

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

IN a recent issue of our MONTHLY we called the attention of our readers to the experience of the London (Eng.) School Board in the matter of Religious instruction in their elementary schools. This business is regulated in the London Schools by a Resolution passed by the Board, at the commencement of its labours in 1870, on the motion of Mr. H. Smith, M.P. for Westminster, that, "In the schools provided by the Board the Bible shall be read, and there shall be given such explanations and such instruction *therefrom* in the principles of religion and morality as are suited to the capabilities of the children."

Wishing to know more about this important and interesting experiment, (which, as a single *fact*, is worth a bushel of fine-spun theories,) we wrote to Francis Peek, Esq., London, a member of the School Board, who has invested \$25,000 for the purchase of Bibles to be presented annually as prizes for attainments in Biblical knowledge. In reply he sent us several official documents, accompanied with the following letter, which, as being on public business, we can here, without any breach of confidence, lay before our readers.

"It gives me great pleasure," writes Mr. Peek, "to comply with your request, and I think from the books sent per Book Post you will obtain the entire information that you require. I have only to add to it that while the proposition regarding the prizes met at first with the fiercest opposition from the secular

party, since the matter was carried at the Board there has never been a discussion or dispute—they have allowed the Syllabus to be adopted, and in fact two of the ablest now work so well with me that they are of the greatest assistance in promoting the thorough Biblical instruction of the children. This is the more remarkable as in England the opposition is intensified by the feeling on the part of the political dissenters that the maintenance of religious instruction in the Board schools is against the arguments they use for the disestablishment of the National Church.

Sincerely hoping that the religious feeling in Canada and America will secure a return to religious instruction in the National Schools.

I remain, yours very truly,

FRANCIS PEEK.

P.S.—I may also say that I met Goldwin Smith, so well known in America, and found that he was an advocate for the secular teaching only, but the placing in his hands the papers that you now have, I imagine must have convinced him; for I noticed in a public address given by him recently, he advocated religious instruction being given in this way.

In the documents, that came duly to hand, we find a large body of valuable information in regard to religious instruction in schools, in the shape of (1) arguments in behalf of the Bible in the public schools. (2) Statements and statistics showing the complete success of the system in London. (3) Reports of Inspectors on examination in Scripture Knowledge. (4) Syllabus of instruction in religious Knowledge extending over three years. (5) Examination papers, giving all the questions for 1877. (6) Specimens of the answers given by the children in the different grades.

Under these six heads we have beside us material of a most important kind that might fill several numbers of our Magazine; but being restricted to a few pages our references and quotations at present must be brief.

Well worthy indeed of our attention in Canada are one or two paragraphs in which we find laid down with clearness and completeness the essence of education in its truest and highest sense:—"Education, as the word itself indicates, should be the drawing out of latent powers; and in the application of this process due consideration must be had to the age and circumstances of those brought under instruction, so that we may not prematurely tax the strength or overload the mind with more than it can assimilate. We find then in the child three powers waiting for development, namely, those of

observation, memory, and reflection; with which through instruction in the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, the child may gradually reach such a knowledge of the world around it, and of the special secular work it may have to do in the world, as shall enable it to take its proper place in due time as a useful member of the community. If, however, education is to be a real blessing it must not stop here, but should be applied to the whole being; taking no less cognizance of the moral than of the mental part of the child's nature, namely, the will and the affections, upon the proper discipline and direction of which it will depend whether the powers placed in his hands shall be directed to the ennobling of his character, the benefit of his fellow creatures, and the honour of his Maker; or to that better gratification of that selfishness which in its exhibitions of pride, covetousness, envy, lust, and other vices, degrades the man, and makes him a source of danger and misery to his fellows. It is impossible at the present to urge too strongly upon public attention the importance of the issue that is being raised as to the future character of the education to be given in our Elementary Day Schools, the more so since there is far too much tendency to shirk such a question as this when it provokes contest, and to let things take their course,—which, when unguided, is generally downward. Moreover we have now an active and influential party who are straining every nerve to cast out the Bible from our schools, and introduce so-called purely secular education,—meaning thereby that the teaching shall be entirely, in the *literal* meaning of the word, 'atheistic;' that the teachers shall be mere machines for imparting the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, be forbidden to influence the children under their care in the paths of virtue by any higher motive than expediency; nor, however ignorant the children are that come under their influence, be allowed to say one word to enlighten them regarding the simplest truths of religion. It would seem at first sight that such a theory of education could only obtain acceptance in a heathen country; but the leaders of the secular party have of late boldly proclaimed their views, and have also

succeeded in carrying them into practice in the large town of Birmingham, where the Bible with every kind of religious teaching has been banished from the Board Schools."

One important advantage of cherishing in the community such a high and noble conception of the nature of education and the function of the educator, as we find in the above extract, would be to bring into the office of teaching men of strong religious convictions and high moral character. If Arnold of Rugby found himself narrowed down to teaching his boys Latin and Greek, and nothing more, he would surely have sought pastoral work, hardly finding the work of teaching congenial to his taste; and his pupils would have thus lost the Christian education which has been to them since, on their own avowal, of more value than all their classical accomplishments. In thorough harmony with this high conception of true education, we find Mr. Peek thus addressing the teachers of London, (present in the Crystal Palace on the distribution of 4,000 Bibles, as prizes for merit in religious knowledge,) in words well worthy the consideration of Canadian teachers:—"Yours is a noble calling, if you only rise to its high dignity; for upon the education of the young depends the character of the future generation, the welfare of our beloved country, and much besides. The present scene before me shows that you have not been unfaithful to your trust, for you have taught this Book without offence to any. One step more—show that your pupils are better and happier for your teaching, and the victory of religious education is gained. It is true that some say that you are not the right persons to be entrusted with the teaching of the Bible, that it should be left entirely to sectarian ministers. I know not whether this most insults you, who are declared unworthy to teach it, or God Himself, whose Word it declares useless unless accompanied by human influence. There are, as you know, many who would thus degrade your calling, and make you mere instructors in the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. This would indeed be degradation, to condemn you to spend your lives in the mere mechanical drudgery

of teaching young children the elementary arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic; to condemn you to see poor degraded children pass from under your influence, ignorant of Christian truth, and morally debased, while you, forsooth, are forbidden to give one crumb of the Bread of Life to these starving souls. But if you are faithful to your trust, and throw your whole hearts into this part of your work, and thus show that you value your vocation from far higher motives than pecuniary gain, a rich reward will indeed be yours, and this degradation will never be inflicted upon you."

It will no doubt be interesting for parents and children, teachers and scholars, among our readers, to read the questions for 1877 for the highest class. Appended to each question in figures is the value of the answer, amounting in the aggregate to 100.

STANDARD VI.

1. Write down the first six verses of the 19th Psalm, and the last six verses of the 46th Psalm. (10)
2. Write a short account of the life of Elijah. (10)
3. Describe in your own words the teaching of the Proverbs regarding *mercy and truth, trust in the Lord, and the reward of wisdom.* (15)
4. Illustrate the teaching of forgiveness by a parable, and by Christ's own example. (15)
5. What answer did Jesus make to the following question which was put to Him by a lawyer, one of the Sadducees:—"Master, which is the great commandment of the law?" (10)
6. Give a brief account of the First Journey of St. Paul. (15)
7. Describe the Ascension as given in the Acts. (10)
8. Write down some fact or facts recorded in the Bible of the following persons:—The Woman of Canaan, Peter, Pilate, Agrippa. (15)

But most interesting of all, in these interesting documents, are the summing of results by the Inspector T. M. Williams, B.A., and the specimens given of the answers of the children. Mr. Williams, who is not easily satisfied with an answer, asserts on the basis of figures, and general averages that "the results of the examination are satisfactory on the whole." He then goes on to give some instances and examples of the results. He says:—"One of the exam-

iners observes in a communication he has made to me, that he has been very much struck with the 'sound moral tone which pervades the whole of the answers.' I can fully endorse the remark. The good traits in the characters of Moses, Elijah, Elisha, David, etc., if mentioned at all, are invariably rightly distinguished; and the bad traits, on the other hand, are pointed out with equal correctness. This fact is prominently seen in the answers which have been given to the questions that relate to the teaching of Christ regarding rash judgment, forgiveness and humility, the teaching of the Proverbs regarding mercy and truth, and the questions that refer to Moses, David and the Pharisees. In many cases I have noticed that though the spelling is imperfect and the style obscure, the 'principles of morality and religion,' as the regulation of the Board in regard to Bible Instruction puts it, are correctly, though faintly may be, appreciated. Thus, one little scholar sums up his view of the teaching of the Proverbs regarding mercy in the following words:—"When a man is out of work and owes you any money you must not summons him." Another child puts his summary of the teaching of the Proverbs regarding trust in the Lord as follows:—"If there is a question put to you, and you cannot answer it, ask the Lord and He will tell it you." The idea, though a faint one and clothed in home-spun, is in its essentials a correct one I presume. A third child makes a somewhat serious mistake, though not an unnatural one perhaps, when he speaks of Christ as 'having enough power to heal all the Jews and some to spare for the Gentiles.'

"Peter, by the way, is rather severely handled by nearly all the Sixth Standard competitors that have attempted the question which relates to him. All the weak points in his character are brought into prominence and animadverted upon, in some cases, with great severity; while most of the good points are either very lightly touched upon, or ignored altogether. He is described as "passionate," "impulsive," "hot-headed," "forward," "hasty," "jealous," and "self-confident." He may deserve some, if not all of these appellations, but he equally deserves others of a more favourable purport.

Was he not courageous, and bold, and faithful, and honest, and sincere, and affectionate, and self-sacrificing?

"One of the Sixth Standard Scholars begins her account of the life of Elijah with something like a strain of poetry. She writes—

This wonder-working prophet is introduced to our notice without any mention of his father or mother, as if he had dropped out of the cloudy chariot, which, after his work was done on earth, conveyed him back to heaven.

"Another girl of the Sixth Standard, in writing about the same prophet, makes a show of erudition which brings her no discredit, and has certainly brought her no marks. The slight blunder she has made is just of that kind which an intelligent girl would be liable to make when led into a subject beyond her depth. She writes—

Elijah was compelled by God's direction to flee to brook Cherith, where it is supposed either ravens or Arabs fed him. There is rather an uncertainty as to the exact manner in which he was fed, as three letters in the Hebrew language, *r v n*, mean either raven or Arab; it was, however, by a miracle that he was sustained.

"Many of the Sixth Standard competitors have succeeded well with the question which asks them to describe in their own words the teaching of the Proverbs regarding *Mercy, Truth, Trust in the Lord* and the *Reward of Wisdom*. I append three specimen answers, two of which are culled from the papers of prize-takers; the third occurs in a paper which falls below the mark for a prize.

(a) "*The Reward of wisdom*" as expressed in the Proverbs is "length of days," "happiness," "unequalled riches" in the possession of it, "honour" and a "crown of glory." Solomon seems to imply that we can possess nothing better and more valuable, and it is our duty to avail ourselves of every opportunity of increasing it.

