the orator "went down into his boots," and that question has not been asked by anybody in the States since that time.

Brave Nelson, vaved the battle flag and signaled, "England expects every man to do his duty."

We would say to all who have donned the blue at the Tabernacle or elsewhere,

"Who is there among us!  
The true and the tried?  
Who'll stand by his colours,  
Who's on the Lord's side!"

Thank God, the women, the self-voiced, the self-denying, are roused to cry out against the cruel monster.

We are satisfied that the women have struck the right remedy, which in time will cure the evil providing legislators, school boards, and intelligent voters sustain and push forward the movement. One might think and hope that the philanthropic efforts of the women of our land alone will overcome and subdue this the most destructive and overwhelming evil the world ever knew. But unless the Christian Church awakes out of sleep and comes to their rescue, the work will not be accomplished.

"Ours to work as well as pray  
Clearing thorny wrongs away;  
Picking up the weeds of sin,  
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in."

As a right beginning, sign the following blank line and say, God helping I will abstain myself, and aid others to do so.

Sensible Nonsense and Useful Facts.

"No, Aunt," said young Folkestone, "I don't get on well at all with Clara. And, by the way, there's one thing I don't like. "I'm afraid she puts chalk on her face." "Oh! that's nothing," replied Aunt Goodwin, laughing. "A nice soldier you would make, wouldn't you? If you can't face powder, George, how can you ever expect to get into an engagement."

The *Sanitary Record* makes the statement that in 1770, the following edict was solemnly passed and duly registered in France under Louis XV. :—"Who-soever, by means of red or white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes with high heels, or false hips shall seek to entice into the bonds of marriage any male subject of his Majesty, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft and declared incapable of matrimony."

A tale is told of an Irish blacksmith who lived near the spot where the battle of the Boyne was fought. A great many years after this engagement, in which the Catholic James II was routed by William of Orange, he happened to find an old bomb on the spot and threw it in a corner of his smithy. One day he wanted some iron, and, thinking the bomb might do, put it on the fire. He commenced to blow the bellows, when suddenly the bomb exploded, slightly injured the blacksmith, and completely wrecked his shop. "Bad luck to ye!" exclaimed he as he picked himself up. "Isn't the Boyne out of ye yet?"

A dude wishing to be witty accosted an old ragman as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes; jump in! jump in!"

Chatty old bachelor—"Most r'mark'ble likeness between those two children, nurse." Nurse—"Yes, sir, twins, sir." Old bachelor—"What, both o' em.

A man writes that he first met his wife in a storm, took her to the first ball in a storm, popped the question to her in a storm, and lived in a storm ever since.

A recent advertisement reads as follows. "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whale-bone ribs and an iron handle to the sisterhood grocer's shop he will hear of something to his advantage as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved on it.

The ancient Egyptians of the Nile had floating beehouses, designed to take advantage of the honey harvest. They were warned when it was time to return home by the depth to which the boat sank in the water under the cargo of honey. That the bees might not be lost, they are obliged to journey during the night-time.

China possesses the longest bridge in the world. It is at Langang, over an arm of the China sea, and is 5 miles long, 70 feet high, with a roadway 70 feet wide, and has 300 acres. The parapet is a balustrade on each of the pillars which are 75 feet apart, support a pedestal on which is placed a lion, 21 feet long, made of one block of marble.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth peas were brought from Holland as a luxury for the great.

The once famous and extensive forest of Lebanon has dwindled down to the dimensions of a mere thicket numbering about four hundred trees.

A curious feature of Chinese coins, the nail-mark appears to have originated in an accident very characteristic of China. In the time of Queen Wentek a model in wax of a proposed coin was brought for her Majesty's inspection. In taking hold of it she left on it the impression of one nail, and the impression has in consequence been a marked characteristic of Chinese coins for hundreds of years.

A clergyman who was annoyed by the squeaking shoes of his parishioners remarked that some people had "too much music in their soles."

## Home Circle.

Received for the Building Fund. Donation, Mr. Ch. Hartlin, \$5; for flowers, 25c., and for general purposes, \$1.00, from Miss Salsman.

The payment of all back subscriptions will be esteemed a great favour.

*More Glad Tidings from Avonport.*—We referred to our visit in last month's issue. "I send you stamps for a new subscriber to B. and B. I will try to get more. I bless God for what he has done in this place, the work is still spreading, and my soul is stirred to work for Christ." Thus writes one of the young converts, and he is quite a lad.

*The Flower Mission* continues its beneficent work. Over 700 bunches have been sent out up to August 6th. We have received some very nice motto and text cards to attach to the flowers, more are required. It has been found a little package of tea, or an orange is quite an addition. Could you not thus send by the hand of a friend a reminder that, 'someone thinks of us even at the poor house.' Quite an

affecting scene occurred a week or two since, when one of our visitors as she passed the flower, recognized a face, and on enquiry as to the name and person, found it was her old Sunday-school teacher, who in years gone by had lovingly taught her of a Saviour. But now in old age, with reason almost gone, the only response obtainable to her loving greeting, was, 'O I don't know, I don't know anything now.' Should we not pity the poor, the aged, and the sick. We received in aid of this work from C. A. McLane, \$1.00; Rufus Lingley, \$1.00.

*Our Sabbath School.* At the last teachers meeting the S. S. treasurer reported, *one hundred and twenty three dollars in hand.* Better still the teachers spoke hopefully of the spiritual outlook.

## Finance Statement of the Third Baptist Church,

Ending June 30th, 1884.

The Following Report shows the Financial Condition of Tabernacle Church Funds for the past half year. The donations to the various funds will always be thankfully received. Current expenses are paid by the *Free-will Offerings* of the people. God loveth a cheerful giver. Will a man rob God? It was done in old testament times, true, but God keeps an eye upon what is put into the treasury. With an increase of membership should we not plan for enlargement?

### RUNNING EXPENSE FUND.

Amount on hand January 1st, 1884, \$77.13; amount collected 6 months, June 30th, \$780.84. Total \$857.97; cash paid out \$776.10. Balance in hand \$81.87.

### BUILDING FUND.

Total cash collected since 1875, \$6,961.05; paid out \$6,748.75. Balance in hand \$212.30.

### COMMUNION FUND.

Cash in hand January 1st, 1884, \$75.78; collected to June 30th, 1884, \$26.44. Total \$102.22, cash paid out \$16.68. Balance, \$87.44.

### MISSION FUND.

Cash on hand January 1st, 1884 \$29.75; collected 6 months, to June 30th \$69.58. Total \$99.33; cash forwarded to association, \$99.33.

### SUMMARY OF CASH IN VARIOUS FUNDS.

Running expense fund; \$81.87; Building \$212.30; Communion \$87.54, Mission 00.00. Total cash in hand, \$381.71.

Audited and found correct.

C. LANGILLE.  
CYRUS HUBLEY, Sr.

Respectfully submitted,  
J. E. IRISH, Treasurer.

A vote of thanks was passed and recorded to the treasurer, Deacon J. E. Irish.

## Orange Blossoms.

Married Aug. 7th.—At Mizpah Cottage, Halifax, N. S., Frederick John Wyatt, to Ella Hubley.

## FADED LEAVES.

Died Aug. 6th.—George Keith, aged 30. We deeply sympathize with our bereaved sister and the little ones, so suddenly left. But there was sweetness in the bitter hour, for as in anxiety, the wife bent over her dying husband, she heard him say, 'I am trusting,' and in response to her enquiry—what? the quick reply was "Jesus."

# WE'RE FREE! WE'RE FREE!

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



ON the eve of the day which conferred real and unfettered liberty on the coloured peasantry of Jamaica, the towns and missionary stations throughout the island were crowded with people specially interested in the event; who, filling the different places of worship, remained in some instances performing different acts of devotion until past midnight—until the actual dawn of the long-hoped-for day of triumph, which they greeted with the most joyous acclaim.

Others, before and after similar exercises, dispersed themselves in different directions, both in the town and country, now singing with exultant emotions the national anthem or devotional hymns, and again making the welkin ring with shouts of "Freedom's come!"—"We're free, we're free; our wives and our children are free!"

with cloudless splendour, and found Jamaica, in common with every other member of the Antilles, awake.

Tens of thousands of hearts throbbled with a pulse

At length the sun of the 1st of August, 1838, rose

FRIENDLY GREETINGS. No. 204.

of irrepressible and jubilant rapture. The places of worship, again thrown open, were thronged almost to suffocation.

The missionary pastors shared the people's joy; and, in strains of kindling eloquence, dwelt on the glorious attributes of that Gospel which provides for the happiness of man both here and hereafter; while thanksgiving to God at the mercy-seat, mingled with songs of praise, ascended up to heaven as incense from every part of the beautiful and fragrant isle.

The first service commenced an hour before the sun set for the last time on slavery, and was continued for an hour after. Time progressed; the evening silently wore away; and at length the long-awaited-for moment arrived. While the clock was striking the midnight hour, the most breathless interest was evinced by the populace who filled the streets, and who counted, each for himself, the successive strokes. At length the last vibrated on the ear, and emotion could be suppressed no longer. The joy of new-born freedom uttered its wild cry of triumph; signal guns were fired; rockets rose with meteor-like splendour into the sky; and the church bell rung out the funeral knell of the colonial Moloch.

Having planted the tree of liberty in the square, in the centre of the town, the negroes paraded the streets with music, and proclaimed the advent of their Jubilee. At three o'clock, a.m., gathering thousands filled to overflowing the various places of worship, and made the walls echo to the thunders of their grateful praise. At ten o'clock other services commenced, and in the evening a magnificent transparency was exhibited in the front of the principal chapel.

The crisis of the people's weal had come and gone. The victory of justice over tyranny, and of mercy over oppression, had been achieved. The moan of suffering and the clank of the chain had given place to the song of exultation, and the timid bearing of the slave to the buoyant step of the free.

After many struggles, the advocates of liberty and the champions of the oppressed reaped the glorious reward of their self-denying and philanthropic labours. On the 1st of August, eight hundred thousand African bondmen were made fully and unconditionally free. "An act of legislation, the most magnanimous and sublime in the annals of the world, and which will be the glory of England and the admiration of posterity, when her proudest military and naval achievements shall have faded from the recollection of mankind;" an event which occurred at the most auspicious period of the world's history, when the crown of the mightiest empire of the world had just been placed on the youthful brow of Victoria, the beloved mistress of a free people.

Some years ago, before slaves were made free in the West Indies, two negroes had their houses levelled with the ground, their feet were made fast in the stocks, and they themselves sent to the workhouse, where they were worked in chains, charged with the heinous offence of praying to the God of heaven.

One of these, however, proved so incorrigible, that his persecutors were obliged to give him up in despair. Having nothing else to do in the goal, he spent his leisure—morning, noon, and night—in singing and calling upon God. This so irritated the gaoler, that he repeatedly went into his cell and flogged him.

But the greater the severity with which he was treated, the more he gave himself to prayer; till, at length, the gaoler brought him again before the Court for this crime.

The poor man, however, resolutely declared his purpose to maintain his devotional exercises, at all risks and costs. "If you let me go," said he, "me will pray; if you keep me in prison, me will pray; if you flog me, me will pray; pray me must, and pray me will!" The gaoler was fairly confounded; and, rather than be further annoyed by this "praying fellow," he gave up part of his fees. The magistrates, too, remitted a part of the fine, and the man was dismissed to go and pray elsewhere.