A. B., 14 years old.

(b) *Reward of wisdom*. Wisdom rewards us in many ways; we are happy if we find it. Her ways are pleasantness and her paths peace. If we keep and forsake her not she will love us, if we love her, she will keep us; if we exalt her she will promote us, and will bring us to honour if we embrace her. She will give to our heads an ornament of grace and a crown of glory. She is more precious than rubies, and more than fine gold. She is a tree of life to those who hold her; and happy is he that keepeth her. It shall be life to our soul, and grace to our neck. "Length of days she holds in her right hand, and in her left, riches and honour."

A. B., aged 12.

"*Lean not unto thine own understanding*." Solomon here represents understanding as a post or similar object, on which people may lean. God's understanding is supposed to be strong, while man's is weak. So if a man were to lean against a post broken, or insecurely fixed, it would fall. But God's post is strong. "God is in the midst of her, and she shall not be moved." A. B., aged 12.

"I subjoin a few specimens of the answers that were given to the fifth question in the set which was assigned to the Monitors, Candidates, and Pupil Teachers of the first year:—

(1.) (a) "Ye are the light of the world."—Christ was speaking to his Apostles or rather to his disciples, and he calls them the light of the world. I think he signifies by this phrase that the glorious gospel should emanate from them, and that the world was somewhat dependent on them for the light of the Gospel.

(b) "This was spoken by Christ to His Disciples, and it means to say, that just as a light shows a person the way, the road they are to follow, so the disciples were to be the bright light always shining to lead us onwards to everlasting life. No human audience, no false-shame may place this light under a bushel, which is destined to shine through word and work combined."

(2.) "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God."

"This does not mean that it is impossible for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, but that the riches and worldly goods which are possessed by a man, are as much an encumbrance to him as the lump of a camel is, when entering through a low gateway."

(3.) "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow." This means that we are not to burden ourselves with undue care and anxieties for the future, for God alone knows what is in store for us, and He who takes care of the lilies will also provide for us. Neither are we to lay decided plans for the future, for "we know not what a day may bring forth."

In the written examinations, of which the above are some specimens, 82,062 scholars took part in 1877, as compared with 42,000 in 1876. Out of 126,000 pupils in attendance in the Board Schools in 1876, only 126 absented themselves during the half-hour devoted to religious teaching: and out of the 200,149 in attendance in 1877 only fifty absented themselves during that half-hour. The parentage of London are not, it seems, afraid of the Bible; and of the *teachers*, a member of the London Board, says, "The overwhelming majority of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses would be greatly grieved if they were not allowed to give this instruction. They would feel that if they lost their Bible lesson, they would lose their greatest hold over the affections and minds of the children and the best means of widening and developing their faculties."

In the crisis that is now undoubtedly coming on the Christian Churches of Britain, ominous enough in its roshadowings, as Spurgeon tells us in another place, it is surely one encouraging fact

that the youth of London are being taught to know their Bibles. If the little seeds that lay for six centuries buried under twenty feet of soil in the Roman Coliseum, as we are told, have sprung to life, leaf and flower, as soon as exposed to the air and heat, in the recent excavations, then assuredly will not Bible knowledge lie always dormant in these young hearts. But on this point let us allow the Right Hon. W. E. Forster to speak in the words used while presenting prizes in the Crystal Palace in presence of 20,000 people, while 4,000 children waved above their heads their prize Bibles.

"It is a very touching thing to see so many children before me, and very tantalizing to know that it is beyond the power of human voice to reach you; but, perhaps, some of you may read the few words I shall now say. It is impossible to see you without wishing you well for the future, without thinking what may become of you in that future; but it is well for us here—I feel it is well for myself—that the imagination is too weak to foresee your future in all its varied circumstances, and with its multifold and mingled sorrows and joys. If it were in the power of any man for a moment to foresee that picture before him, what sympathy could endure the strain? What heart could bear to contemplate such a picture? But this I think I can foresee for every one of you, this I think I can make as a confident prophecy for the lives of each one of you boys and girls before me—that there will be no circumstances in any of your lives in which this Book given to you to-day will not help you, if you rightly use it; that there will be no temptation—and there will be many to assail you—that it will not tell you how to resist; that there will be no perplexity which it will not assist you to solve; that there will be no grief which it will not give you power to bear, and no pure pleasure which it will not enable you more fully to enjoy."

If there ever was a cry in the ear of Christendom, and especially on the Christendom of democratic countries, to look after the *foundations* of Society, that cry is now in our ears with a loudness that is startling. The workingmen are awakening to a consciousness of a new power in their trades-unions. Bidding for the votes of the common people,—here on the one hand is Popery and superstition; and there, on the other hand, is Communism and Scepticism. Whichever party gets the young will carry the day and rule the continent. And shall Christians stand idly by in this great controversy? God is placing before us, very articulately, as our heritage for the future, military despotism or Christian freedom. On the position we give to Christianity in the education of our young, under God, depends the settlement of our future.

Living Preachers.

[A few years ago Dr. Duff opened the Free Assembly, Edinburgh, in an address on the "*Crisis of the Christian Church*." In that address the aged missionary took a sad view of the immediate prospects of Christianity, though he did not doubt for a moment its ultimate triumph. Is it that Mr. Spurgeon's ill-health is depressing his heart, that he also, now, looks with a desponding eye on the prospects before the British churches as this century draws to its close? Or is it that these two far-seeing men, of almost prophetic vision, see only what is near and true when they tell us that on us and our children lies now the shadow of *perilous times*? It is our part to "*hope for the best, and prepare for the worst.*"—Ed. C.C.M.]

AN ADDRESS FOR SAD TIMES.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



AVID in his sixty-first psalm prays, "When my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I." It is a very wise and appropriate prayer. He is in great sorrow, and asks to rise above it; he has great faith, and therefore is sure that there is a safe refuge for him; and he is conscious of great weakness, for he does not speak of climbing the rock of safety by himself, but implores divine leading that he may come to it. His prayer will well befit the lips of men like ourselves who dwell where troubles rage and toss their waves on high.

By many forces the heart may be overwhelmed. A sense of guilt may do it. Carelessness and indifference are swept away when the Holy Ghost works conviction of sin upon the conscience, reveals the justice of God, and leads a man to see that he is in danger of the wrath to come: then heart and flesh fail, courage and hope depart, and the man is overwhelmed. Such a season is the fittest time for crying, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." If you can but find shelter in the rifts of the Rock of Ages what security will be yours! The rock of atoning sacrifice rises higher than your sin, and upon it the most guilty may stand far above the surging billows of vengeance. Led by the divine hand to cling to the great Redeemer and Substitute, the utterly shipwrecked soul is safely landed and may sing because of his escape.

Sometimes, however, believers in Jesus, though quite secure from divine wrath, are, nevertheless, overwhelmed with trouble. They should not be so, for if their faith acted as it ought no fear would fasten upon them: but through the infirmity of the flesh, and, partly, also through inbred sin, unbelief comes in like a flood and drenches and deluges the anxious heart. At times also the trials of life roll onward like enormous

Atlantic billows, and toss our poor barque till we reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man. The ship becomes waterlogged, and does not answer to the helm of reason; she drifts with the adverse current whithersoever it pleases to hurry her, and eternal shipwreck seems near at hand. It is good for a Christian then to cry, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I;" for though a rock is to be avoided in a natural storm, yet in our spiritual tempests there is a high rock which is to be sought unto as our shelter and haven. Truly that rock is higher than we are, and its very height is our comfort. God, the infinitely high and glorious, is not troubled nor dismayed, his purposes are far above and out of our sight, and they are also far beyond the operation of evil; hence by confidence in God we leave the storm beneath us and smile at the hurly-burly below.

To me, my brethren, the most overwhelming thoughts do not come to my heart from my own personal sin, for I know it is forgiven, nor from worldly trouble, for I am persuaded that all things work for my good; but I am deeply distressed by the present condition of the Church of God. Men who are called of God to take care of his flock are grievously bowed down when the signs of the times are dark and lowering. Moses carried the whole people of Israel in his bosom in the wilderness, and they were sometimes a heavy load to him; and thus each true minister bears the church upon his heart, and is often sorely burdened. At this moment I can sorrowfully cry with Jeremiah, "My bowels, my bowels! I am pained at my very heart. I cannot hold my peace."

It is overwhelming to my spirit to see the growing worldliness of the visible church. Many professed Christians—the Lord alone knows whether they are true believers or no—give us grave cause for apprehension. We see them tolerating practices which would not have been endured by their fathers: my blood chills when I think of how far some fashionable professors go astray. There are families in connection with our churches in which there is no household prayer; but much luxurious eating and drinking and extravagance. I have my suspicions that there are among professors a considerable number who attend the theatre, spend their evenings in card playing, read the most frivolous and foolish of books, and yet come to the Lord's table. If they differ from the world it is hard to see how or where. Neither in their dress, nor in their speech, nor in their mode of trading, nor in their habits at home are they at all superior to the unconverted. Is not this an evil under the sun? When the church descends to the world's level her power is gone. Yet

we cannot root up these suspected tares; we are even forbidden to do so lest we root up the wheat with them. If false professors were more open in their conduct we should know them, but their evil is secret, and therefore we are obliged to let them grow together with the wheat: yet sometimes the sorrowful husbandman goes to the great owner of the farm and cries, "Didst thou not sow good seed in thy ground? From whence, then, hath it tares?" The answer is that "an enemy hath done this," and we are overwhelmed in spirit because we fear that our sleeping gave the enemy the opportunity.

I look again and see *numbers of professors apostatizing altogether*. In this great London persons who were members of churches in the country fall into the habits of their neighbours, and absent themselves altogether from the means of grace, or treat the worship of God on the Lord's-day as if it were optional, and when they attend to it they go tripping from one place of worship to another, and forget the duties of Christian fellowship. Many others are content to hear noted preachers, not because they preach the gospel but because they are reputed to be "clever men." Once men were esteemed for soundness, unction, and experience; but now men crave for popularity and cleverness. Some who call themselves Christians make fine music their grand requisite. If they need that gratification why do they not content themselves with a week day concert in the proper place for such displays? God's house was never meant to be made a hall where tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum may vie with each other in pleasing man's ears. Not a few choose their Sunday resort because the "Church" is an imposing structure, and the congregation is composed of "very respectable people." If they seek society, let them go where the *elite* may fitly gather, and keep themselves select; but in the worship of God "the rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all." It is an ill sign when God's poor saints are despised; but so it is in this day. If tradesmen save a little money they grow too great for the assembly in which they were once at home and must needs make part of a more fashionable congregation. These things also cause my spirit to be overwhelmed, not because in one single instance it has happened to members of my own church, but because the fact is open to the view of all and is the subject of general remark.

Equally grievous to the heart is it to see *the spread of superstition*. You can hardly go down a street but you will find some popish joss-house, called an Episcopal church, where self-styled priests entice silly women to the confessional, and amuse them with masses and processions. Vile

impostors! Clergy of an avowedly Protestant church, and supported by this nation, they are yet ravenous to eat out the very vitals of Protestantism. Fools enough are found to believe in these priests, and bow before their crucifixes, and their stations of the cross and the like rubbish, and the abomination evidently spreads like the leaven among the meal as described by our blessed Lord. Heaven alone knows where this England of ours is going, and he who loves his country feels his spirit overwhelmed within him.