HOPE FOR THE LOST.

**A**NXIOUS INQUIRER.—If ever there was a lost soul, I am he. What shall I do?

*Scripture Reader.* "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "This is the Word of God, that ye believe in Him whom He hath sent." Come naked, sinful, and helpless, as you are, to God through Christ for mercy. "He is able to save to the uttermost all those who come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

*I.* I have no manner of doubt of Christ's power to save, for He is the Son of God; but I fear I am not a fit person to be saved.

*R.* In order to determine that, look into your Bible. There is this declaration made: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Now, what think you? Are you of the number He came to save, or are you not?

*I.* But He will not, He does not save all sinners.

*R.* That is because they will not come to Him to be saved. Of this He complains, "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life."

*I.* But I find certain conditions mentioned which I fear I have not. It is said, "Repent, and believe the Gospel," and "He that believeth, and is baptised, shall be saved."

*R.* If you are weary with the burden of sin, loathe it, and earnestly desire to be saved from the guilt and pollution of it, a true repentance is begun in you. And if, for this purpose, you apply unto Christ as held forth in the Gospel, this is the faith that saveth. Come unto Christ, out of His fulness to receive the inward and spiritual grace, a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness; for He alone can give it.

*I.* It is said, "Many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able;" and, "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." This makes me fear and keep at a distance.

R. To whom do you intend to go?

I. I know not, for there is no other name under heaven whereby one may be saved.

R. Then apply to Christ; to escape the wages of sin, the curse of the law, and the wrath of God; fly to Him for pardon and peace, grace and glory.

I. I dare not thus come to, and depend on, Christ; for I am utterly unworthy of the least mercy.

R. When do you think you shall make yourself worthy?

I. Never.

R. Then come to Him just as you are, to be made worthy.

I. May I dare thus to come to Christ and depend upon Him for salvation?

R. Do not depend upon my word, but hear the Word of God. He invites you to come: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." He commands you to come: "This is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ." He promises to receive those that come: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

I. But to whom are these words addressed?

R. To you, to me, and to every one that hears them: "Preach the Gospel to every creature." They are addressed to those in particular that see their want of salvation, because they alone will receive them. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I. These arguments from Scripture stop my mouth. But still I cannot believe Christ will receive such a sinner as I am.

R. Faith is not of man, but the gift of God, wrought by the Spirit in them that hear the Gospel. Therefore seek this, and every other grace of God, by prayer in the name of Jesus. And to encourage you to pray and hope, consider that God gave Christ for this very purpose, to save sinners: for this He came into the world; for this He laboured, wept, and bled; for this He reigns and intercedes in heaven. He is so far from being unwilling to save, that He is offended with those who will not come to Him to be saved. When He was upon earth He wept over Jerusalem on this account.

I. I know not what to say.

R. What do you intend to do?

I. I am greatly afraid I shall never be saved. But I know there is no other way but God's free mercy in Christ. Therefore I will seek it as long as I live, and if I perish it shall be at the foot of Christ's cross calling for mercy.

R. Continue this resolution, and all the precious promises of the Gospel are yours. But take heed that you do not suffer these impressions to wear away, or to settle in a false peace. Do not seek rest anywhere but in Christ. Beware lest worldly cares or pleasures divert your attention from the things of God, and lest sin grieve the Holy Spirit. Remember it is said, "If a man draw back, My soul shall have no pleasure in him."

THE KINDNESS OF THE POOR.



I HAVE often been touched by the generosity of the poor among themselves at times of trouble or special want. If sickness disables the mother of a family, how ready are the neighbours with such help as they can give! One will undertake the week's washing, one will see that the baking is done, another

will come in morning and evening to "tidy up" the little rooms, or lend a hand with the children. Doubtless many such deeds are done which are recorded only on high, but now and then they come under our observation as we go about among these humble brethren and sisters.

Two shop-girls were recently overheard planning to share between them the work of a third, who had been called home, and thus save her wages for her. "She needn't get a substitute," said one. "If we are a little spryer than usual we can do her work and our own too. Will you agree? Let's ask Mr. Sullivan if we may."

"Yes, indeed," said the other. "Her mother's sick, poor thing! She'll need all her earnings."

A family of motherless children received during an entire season the weekly services of a kind-hearted washerwoman. Time was money to this woman, for her skilled labour was in demand; and money was precious, for she had many mouths at home to fill. But she deliberately gave up other engagements, and devoted one day each week to these needy neighbours, and when offered payment by interested ladies she refused to take it. "Sure and it's meself that wishes I could give more," she said. I wondered if any one else gave in her proportion.

A well-known figure in a certain town is old Silas, the ash-man, much in request at house-cleaning times—a friend in need. A young woman, weighted with a worse than worthless husband and two or three little children, had passed through a long and distressing illness, and was slowly coming up to life again. Old Silas conceived the knightly desire of giving this woman a little pleasure. He borrowed an old carriage, brushed up his bony dusty horse, and dressed himself in his Sunday suit, a costume the most striking feature of which was the unwonted white shirt with its conspicuous sleeves.

Thus appointed, old Silas set out for his doughty deed, and took his drooping faded lady for a long country ride. It was an amusing spectacle, but I think as it passed through the streets it called up more tears than smiles. I have been touched by these things, I said. I have been instructed and rebuked, as I have seen among these humble ones so much of the spirit of



Him whose life on earth shed a sacredness for ever over poverty.

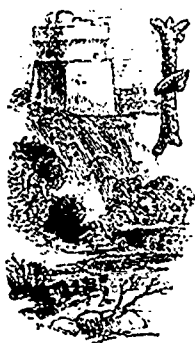
It is not only among themselves that the poor show kindness. Their childlike hearts are quick to feel for us, their more fortunate neighbours. A little cluster of bright geraniums, the one cherished ornament of a certain poor little kitchen, was the choicest gift that came, among showers of delicacies of every description, to a lady's sick-bed recently. No Christ-gift ever gave more pleasure than two holders made by a poor coloured woman for one who had had the privilege of being kind to her. "Not for the kitchen," explained the giver; "they are for you to use yourself if ever you want to press out anything." And though the stitches were not dainty, and geometry somewhat at fault in the curves, they were carefully reduced to the supposed proper size and covered with silk, "to make 'em soft for your hand, you know."

The same woman, who had been a famous cook in her day, bought, at no small expenditure of strength and means the requisite materials, and made a notable loaf of cake for the doctor who had attended her through her illness. She came to borrow a "gilt-edged plate" and a nice napkin with which to serve up the present; and the doctor says he never took a richer fee.

Is not this trait worth cultivating in the minds of the poor with whom we have to do? Send a flower with the bowl of broth some day, and see if it does not come back to you in some pleasant form after many days. By example, and by encouragement, we may help these less fortunate friends of ours to one of the most unailing of pleasures—that of doing little kindnesses.

*Sophy Winthrop.*

## A TEAR AND ITS MISSION.



ONCE knew a beloved friend living in one of the commercial cities of the United States of America who was travelling to one of the Western States on business. Arriving at a city on the northern bank of Ohio, he resolved there to spend the Sabbath. Walking in the street before the time of public service, the familiar notes of "Old Shirland" tune, ringing out in the soft and clear voices of the

morning Sunday-school, he accepted as an invitation to enter, and went in. There, in a moderately spacious hall, he saw the children arranged in classes with their respective teachers. Approaching a class sitting not far from the entrance, he received a more than ordinary welcome from the teacher.

He asked the stranger if he felt interested in Sabbath-schools, and wished him to examine the class. My friend at first declined, but his reluctance was finally overcome by the teacher's earnestness, and the

engaging manner in which a little boy offered him the lesson-book.

The teacher took his place with the children as one of them, and insisted on being permitted to become as a little child in the class: the reason will perhaps better appear to the reader by-and-by. The delightful work of teaching and learning had proceeded fifteen or twenty minutes, when this child of forty years gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears, which he evidently could not repress.

My friend Mr. Love was not a little perplexed to account for this outburst of feeling. He endeavoured to proceed with the lesson as though nothing had happened, but the sympathy of his heart with the emotion manifested was not sufficiently under his control to admit this. The man was brought to a level with the child. The teacher whom we have described as taking his place with the children, observing t'is pause, wiped away the tears from his eyes, and thus explained the matter. The reader shall have, as far as possible, his own words.

"Twenty-eight years ago this month I was a member of a Sunday-school class, and left it, being then only twelve years of age, to go to sea. The lesson of that Sabbath was the lesson of to-day. I remember that the teacher, after explaining the lesson, spoke to me of my intended absence. My heart was light and boyish, and had never entertained a serious thought. I was all gladness at the idea of going to sea. I had been in that teacher's class only about a month, and the last day is all that I remember about it, and I should have forgotten *that*, too, if it had not been for one circumstance, which I never can forget.

"After the lessons were over, the teacher took me by the hand, and in the presence of the class conversed with me for the last time. He spoke with much tenderness of the dangers and temptations to which I should be exposed so young. Then, with a tear glistening in his eye, he commended me to the Saviour, ad'ing, 'Whosoever believeth in Him shall have everlasting life.' *That tear*," he continued, "was the only one to my knowledge ever shed for me, except by my mother, who is now at rest.

"I remember it well, for it has been to me through storms and sunshine as an emblem of love and peace ever since, and by it the blessed words of the lesson were borne into my heart. That Sabbath-school was in Massachusetts, and *you* so resemble that teacher, that I fancy you *are the person*. His name was Love."

The boy and the incidents were remembered by Mr. Love. It need scarcely be added that this unexpected meeting was of great interest to them both, and tended to deepen their love for the Sunday-school in which such pleasant fruit was found.

Will not the reader of this touching incident endeavour to add something to the result? Possibly he is not engaged in any department of useful labour. The present will be a happy moment if now his desires move in that direction, if love consecrate a leisure hour to the welfare of immortal ones.

## THE OLD WHALE-FISHERMAN.

THE class of men particularly suited to the whale fishery are the adventurous and daring, and yet they must have self-command and prompt judgment in danger. These qualities made them the best men that could be selected for Arctic discovery, and the more so as their mode of life made them familiar with the ice. In every expedition to those regions were to be found one or more of them; they were better paid than the rest of the crew, being allowed seven pounds a month; hence their nickname of "Seven Pounders" on board the ship.

In the expedition to which I belonged we had several "Seven Pounders," and amongst them one

whom I shall call Jackson. He had passed the middle period of life, in fact, he was sixty years of age, but retained great strength and activity.

While we were fitting in England, "old Jackson" could not be kept sober; he paid no attention either to threats or promises, and to such a pitch did he permit his excesses to arrive, that the first days at sea found him without his extra grog,

and in his hammock with the horrors of delirium tremens. He, however, recovered under the skilful treatment of our surgeon, and was once more at his post, every inch a sailor. At first it was determined to leave him behind; but all who knew him said that they never heard of his being drunk in salt water, and so it proved.

Not one of our quartermasters could steer the ship in the ice lanes so well as Jackson. He was always merry and good-tempered, and willing to oblige. In the most intense cold of an Arctic winter, he would come on deck, and go over the side to work on the floe ice in his shirt-sleeves, and these often rolled up above the elbow. The man was not given to bad

language, but his general tone was far from that of one who had ever a single thought for the future, at least so we judged at that time.