Nor do I think this to be the worst sign of the times. All around us there is growing up in tangled masses *the ill-weed of "modern thought,"* which is nothing better than an infidelity too cowardly to wear its proper name. There are preachers in Christian pulpits who deny the authenticity of various books of the Bible, and reject plenary inspiration altogether. There is not a doctrine of the gospel which is not denied by some "thinker" or other, and even the existence of a personal God is by the more advanced regarded as a moot point; and yet the churches bear with them, and allow them to pollute the pulpits once occupied by godly preachers of Christ. After having denied the faith, and plunged their daggers into the heart of vital doctrines as best they can, they still claim to be ministers of the gospel, and ask to be received into union on the ground of some peculiar inward virtue which exists in them apart from all doctrinal belief. Men who might justly be prosecuted for obtaining property under false pretences by violating the trust-deeds of our churches may well wish to abolish creeds and articles of faith, because they are perpetual witnesses against their knavery. I would not care what became of the pelf if the churches were saved from error. I see this leaven of unbelief working in all directions, and many are tainted with it, in one point or another; it eateth like a cancer into the very soul of the churches. God deliver us from it! It is hard to know what to do, for no one wishes to suspect his fellow, and yet a pest seems to be in the very air, so that it penetrates into the best guarded chambers. We hear of this man and then of another broaching strange notions, and those who were thought to be pillars suddenly become rolling stones. Who next? And what next? In the midst of this confusion our heart is apt to be overwhelmed within us. Is there not a cause? It is not our household, it is not our estate, it is not our bodily health which is in danger, or we would bow in silence and bear it; but it is the household of God, it is the estate and kingdom of Christ, it is the church of God on earth, which is thus suffering; and well may those who love the Lord and His Christ and His

truth tremble for the ark and feel a holy jealousy burning within them. At such a time the prayer of David is priceless, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Let us see how this petition meets the case.

First, let us remember that *God lives*. Glorious thought! The Lord sitteth upon the floods, yea, the Lord sitteth King forever. The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice. Still he effects his purposes and accomplishes his will. It would be very childish if we were afraid for the moon because dogs bay at her when she walks in her splendour; it would be very absurd to fear for the eternal mountains because the winds blow upon their granite peaks, and it would be equally idle to tremble for the truth of God. The stable things will stand, and those which cannot stand are better gone. God liveth, and everything that is of God liveth in his life. On this rock let us rest.

"Error must die, and they who love her most,
And suck the poison from her venom'd lips,
Will find her vaunted strength an empty boast,
And share the horrors of her last eclipse.

"But truth is strong, and worthy of our trust,
And truth shall stand when time no more shall be,
And man is levelled to his native dust,
For God is truth to all eternity."

Next, let us remember that *God's truth is still the same*. It does not matter whether fifty thousand espouse its cause, or only five, or only one. Truth does not reign by the ballot box, or by the counting of heads: it abideth forever. All the tongues of men and angels cannot make truth more true; and all the howlings of devils and doubters cannot transform it into a lie. Glory be to God for this! Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The eternal verity hath its deniers in derision, for they are as the chaff which the wind driveth away. "Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"

Another rock may also afford us shelter, namely, the high doctrine that *the Lord will save his own*. The much despised truth of election stands us in good stead in troublous times. We sigh and cry because so many worship the deity of the hour, but the Lord answereth, "Yet have I reserved unto myself seven thousand men who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Even so then at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace." The words of the apostle are true at this moment,— "The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded, according as it is written, God hath given them the spirit of slumber,

eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear, unto this day." I bow before the awful sovereignty of God, and the clamour of the people comes not into mine ears. Jehovah's purpose shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. No drop of the redeeming blood shall be spent in vain, no line of the everlasting covenant shall be erased, no decree of the Eternal shall be disannulled. This angers the adversary, but in its divine truth we find our consolation while the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing.

A rock that is higher than I may be useful, not only for shelter but for elevation. If you stand upon high ground, though you may be a dwarf, you can see farther than the tallest man who remains below; and now, standing upon the high rock of God's word, what do we see? Look! Clear your eyes of doubt and mist, and look! Forget the present for a while and gaze through the telescope of faith. What do we see? Systems of error broken in pieces, superstitions given to the moles and to the bats, the clouds vanishing, the darkness of night disappearing, and the beasts going back to their dens, for the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing beneath his wings. A day of the triumph of the truth must dawn. If it do not come before the advent of our Lord it shall come *then*, to the confusion of his adversaries and to the delight of his saints, and there shall be "new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." If this old earth will still reject the truth, and the old heavens still look down on a reign of error, they shall be utterly consumed with fire, and on this very earth on which we stand, renewed and purified, there shall be placed a throne as glorious and terrible as the cross of Christ was ignominious and shameful. The blood of Jesus has fallen on this world and guaranteed its redemption from the curse, and one day, when he has delivered the subject creation, our Lord will dwell here, and reign amongst his ancients gloriously. We can afford to wait, for eternity is on our side. We can afford to see the ranks of the Lord's army pushed back a while, we can afford to see the standard fluttered by the rough winds, we can afford to hear the "Aha! Aha!" of the Philistines, for when the Prince cometh they shall know his name and the power of his might. If they will not yield to him now and kiss his sceptre silvered with love, they shall bow before him when they see the naked iron of his rod breaking them in pieces like potters' vessels. Oh to be on God's side! The whole matter lies there. If a man knows that his heart and soul are given to the cause of God and truth, he is entrenched within an impregnable fortress, and he shall find in the eternal

verities munitions of stupendous rock. He shall be steadfast "though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

What then are we to do? We are to give all diligence to make our calling and election sure. See to that, for, though some denounce such holy care as selfishness, our Lord and Master knows best, and he charged his servants not so much to rejoice in their power over devils as in the fact that their names were written in heaven. Watch over your own spirit, and cast not away your confidence. Then zealously in dependence upon God do the little you can do; do it well, and keep on doing it. You and I are not called upon to regulate the world, nor to stay the raging sea of human sin. Let us not attempt to wield the divine sceptre; it befits us not. Naturally you would like to set all people right, and make all preachers orthodox. But, my brother, the task is beyond you. Be careful to be right yourself in your own life, and be resolute to bear your complete, honest, obedient testimony to all the truth you know; and there leave the business, for you are not responsible beyond your possibilities. No one of us is much more than an emmet on its little hill. Now, if you tiny ant were to indulge in serious reflections upon the state of London and forget to assist in the labours of the insect commonwealth, it would be a foolish creature; but if it will let those great matters alone and go on doing its ant-work, as an ant, it will fill its little sphere, and answer the purpose of its Maker. A mother teaching her little ones, and doing all she can to bring them up in the fear of God; a humble village pastor with his score or two of people around him; a teacher with her dozen children; a quiet Christian woman in her domestic circle bearing her quiet godly testimony; a young man speaking for Jesus to other young men;—there is nothing very ambitious about the sphere of any of these, but they are wise in the sight of the Lord. Leave the reins of the universe in the hand of the Maker of the universe, and then do what he has given you to do in his fear and by his Spirit, and more will come of it than you dare to hope. We are like coral insects building each one his minute portion of a structure far down in the deeps of obscurity. We cannot as yet war with those vaunted ironclads which sweep the ocean and hurl destruction upon cities, and yet—who knows?—we may build and build until we pile up a reef upon which the proudest navies may be wrecked. By the steady, simple, honest, Christian upbuilding of holiness and truth—de-

fying no one, attacking no one—we may nevertheless create a situation which will be eminently perilous to the boastful craft of falsehood and scepticism. A holy, earnest gospel church is a grand wrecker of superstition and of infidelity. The life of God in man, patience in suffering, perseverance in well-doing, faithfulness to truth, prayer in the Holy Ghost, supreme zeal for the divine glory, and unstaggering faith in the unseen God—these are our battle-axe and weapons of war, and by the aid of the Holy Ghost we shall win the battle ere the day comes to its close. Till then, O Lord, when our heart is overwhelmed, lead us to the rock which is higher than we are.

Poetry.

THE LIFE OF LOVE.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching, wise;
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes.
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thought to know.
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate.
And a work of holy love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So, I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none who ask denied;

And a mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at Thy side.
 Content to fill a little space,
 If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
 In the cup of blessing be ;
 I would have my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to Thee.
 And careful less to serve Thee much
 Than to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path
 That call for patient care ;
 There is a cross in every lot,
 And an earnest need for prayer.
 But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
 Is happy anywhere.

In the service which Thy will appoints,
 There are no bonds for me ;
 For my inmost heart is taught the Truth
 That makes Thy children free.
 And a life of self-renouncing love,
 Is a life of liberty.

—*Anna Letitia Waring.*

A REAL INCIDENT.

Two brothers left their cottage home
 On a bright April morn ;
 The lark was singing in the sky,
 The linnnet on the thorn ;
 Their mother watched them as they sped
 So gaily up the hill,
 No thought of fear was on her heart,
 No shade of coming ill.

But evening came—and *they* came not,—
 Then a long stormy night
 Of agonizing fears wore on ;
 And with the morning light
 An eager, sympathizing band
 Took in a boat their way,
 Round the dark rocks which circled in
 A small sequestered bay.

The dark red precipices rose
 Sheer from the deep below,
 With caverns hollowed by the waves
 Of ages long ago.

'Twas a wild spot—a giddy height
To look at from beneath,
And from above one thoughtless step
Were sure a fearful death.

A narrow space of stones and sand
The low tides had left bare—
There was a brief and anxious search—
They found the lost ones *there!*
Clasped in each other's arms they lay
All lifeless, pale, and cold,—
Oh what a tale of agony
Did the first glance unfold!

With one the mortal strife had pass'd,
All aid for him was vain;
But one still breathed—he lived to see
His mother's face again.
And ere his spirit passed away,
They asked him, "Was it not
An awful night of pain and *fear*
You spent on that lone spot,

With the wild precipice above,
And *death* so close beside?"
But with a placid look and smile,
The dying boy replied,—
"Our grandmother was with us *there*;
She staid the whole night long,
And through the noise of winds and waves,
I always heard her song.

The old low song she used to sing
So often, long ago,
When we were young,—before she died,
And went to heaven, you know.
And when I knew that *she* was near,
I could not feel afraid."
'Twas a strange answer!—Who shall tell
The meaning it conveyed?

Was it some idle fantasy
Of the boy's fevered brain,
That cheered him through those dreary hours
Of mortal fear and pain,—
Some passing sounds by fancy borne
On the cold midnight air?
Or *did* the kindred spirit come,
And keep love's vigil there?

Answer us, spirits of the blest,
From your bright homes on high!
Tell us, if still on this poor earth
Ye look with pitying eye,—

If the departed still may come,
 In hours of want and woe,
 As "ministering spirits" sent
 To those they loved below.