We reached the realms of zero, and were busily employed in picking our way through the lanes, or open spaces of water between the detached floes, when it came on to blow furiously, and we sought shelter by making the ship fast to a large iceberg that had grounded near the shore.

Jackson was sent to fix the ice anchor in the berg, the boat being manned by six of the best men. He reached the iceberg, and having "landed" thereon, prepared to fix the bent iron in the frozen surface by cutting a hole slanting outwards by means of an ice-axe which he carried with him. He had given

several blows, when a loud crack was heard, and a large portion detached itself from the main body, falling over towards the boat, and carrying with it Jackson and the anchor. For a moment we gave up all hope for his life, and even for the safety of his comrades.

Another boat's crew was immediately called away to their assistance. The spray cleared off, and we were greatly re-



lieved to find the cutter was safe; we could see two men struggling in the water, while those in safety were reaching a helping hand to their companions. Jackson had disappeared; one of the men, however, was reaching after something with the boat-hook, and after several attempts, he succeeded in fishing up the motionless body of poor Jackson.

A few minutes sufficed to see the whole party alongside the ship, and many a helping hand brought them on board. It was found that Jackson had received a severe blow on the head; the doctor declared he was suffering from concussion of the brain, and was in a very dangerous state. With prompt

assistance, through God's blessing, however, he was restored to consciousness after the lapse of a day or two.

While confined to the sick bay, as the place set apart for the sick is termed on board ship, Jackson was often visited by an old man-of-war's man and his messmate, who would talk to him and read the Bible for him when off watch.

At first Jackson seemed to listen out of courtesy, but at last some portion of Scripture appeared to strike him more than another, and he would ask to have that "yarn" about Paul over again. He would often say that he could not make out how he escaped the fallen iceberg, and that it did seem as if he wam't to be killed just yet. His questions about the Bible were at times very shrewd. "How came they to find out all that is written there?" he would ask; and when told, he would say, "It must be a true log, or it would not pass muster."

He was certainly altered from this time, but it was not until the long winter, when the men were gathered into a school, and the officers taught them, that old Jackson became certain of Divine revelation.

With leisure, and suitable teaching, the old man was completely changed, and became one of the best men in the ship. Through the Spirit's teaching he appears to have learnt the truth in Christ Jesus, and he never swerved; and when we reached home he withstood no small temptation to return to his vice, and left without once giving way to his besetting sin.

TOO BAD TO BE SAVED.

I WAS calling one evening to see an invalid sister of Henry Taylor (says the Rev. J. Griffin), a widow living with several others, and to reach her I had to pass through a back room. There was a comfortable fire, with bright bars and a clean hearth, and before the fire-place was a well-scrubbed table, on which lay an open Bible and several tracts.

On one side sat Henry Taylor, and on the other a man some thirty-five years of age, named William Davies. He was a master chimney-sweep. He had cleaned himself up and washed his face, and was decently dressed.

When I entered he was looking with intense earnestness at Henry, who instantly said, "Oh, Mr. Griffin, I am so glad you have come in; will you speak to William? He thinks he is too big a sinner to be saved."

"Well, what have you said to him, Henry?"

"Why I have been telling him that salvation is offered to everybody, and I have been pointing out to him these passages: 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever—I told him to notice that it was 'whosoever'—'believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' 'He is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever

liveth to make intercession for them.' I have been showing him that God the Father laid our sins on Jesus, that He bore the punishment of them; that it was finished work; and that we are pardoned, justified and saved only through faith, without our own merits or good works, but that it is all by God's free grace, and that therefore all are invited to come, just as they are, without trying to make themselves better. And I have told him of those invitations and promises: 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' Yet still William seems as if he can't believe it for himself. Do speak to him, sir."

I listened with deep interest to Henry's full and clear statement of these Gospel truths, as applicable to the case of his friend—He gave it, indeed, more fully than I have related; and it was touching to watch the countenance of the poor man as Henry proceeded, expressing, as it did, the utmost eagerness, while his tears were making distinct traces on his dark though comparatively clean face.

"Well, Henry," I said, "I can tell him no more than you have told him;" and turning to William, I said, "And is not this enough, my friend? You see from the Bible that it is not merely Henry who tells you all this. It is God who tells it in His Word. You believe God speaks the truth, don't you? You know that He won't deceive you?"

"Yes, sir; but then I am so bad, it seems as if it was hard to believe that such a sinner as I am can be saved."

"Ah, so it seems to us all till we are brought simply to trust in the mercy of God for our salvation; that is all that Henry, or I, or any one else can do."

After a few more words we knelt down in prayer. The poor man rose with something like comfort and hope in his countenance. He and his friend Henry continued to spend their evenings together in reading and conversation, except when at the week evening services, from which they were never absent. William and his wife both joined the adult scholars in the Sunday-school, and in due time became members of the church; and have continued to walk in the commandment<sup>s</sup> and ordinances of the Lord blameless to the present day.

Oh! ye needy, come, and welcome,  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
 True belief, and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings us nigh;  
 Without money,  
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.  
 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness He requireth,  
 Is to feel your need of Him;  
 This He gives you,  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.  
 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all.  
 Not the righteous,  
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

## THE VILLAGE GOSSIPS.

THE day was cold, dreary, drizzling. The sudden thaw of a severe frost had made the roads into mud-pools, and the lanes into ditches. It was evening. Against the doorway of a neat, comfortable cottage, two women were leaning. They were not too well clad; but so busily were their tongues going, that they seemed utterly regardless of the cold, and of the large drops that fell on them from the thatch. Dorothy Dixon, the mistress of the cottage, stood within the door, saying but little, and every now and then casting an anxious look up the road. They had been long there, resting first on one leg and then on the other, when the heavy tread of a man, splashing through the mud, disturbed them.

"Good night, John Dixon," said one woman, as she turned away. The other did not wait even for this short greeting, and they were both quickly in the lane behind the cottage.

John Dixon was a man of very severe temper. His work, the proper conduct of his wife, the training of his children, the respectability of his home, to these things he gave his thoughts, and to nothing else. With his neighbours' affairs he never meddled. If the idle and profligate came in his way, he condemned them in his heart, but seldom censured them in words, and he detested gossip. He had been trained to hate it, and his natural temper fell in with the training; he never indulged in it himself, nor permitted it in his dwelling.

It was with a stern look and somewhat sullen manner that he took his usual seat in the chimney-corner, without fetching wood and water, according to his custom. Dorothy well knew what this portended, and busied herself in getting the tea, and making the porridge for her children's supper. She ventured one or two little remarks, which John answered only with a whiff of his pipe. Getting rather impatient, she said pettishly: "You needn't take on so, John; I couldn't help the women coming here; it wasn't my asking that brought them."

"No, that's like enough," said John; "but you could have helped keeping 'em, I suppose."

"They wasn't here so very long," said Dorothy, in an injured tone.

John answered drily: "Very like they was vastly entertaining, and it made the time go pleasant. I seen 'em here half an hour before I came, when I was on the top of the turnip field, and they looked quite comfortable and settled in then."

"Well, I'm sure I wanted 'em gone long enough," said Dorothy, ready to cry; "I didn't half mind what they was talking about, for I was in a hurry to fetch the children, and get their suppers and your tea ready, before you came home."

"Why didn't you tell 'em so?" said John.

"What! and have my name up for being ill-natured all over the place?"

"What signifies! You are more concerned to please

me, I reckon, than them as 'll pick you to pieces the moment they're out of your sight, whether you please 'em or not."

Dorothy did not answer; she thought John was very cross, and the tears came into her eyes as she left the cottage to fetch her children. They were at the village school, where they had been left this evening long beyond their usual hour, and in consequence she found them out in the road before the door with other children, playing in the mud. She scolded them all the way home; and there was much washing and changing of clothes to go through before they could sit by their father to eat their porridge.

"This comes of gossip, wife," said John, quietly; but Dorothy did not answer: she wanted her tea, and was provoked to think she must fetch both wood and water before she could have it, for it was growing dark. She felt her temper rising, but she knew the cost of showing it; so, shutting the door with as much of a bang as she dared to venture on, she went to the brook.

"How surly he is," she thought; "but I won't give way to him, that I won't. I can't have a word with a neighbour, but he goes on like this; and, as Bet Smith was saying, there's nobody in the place has got such a name for being kept in as I have; and what Sally Brown said about people saying he was more particular than was needful, was very true; and I don't wonder that people are sorry for me, and I'm sure Bet Smith is, and so is Sally Brown; as to saying anything against me, they wouldn't do it for anything, for they're very kind neighbours, and always so civil; but it's because he likes me to be for everlasting at work, work, work, as Sally says, and it's very true." These thoughts lasted her down to the brook.

Just as she was letting down her bucket, she heard voices behind the hedge that divided the garden from the lane. Her own name sounded distinctly in her ears, with a laugh after it; and, drawing near, she found the voices to be those of Sally Brown and Bet Smith, who appeared to have a third companion.

"Well, it's time we was home, Bet," said Sally; "it's good for us as we haven't got John Dixon to look to. I'll be bound Dorothy's had a good beating before now; and serve her right, for being such a sneak as she is."

"Sneak, indeed," said Bet; "what do you think of her leaving us to stand at her door for near an hour, and never to ask us in, all for fear of her husband?"

"Maybe she was afeared," said Sally, "that we should wear out her chairs; she was always as near as a skinflint when she was a little 'un, and she hasn't improved. There isn't one as has got a good word for her for neighbouring."

"I should say it's John's fault," said the strange voice.

"Not a bit of it," said Sally; "they're as like as two peas. Folks lays it on John; but they're well matched, only he's got more spirit."

"Oh, didn't she turn white when she see him



*The Village Gossips—Kindred Spirits.*

coming!" A loud laugh from all parties was the answer to this; and as the worthies progressed up the lane they got out of Dorothy's hearing, who had, however, had quite enough of the conversation.

"Well," she thought, standing with the bucket in her hand, "John is right enough; I'll never have anything to do with them again; to go and say such things the minute after they've been so smoothed-tongued; but I've learnt a lesson, and I'm glad of it. What could have kept 'em in the lane all this time? They might have been down at the village twice over."

Dorothy didn't know that, just as they left her door, they had met a kindred spirit—one of the company of true gossips—to whom weather, comfort, health, time, duty, husband, children, and home, are mere trifles, compared with the delights of a long talk of scandal. To her they had retailed all that they had told Dorothy, added much which they assured her Dorothy had told them, but of which Dorothy was equally innocent and ignorant.

When she returned to the cottage she found John at the door: the night was growing dark, and the ground was slippery. A misgiving that she might possibly have slidden into the brook had made him determine to go in search of her; but when he saw her safe he returned to his seat, and allowed her to

fetch the wood in. "She won't get any harm that way," he thought.

The evening passed. John was silent, so was Dorothy; but it was an easier matter for John than his wife; she had the usual share of woman's love of talk, and was by no means given to sulk. The children were in bed, and Dixon was knocking the ashes out of his pipe, when his wife said, "John, I promise you I won't listen to gossip again—I won't indeed." John saw by her look that she was in earnest. "I won't *indeed*," she repeated; "I think you're quite right; I might have sent those women away, and I wish I had; but I'll never harbour 'em again, I promise you that."

"Well, then, there's an end on't," said John, "and we're of one mind, as we ought to be."

"I'm sure I didn't mind much what they said; but I know no good comes of talk, and them as'll tattle of one'll tattle of another. I won't be taken so again this way, I promise you, John."

Now, Dorothy had great trouble in keeping in the secret cause of her hearty conversion to John's opinion; but she was ashamed of confessing that his words had been verified in her own ears, almost as soon as he had uttered them; and her family soon showed the wisdom of this resolve.

# WHO LOVES HIM? I DO!

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



## WHO LOVES HIM? I DO!

"**Y**ES, but it is very hard to find out how to do good," said I to my friend.

"How to do good! Listen to me, and I will tell you how I managed to do a little the other day.

I was crossing over late in the evening from St. Martin's Lane to Bloomsbury Street. Just as I got on the pavement, I saw a good many ragged lads—beggars, thieves, or both—standing in a knot, talking, laughing, and swearing. It was a damp, drizzling night, and I pitied the poor fellows, lounging there in their rags, and sin, and misery. I was just passing them, when one shouted some jeering piece of impertinence after me. Suddenly—I don't know why—I turned round and went up to the one who had spoken, saying, with the kindest voice I could, 'Did you speak to me, my boy?' No joke seemed to be ready, and he shambled a little way, muttering, 'No, sir.'

A thought came into my head, and in a minute I stepped into the very middle of the dirty group, put my back against the wall, and said, 'Boys, listen to me, I have something to tell you—a sort of story.'

They were all silent for an instant, partly from astonishment, and partly from curiosity. I didn't wait, but before any one had time to begin any ribaldry commenced speaking. If ever I prayed at all, I prayed then, that God would help me, and put words into my mouth. I used the plainest words I could, endeavouring to avoid, at the same time, mere childishness of expression. I told them, very shortly, how God had made us and meant us all to be happy, and said they knew, and so did I, that hardly one of us was happy. I very often was not; they very often were not. That God still pitied and loved us, and still wished and tried to make us happy. I spoke in the most emphatic and earnest manner I could, every now and then stopping to tell them that this was no fancy; that God now, at this very minute, was longing and striving to save us from our unhappiness.

Soon, to my delight, I saw that by the use of 'we' and 'us,' by avoiding merely addressing or preaching to them as a superior being, and by not speaking of guilt or sin, but of unhappiness, thus not seeming to find fault, I had caught their attention. They thought it was something of common interest I was talking about; and of unhappiness, poor lads, they knew only too much. I saw the opportunity, and went on: 'Now, boys, I want to tell you a true story, of how God has loved you, and me, and all of us—of what He has done for you, and me, and all of us.'

And then, in the plainest terms I could find, I told them the story of the life, and sufferings, and death of Jesus Christ. Do you know, I hardly ever felt it, that old dear story, to be so utterly, so entirely true, so altogether mine, and for me, as on that rainy evening, telling it to dirty thieves on a dirty London pavement. I said nothing of punishment or of hell; I said nothing of how God could become man; I just

tried to tell them how Jesus Christ, the Son of God, loved them and me, and came to die for us, and how men treated Him on earth. Whenever I could I used the words of the Bible, and the solemn scriptural language seemed to assist in enchainning their attention.

They listened with faces of awe, dirty enough, but solemn, to hear of the agony that made drops of blood roll down His face; and when they heard of how He died, hanging by nails on a wooden cross, because they were wretched and wicked, I heard, and God heard too, little vulgar sobs of uncontrollable emotion. Dirty hands wiped dirty faces, and their round eyes never moved from my lips as I told them that now, while I spoke to them, He was standing among us, and that He loved us just as much as when He died on the cross for us.

I had finished my story, and no one said a word. Suddenly I said: 'Now, lads, He loved us very much; oughtn't we to love Him? Who loves Him? Let every one that wishes to love Him hold up his hand. I do!' and I held up mine. They looked at one another, then one held his up. A little mass of rags, with only one shoe, and a little grimy face, half hidden in a shock of hair, scarcely confined to an old battered hat, with no rim, held up his dirty little hand. It was a touching spectacle! One and another followed, till all the hands, just twelve in number, were up.

Then I said slowly, 'You all wish to love Him. Now, dear boys, hear what He says to those who love Him: If you love Me, keep My commandments.' I walked straight up to him who had first held his hand up, and, holding out mine, said: 'Shake hands on it, that you will promise me to try to keep His commandments.' Unhesitatingly the little black hand was put in mine, and I shook it hard, saying, 'God bless you.' So I went round to all.

This done, I said, 'Where are you going to sleep to-night, lads?'

'Don't know, sir,' chorussed all.

'You can get a bed for twopence, can't you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you had any supper?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, choose one among you, and I will give him three shillings, and that will get you each a bed and a penny loaf.'

After a little talk, the biggest was pushed forward, and twitching his cap off, stood in a sheepish manner in front of me.

'So, you are the honest one, are you?' I said, putting my hand on his shoulder. Then I gave him the three shillings, and said, 'Good night. Remember, no beer or tobacco; only bed and bread for each.'

They stood around me in the rain a full quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, without one improper word. Every now and then a passenger had stopped, but had gone on again without disturbing us—it rained so hard. As to the three shillings, I knew they were safe.

About three weeks after this occurrence, I was going under St. Clement Danes' archway. A little ragged-school shoe-black was kneeling at one side. After the customary 'Clean your bo—ots, sir?' to my astonishment he made a dive forward, and stood, chuckling and grinning with delight, right in front of me and the friend with whom I was walking. The boy's eyes were absolutely running over with pleasure; but I had not the dimmest notion who he was. There he stood, making respectful scoops with his hand, ducking and smiling at me in a way that was almost embarrassing; so I said, 'Well, my boy, you seem to know me; and who are you?'

'Please, sir, I'm Jack.'

'Jack? Jack who?'

'Only Jack, sir; please, sir.'

All at once it flashed across me who the lad was.

'I remember now,' said I; 'have you tried to keep your promise to love the Lord Jesus, and show how much you love Him by obeying Him?'

'Yes, sir, I have, indeed I have,' he answered, with intense earnestness.

'I was delighted, and stopped and talked to him a little, making an excuse by letting him clean my shoes.'

'Can you read, Jack?' I asked.

'Yes, sir, not overly well; but I can make shifts to spell out a page.'

'Would you like a Testament of your own, where you could read for yourself the story I told you the other night?'

No answer; but an odd sound, half a chuckle of inexpressible happiness, half a choke of emotion at the bare idea. There was no pretence about the lad. The dirty little thief had set his face heavenwards. He did not know much, but if he had only learnt to say, 'Lord, remember me,' was there not a worse thief than he who was in no wise cast out?

'I see you would like it, Jack; come to my rooms to-morrow, at half-past four, and you shall have one. Here is the address; good-bye.'

'So you have been out into the highways and hedges, compelling them to come in, have you?' said my friend. 'Well, it was sinners that Jesus Christ came to call to repentance.'

Exactly at half-past four on the morrow came one modest tap at the door. In walked Jack at my summons. I shook hands with him, and said I was glad to see him, and bade him come and sit by me.

'Jack, why do you want a Testament?'

'To read about Him you told us of,' said he, shortly.

'Why do you want to read about Him; because you love Him, is it?'

Jack nodded, shortly and decisively. There was no hesitation, no doubt about the matter—not a whit.

'Why do you love Him?'

Jack was quite silent. His little ordinary features worked, his eyes twinkled, his soiled blouse heaved. All at once he dropped his head on the table,

sobbing as if his heart would break—'Cause they killed Him!' gasped poor Jack.

I let him cry till his sobs became less frequent, and then I read him some passages from St. John's Gospel, the one that seems peculiarly to suit the lowly, the poor, and the unlearned. Then I talked to him of what was filling his own heart, the exceeding great love of Jesus our Saviour, and of the happy home where he and I, by His great mercy, should fall at those blessed feet that were pierced for us, and tell Him—try to tell Him—a little of the love we bear Him.

It was pleasant to see the boy's simple delight at the bare idea of serving the Lord that bought him, and to answer his eager questions about one thing and another. 'How shall I do here? What shall I say then?' There seemed no danger of half-heartedness or shame in him. Oh! would to God there were as little in older and wiser Christians,—aye, in him who was trying to teach him.

Then I wrote, or rather printed, his name, at his particular request, 'werry large' in the Testament. Then I asked him if I should speak to the Lord Jesus with him and for him. We knelt down side by side, and, in simple words, I prayed for help and guidance for this little ungainly lamb of the Good Shepherd in his dark and difficult pilgrimage. I think he followed me, and I was quite repaid by his simple thanks.

A little more talk about his prospects, and we parted with a mutual promise that if he needed help he would come to me, and he should get it.

Have I seen the other eleven, did you ask? Ah, my friend, were there not ten cleansed, and where are the nine? And yet who knows but they also may have cherished memories of the story of Divine love to which they listened?"

### ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.

ONE summer evening two little girls were walking in one of the London cemeteries. They had turned from the broad walk, bordered by imposing monuments, and were treading a narrow path beside the humbler graves of the poor, where many a curious memorial gave pathetic illustration of the truth that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Two quaint-looking little mortals these children were, with dust-stained and threadbare garments, and faces too old for their years, as they trudged along, each bending under the weight of the baby she carried. The elder of the two, a sharp faced girl about ten years old, with a quantity of coarse red hair falling beneath her brimless hat, was evidently searching for some particular grave.

"Here it is, Ruth!" she exclaimed, pausing before a mound of earth, distinguished from many similar ones by a large pickle jar which had been placed upon it; "that's where my uncle's buried."

Her companion, a pale thin child, with large blue eyes, looked curiously at the spot.



"Is he down under there, Sal?" she asked, in an awestruck tone.

"Why, no! don't you know better than that?" returned the other, priding herself on her superior knowledge; "haven't you heard at Sunday-school where people go when they die? I expect uncle went to the bad place, for he was a dreadful wicked man, my uncle was."

"How do you know? P'raps the Lord forgave his sins," said little Ruth, a troubled look on her face as she gazed at the grave.

"Not if he died wicked," replied the other, decidedly; "it's only good people who go to heaven."

"Where did our baby go that died, do you think, Sal?" asked Ruth, wistfully clasping the infant she held more tightly as she spoke.

"Oh, I can't tell," said Sal; "babies are different. I daresay it went to heaven."

"What little graves these are!" said Ruth, pointing to some close by where they stood, "they must be children no bigger than you or me that lie there, Sal."

"Yes, I suppose," said Sal, moving away.

"Sal, I wonder what would become of you and me if we was to die?" said little Ruth.

"Oh, don't talk like that, it makes me feel horrid!" exclaimed Sal, hastily.

"But we might die you know," persisted Ruth.

Sal vouchsafed no reply, and they walked on in silence. Presently they came to a little grave beside which knelt a poor woman engaged in planting a root of mignonette.

"Whose grave is that?" asked the child, abruptly.

"My little Charlie's," answered the woman, a sob rising in her throat as she spoke.

"Why do you cry so?" asked Ruth; "did he go to the bad place?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the woman, startled by the question; "my Charlie is with Jesus. I ought not to cry when I know how happy he is. But I do miss him so, my pretty boy."