Vain questions of the weary soul!
 But we know who has said,
 "Let not your hearts, who trust in Me,
 Be troubled or afraid,
 For I am with you evermore,
 According to my word."
 Let this suffice for faith and hope;
 So be it, gracious Lord!

Christian Thought.

WAS DEUTERONOMY WRITTEN BY MOSES?

LET us suppose that two or three thousand years hence the question were started, by the descendants of that New Zealander, seated by Macaulay on London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul, "Whether the popular history bearing Macaulay's name were really written by that distinguished historian?" we can believe from what is going on in our own day, that the *higher criticism* of the New Zealand *literati* might, with tolerable satisfaction to themselves, make out that Macaulay's history could not have been written by him, nor earlier than the year 2878, or thereabouts. It is something like that we are now called on to witness, in the attempts of German scholars to show that the Book of Deuteronomy was not written in the time of Moses, nor by Moses. A good reply to such criticism, based on common sense and common facts, is made by Professor Gregg, of Toronto, in a lecture delivered at the close of Knox College in April.

In behalf of the Mosaic authorship of the book in dispute, Professor Gregg calls into court three witnesses. (1.) The book itself whose testimony is admissible in such a case as this; (2) The other books of the Old Testament, and (3) The books of the New Testament.

Here, we can make room only for the testimony of the third witness,—the New Testament,—which testimony alone must settle the question in the minds of those who admit the Inspiration of the New Testament, and the Divinity of our Lord.

"Let me next ask your attention to the testimony on this subject which is found in the New Testament Scriptures. It is important to notice that as recorded in the Gospels, three quotations which our Lord makes from the Old Testament Scriptures, in his conflict with Satan are taken from the book's attributed to Moses, and that two of them are found only in the Book of Deuteronomy, the Divine authority of which is thus sanctioned by the Great Teacher himself. But there is a conversation recorded in the twelfth chapter of Mark which should, I think, of itself settle the whole controversy, so far as believers in the truth of Scripture are concerned. We read in that chapter that the Sadducees, who said that there was no resurrection, said to our Lord, 'Master, Moses wrote unto us, if a man's brother die and leave his wife behind him, and leave no children, that his brother should take his wife and raise up seed unto his brother.' In connection with this law, written, as they said, by Moses, they asked what they considered a puzzling question respecting the resurrection. Now the law they quoted as written by Moses, is found only in the Book of Deuteronomy. Did our Lord correct them if they were wrong in supposing that the law was written by Moses? He did indeed correct them for an unwarrantable inference from the law in Deuteronomy; but so far from finding fault with them for alleging that the law was written by that Moses to whom God spake in the wilderness, he identifies the writer with that Moses. 'Have ye not read,' said he, 'in the Book of Moses, how in the bush God spake unto him saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. He is not the God of the dead but the God of the living. Ye, therefore, do greatly err.' He thus virtually taught them that the very Moses whose words, written in Deuteronomy, they quoted as hardly reconcilable with the doctrine of the resurrection was the very same Moses to whom that doctrine was implicitly revealed by God, speaking to him from the burning bush. But this is not all. We are further informed that the Scribe who heard our Lord's conversation with the Sadducees, and who was well pleased with his replies to these sceptics, asked Him "Which is the first commandment of the law?" and that our Lord replied in these words—"The first of all the commandments is, hear O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." Now the law, thus quoted by Christ is found in the Book of Deuteronomy, and nowhere else in the Old Testament Scriptures. To our Lord's answer the Scribe made no objection, but on the contrary, he approved it, as he did what our Lord had said to the Sadducees, and thus virtually professed to believe that the law in Deuteronomy was of Divine authority, and that it was written by Moses. If he had had doubts on the latter point, he would not have been pleased with our Lord's reply to the Sadducees; if he had had doubts on the former point he would not have been satisfied with the answer given to himself. The Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy was plainly held by Scribe and Sadducee, as well as taught by our Lord himself. How can all this be explained consistently with modern theories? It may indeed be alleged that the Sadducees and Scribes of our Lord's day did not enjoy the advantages of modern critical scholarship, and that they were simply mistaken, as all Jews and Christians were till the times of Spinoza. But what explanation can be given of the teaching of Christ? Let us hear one attempt at explanation. "It should be observed (says Dr. Davidson, in a passage quoted, with approbation, by Bishop Colenso) that historical and critical questions could not belong to the sphere of His (Christ's) human culture—a culture stamped with the characteristics of His age and country. The development of Jesus is distinctly recognized in the New Testament, and is not incompatible with his Divine nature (Luke ii. 52). Considering, therefore, the human limitations to

which the Son of God was subjected on earth, we are not irreverent in supposing that He shared the common views of the Jews in His day in regard to points ethically or doctrinally unimportant.* In other words, Christ, as well as the Scribes and Sadducees and the people generally, even after He entered upon His public ministry, and although the Holy Spirit was given to him without measure, was mistaken in regard to some points which modern critics understand, but which they consider unimportant. Such are the desperate shifts to which modern critics are driven by the exigencies of their position."

Christian Life.

DR. DUFF, OR THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

(CONCLUDED.)

WHEN in 1843 the Church of Scotland, through the blundering of English politicians, but by the will of God and for his glory, was sundered in twain, all the foreign missionaries adhered to the Free Church, which had to begin its great work with only \$1,600 in the treasury. In faith in Him who has said "the silver and the gold are mine," the church assumed the responsibility, and the means for carrying on His missions have never yet failed.*

On the death of Dr. Chalmers in 1847, Dr. Duff was offered the theological chair thus made vacant in the New College. The flattering honour he refused to the joy of the friends of India, but he agreed again to visit his native land in behalf of Indian missions. Before leaving India he spent several months of 1849 in visiting the leading Indian stations, passing a week with the late Sir Henry Lawrence at Lahore. On his first Sabbath in Edinburgh he preached, without any public intimation, in the pulpit of his friend Dr. Tweedie.†

* The revenue of the foreign mission fund from the disruption to 1877, stands thus. For 1844, \$32,000; 1845, \$36,000; 1846, \$36,000; 1847, \$36,000; 1848, \$50,000; 1877 \$255,000.

† Being then a member of Mr. Tweedie's congregation, I was privileged to be present, and heard the sermon, which was from the text, Romans xii. 2. "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." The sermon which was written, was closely read, and it contained no reference to missions. It was such a sermon as one could hear from a hundred preachers, with this difference, that the preacher placed a high ideal before the Christian, and that he condemned in strong language the tendency of Christians to forsake their high and healthy ground for the unhealthy lowlands of worldly conformity. Mrs. Duff sat in a front seat, a picture of solid robust health, and quiet easy temperament, in marked contrast to her husband's attenuated form, hollow cheeks, and nervous excitability. Their son, (also Alexander if I mistake not), a fellow-student in some of my classes, who became a medical practitioner in India, strongly resembled his mother.

The Free Church Assembly of 1850 was truly and memorably a missionary Assembly. It was held in the outskirts of the new town of Edinburgh, in the famed Canonmills Hall, an old warehouse fitted with platform and seats, but admirably well fitted for great crowds, with good acoustic properties and consecrated by prayers and praise, and words and deeds of holy and historic memories. Through the long vista of twenty-eight years I see even now in the beautiful summer evening of an Edinburgh May, the crowd streaming to the doors of the squat ugly structure which however was glorious within by the evening sun and the presence of God. Around the Moderator's chair cluster leading citizens of Edinburgh, with their wives and daughters. Within the space allotted to members, are gathering the heroes of the Disruption—Candlish, small in stature; Cunningham, beside him giant-like; Buchanan, courtier-like in his grace; Duncan, with his abstracted air. Among the common people we see the brawny shoulders of Hugh Miller, covered with his highland plaid, atop of which rises the massive brow with its shaggy covering. In the section allotted to students, are young men who have risen to influence since, and are now occupying the places and doing the work of the heroes that have gone home;—Bruce and McGregor, now in chairs of theology; Veitch in a chair of philosophy; Dykes, Davidson, and Carlyle, in London pulpits; Andrew Cameron, long in the editor's chair of the "Christian Treasury" and the "Family Treasury," driven by consumption to a southern clime, where he died a few months ago.

Before that memorable Assembly pleading the cause of missions, appeared Rajahgopal, a native preacher, the first fruit of the mission school, of slim build, dark of countenance, but an humble Christian and a true orator. There stood also his teacher and father in Christ, Dr. Anderson of Madras, with his uncouth action and strong Scotch accent, and Mr. Nesbit of Bombay. But the chief interest centered in Dr. Duff. As he stood to speak one would judge him more than forty-four years, for his cheeks were sunken and his attitude stooping. His voice was sweet rather than strong. His speeches were full of information about India, but their marked characteristic was enthusiasm. No man in our day came nearer the great Master in this feature, that the zeal of God's house was eating him up. The gospel for India was his one idea. The public applauded his speeches: but he came not for applause but for sympathy, for money and for men, for his beloved India. Alas! Dr. Duff was till his dying day ahead of his church and nation on almost all practical questions. The apathy of the Scotch people who could not,

shut up in their little island, understand India and its vast territory, and pressing necessity, and who would not see things as he saw them, sadly discouraged him,—came near, indeed, to breaking his heart.

In 1854 Dr. Duff visited Canada and the United States, where he found a cordial reception. Thousands crowded to hear him, one of his meetings in Washington being attended by the President and numerous members of the legislature. Christians of various denominations united in presenting him with \$25,000 for mission premises in Calcutta. The University of New York conferred on him the degree of LL.D. Again it was my privilege to hear him frequently address the Free General Assembly in Edinburgh, on his return from America, of which Assembly he was elected Moderator.

After a brief season of quiet on the Mediterranean and in Palestine, he again set his face towards India, which pressed constantly on his heart as a charge committed to him by God.

On the eve of his departure, a public meeting was held in the Free High Church Edinburgh, to hear his parting address and to bid him farewell. The conclusion of his speech—a farewell to Scotland, and a welcome to India—uttered in his winning way, and in the minor pathetic key so characteristic of his eloquence, drew tears from almost every eye in the great throng that listened to him.

The early spring of 1856 saw him again on the "banks of the Ganges," as he was wont to say, having journeyed without any perils by water, this time, though, while travelling by land from Bombay to Calcutta, his cart, himself, and oxen rolled over a small precipice, inflicting on him severe injuries. We could wish here to give our readers extracts from his correspondence after his return to India, but we content ourselves with only one short specimen, written as it were over the very mouth of a slumbering volcano.

"My own firm persuasion is, that whether we, the weary, toiling pioneers, ploughers, and sowers, shall be privileged to reap or not, the reaping of a great harvest will yet be realized. Perhaps when the bones of those who are now sowing in tears shall be rotting in the dust, something like justice may be done to their principles and motives, their faith and perseverance, by those who shall then be reaping with joy, and gathering in the great world-harvest of redeemed souls. In the face of myriads daily perishing, and in the face of myriads instantaneously saved, under the mighty outpourings of the Spirit of grace, I feel no disposition to enter into argument, discussion, or controversy with any one. Still my impulses and tendencies are to labour on amid sunshine and storm, to leave all to God, to pray without ceasing that the Spirit may be poured out on Scotland, England, India, and all lands, in the full assurance that such outpourings would soon settle all controversies, put an end to all theorizings about

modes and methods, and other immaterial details, and give us all so much to do with alarmed, convicted, and converted souls, as to leave no head, no heart, no spirit, no life for anything else. Yes; I do devoutly declare that a great, wide-spread, universal revival would be the instantaneous and all-satisfying solution of all our difficulties at home and abroad! Oh, then, for such a revival! How long, Lord, how long? When wilt Thou rend thy heavens and come down? When will the stream descend? These, and such like, are our daily aspirations. We are like the hart, thirsting, panting, braying for the water-brooks. We feel intensely that it is not argument, or discussion, or controversy, that will ever win or convert a single soul to God: that it is the Spirit's grace which alone can effectuate this; and it is, in answer to believing, persevering, importunate prayer, that the Spirit usually descends with his awakening, convicting, and converting influences. Our weapon, therefore, is more than ever the Word of God, and the arm that wields it—prayer."

The rebellion which all of a sudden burst forth in fierce fury at Meerut and Delhi in 1857, threatened for a time to terminate British power in India. In the heart of the native city, in Calcutta, Dr. Duff remained unmolested at his post, carrying on evangelistic work, and penning letters (*"The Indian Rebellion: its Causes and Results,"*) which helped to dissipate the false security that prevailed in Britain as to the extent of the danger, and the changes it demanded.

In 1863 under medical advice, the veteran soldier retired from the field of conflict under the fierce sun of India, to work for Jesus in his native land. As Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee, which office he assumed, he was entitled to a salary of \$2,000, but this he generously handed over to India. As Professor of Evangelistic Theology, he was entitled to the interest arising from an endowment of \$50,000 raised for that chair, but that also he gave for India, relying for his own support on the interest of the *"Duff Memorial Fund,"* raised by friends in Bengal, and even this fund now, at his suggestion, belongs to disabled foreign missionaries and the widows and orphans of Missionaries.

While occupying the Moderator's chair in 1879, he opened the Assembly with an address of great fervor on the *"Crisis of the Christian Church,"* in which he took a view of the prospects of Christianity similar to the view Paul had of its prospects, as he waited execution, in a Roman prison. Portions of that address, given in the first volume of the CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, our readers will now read with interest, when the lips that uttered them are sealed in death; and it cannot but fill pious hearts with anxiety to find in the March number of *"The Sword and the Trowel,"* a similarly sorrowful view taken by Spurgeon in his *"Address for Sad Times,"* of the position and prospects of Christianity in Britain.

As the half century of his public work for Christ was drawing near its close, the Master sent to call him home. For five weeks he was laid aside from work, but not from interest and prayer and effort in behalf of the cause that lay near his heart. With some of his old energy and fire he would express himself on the burning questions of the day, and showed unabated interest in the war then going on in the east, in India, and in politics. For an hour daily he dictated instructions for his son, a doctor in India (our fellow student in the New College, Edinburgh, in 1851-2), who had arrived in England in January, but on Sabbath the third of February he fell into a state of unconsciousness, from which he awoke only at intervals, to recognize members of his family. It is hardly necessary to mention that his hope in Christ was steadfast unto the end, and that he met death, which took place on the fifth of February, with confidence. His body reposes, awaiting the resurrection of the just, in the Grange Cemetery near Edinburgh, where lie the remains of Dr. Chalmers, Hugh Miller, and other "worthies" of Disruption times, in Christian work "companions in arms and rivals in renown." "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labour: and their works do follow them."

DR. ANDREW CAMERON: OR THE CHRISTIAN EDITOR.

"WE have many members in one body and all members have not the same office." That statement of Paul's occurs to us, as we, this month, place side by side in our department of Christian Life, Dr. Alexander Duff, and Dr. Andrew Cameron. Different, widely in birth, education, temperament, work, life, death, yet they agreed in being of one body, animated with the same spirit, and they agree, now, in dwelling in the same celestial home.

The following sketch, by a living friend of Mr. Cameron, we take from the *Family Treasury*, a periodical which he made, and which he left to another editor when failing health forced him to take to an Australian climate.

There are very many readers of the *Family Treasury* for whom this intimation will have a mournful interest. Dr. Cameron was one of the originators of the Magazine, and its first Editor. He has been taken away at a comparatively early age; but very few men indeed have lived

to better purpose, or have left their mark more distinctly on the generation to which they belonged.

He was born in Edinburgh in 1822, and entered the High School of that city at the age of ten. Though so young, he took, on finishing the curriculum, the highest honours in classics, and entered the University with a reputation already made. There, too, he held a prominent position; but by the time he had completed his Arts course, the swell of the movement which issued in the Disruption of the Church of Scotland had begun to be felt, and he was induced to take part in the agitation of the day in a connection which had much to do with the determination of his future career. He became a reporter on the staff of the *Witness* newspaper, and in this way a friend and associate of the famous HUGH MILLER. From that date, literature became his vocation. By-and-by, indeed, he was ordained a minister of the Free Church of Scotland; and was settled successively in three charges—at Maryton, near Montrose; and at Melbourne and St. Kilda, in Australia. And as a minister of the gospel he attained a high degree of eminence, for he was an admirable preacher and debater; and these qualities always achieved for him, wherever he went, a position of recognized influence among his brethren.

But the Press was the agency which it came to him to use most naturally; and if his name has not been thought worthy of mention in such a paper as, for example, the *Athenaeum*, the oversight is to be ascribed to the curious and significant, but somewhat ominous circumstance, that a literary man's labours are, in certain circles, but little accounted of if the ultimate aim of them has been the promotion of religion. If Dr. Andrew Cameron had organized half a dozen successful journals for the elucidation of the text of Chaucer, or for the pure and simple entertainment of the people of England or of Australia, his name would have been enshrined, at least, in a flattering leader. But when all that can be said of him is, that he did more in his day than any other man now living for the promotion of a kind of literature which has the same high ends in view as the Christian Church, then it seems quietly assumed that he wasted his time, or that his talents, because so directed, must have been of an inferior order.

It could scarcely be said that before 1845 the good people of Scotland were without the means of fresh and interesting periodical reading for the Sabbath; for previously to that the *Scottish Christian Herald* had for long been pursuing its quiet course of usefulness. But the awakened state of the country seemed to justify the attempt to provide something

additional and higher; and *The Christian Treasury*, with Andrew Cameron for editor, was announced for publication. Its success was immediate and great; and for some thirteen or fourteen years it held on its way alone. In 1859, however, Mr. Cameron devoted himself to a new enterprise—that of founding, in conjunction with the Messrs. Nelson, *The Family Treasury*, which he continued to conduct till the date of his removal to Australia. Both of these journals still exist to speak for themselves. "*The Christian Treasury*," says Dr. Blaikie, who knew the late editor well, "was his first original literary enterprise; and in its evangelical earnestness, its directness and simplicity, and happy combination of original and selected matter, it bore the impress of his practical and earnest character. In *The Family Treasury* he sought the same great objects in combination with a higher literary tone and a wider range of thought; and had he done no other service than draw out such gifts as those of the author of the 'Schomberg Cotta Family,' he would have greatly enriched the Christian literature of the country."

His work in connection with these two magazines brought him into intimate contact with the religious literature of America. Through him the names of Hodge, Alexander, Murray, Nevins, Cuyler, and others, were made familiar to many in this country as household words. And his own appreciation of the writings of these men led to his proposing another literary venture which has also met with a very considerable measure of acceptance. This was the foundation of a quarterly review; in which the maturer thoughts might appear of earnest men on both sides of the Atlantic. The fruit of this suggestion also still remains in the shape of the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, which was edited in the first instance by Mr. Cameron himself, and which, since his retirement, has been under the direction of several distinguished men—among others, of the late Principal Cunningham and Dr. Thomas M'Crie.

Mr. Cameron's efforts to promote a pure literature were now so well known, that he was at once and naturally looked to by all who had any like object in view. Hence, when the Religious Book and Tract Society of Scotland was established, he was invited to act as its secretary; and when the Stirling Tract Enterprise began to assume dimensions requiring the oversight of one less occupied otherwise than its zealous originator, Mr. Drummond, he was asked to transfer his residence to the provincial town which was its seat, in order that he might be able to direct personally every department of it. This led to his making Stirling his home for several years. And while there he undertook the editing of an ad-

ditional periodical, the *British Messenger*, a monthly journal, which still continues to be devoted to the revival and maintenance of spiritual religion.

In 1870, Mr. Cameron, who was then at Maryton, accepted a call to perhaps the most important Presbyterian congregation on the Australian continent—that of Chalmers' Church, Melbourne; and he landed in the colony on the 4th of December in the same year. His reception was a very enthusiastic one, and soon after his arrival a well-merited distinction followed him in the shape of the honorary degree of D.D., from Princeton. The health of his wife, however, seemed to be affected so unfavourably by the climate of his new home, that after a year or two's trial he felt himself constrained to contemplate the propriety of a return to the mother-country. But an opening occurred in the neighbourhood of Melbourne which induced him to alter his plans. The suburban congregation of St. Kilda invited him to become their minister, and he saw in the invitation a providential call to remain in the colony. He was translated accordingly to this new and less onerous charge, whose location by the sea made it more suitable for an invalid than that which he had held in the city; and here he continued till his death.

Soon after his removal to St. Kilda, his "old passion for literary work" (as a friend calls it) revived, and found expression in the institution of an evangelical and undenominational weekly newspaper called *The Southern Cross*. His interest in this publication was intense. "If," said he on his deathbed—"if there were any one thing for which I would like my life to be prolonged for a little while, it would be *The Southern Cross*. I should like to see it established on a secure and permanent basis." There spoke the man who knew, and who had had such good cause to know, the power that can be exercised for good or evil by the Press. Unsatisfactory as many of us may think the relations of our leading English newspapers to religion, the state of things in that connection here is apparently admirable as compared with what exists in Australia. Hence Dr. Cameron's anxiety to secure a position for a journal with a better tone; and, remembering what he was enabled to do elsewhere, one can well sympathize with those who see a dark dispensation in the early removal of one who, if he had been spared, might have done something to give a pure direction to the literature of the new empire which is rising at the antipodes.

Two periodicals with which Dr. Cameron's name was for a time associated have ceased to exist,—a denominational organ, called *The*

Free Church Magazine, and a more catholic serial, called *The News of the Churches*. But there are at least five others still holding on their way which he either instituted or edited, and we question very much whether there are two other men now living of whom a similar thing can be said. In any case, we should not like his labours to be forgotten in connection with *The Family Treasury*. The writer of this notice remembers receiving from him, in 1858, a long letter, in which he detailed his plans for the new magazine, and asked his co-operation. It is an old story now. Twenty years have come and gone since then, and many changes of many sorts have occurred in the interval. But it is literally true that for a good many of us "he being dead yet speaketh;" and we are glad to have the opportunity here of casting a flower upon his grave. He was no ordinary man whose dust now sleeps, so far away from home, in the churchyard of St. Kilda.