"What do you mean by saying he's with Jesus?" asked the child, looking puzzled.

"He's with Jesus, the Saviour, in heaven," said the woman. "You know who Jesus is, don't you?"

"The same as I see in the church windows, with His arms stretched out so?" asked little Ruth, imperilling her baby sister's safety, as she nearly overbalanced herself by extending her left arm at full length.

The woman nodded, and Sal explained her friend's ignorance by saying: "She don't know much about such things. She's never been to Sunday-school or church more than once or twice. Her mother won't let her go."

"Poor child!" said the woman, softly. "It's a great pity. My Charlie loved to go to Sunday-school, and he used to come home and tell me what he learned there, and he would sing his hymns so prettily. 'Safe in the arms of Jesus' was a favourite hymn of his, and now he is safe in the Saviour's arms for ever."

"Did Jesus come and take him to heaven?" asked Ruth, eagerly.

"Yes, when my boy died I knew that Jesus had taken him to heaven," said the woman, shedding tears once more; "he was glad to go. 'Don't cry, mother; Jesus is coming for me,' he said."

"I wish Jesus would come and take me," said little Ruth, drawing a long sigh; "but I don't think He will, because I am not good enough to go to heaven."

"We are none of us good enough," said the woman, "but Jesus died that He might open the gate of heaven for us all. He will come and take you to Himself some day, if you trust and love Him. He loves all little children and watches over them."

She could say no more, for she was obliged to hurry away to her work; and soon the children turned to



wend their way back to their close dreary homes in one of the most densely populated quarters of the city.

"I think I should like to die now, Sal," said Ruth, as they quitted the cemetery. "I am not afraid of going to the bad place, because Jesus loves me!"

Little Ruth had her wish. For a few more weeks she trudged about, her tiny form daily growing less able to support the weight of the baby she constantly carried, until one day in crossing a crowded thoroughfare she staggered and fell. The baby rolled from her arms, and in a moment was rescued from peril, but there was not time to save the little nurse from being trampled under the horse's feet, and when they picked her up, Ruth's old young life had ended, and she was resting from its toil in the Saviour's arms. No one missed her much, except the baby and Sal, who learned to love the Saviour who had taken her friend to Himself.

*Eglanton Thorne.*

## TRESPASSERS, BEWARE!

SOME months since I was staying a few days with a friend in the country, not far from the railway. Having occasion to visit a town on the line, I asked my host about the way to the station, which was, I knew, some two or three miles from us. The road, too, was a roundabout one, and very dirty, so that I was desirous, if possible, of saving time and toil by making a short cut.

"In that case," said my friend, when I asked him about it, "you had better go down the line."

"What," I said, "walk along the railroad? that isn't allowed, is it?"

"Well," he replied, "it isn't allowed, but we do it."

"But," I rejoined, "aren't you prevented and ordered off? I don't want to be sent all the way back again and lose my train."

"Oh!" he said, "there is a man appointed to keep off trespassers, but we don't often see him. If you should meet him, tell him you are a stranger, and were told to go that way, and I dare say he'll let you pass on."

I somewhat demurred, for I did not like the idea of trespassing; but the thought of a clean short walk along the line, instead of a long, dirty two miles by a bad country road was a strong temptation, and conscience soon began to lean to the side of convenience. I began to think, "Well, after all, there's no great harm in

it, and surely my friend would not go that way unless it were allowed, or at least winked at, by the railway people." I did not like, either, to say, "No," to what my host evidently thought so harmless; so at last, though still somewhat reluctantly, I allowed him to show me the way down the line.

There was a beaten track up the bank, as if it were an accustomed way, and I thought to myself, "Come, it's all right, after all." Then, again, there would come intruding, "No, it isn't the right thing; trespassing is forbidden on grounds of public safety, and I have no right to break the law." Still, like many another man who has begun in a wrong way, I went on.

After walking awhile, and finding I was not interfered with, I became a little more comfortable, and was going on, thinking of something else, when right before me stood one of those large white boards with black letters, headed, *Notice!* which inform trespassers of the penalties that await them. I had

to pass right by it. Had its position been less prominent, had its writing, like that of some country sign-posts that I know, been obscure, I might have had a plea; but no, there could be no manner of doubt about it. Had the policeman appeared before me at that moment, I felt the excuse with which my friend had furnished me would have been of no service. I was a trespasser, that was clear.

Should I go back? If I did, I should lose my train. Should I go and find myself in custody? But standing still was worse than either, so I determined to go on and run the risk, conjuring up fearful visions of a bench of magistrates.

No one was in sight. The long straight iron rails ran before me and behind me as far as the somewhat misty morning would let me see them, when I heard the distant rattle of an approaching train. I was on an high embankment, and in order to get out of the

way of this rushing monster, now rapidly drawing near, I went a few yards down the bank, and then — conscience made such a coward of me — I went all the way down, lest I should be recognised and reported to the people at the station. I fancied the driver and guard looked at me suspiciously, but they said nothing; and when they had got into the mist again, I climbed up the steep bank and went on, beginning heartily to wish that I had chosen the long dirty lanes instead of the clear straight railroad.

"Well," I thought at last, "I will not run the risk a bit longer than I can help;" so I took the first opportunity of leaving the line and got into the fields, determining to keep along the side of the embankment, so as not to miss my way. Oh! how relieved I felt when I got off that hateful line, and fancied my troubles were ended.

But, alas! the consequences of our "trespasses" do not always cease when we leave off trespassing. My troubles, indeed, may be said now to have begun.

I like walking across grass fields, and for a time my way was tolerably pleasant, except that the turf was not improved by a recent thaw, and a plentiful quantity of manure which was, unfortunately for me, well spread. However, I was countryman enough not to care much for that, and was congratulating myself on the change, when I drew near to the end of the first field. The next was not quite so pleasant, in fact, it was decidedly swampy, and my boots soon gave signs



of having absorbed as much moisture as they could hold; but the station was now in view, and as I should be in good time, I could get them dried.

Alas! again, for the vanity of human hopes. At the end of that field there was no friendly gap in the hedge. There was, moreover, a considerable pond of water, into which I must have soused had I attempted to force my way through. There was nothing for it but to try the hedge higher up.

On, on, on I went—what a good hedge it was!—till, growing impatient, I made a gap as best I could, and came without much damage into a ploughed field on the other side. I need not describe that field. But at last I got to the station, over my ankles in clay, a great deal warmer than I should have thought it possible to get on that rimy morning, and I was, to crown all, behind time!

“Where is the train?” I asked.

“Now, due, sir,” said the policeman, looking, I fancied, as if he knew how I had been served out.

Happily the train was behind, and I should not lose my journey. A minute later and I should have been guilty of trespassing and suffered all my misadventures for nothing. I could have walked the road in less time and with less fatigue. Nobody then would have had the right to call me in question. No visions of possible penalties, no consciousness that I was doing a wrong thing, would have worried me. In the Queen’s highway I should have been free; on forbidden ground I was in bondage. “You won’t catch me trespassing any more,” I thought to myself.

The right way is the only safe and pleasant way. It is narrow and not without its difficulties, but it is the King’s highway, and we can walk in it without fear. “Who can harm us if we be followers of that which is good?” A clear conscience is a wonderful helper in a tiresome journey.

### A NARROW ESCAPE.

“How far this little candle throws its beams!  
So shines a good deed in this naughty world.”

**I**N the great snowstorm of January, 188—, many serious accidents, and doubtless also many wonderful escapes occurred. One of these came under the notice of the writer, and as the circumstances happened to a personal friend, they may be related just as simply as they were told, with the certainty that they are true.

The friend in question was at the time residing about two miles from the town of B—, and had that afternoon walked in to attend a meeting in connection with the Sunday-school to which he belonged, and in which he took a deep interest. He did not start for home till after dark, and by that time the snow was falling thickly, and a strong wind was blowing, which caused it to drift rapidly, and added much to the intensity of the cold.

“I wouldn’t attempt to go home to-night, W—,”

said a friend to him; “it really is not safe.” Another said, half in jest, “I’ve a good mind to lay hold of you and not let you go.” But he was determined (knowing the alarm which his family would feel if he did not come) to attempt the journey. He found, however, before he had gone far, that he had undertaken a harder task than he had imagined, or indeed could have been imagined. The wind was dead against him and drove the snow into his face and eyes, so that he could scarcely see, or even breathe. He managed, however, to make some headway by tacking and going sideways, as long as his track was along the high road; but he soon had to turn into a narrower road, which led to the village in which he resided.

At first it seemed a little relief not to have to face the terrible drive of that bitter north wind, and to have it only at the side. But this relief was delusive. He found it more difficult to struggle against the side wind than against a head wind, and he soon began to feel exhausted. However, he thought he could not be far from home now, and plucking up his courage at the thought he pressed on.

But soon another terror came upon him. He knew by the lapse of time that he ought to be at his house; but it was nowhere to be seen, and stopping to look around he found himself in a trackless waste of snow. No road, no friendly hedge rose; no trees even in sight to tell him where he was. The terrible dread rushed upon him that he had lost his way, and that instead of being on the road for home he had been this last half-hour, perhaps more, wandering he knew not whither.

Still he would not give in. Lifting up his heart to God with an earnest cry for help, he tried to make out where he was, and at last dimly descried, as he thought, the trees of a plantation not far from his home. He strove to reach these, sometimes falling over obstacles hidden by the snow, sometimes stumbling into deep drifts from which he could extricate himself only with great difficulty; the snow beating against him, and the bitter wind chilling him to the bone.

At last he reached them, but, alas! they were not the trees he thought. But their shelter was pleasant, and for a moment he leant against the trunk of one of the largest, and gratefully enjoyed the feeling of relief from the incessant and chilling strife of the wind. A few seconds more and the relief which he so enjoyed would have ended in insensibility and death. In time to save him, the consciousness of this rushed into his mind, and summoning all his resolution he tore himself away from the treacherous shelter, and began again the struggle against snow, wind, and cold, his strength almost exhausted, his power of resistance gradually growing weaker. But he felt he must keep on. His wife, his children! Even now they must be in an agony of suspense, but how much worse the reality if he should perish! God helping him, therefore, he resolved to strive to the very last.

“Man’s extremity,” says the old proverb, “is God’s opportunity.” At least it was so in his case. When

it seemed as if he could scarcely take another step, he saw a light! He looked, it was no delusion, a steady light, and, as he now could see, shining from a cottage window. This assurance of safety and deliverance filled him with strength. He lost his sense of fatigue, and stumbling and falling often, yet never losing sight of the light, he strove towards it with all his might. At length he knocked at the door; and then, as it was opened, sank exhausted on to the offered chair.

"Well there, sir, I thought it was bad enough for I, but you be worse than me," said the man who had opened the door, in a hearty, cheerful tone. "I've been wandering about for an hour and a half myself afore I could find my way hoame, but you bin longer than that, I reckon."

They were very kind, the man and his wife, and wanted him to stay; but the thought of his wife and children was uppermost in his mind, and he expressed his wish to go. "Then I'll go wi' thee, sir, for you'll never find your way this night, and I do know the road better than thee." And so the good man, only himself just escaped from the terror of that fearful night, in which several lives were lost in the same neighbourhood, started out to brave wind and storm, to see a stranger safely home. Thank God for kind loving hearts, wherever they are found!