"His last days," *The Southern Cross* tells us, "were full of physical distress, yet full of spiritual peace and joy. On a friend's remarking what a blessed thing it was at such a time not to have any abstruse or intricate religious problem to work out, but simply an act of trust to exercise, he replied, 'Yes, yes. Faith in Jesus Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive and rest upon him alone for salvation as he is feely offered to us in the Gospel. That is the simplest, finest, and best definition of faith that I know.'" "I have no fear of death whatever," he said again; "but it is a solemn thing to die, and at such a time one needs rest, and peace, and comfort." And then, after a short pause, he added, "And we get it—and we get it." Thus ended happily and triumphantly a life of great activity and singular usefulness.

Practical Papers.

"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

BY REV. J. J. HINDLEY, OWEN SOUND.



WE find this inscription was first written on the mitre of the high priest (Ex. xxviii. 36,) and many are disposed to think only the minister of Christ can appropriately wear this motto in the present day. But in Zec. xiv. 20, we read, "In that

day there shall be upon the bells (or bridles) of the horses '*Holiness unto the Lord.*'"

This implies that the most common things should be devoted to God, the most ordinary actions performed with an eye single to his glory. Every Christian should take this high priest's motto as his own, and inscribe it on all that he undertakes and does. And further, every one should be a Christian, since "we are not our own;" and each should glorify God in his body and spirit, which are God's. What a happy world this would be should this motto become universal; and when upon every minister, upon every professor of Christ, upon all mankind, this grand inscription shall be written.

If a motto, representing the true motive of the heart, were written upon each of us, what a variety there would be. Upon how many ministers would be found such words as "Ambition," "Popularity," "A richer church," "A brilliant orator," "An able theologian," or "An orthodox divine." Yet, if any requires the ruling motive in the heart, which would be appropriately represented by the high priest's motto, it is the Christian minister. This should be upon his library, his sermons, prayers,—both private and public—his visits among his people, yea, his whole life should be guided by the spirit of "*Holiness unto the Lord.*"

Nor is this motto any less applicable to the Christian, since we are exhorted that "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, *whatsoever* ye do, do all to the glory of God."

It is written, "*Holiness becometh the house of the Lord,*" and the Christian is called God's temple. Upon his talents, his business, his buying and selling, his property, his income, this comprehensive motto should be found.

But some will ask with a sneer, How would this motto look over some of our mercantile establishments, which are owned by leading church members? There, they declare, all the tricks of trade are known and practised. Or how would it appear on some of our leading lawyers' offices? Would it be an appropriate motto for our politicians? Would not the words "Gain," "Fame," "Self-aggrandisement," better represent the true motive of many of these? We fear they would.

"Ah!" many will say, "I could not write that motto over my business." "All the worse for your business," we reply. As some one asks, How would this motto look on the whiskey barrel? we would add, and how would it befit the social glass, the costly cigar, the tobacco pipe, the business of the brewer, distiller, hotel-keeper, and all the places

where intoxicating liquors are sold? What kind of a sign would it make for these? Alas! for the man, alas! for the business which this motto condemns; and happy is he who makes this the governing principle of his life; and upon whose house, calling, talents, and means this sacred precept is written. It is certainly a subject of much regret, that so few appear to realize their obligations to God; and the part they should individually perform in hastening the time referred to in this text, when even upon the bells of the horses "Holiness unto the Lord" shall be a true motto.

Splendid talents and vast sums of money are being wasted on the world, in sin, or at best for self, to which only the Lord has the true legal claim. Were all the powers of mind and money consecrated to God, which are his indubitable right, how the gospel would wing its way, and the strongholds of Satan be shaken. Churches would never lack pastors, nor means with which to support them. The Missionary, Tract, and Bible Societies would never lack men or means—wants so keenly felt in the present commercial crisis. The Lord's treasury would be full, and his army complete, both rank and file, if each, as a new year's motto, would select this text, and determine he will engage in nothing upon which it might not be appropriately inscribed. We are aware that many would require to abandon their present ways of life, as to expenditure of money, and employment of talents; but does not the motto call for it? Should not the farmer, merchant, tradesman, editor, lawyer, politician, and all ranks and societies of men, be able to take this motto as their own? What liberty has any one to do anything which does not promote the glory of God? As we set out in life, as we start in business, the question should not be, "Can I make this pay?" but "Can I best glorify God in it?" We acknowledge this is not the ordinary manner of procedure; but does not this text call for it?

Still, although many will be willing to admit that this motto may yet be appropriately written on our sermons, our churches, our commerce, our literature, and upon all the ordinary affairs of life; some will not be able easily to see how it can ever be a fitting inscription upon our horses. They declare the horse is a disgraced animal, and no one can have much to do with horses without being more or less deprived.

We ask, "Is this necessarily so?" Does our subject in any way anticipate such a result? Certainly not; but, on the contrary, it reaches away to the happy period, when even upon the bells of the horses there shall be "Holiness unto the Lord."

It may be appropriately written on the broad-chested, and strong-limbed farm-horse, as he draws the plough through the soil, or performs the other labor incident upon agriculture.

It would not be out of place on the light-stepping horse of the minister, as it bears its owner forth with his Master's message, or to administer comfort to the afflicted. It would also be in keeping upon the fleet-footed steed of the physician, as he hurries forth on his errand of mercy.

There are innumerable instances in which we conceive this motto might fitly be written on this noble and useful animal, while only the evil uses to which bad men have put him, have cast upon him a certain odium that does not legitimately belong to him.

"Holiness unto the Lord" would be sadly out of place on the lank race-horse, as with reeking sides, distended nostrils, and bloody flanks, urged on by whip and spur, he flies round the course; while course jests, profanity, drinking, gambling, and a host of other vices, which are the natural concomitants of the race-course, abound. It would ill become the harness-galled, knee-sprung, spavined, and half-starved hacks which are whipped through our city streets before cabs, butcher or grocer's carts; or are compelled to draw heavy stages over our country roads. Nor can any man who abuses this beautiful and useful animal write upon his suffering servant "Holiness unto the Lord." May the Lord hasten the time when upon all mankind, in all their thoughts, words, and actions, towards each other, and extending down to the brute creation, shall truthfully be written, "*Holiness unto the Lord.*"

Christian Work.

A SMALL COMPANY OF PRIESTS.



HAT is a memorable incident in the early progress of Christianity which we find recorded in the words of Luke:—"A great company of the priests was obedient to the faith." That incident succeeded a season of wide-spread religious *revival*, and it preceded a season of severe *persecution*. When such a record will be made in regard to the priesthood of French Canada, it will be probably in the same relationship,—succeeding a season of calm sowing, and preceding a season of high winnowing. At present the record stands,—“A small company of the priests is obedient to the faith.”

"It is well known," says Dr. MacVicar, "that three ex-priests are now missionaries of the Board of French Evangelization, viz., Messrs. Chiniquy, Ouriere, and Lafontaine. Three others have recently renounced Romanism and placed themselves under our care, and two more have written expressing a desire to enter the service of our Board, thus making eight in all. These are significant facts, and let us hope the beginning of a great movement. They call for thanksgiving, and the offering of fervent prayer throughout the land for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the priests, that many of them may believe and become preachers of the faith which they once destroyed. We know from the history of Luther, Knox and others, what powerful instruments of reformation they may become in the hands of the Lord. Yet it becomes us to be cautious and wise, and to avoid all rashness in the employment of such persons. They require in many respects to lay aside their old education, which is not an easy matter, or to be accomplished in a few months, and to be well instructed and tested before being sent out as missionaries. They need to learn the Word of God and the great distinctive doctrines of the Church, and give us reasonable assurance that these are intelligently and heartily accepted. Three of these ex-priests are accordingly pursuing such a course under the direction of the Board.

The letter in which one of these priests, Mr. G. B. Tanguay, abjures the errors of the Church of Rome, addressed to the Archbishop, is a document of great merit, whether we consider its moral or its intellectual and literary character.

MY LORD,

Nobody in Canada has had more than me the opportunity of appreciating the kindness of your heart. If I have gone through a complete course of study, of literature, philosophy, and theology, at the Seminary of Quebec, and at the University of Laval, it is to you and the reverend gentlemen of the Seminary of Quebec, after God, that I owe it. And if I had the honour of having successfully gone through all the examinations which have opened to me the doors of an honorable future in my country, it is to your benevolent protection, and to that of the reverend gentlemen of the Seminary of Quebec that I am indebted for it. You were always kind to me, and God knows that I had also for your Lordship a great gratitude, and I will keep it for ever. But, in spite of the ties which attach me to your Lordship and to the reverend gentlemen of the Seminary of Quebec, the voice of my conscience tells me that I must not any longer conceal from your Lordship the lights that the Almighty God has given me.

The more I have studied the principles of the philosophy and theology of Rome, the more I am certain that they are in opposition with human conscience, and that they contradict the Word of God as the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ has given it us.

These last two years I have tried to struggle against those lights which were coming from Heaven. The idea of breaking forever so dear and sweet ties which attached me to the church in which I was born, the church of my mother, brothers, and my friends, and the church of my country, frightened me. To separate me from all that my heart was loving on this earth and from all that I have learned to respect in this world, was a sacrifice above my forces.

But I have prayed, and the merciful and Almighty God, who has promised to grant everything we ask in the name of Jesus, has heard my prayer, and He has given me the courage which was failing in me.

Now, my Lord, I take the liberty to inform your Lordship that, with the grace of God, I have known the errors of the Church of Rome, and given them up, in order to follow the holy gospel of Jesus Christ.

It is my intention, with the grace of God, to consecrate the rest of my life to preach this Gospel, which alone can give peace, light, liberty and life, both to the individuals and nations who know and follow it.

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE BERNARD TANGUAY,

Escl.

MONTREAL, 3rd Dec., 1877.

These priests, when soundly taught in the Protestant faith, and subjected to a season of probation, will form the very best agency for converting and enlightening their fellow country-men. Their power for doing good in the future, will depend greatly on their receiving at present a season of instruction in the Montreal College, and Christians ought to see to it that these men who have renounced all for Christ, should be sustained in their studies until they can take active employment under the Church.

THE LIVINGSTONE BASIN.

New and vast responsibilities are imposed on the Christian Church by the revelations made by Mr. Stanley of the vast tract of Africa lying between the Western Coast and the Lake Mountains, a district of 860,000 square miles. Of this "Livingstone Basin," Mr. Stanley says:—

Once above the lower falls we have the half of Africa before us with no interruption, not, like the lower Nile regions, deserts of sand, but one vast populous plain, so teeming with life, that, excepting Ugogo, I know no part of Africa so thickly inhabited. The usual term village is a misnomer for most of these collections of dwellings; they are towns in some places two miles long, with one or more broad streets between rows of neat, well-built houses superior to anything in East Central Africa. The natives are different also. Every thought seems engrossed with *trade*, and fairs and markets are established everywhere. This is the land of ivory, the commonest utensils for domestic use are made of it. The people do not seem able to comprehend why any one should take the trouble to pay for it when it is so plentiful in each village. The entire plain is also distinguished for its groves of the oil palm. In Ukusu there are huge forests of this tree. Almost everything that Africa produces is to be obtained in the "Livingstone Basin,"—cotton, india-rubber, ground nuts, sesa-

mum, copal (red and white), palm kernels and palm oil, ivory, etc. By means of its broad and glorious waters a journey to the gold and copper district of Katanga is, moreover, rendered very easy. The Great River gives 110 miles below and 885 miles above the cataracts of navigable water, while the large affluents north and south, traversing the basin, will afford over 1200 miles, and perhaps much more. The greatest affluent, the Ikelemba, must be more than a thousand miles in length; the Nkutu River is over 700, the Aruwimi must exceed 500, while there are four or five others which, by their breadth, I should judge to be navigable for great distances.

Shall we not soon see Christian colonists go and establish themselves for the Gospel's sake in this populous and plentiful land? It is clear ages must elapse ere it can be evangelized, if regular Missionaries alone are to gird themselves for the task. But he who has endowed Briton's sons with their singular power of colonizing other countries, and who has permitted an Anglo-Saxon to open up this immense region to our gaze, will surely hold HIS PEOPLE GENERALLY responsible at once to enter in and take the Gospel to these kindreds and tribes. What a field for enterprising, earnest-hearted young men and women! What a mute appeal for help lies in the fact of the long, long seclusion of these sons of Ham from Gospel light and privilege! What openings for the investment of the capital of Christian merchants, and for the employment of the energies and talents of young engineers and agriculturists!

Will not Christians for Christ's sake, face the hardships which Mr. Stanley has faced for a lower object? "One month's easy march overland" will, according to this explorer, take the traveller past the rapids and falls which separate the upper from the lower Livingstone, and are utterly impracticable for navigation, having a fall of nearly 600 feet, and introduce him to a people who are friendly and kind, among whom he may build and launch a boat, and then sail for 1400 miles up a magnificent stream, with countless affluents and tributaries, before he meets other impassable cataracts. The length of the Livingstone is about 2900 miles, divided thus:—From the source to Nyangwe, 1100 miles; from Nyangwe to the Atlantic, nearly 1800 miles.

For ages has this mighty flood rolled through its well-nigh 3000 miles, unused as a human highway, but it will do so no longer. Who can tell the changes which the next twenty-five years will see in Africa.

Let Mission Work lead the way. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Livingstonia, Lake Nyassa, has again been visited by death. Shadrach Ingunana, a bright Kaffir lad whom Dr. Stewart brought from Lovedale, has been carried off by consumption. He was an efficient and well-educated native evangelist.—*Missionary News.*

THE PROTESTANT ARMENIAN CHURCH IN OORFA, MESOPOTAMIA.

About half-way between the two towns, Aleppo and Diarbekir, in Mesopotamia, lies the city of Oorfa, some fifty miles east of the upper part of the River Euphrates.

The history of Oorfa dates from a very early period. To the present day it is considered by the inhabitants to be the birthplace of Abraham, and is a place of resort for Mohammedan pilgrims who arrive there from various parts every year; it is also believed to be the same as Ur of the Chaldees in Bible history.

Oorfa has a population of about 60,000, two-thirds of whom are Mohammedan Turks; about 18,000 are Armenian Christians, 2,000 Jacobites, or Syrian Christians, 1,000 Roman Catholics and Jews, and 1,000 Protestant Armenian Christians.

The land in the neighbourhood is cultivated by Koords and Arabs, who live in some 200 scattered villages about the primeval ruins of Charran (the early home of Rebecca), and 800 or 400 others near Surnsch. There are still many traces of Christianity to be found, both in the tradition and also in the manners and customs of these settled Kurds, handed down to them from their forefathers, who lived prior to the over-spreading of the land by Islamism.

The first movements of evangelical Christian life in Oorfa were in connexion with the American Missions in Syria and Asia Minor. An Armenian artisan, named Avedis, who lived in Aintab, about 100 miles south-west of Oorfa, where the American Missionaries had had for some time past a station, became convinced of the truth of the Protestant faith, and being considered by the Missionaries able to preach to his fellow-countrymen, was sent to Oorfa as Evangelist, following at the same time his trade as a weaver. The result of his work as an Evangelist was at first small, and apparently insignificant; however, there were a few who gathered around him whose hearts were opened to receive the Gospel. Some became converted, and thus formed a little assembly which was the germ of the present Evangelical Armenian Church in Oorfa.

One of the number of this little assembly was Hagop Aboohayatian, born 1838, who, through the guidance of God, afterwards became their pastor. He was trained for the work of the ministry in the College of the American Missionaries, Constantinople. After remaining there a few

years, he was sent by some Christian friends to Germany and Basle in Switzerland, where he further prosecuted his studies. He then returned to his home in Oorfa to commence work amongst his fellow-countrymen, the Armenians.

The Lord owned and blessed his labours. The number of members increased, in spite of adversity and persecution which they had to endure both from the priests of the Armenian Church and the people. Hagop Aboohayatian was formally accepted as Pastor of the Church in 1871, and has been permitted, by the help of God, since that time, to work for his people there. The Church, including the children, now numbers 1000 persons, of whom 250 are communicants. They support two schools for boys and two for girls, in which 260 children are taught the truths of the Protestant faith. The freewill offerings, amounting to about 130*l.* a year, are a proof of the love of the people for the work, particularly when we consider that they are, for the most part, poor mechanics and artisans, and considering also the enormous taxes imposed upon them by the Turkish Government.

On leaving the old Armenian Church the members have to forfeit all church and school rights, and are not even allowed to bury their dead in the public cemetery. *The members of this Evangelical body have no proper place in which to hold their religious services and schools.* At present the services are held in an old building which is far too small for the congregation, and in which it is dangerous to meet, as a part of it threatens to fall upon them.

A suitable building is therefore greatly needed. The American Mission has kindly given us a site of land upon which to build, as a token of the brotherly love the Mission has towards these its children in the faith. Owing to the straitened circumstances of the Board, it is unable to render further aid.

The members themselves have during the last six years collected for the Church Building Fund 200*l.*, whereas the cost of a proper place for worship and schools would amount to about 1200*l.*

The Oorfa Church therefore appeals to their fellow-Christians throughout the world to render them the desired aid. This appeal is recommended by Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem, and by Messrs. Trowbridge and Fuller, American Missionaries.

TEMPTATION rarely comes in working hours. It is in their leisure time that men are made or marred.—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

PROGRESS OF MISSIONS.

Fifty-one years ago Japan was hermetically sealed from the Gospel; Dr. Morrison was allowed to enter China, but as the servant of the East India Company, and there was no missionary besides; Judson and his wife were prisoners in Burmah, where there were just eighteen Christian natives; in India, even Heber was compelled to decline baptizing a native convert, lest he might "excite the jealousy of those whom it was desirable to conciliate." From India to Syria there was not a missionary of the Cross; Turkey was without a missionary, and the Sultan had issued an anathema against all Christian books; two or three missionaries were along the West Coast of Africa, two or three more in the South; Madagascar had scarcely been entered; the Church Missionary Society was rejoicing over its first convert in New Zealand; and only the first-fruits were being slowly gathered in the South Seas. Outside Guiana and the West Indies, there were not 6,000 Christians in the whole heathen world!

Now, in China, there are 30 Christian churches at work, and the number of Christians is increasing *sixfold* each decade. Japan welcomes every Christian teacher, and proclaims the Christian Sabbath as the weekly festival. For every convert that there was in Burmah, there are now a thousand; there are 350 churches, and nine-tenths of the work is done by native missionaries. There are 2,500 missionary stations in India, and nearly 2,000 of them manned by native labourers, while the Christians are increasing by more than a hundred thousand in ten years. There are self-supporting Christian congregations in Persia and on to the Black Sea; there are 5,000 communicants gathered into the mission churches of Syria. Gambia, Sierra Leone, and Liberia have powerful Christian communities aggressive upon the neighbouring heathen with the aggression of the Gospel; there are 40,000 communicants in the churches of South Africa, and 45,000 children in the schools; Moffat waited years for a single conversion, and he left behind him populations that cultivate the habits of civilized life, and read the Bible in their own tongue; there are 70,000 Christians gathered into the churches of Madagascar; Polynesia is almost entirely Christian. There are 500,000 church members among the heathen, and probably not less than two millions connected by ties more or less loose with the Christian settlements, where 2,300 missionaries labour; and this is the result of ONLY FIFTY YEARS.—*Rev. W. F. Stevenson.*

Christian Miscellany.**DO WHAT YOU CAN.**

CASE of sorrow is before you. You cannot restore the joys that are fled, nor bring back the bright face and dear form now for ever absent; but you can repeat some sweet promise of the Comforter, rehearse some grief of your own, on which there fell a heavenly balm; or if your tongue falter, give a loving grasp of the hand, and drop a tear of sympathetic grief.

In the life of the home it may seem to you that you are the humblest and least important element of the household circle. All right. You have not so large a power to guide and strengthen others as many another member of the group. But you can bring always a gentle presence upon the same,—the light of a loving smile, the calmness of patience, the inspiration of hope, the charm of an unselfish spirit. You can take burdens, perhaps, if you cannot give gifts.

And everywhere in general society you can move, not as one for whom the world was made, proclaiming by look and gesture, "Give me room!" but as one made to serve the world, making way for others, giving, not claiming room, allowing others a share of the sidewalk and crosswalk, standing up in the street-car that infirmity may sit, giving your place there to what we call the "gentler sex," and everywhere seeking the happiness and comfort of others at cost of your own.

Be assured, each of you in the fellowship of the Church, that you have a part to perform in the work of the Church. You may excuse yourself properly from one and another kind of demonstration; but something you can do, and such as you have you must give.—*Pacific.*

Sow with a generous hand;
 Pause not for toil or pain;
 Weary not through the heat of summer,
 Weary not through the cold spring rain;
 But wait till the autumn comes
 For the sheaves of golden grain.
 Sow, and look onward, upward
 Where the starry light appears—
 Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
 Or your own heart's trembling fears,
 You shall reap in joy the harvest
 You have sown to-day in tears.—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

THE BLIND SPINNER.

Like a blind spinner in the sun
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task;
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall, but dare not try to find
A safer place, for I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race,
My threads will have; so, from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word,
Said over me when I was young,—
So young I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign,
Within, without,
It matters not; the bond Divine
I never doubt;
I know he set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait His will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear the tread
Who bear the finished thread away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."
—*Zion's Herald.*

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

During the late war a man in Tennessee buried a quantity of gold under his back-door step. In 1865 he dug it up and replaced the step. Some years later an excellent minister died, leaving a wife and six children. Aid was asked from some of the churches, and a collection was to be taken up the Sabbath after the announcement. The wife of the man that hid the gold went home and prayed, "O that the dear Lord would show me some way to help the lady and her fatherless ones!" That night a rat dug a hole under her back steps. In sweeping the next morning the lady found gold pieces in the dirt near the step. Taking the hint, she pushed away the step and uncovered twenty dollars in gold. She gave all the next Sabbath. No amount of reasoning about the "courses of nature" can make that woman believe that God does not answer prayer.