Cheered by companionship and hope, my friend struggled bravely, and kept up his courage. But his difficulties were not yet at an end. When under the guidance of his kind friend (a gamekeeper, he turned out to be, of a neighbouring estate) they reached the road which led direct to his house, they found it impassable! A deep drift of snow, from nine to eleven feet high, completely blocked it from hedge to hedge! There was nothing for it but to retrace their steps, and try and reach the house through the fields.

My friend's heart sank within him, but his companion helped him and roused him. His strong hand and warm heart sustained his weary steps and cheered his fainting courage. He was, in truth, an angel, a messenger of God to him. Humanly speaking, but for the light in his window, and his kindness in becoming his guide, my friend could never have reached home.

For he did reach home, but in what a condition! His own coat was not only covered with frozen snow, but itself frozen so hard that it could not be unbuttoned, and had to be cut off, and his strength was utterly gone. He was got at once to bed, and a severe and trying illness of three or four months' duration was the result. By God's mercy he recovered, and has been able to resume his life's work; but the memory of his peril and escape will never leave him so long as he lives, nor in the blessed world beyond!

Three things helped towards this really wonderful and providential escape (for to those who know the circumstances, and the nature of the country through which he wandered, it is more wonderful than any description would represent it to be, without being suspected of exaggeration). One was his trust in an

Almighty and Gracious Father, who was with him in all this peril, and to whom he could and did look for help in his extremity. Another thing was the courage which arose out of this: the feeling that if God was with him and helping him he could strive and be strong, and doggedly keep on trying his best to get out of his troubles. And the third thing was Hope! Blessed hope, which never leaves us even in the darkest moments, and which cheered and helped him with the vision of his home, and wife and children, when he fell into the deep drifts, and when he resisted the soothing temptation to lie down and rest under the shelter of the trees.

May like trust be ours, which shall give us like courage under the trials of life, and enable us to face all difficulties with the hope of overcoming them, in the name and in the strength of our Almighty and loving God!

### THE RICE SLAVE.

In the Church Missionary Report for 1866, the following notice, from the pen of the Rev. Alexander Johnson, tells us of the rice slaves in the marsh districts of Travancore.

This year I have had the pleasure to lay the foundation of a new slave congregation in this district, by baptising thirty-four persons belonging to this despised class, at a place called Nedawadie. They had been under Christian instruction above two years, during which period their diligent attendance at the prayer-house, and their earnestness in seeking to know truth, gave hope that they would continue to serve the Lord.

Let us inquire how this little Christian church arose in the Nedawadie marshes, and by whom the good seed was planted which after many days bore such hopeful fruit.

Nedawadie is situated at the confluence of many streams, and is so completely a swamp that the slaves who cultivate and collect the paddy or rice almost live in the water. Some years ago, Obanardie, the head man of the property, and a slave possessing a little more than his fellow slaves, was taken ill, and the wasting effects of his malady began at last to threaten his life. He spent a great deal on slave doctors; but grew none the better, and rather the worse, so as to feel more than ever that his days were numbered.

One day a strange report reached his ears. People said that Jesus Christ was going about curing people. A strange and mysterious report, which, however, excited the curiosity of Obanardie. Who was this Jesus Christ? And where was He to be found? And by what means did He cure the sick? Like the poor woman of old who had spent all her living in physicians, he determined to try for himself, and to find out.

He was directed to the missionary at Pallum for information, and finding the gardener of the Rev. H.



*Reading the Word of God in India.*

Andrew, made inquiries of him concerning the Physician of whom he had been told.

"Oh," said the gardener, "my master knows about Jesus Christ; he will tell you."

Obanardie heard and wondered. When prayers were over the missionary, who made the bodies as well as the souls of the slaves his care, inquired into his illness, and gave him suitable remedies. It had been greatly aggravated by indulgence in spirituous liquors, and when these were no longer taken he rapidly improved.

And there the blessing of God came to Obanardie. He found Him whom he had ignorantly set forth to seek. It was no false report that so confusedly reached him at Nedawadie, for Jesus Christ is even now, by the ministry of His Spirit, going about and curing "sick folk," as He did personally in the day of His flesh. And the slave man found Him, heard in the cry, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest," an invitation which awoke chords hitherto untouched in his long-imprisoned soul; believed, and went home a freed-man of the Lord, and a cross-bearer of the Redeemer.

His first care was to gather together fellow-slaves, and to tell them of Jesus. One and another was enlisted. At last the number grew so greatly that a message was sent to the missionary, asking him to send them a teacher.

"First build a prayer-house," was the reply, "and show me that you are willing to contribute to his support." And very soon the prayer-house was erected, and catechists confirmed and carried on Obanardie's mission—that mission amongst his poor degraded fellow-bondsmen which he never gave up till he died.

One day long after, a letter came from the catechist to the missionaries: "That good man Obanardie is dead; he departed in perfect peace, trusting in his Saviour." But his work will never die. Through persecution, opposition, scorn, and contempt, he held up the ensign, and handed it on from man to man, and the church at Nedawadie still continues to summon the rice slaves of the marshes to the common meeting ground of all who believe, to the conflict in Christ's name against the forces of sin and Satan.

# THE END OF A BUSY LIFE, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



The Rev. Rowland Hill taking leave of his servants.

THE memory of Rowland Hill has been left in a form more enduring than marble in those great institutions which, formed in his day, have been the honour of our own. Not only did his large benevolence prompt him to constant movements for the benefit of the aged, the industrious, the needy, the afflicted; not only did he interest himself warmly in the introduction of vaccination, which he practised gratuitously upon its first discovery; not only did he visit the prisoner in his cell, and show his interest in his country's defenders by assembling a body of volunteers within the walls of Surrey Chapel; not only was

he a friend to the slave, and an enemy of slavery in all its forms; but many noble societies owed much of their efficiency to his zeal and fostering care.

Among these were the Religious Tract Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London Missionary Society, and a number of Sunday-schools, which he set up in various parts of London, and laboured to promote by the agency of a society comprising men of various religious denominations.

Many more institutions, of less note, were either originated by his enterprise or aided by his wisdom. Nor was he like the ostrich, who, having laid its eggs

in the sand, forgets that the feet may crush them, or the beast of the field devour them. On the contrary, he continued through life to identify himself with the prosperity of these important movements, urging his people to liberal benefactions for their support, whilst his own purse largely contributed, often anonymously, for their maintenance.

If over the prospects of any such institutions any cloud was seen to gather, he was the first to bewail it; if any personal exertions could tend to restore peace, he was among the foremost to employ them. His liberality towards differing Christians was a prime element in his character. He was, as some one said of him, "a bigot for liberality," and his whole life exemplified his sense of his favourite aphorism, "Better love Christians than parties." Even those who might differ from some of his views, as tending towards vague indefiniteness, must admire the nobleness of his unselfish heart.

The result of this character was, that in his later days Rowland Hill was regarded with peculiar respect and affection wherever he was seen. When his nephew, Lord Hill, received at Guildhall the honours of the City of London, his uncle was loudly cheered and welcomed. The presence of the good old man upon the platform of a public society was usually the signal for general acclamation and a warm welcome, and when he spoke, the influence of his words was usually most propitious. His wit and humour, indeed, were peculiar qualifications for the platform, though somewhat apt to degenerate into the comic. But there was relief about it; and the tear succeeding the smile is one of the highest achievements of public oratory.

In the year 1826 Mr. Hill had reached the eighty-third year of his age. In reference to it he said, "I ought to be much more ripe than I am. I wish by a wise conduct, as long as strength lasts, to do good without doing harm. My course is nearly finished, oh, that I may finish it with joy!"

Yet at this time his activity was extraordinary. He not only preached twice on the Lord's day, but made itinerant excursions into the country, as he had been wont to do, preaching nearly every day, sometimes at considerable length. He made frequent allusions in the pulpit to the probability of his speedy removal—"allusions," says his biographer, "which seldom failed to bring tears into the eyes of his people, who were constantly saying, when they looked on his hoary hairs and aged face, 'The Lord spare him a few years more.'"

The same relative and biographer says, "When Mr. Hill entered his eighty-fifth year, under a solemn impression that it would be his last birthday, he selected for the evening text, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.' His countenance was unusually pale, but exceedingly expressive of the train of serious and devout ideas that were passing through his mind, and of the awe with which he contemplated the near approach of the day when his account must be rendered up to God. His calm but lofty tone bespoke the repose of his own bosom. It was like the half-hour before sunset, in the midst of nature's most majestic scenery, when there is not a breath to agitate the

fraillest leaf, or ripple the glassy smoothness of the water's surface; it was the sublime of tranquillity!"

"He shed no tears," says one of his biographers, "on this birthday, but his people shed many; and one poor man, devoted to his ministry, said to me, 'Sir, I cannot bear the thought of losing him; I wish we could put him back about forty years!'"

The increasing infirmities of age, and the inflammation which affected his eyes, compelled Mr. Hill at this time to use an amanuensis, he being no longer able to see clearly, especially at night. About this time his friend and biographer, the late Mr. Jones, witnessed his farewell of Surrey Chapel, under the impression that he should return to it no more. Part of the scene may be given; the whole is very characteristic.

"Having finished his lunch, he called out, 'Charles, are the horses ready?' 'Not quite, sir.' 'Horses are good things, sir,' he remarked; 'I had one that carried me many miles to preach the Gospel; he was a kind creature. . . . Oh me! I am now leaving this place, never, perhaps, to see it again. Oh! 'tis a solemn thought!' . . . When summoned to depart, he said, 'Oh dear, must I go?' He rose with difficulty from his chair. He walked to the door, and turning back he sighed, and gave a searching look round the room, and then, in a subdued tone, with his eyes raised, he exclaimed, 'Oh! 'tis a solemn thought; I am not likely to see this place again.'

"He paused, and in a voice little louder than a whisper, added, 'But what a mercy to have lived here fifty years, and by heavenly grace to have been kept unspotted from the world.' He then said to his attendant, 'I'll go into the kitchen, and see the servants.' . . . After taking leave of them, and even of the cat," Mr. Jones says, "Mr. Hill then proceeded to the coach-yard. He looked for a second or two with deep interest at the chapel, 'There I have preached for fifty years; but my work is done.' He got into his carriage, and exclaimed, as he drew up the window-blind, 'Farewell, till bodies meet to part no more.'"

On the 11th of April, 1833, this servant of Christ expired, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

"The weary wheel of life at last stood still."

All the honours due to an exemplary life, a wide and comprehensive heart, and illustrious usefulness, gathered about the Rev. Rowland Hill. His name will be ever respectfully associated with the revival of religion in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

A few more years shall roll,  
 A few more seasons come,  
 And we shall be with those who rest  
 Asleep within the tomb.  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul forthat great day;  
 Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 And take my sins away.  
 A few more suns shall set  
 O'er these dark hills of time,  
 And we shall be where suns are not,  
 A far serener clime.

HOW TWO BRAVE FELLOWS DIED.