MORE MOMENTUM.

The Church needs a change in quality as well as quantity of membership. One-half the professed Christians amount to nothing. They go to church; they pay pew-rents; they have a kind regard for all religious institutions; but as to any firm grip of the truth, any enthusiastic service for Christ, any cheerful self-denial, any overmastering prayer, any capacity to strike hard blows for God, they are a failure. One of two things these half-and-half professors ought to do—either withdraw their names from the church-roll, or else go so near the fire as to get warm. Do you not know that your present position is an absurdity? You profess to be living for God and heaven, but all the world knows you are lying. Wake up! Do some-thing before you are dead. Either help pull the Lord's chariot, or get out of the way.

MATERIALS FOR THOUGHT.

The day of grace may be lost before the day of death come.

There is nobody but eats and drinks, but there are few who can distinguish the flavour.

Here is an excellent rule:—Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

To watch without prayer is to presume upon our own strength; to pray without watching is to presume upon the grace of God.

Light of the world, sun of the soul, brighter far than that which cheers the bodily sense; by Thee all things are seen, yet art Thou Thyself unseen.


Man's love to his God is like the changing sand; His is like the solid rock. Man's love is like the passing meteor with its fitful gleam; His is like the fixed stars, shining far above, clear and serene, from age to age in their own changeless firmament.

The strong argument for the truth of Christianity is the true Christian; the man filled with the spirit of Christ. The best proof of Christ's resurrection is a living Church, which itself is walking in a new life, and drawing life from Him who hath overcome death. Before such arguments, ancient Rome herself, the mightiest Empire of the world, and the most hostile to Christianity, could not stand.

What are the opportunities that you possess? Seek to make a right use of them. Imitate the example of your Lord, who could have wrought striking miracles every day, and yet covered Himself with beauty and glory in doing the common duties of life that lay nearest to His hand, filling and adorning every little human occupation as it arose, so as to make it divine. And as the slender rod in Moses' hand became mighty and wonder-working when cast on the ground in obedience to God's command, so if we use in His service our one talent, however humble and common-place our opportunity, it will become the rod of God's power, and will work wonders.

Children's Treasury.

THE POWER OF A KIND WORD.

“OSA, look at that horrid drunken man sitting on the curbstone; do come across the street, for I wouldn't pass him for anything.” And Mary ran away as fast as her feet could carry her.”

Now Rosa was afraid too; but the song she had been learning that day was still fresh in her memory. “Speak a kind word when you can,”

she had been singing; and the man before her, with his head bent on his hands, looked so forlorn and wretched, so sadly in need of a kind word, that she went a little nearer and said timidly, "Poor man; I am sorry for you. Can I do anything to help you?"

He raised his head, looked at her in surprise, and his haggard face and despairing eyes almost caused her to cry for pity.

"Little girl, your kind words have helped me already. I never expected to hear any again, for I am without a friend on earth."

"But God will be your Friend if you will ask Him," said Rosa, softly, going nearer still, while Mary beckoned anxiously for her to come away.

"Did you ever ask Him?" continued Rosa.

"No; I have been sinning against Him all my life," groaned the man.

"Poor man! let God be your Friend. He can do everything for you. I am your friend, but I can't do anything but speak a kind word."

"Darling little girl, that kind word has saved me. Good-bye."

And he held out his shaking hand. Rosa was not afraid now, and she placed her plump little hand in his; and as he bent down and kissed it, two hot tears fell upon it. Then he went away and Rosa rejoined her companion.

"Oh, you queer creature! how could you let that awful-looking man take hold of your hand? I thought he was going to eat you up when he bent down his head," was Mary's greeting.

"I was afraid at first, Mary, but I am so glad I spoke to him. Only think, he said my kind word saved him."

"Well, he never would be saved if it depended on my kind words; for I always run away from such folks," replied Mary.

Years after, a stranger, a noble, silver-haired old man, was addressing a Sunday-school, and telling the scholars always to be kind to the friendless and distressed ones, especially the drunkard; "for when I was friendless and wretched," said he, "God sent a dear child to speak the kind word that saved me."

When the school closed a young girl held out her hand to him, and, with tears in her eyes, asked, "Sir, do you know me?" He looked at her long and earnestly, and then taking both her hands in his, he said, solemnly and slowly, "Yes, dear child; 'twas the kind word you spoke that saved me!"—*Little Christian.*

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A CHILD AND A ROSE.

"From whence came thy mantle of green, fair rose,
Whence came thy mantle of green?
So deftly woven, so richly wrought
At a costly price thou hast surely bought
That beautiful mantle of green!"

"God gave me this mantle of green, dear child,
God gave me this mantle of green!
By His skill 'twas wove, by His fingers wrought,—
No earthly riches could e'er have bought
Such a beautiful mantle of green!"

"Who painted thy delicate blush, fair rose,
Who painted thy delicate blush?
Such skilful shading, such tender tone,—
'Tis certain no hand but a Master's own
Has tinted thy marvellous blush!"

"God painted this delicate blush, my child,
God painted this delicate blush!
His tender touch gave the tender tone,—
No pencil but His—the Master's own—
Could e'er tint such a marvellous blush!"

"And whence came thine odorous breath, sweet rose,
Thy balmy, odorous breath?
So fresh, so fragrant,—some chemist's skill
Must sure from the dews of eve distill
That balmy, odorous breath!"

"From God came this odorous breath, fair child,
From God came this odorous breath;
'Tis His, and no earth-born chemist's skill
Could from the early dews distil
Such a balmy, odorous breath!"

"And who taught thee such winning grace, fair rose,
Who taught thee such winning grace?
So stately, so meek,—at some court, I ween,
Thou hast caught that modest yet regal mien,
And borrowed that winning grace!"

"God lent me this winning grace, sweet child,
God lent me this winning grace;
In the light of His gracious smile, I ween,
I have caught this modest yet regal mien,
And borrowed this winning grace."

"And what dost thou render to Him, fair rose,
Ah! what dost thou render to Him?
Such gifts and graces, so freely given,
Must ever lead thy thoughts to heaven,
Thou fair and beautiful rose!"

"Most true," said the rose; "thou also art blest
With a grace still richer, my child;
In the light of God's love thou dost walk every day,
And, lifted so high, thou wilt never decay;—
Oh, what dost thou render, my child?"

THE LITTLE GIRL'S COPY.

A little girl went to a writing-school. When she saw her copy, with every line so perfect, she said, "I can never write like that." She looked at the lines, so slim and graceful. Then taking her pen she timidly put it on the paper. Her hand trembled; she stopped, studied the copy, and began again. "I can ~~but~~ try," said she; "I will do as well as I can."

She wrote half a page. The letters were crooked. What more could we expect from a first effort? The next scholar stretched across her desk, and said, "What scraggy lines you make!" Tears filled the little girl's eyes. She dreaded to have the teacher see her book. "He will be angry with me and scold," she said to herself.

When the teacher came and looked, he smiled. "I see you are trying, my little girl," he said, kindly, "and that is enough for me." She took courage. Again and again she studied the beautiful copy. She wanted to know how every line went, how every letter was rounded and made. Then she took her pen and began to write. She wrote carefully with the copy always before her. But oh! what slow work! Her letters straggled here, they crowded there, and some of them looked every way.

The little child trembled at the step of the teacher. "I am afraid you will find fault with me," she said. "My letters are not fit to be on the same page with the copy."

"I do not find fault with you," said the teacher, "because I do not look so much at what you do. By really trying you make a little improvement every day; and a little improvement every day will enable you to reach excellence by-and-by."

"Thank you sir," said the little girl; and thus encouraged, she took up her pen with a greater spirit of application than before.

And so it is with the dear children who are trying to become like Jesus. God has given us a heavenly copy. He has given us his dear Son "for an example, that we should follow his steps." He "did not sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." "He is altogether lovely," and "full of grace and truth." And when you study his character, "I can never reach that," you say; "I can never be like Jesus."

God does not expect you to become like his dear Son in a minute, or a day, or a year, but what pleases him is that you should love him, and try to follow his example. It is that temper which helps you grow, day by day, little by little, into his likeness, which God desires to see. God loves you while you are trying, and will help you.—*Observer.*

A LOVING SON.

Arthur was the son of a poor widow who could hardly earn enough to buy food for herself and son. She had no warm shawl, and could not go to church in cold weather. Arthur felt sorry to see his mother kept at home for such a cause. His sorrow was real too, for it made him set his wits to work to earn money. He became bellows-blower to the organist, and ran errands for the neighbors until he had earned enough to buy a cheap warm shawl.

He kept his plan secret, bought the shawl, took it home, and stealing up behind his mother, spread it out and laid it over her shoulders.

"What is my boy about?" cried the widow, starting from her chair. Then feeling the shawl, she grasped it and said, "What's this?"

"A nice warm shawl for my dear mother to wear to church!" cried Arthur, clapping his hands and dancing around the room for joy: "isn't it a beauty mother?"

When his mother learned how the shawl had been procured, her heart was glad. Tears filled her eyes, and pressing Arthur to her breast, she said "My dear, dear boy!"

Was not Arthur well paid, think you, for all his work and pains in earning that shawl? I doubt if there was a happier boy in the nation that night than Arthur. What made him so happy? Love and duty! He had loved his mother, and had shown it by working very hard to buy a shawl. The gift had become a joy to her lonely heart, because it made her feel that her boy loved her, that he returned love for love.

If boys knew how much value their mothers set on their love, they would love them more.

GOLDEN RULES FOR THE YOUNG.

The person who first sent these rules to be printed says truly if any boy or girl thinks "it would be hard work to keep so many of them in mind all the time, just think also what a happy place it would make of home if you only could:"—

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Never shout, jump, or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons up stairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to servants, if you would have them do the same to you.

5. When you are told to do, or not to do, a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.

6. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not of those of your brothers and sisters.

7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.

8. Be prompt at every meal hour.

9. Never sit down at the table, or in the parlour, with dirty hands or tumbled hair.

10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.

11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

12. Let your first, last, and best friend be your mother.—*Little Christian.*

THE "LOVES" OF AN INFANT-CLASS SCHOLAR.

I love to hear the school-bell ring,
I love to hear the children sing;
I love to see the house of pray'r,
I love to *know* that God is there.

I love to see my teacher's face,
All beaming with a heavenly grace;
I love to make my teacher glad,
When naughty children make her sad.

I love to read my Bible true,
I love my Father's will to do;
I love to *feel* my sins forgiv'n,
I love to think of God and heav'n.

I love to learn the heavenly way,
In Sabbath-school—on Sabbath day;
I love to bring my playmates there,
I love my lessons to prepare.

I love my mother—oh, so dear;
I love my father's heart to cheer;
I love my brothers, kind and true,
I love my loving sisters too.

I love to think of Jesus mild,
And how *He loves* a little child;
I love to know that "God is love,"
And smiles on *me* from heav'n above.—*J. Inmie.*