A LADY, who has left her happy and comfortable home in London to go over the sea with the message of the Gospel, was one evening telling a few friends about her work in that beautiful country called Spain. Yes, the country is very lovely, and the sunshine falls more brightly on those mountains and valleys

than we see it here ; but the hearts of the people are dark, and they know very little about the love of Jesus. This lady, amongst other interesting stories, told us a very affecting story, which is all the better for being quite true, about some of the brave fishermen who have in this distant land listened to her words.

We English people love the sea ; our sailors are full of spirit and courage ; and who is not gladdened when the wide and heaving waves come into view, and we hear them dashing upon the sand or rocky shore ? And we like the fishermen too, with their trailing nets and bronzed faces, going out in the roughest weather to catch the glittering fish, and thus provide for their wives and children. But across the sea yonder there are other fishermen who are as brave as ours, and look very much the same, although when they speak we soon find that their tongue is not like ours ; but they have hearts like any other men, and sins too, which need the same loving Saviour.

On the north-west coast of Spain is a small seaport town, and the people are poor folks, who subsist almost entirely on the profit of their fishing. The men and women are very ignorant too, and know little about the Bible or how much God loves them, being under the guidance of the Romish priest, who keeps their minds very dark, and instead of leading them to the Saviour only works on their fears, and teaches them to worship images, and pay him money to save the souls of their dead friends. Poor people ! how thankful they are to learn about "a more excellent way," and that there is forgiveness and peace to be had "without money and without price !"

On the top of the hill yonder is a house overlooking the sea, and this is the home of two brothers. The old man, their father, is very fond of them, and is not sorry to find that they have heard the English lady in the little room speak about Jesus, and has noticed how changed they have become of late. Ignacio, the eldest, used to be fond of the gay feasts held on the saints' days, but he never goes now ; and Juan, his

brother, whose great fault was a quarrelsome temper, has become gentle and loving to all. Their mother is lying at the far end of the room very ill, and her husband holds her hand and tries to comfort her.

Ignacio did not find it all smooth when he decided to follow Christ—no true disciple ever does—and he was engaged to marry a Romanist girl, who so tried to hinder him in his good purpose that one day he said, "Las cosas de este mundo nada vale (the things of this world are of no value). I mean to seek the salvation of my soul ; we must part, and I must seek a wife among the evangelicas," as they call the Christian people. Though he loved her, he gave all up for Jesus.

Last spring, at two o'clock one morning, these two young men went out with their father to catch the "pulpa" or octopus, which is their food in those parts. When they had done their fishing, they were anxious to return in time for the teaching in the Christian school ; so leaving the other boats they soon arrived within sight of their distant home. A sudden gust of wind, however, capsized their boat, and they were all thrown into the waves. The old fisherman could swim best, and helped his sons, although they begged him to save himself for the sake of mother and the younger children. He let them go for an instant in order to reach a floating oar, but glancing round he saw them drowning. Ignacio, with his hands clasped and his eyes turned heavenward, just spoke to his father, "Adios, mi padre, nos veremos delante de Dios," that is, "Good-bye, father, we will meet you in the presence of God," and sunk to rise no more.

The poor father lost consciousness, and was picked up by another boat, and a serious illness followed. But the example of their pious sons brought the two parents in their sickness to Christ, who showed them that "His blood cleanseth from all sin," and they are now faithful and humble followers of the Lamb.

As to Ignacio and Juan, although their bodies disappeared beneath the deep waters, their spirits went into the presence of their Lord, and one day, if we are trusting in the same Saviour, we shall meet them in heaven.

"Oh, call it not death, it is life begun,

For the waters are passed, and the home is won !"

Jessie Page.

THE LORD'S DEBTOR.

"I'm thankful to say that I never knew what it is to have debts," said James Freeman, accompanying the words by a significant slap on his coat-pocket. "'Owe no man anything' is Bible truth, and I've made it my rule through life. I settle all my scores on a Saturday, and then I can go to church with an easy conscience when Sunday morning comes."

"There's a-many would like to be able to say the same," observed Joe Canning, a wizened, anxious-looking man ; "but when you chance to have a sickly wife, and a long family, you may find yourself in



debt before you know where you are, however honest you may be."

"Of course it's easy enough to drift into debt if you don't look out," returned Freeman, rather contemptuously; "but if a man has a mind to pay his way, he'll pay it."

So saying James Freeman straightened his tall, strong, sinewy frame with an air of self-satisfaction, took up his basket of tools, and accompanied by a fellow workman, who had been a silent listener to the above remarks, walked away from the newly-built house in which he had been at work.

Joe Canning's face wore an expression of annoyance as he looked after him. "That's just like Freeman," he muttered; "he always talks as if no one cared to act on the square but himself."

James Freeman was certainly not disposed to take a humble view of his own character. To tell the truth, he was rather proud of his integrity, and his self-esteem therefore received a shock when his companion, a man as honest and upright as himself, but more generally beloved, observed quietly as they walked homewards together, "I've been thinking, James, that there's one debt that you've never paid."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the other, quickly. "I tell you I owe nothing. I never run bills anywhere."

"Ay, but there's a long account unsettled," replied William Marl, "and one you couldn't pay if you gave all you possess. Have you ever thought, James, how much you owe to the Lord?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" returned Freeman, with a short, uneasy laugh; "I might have known it was some of your preaching nonsense."

"Not nonsense, but sound sense," replied his companion, good-humouredly. "Why, man, have you never thought to whom you owe your health and strength, and your homy wife and children? Is it your own doing that you're not small and weak like poor Joe, with a sickly wife and children to boot? Don't you owe it to God that you can work so well and pay your way as you boast? And that is but a very small part of your debt to Him."

"Of course I know that I ought to be thankful, and I hope I am," said Freeman. "I go to church pretty near every Sunday; what more would you have?"

"What more?" repeated his companion. "Why, man, if anyone had freed you from a heavy load of debt that you could never hope to pay, had paid for you a ransom which kept you from going down to

death, would you ask how little you could do for him in return? Wouldn't you want to devote your whole life to him? Wouldn't you hate the thought of showing the least ingratitude? And that is what the Lord Jesus has done for you and for me. He paid the heavy price of our redemption. And mark you, James, you're His debtor none the less if you refuse the salvation which He has purchased for you with His own blood."

"It is a pity you are not a preacher, Marl," was Freeman's reply, as he paused at his own door. "You'd make a very good one. Good-night."

But though James Freeman thus lightly dismissed his fellow-workman, he could not so easily dismiss his words from his mind. As he entered his comfortable cheery home, and received the pleasant greetings of his wife and little ones, he for the first time reflected that the many blessings of his lot were gifts from above. He was so very quiet as he took his supper that his wife asked him if he were ill, and though

he laughed at the idea, she was not quite persuaded that nothing ailed him. When she had gone upstairs to put the children to bed, James drew towards him the large family Bible, which he prided himself on possessing, though he seldom read it. He opened it at a page where his wife had placed a book-mark, and the words met his eyes, "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

And as James Freeman pondered over the words and took in their meaning, he said to himself that this was indeed a debt.

He turned over the leaves and came to the words, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed." What a debt was this! truly, as William Marl had said, a debt that he could never hope to pay.

And as he turned over the leaves of the Bible, passage after passage came to hand which brought home to him the truth that he was indeed a miserable debtor, a base, ungrateful sinner, who deserved no mercy. He knew well that it was vain to think that any good works which he might do could cancel the least jot of that tremendous debt. The debt could not be paid; but by the influence of God's Spirit he was led in that hour to give all that he could give in return for God's great gift of love—he gave himself with all his powers to be the Lord's from henceforth.

*Eglinton Thorne.*





### THE PROTESTANT'S FUNERAL.

WHEN Jean Bertre became a colporteur in Normandy, and was appointed to a field of labour fifty or sixty miles distant from his early home, he felt it a great trial to leave his old mother. He feared that during his absence she might fall ill, and that her last hours might be disturbed by the interference of Romish priests, who could step into her house at any moment, whereas the Protestant minister had a journey of twelve miles to take before he could reach her dwelling.

What Jean Bertre had feared actually came to pass. A few months after his departure his mother, whom he saw only occasionally, grew weaker from old age, and became unable to perform her household duties, such as carrying water from the stream, etc. ; she was now eighty-four. The minister visited her as often as he could ; but one of the priests, hearing that she was not likely to live long, asked to see her also. Having met with a refusal, he stormed aloud at the cottage door, declaring that the old woman was fast going down into the flames of hell, and that ere long her son would follow her.

The good old woman persevered in the faith of the gospel, and was at last delivered from all the trials of this world, and entered into that blessed land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." She died trusting in her Saviour's merits.

The management of cemeteries in France is by law placed in the hands of the mayor of each commune or parish ; but, in point of fact, the priest in Roman Catholic villages takes the direction into his own hands. In all such burying-grounds there is a place allotted to such as have laid violent hands on themselves, and have lost all title to the rites of the church. To be buried in such a spot is looked upon as a disgrace, and the place itself is very commonly called, in Normandy, "le coin maudit," or cursed corner.

It truly matters little to the dead where they are buried, for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof ;" but the living will not suffer any honourable member of their family to be cast like an unclean thing into the place of reproach and shame.

Late on Saturday evening several priests had been seen entering the mayor's house. A meeting was held in the darkness of the night, and a deed of darkness was decided on. At midnight, in the "cursed corner," a grave was dug, and there, before the dawn of day, without a friend to shed a tear save the poor nurse, who protested in vain against the wicked action, poor Jean's old mother's remains were carried, in the

presence of the village doctor and of another witness and silently laid, as to be a warning to all who should dare to renounce the Roman Catholic faith.

The priests had gained an easy victory ; yet, if that had been all, they might have been left to reap the fruit of their evil deed in the indignation of all generous hearts ; but the lawful rights of Protestants could not be allowed to be thus disregarded, nor our good friend's feelings to be thus outraged. But what remedy was there ? The woman was buried.

To go to the village was useless. The minister turned aside into a little wood, and as he was lifting up his heart to God a thought struck him ; but he kept it to himself, for secrecy was necessary.

Nothing could be done without Jean Bertre, who was expected every hour. As soon as he arrived he was induced to write immediately to the *sous-préfet*, giving a short statement of what had occurred, and asking him, first, to order the mayor to have his mother's body disinterred, and, secondly, to authorise him to convey it to a cemetery at Lisieux.

There was a time of suspense. The colporteur went to his village, and spent a day or two in his little cottage. There he saw his mother's Bible, and thought of days gone by, and that would never return. He doubted not of his mother's salvation ; but whilst he felt comforted in thinking of her as a saint in heaven, he still felt indignant when he looked upon the grave in the "cursed corner." He had to hear insulting jeers from bigots, who would say to him, "Ah ! your Protestants thought to show us their ceremonies, and to get a few foolish people to come and hear their preaching ; but look at your mother's grave, and see the disgrace of apostacy." But many better-minded people were shocked at what had transpired, and sympathised with our friend.

What was the mayor's astonishment, what was the confusion of the priests, when orders were received from the authorities that the poor old woman's body was to be disinterred ! More than a week had elapsed since the burial had taken place by night. The exhumation was to be performed in broad daylight.

Hundreds of people came to witness the scene. The body was conveyed to the cottage, where the people heard the words of eternal life, and the pastor and his friends distributed some hundreds of tracts. Several people accompanied the corpse as far as Lisieux, where it was met by many others.

The little chapel was crowded inside ; and outside, two or three hundred people who had heard of the extraordinary circumstances had gathered round the hearse, and afterwards accompanied the funeral procession to the cemetery. Thus hundreds of Roman Catholics on that day heard the glad sound, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

The colporteur's enemies had stolen and stealthily interred the body of a poor Christian woman, whom they insultingly buried like a criminal, and they themselves were forced to raise that body up again, that it might be borne to an honourable grave, followed by her son and many sympathising friends. Thus they were confounded, and Jean Bertre was comforted.



## TOO BIG A SINNER.

**P**oor Harry Graham! It was a sad story he had to tell to Mr. Pearson, the Scripture-reader who visited him in the hospital, where he was wearing out the poor remains of his wasted life.

His father and mother, he said, were as good people as ever lived, and they had done their duty by him. They had tried to lead him in right ways, and they had set him a good example; they had taken him with them to chapel regularly, and they had sent him to the Sunday-school, and he had no doubt at all that they had prayed for him very earnestly. He was little more than a lad, however, when he broke through all restraint and took his own way.

And he took his own way about as recklessly as any man ever took it. There were six hundred men in the shop in which he worked, and there was not a wilder fellow amongst them all. Even some of those who shared his vices were shocked at his wickedness, and especially those who knew to whom he belonged.

I have often noticed this, that when a man who has been brought up as Harry was once breaks loose from what is right and good, he goes very far astray indeed. I do not say it is always so; but it is so very often. It seems as though he does it to drown the voice of his accusing conscience; but he seldom succeeds. He may succeed for a time, indeed, but sooner or later conscience will be heard.

At length Harry did something so very wrong that he was obliged to get out of the way; and so telling nobody what he was going to do, he left Manchester—as it turned out, for ever. He got as far as Leeds, and then, in a fit of desperation, he enlisted in the army—enlisted, as is often done, under a false name.

Harry did not improve in the army; on the contrary, if that were possible, he got worse. The end of it all was that at the end of two years his health broke down completely. There were some military manœuvres, which lasted for three weeks, and the men had to camp out in tents; the weather came on wet and chilly, and Harry caught a severe cold which settled on his lungs. He might have got over it if his strength had not been sapped by his evil life; but consumption came on, and by-and-by even Harry himself gave up all hope that he would ever get better.

For a long time he would have nothing to say to Mr. Pearson, but Mr. Pearson persevered, leaving some books and tracts in his way. Having found the time hang very heavily, when nobody saw him he took some of them up and read them. Something he saw arrested his attention; and one day Mr. Pearson found him in great trouble. The whole course of his wicked life had risen up before him; and he was going to die, and to die in his sins.

Mr. Pearson listened to Harry's confessions with much pity, but with a great deal of thankfulness.

"Well, Harry," he said, "it is a sad story you have told me, as sad a story of the sort, I think, as I ever heard; but God is very merciful, and He is ready, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, to forgive you all your sins."

"You would hardly say that," replied Harry, "if you knew what a sinner I had been. I have not told you half the bad things I have done, and I could not tell you. I was the worst fellow in all the shop before I enlisted, and I have been the worst fellow in all the regiment since."

"Well, Harry," said Mr. Pearson, "we'll take for granted it is so; but even though you had been ten times as bad as you say, you would still not be beyond God's great mercy. Let me read to you what the Lord Jesus Christ Himself said about this."

So saying, he opened his Bible at the third chapter of the Gospel by John, and read:

"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Now just look at this, Harry," said Mr. Pearson. "God gave His only-begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to suffer and to die for us, and He gave Him that lost sinners might be saved. Mark again, that all we have to do to get this salvation is to believe in Him. It is not for our tears that He saves us, not for anything we can do, but just because, feeling deep sorrow for our sins, and resolving to forsake them, we believe in Him."

"Ah," said Harry, "that's just what I used to hear at the Sunday-school. I got that text off, and most of the chapter, to say to my teacher. He was a good kind man, and if I had only done as he wanted me, should not have been as I am to-day."

"I am glad you know it so well," said Mr. Pearson. "But now," he continued, "there is one word in it which comes twice over, which I want you to notice especially—'whosoever.' It means anybody—everybody; that is anybody who believes. So then, if you believe, it means you."

"That seems plain," said Harry; "but, somehow or other, it is hard to believe it for one's own self."

"Well," replied Mr. Pearson, "perhaps it may help you if I read some other passages of the same sort. The Lord Jesus also said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Then again, the apostle John says, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' You see, that it is not some sins only that it cleanses away, but all sin; so that however bad a man may have been, all his sins are blotted out as soon as he believes. Now cannot you believe all this, Harry? It is as true for you as it is for me or for anybody else."

It seemed as though new light broke in on the poor fellow's mind, and he said, "I will try to come to Him. I will ask Him to cleanse away all my sins."

"And don't fear, Harry," said Mr. Pearson, "He will forgive them every one, and He will forgive them just now."

"There is a hymn they used to sing at our chapel when I was a boy. It begins, 'Just as I am,' but I can't remember any more. Do you know it, sir?"

"I don't remember it all," replied Mr. Pearson, "but I remember two or three verses of it," and he repeated:—

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not,  
To cleanse my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe—  
O Lamb of God, I come."

"That is right," said Harry, "and I'll try to say it myself. But will you say it again?"

Mr. Pearson did so, and then having offered a short prayer, he took his leave. The next day when he called, Harry's bed was vacant. He had gone. Mr. Pearson was somewhat startled, but he had good hope that all was well.



### STEPS UP THE LADDER.

**M**y first step was a mother's prayer  
Whilst kneeling at her feet:  
She told me of God's loving care,  
In accents low and sweet.

Long years of gladness swiftly flew,  
Bright days and hours of mirth:  
In form and knowledge both I grew,  
But these were both of earth.

The flowers had half their lessons taught—  
I saw their lovely bloom:  
But had not learned, and had not sought,  
The teaching of their doom.

To me this earth was a bright heaven,  
Which ne'er should pass away;  
And summer and its flowers were given  
To beautify the day.

I thought not of the fading leaf,  
Why it should fall and die:  
I had no time for care or grief,  
Nor reason for a sigh.

So many years had passed beiore  
The second step I took,  
And then I learned, oh! more and more,  
The truth of that great Book

Which says, "As from the dust man came,  
To it shall he return,"  
And felt the truth, always the same,  
That man is doomed to mourn.

There came a pause, solemn and still,  
A silence in our home—  
An empty chair which none could fill—  
I knew that death had come.

And when by that sad stroke of death  
The truth again was preached,  
When he so loved, gave up his breath,  
Another step was reached.

At first I scarce could go or stand,  
So trembling were my feet,  
Until I felt a loving hand,  
And heard a voice so sweet—

"Come unto Me," it softly said,  
"All ye that labour come;  
To the bereaved ones I am Head,  
And to the wanderers, Home."

Since then, sometimes a still small voice  
Bids me go up yet higher;  
I gladly go, since 'tis His choice,  
To bring me to Him nigher.

Sometimes the Sabbath's sacred hour  
Helps me a step to gain;  
Sometimes a prayer, sometimes a flower,  
And oft the anthem's strain.

Both joy and grief have helped me on  
The ladder steep to ascend:  
But though in joy some steps I won,  
Grief was my better friend.

But oh! if at the last I fall  
Down from that ladder steep,  
Better I ne'er had climbed at all,  
Than not the height to keep.

Better if in my childhood's days,  
Sent from the realms of love,  
An angel, by that ladder's ways,  
Had borne me up above.

Not step by step, so hard attained;  
When reached, so hard to keep;  
But at one flight the heaven had gained,  
There never more to weep.

Oh, let me keep the end in view:  
Christ, the believer's Friend—  
For ever faithful, ever true,  
Will His assistance lend.



### THE BEDOUIN OF THE DESERT.

**T**HE Arab is a living evidence of the fulfilment of prophecy, for he has been in very truth "a wild man," his hand has been against every man, and every man's hand against his, and, though he has "dwelt in the presence of his brethren," Ishmael has been blessed, and made fruitful, and multiplied exceedingly, according to the promise made to Abraham, and he has become a great nation. Tradition has great weight with the Arab, and tradition asserts that the ancient Arabians derived their religion from Abraham and Ishmael, that the Kaaba, the sacred temple at Mecca, originally descended from heaven in answer to Adam's prayer after his fall, that it was then a tabernacle shut in by curtains of light, and an exact copy of the temple round which the angels went in paradise.

When Adam died, the legend goes on to say that Seth built a representation of the holy shrine, of stone and clay, on the same site that had been occupied by the miraculous edifice, this latter having disappeared at the death of him to whose prayers it was granted. Then came the deluge, and swept away the temple of Seth, which was rebuilt afterwards by Abraham and Ishmael, and it is to the successor of this patriarchal edifice (which is said still to occupy the exact situation of the heavenly tabernacle) that the Arab makes his pilgrimage, and to

which, wherever he may be, he turns his face when he prays.

As regards the performance of the prayers enjoined by the prophet, the Arab is somewhat remiss. His errors, however, are rather those of omission than of commission. As to food and drink, he obeys as strictly the injunction of his creed as did Jonadab, the son of Rechab, and his brethren the commands of their ancestor, and nothing would induce him to taste wine or spirits, or eat of forbidden food.

In other matters of conscience too, the poor ignorant Arab sets an example which may with advantage be followed by those who profess a purer creed. There is a trusting simplicity in his faith, an unselfish earnestness in his zeal, that puts to shame the carelessness of many a Christian. He does not search for excuses to enable him to evade the rules laid down by his religion, or to make his faith suit his desires.

The Arab is extremely superstitious, and while the unity of God is the very basis of his belief, he pays a kind of homage to other supernatural beings. He has also the most implicit trust in the virtue of charms and amulets, and almost invariably wears one or more about him. The Arabs who follow the caravans are poor and patient, and never seem to grow weary. They walk along lightly and cheerfully by their camels, in whose well-being most of their thoughts seem to be absorbed, for very often one single camel is all the worldly wealth possessed by the man who trudges at its side.

Their dress consists of a kind of shirt fastened round the waist with a leather girdle, ornamented with tassels, and of an *abbayah* of camel's hair and cotton, in broad perpendicular stripes of brown and white, thrown over their shoulders. This garment falls in heavy graceful folds, and gives an air of dignity to the meanest figure. The head-dress is a cotton cap that was white years ago, and over this is spread a thick bright-coloured kind of handkerchief, or more probably, a piece of cotton stuff that has seen better days, which is tied round the head with a rope of camel's hair, so that over the forehead, and at the side of the face, the stuff projects so as to shade the physiognomy from the burning sun. On the feet are rude sandals made of hide or the skin of fish, and, in some places, of plaited grass.

As for weapons, the Bedouin is generally armed with a long spear, or with a rude matchlock having a very long barrel, and he considers the latter arm to add greatly to his importance.

The short stick which our Arab carries in his turban has been perpetuated for nearly four thousand years, upon granite, and basalt, and marble, and is identical with that carried by almost every Arab in our days from the Euphrates to the Nile. Their sandals, too, have as high an antiquity; and there is every probability that when Joseph guided his wife and the infant Saviour of the world across the shorter desert separating Egypt from the land over which Herod tyrannised, that he met with many such wanderers, and may himself have carried such a stick, and worn such sandals.