

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
!! se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

# Monthly Messenger.

Edited by Rev. T. HALL, Congregational Minister, Queen's Road Chapel, St. John's.

NEW SERIES. VOL. IV. No. 8.

AUGUST, 1877.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## A WORD ABOUT THE PARSONAGE.

There is a movement on foot in England to build a manse in connection with every Congregational Church throughout the country. Happily for our friends there they have denominational building societies, and many other sources of help. But in Newfoundland it's very different. We are numerically small; the wealthy are few in number; we have no building society, nor any quarter to which we can turn for assistance. Yet a minister's residence is a necessity, and the want has been long felt. Now, at last, steps have been taken to obtain this much desired object; and the trustees have purchased a building in close proximity to the "St. John's Training School," in fact, part of the same building, which is to be repaired and put in order for the pastor before the end of the present year. To do this they have had to borrow, and it is their wish to pay as soon as possible, that the pastor may be on the same footing in this respect with every other minister in the city. The property purchased is *fee-simple*, and in a very desirable locality; it has the additional recommendation of being on the same plot with the school property, thus enhancing the value of both. Now, with all the other responsibilities which the church has lately assumed, it is simply impossible that they can remove this debt without some assistance from others, and it is hoped that the readers of this magazine will afford some assistance in this important matter. Donations will be thankfully acknowledged by the Editor above. We have much pleasure in acknowledging for the object the sum of £10 from T. R. Job, Esq., Liverpool; a Friend in St. John's, £2.

## RULES FOR READING THE SCRIPTURES.

Never open the Word of God without remembering that you must be tried by it at the judgment-seat of Christ.

Read with prayer for direction to the right meaning, with earnest attention to the words and connection of the passage, with diligent comparison of every passage with the whole Bible, and with "patient thought" concerning the result.

When you read the Scriptures, let not your attachment to the systems or the sentiments of men obscure their meaning, or induce you to pervert them.

When you discover any truth in the Bible, receive it with candour, maintain it with meekness, and avow it with courage.

When you discover any duty in the Bible, meet the discovery with a cheerful obedience.

In your daily perusal of the Sacred Volume, receive its doctrines with a lively faith, practise its duties with a holy boldness, and pray for Divine grace, by which these doctrines and these duties may become

the fountain and the streams of genuine Christian discipleship.

This Book contains the law of the Most High God. It founds its claim to this Divine origin on the harmony of its facts with the records of universal history; on the moral character of its inspired penmen; on the sublime yet simple majesty of its style; on the excellence of its doctrines, on the purity of its morals; on the rapidity with which its truths were originally promulgated, under circumstances the most unpromising; and on the evidence of undisputable miracles.

To the Chri-tian, this Volume supplies a surer guide than the Israelites enjoyed in the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. It unfolds the consoling doctrine and the directing precept, the warning threat and the cheering promise; it exposes our guilt, proclaims our danger, and reveals our duty; it condemns to justify, and justifies to condemn no more.

To the dead it speaks life, and to the living it unfolds immortality. It makes the weak strong, and to the strong it increaseth strength; it invites inquiry, and amply rewards the honest inquirer; it holds up a guiding star through the pilgrimage of life, and extends the horizon of our mortal existence into the boundless ocean of a happy eternity.

## "FATHER, THE MARKS ARE THERE YET."

We have somewhere read of a naughty boy who troubled his father by his mischievous acts ever and anon. The father, to remind him of his sins, and make him a better boy, hit upon the device of driving a nail into a post on the commission of each offence. The little fellow sinned pretty fast, and by and by the post became all marred with nails. The offender looked at it and wept. The kind father saw him in his tears, and said, "My son, sin no more, and I will extract every nail, and the nails shall witness against you no more." The promise was made, and every nail was forthwith extracted. But the poor boy, as his father kindly called him to look at the post, seeing the nail holes, wept again, and cried out, "Oh, father, the marks are there yet."

Physical degradation leaves its mark upon its victim long after his escape, and becomes part and parcel of the punishment God affixes to transgression.

We see here and there a man, once a drunkard, but now reclaimed, but as a terrible vice once preyed upon his body, intellect, and heart, though now a worthy man, "the marks are there yet."

So with the devotees of tobacco. Its common use not only waylays health, and abridges life, but it mars human beauty in manifold ways. Both smoking and chewing produce marked alterations in the most expressive features of the face. Hence the coarse

appearance and irregular development of the lips, when compared with the other features of chewers and smokers. The eye loses its natural fire, and becomes dull and unappreciative; its owner gazes vacantly, and often repels conversation by his stupidity. "The marks are there yet."

Look where you may into the families of tobacco sots, and sooner or later, in one form or another, you will find that "the marks are there yet."

### THE PROFESSOR WHOSE PIPE WAS STRONGER THAN GOD!

OR, TOBACCO HINDERS SANCTIFICATION.

Just returned from addressing an audience of Methodist friends here in Jamestown. The subject was consecration to God, unreserved and complete, touching the whole man. We urged sanctification as *heartily* as the great Wesley ever did. We told them that habitual wrong-doing of any kind was in direct conflict with all acceptable prayer for this spiritual attainment. "Brethren," we inquired, "how are you daily employed? Are you manufacturing, selling, or using tobacco? Are you patronising deadly drugs and drinks, and swelling the curse of intemperance? If so, we beg you to change your course. You live in *known sin*, and your prayers for 'the higher life' are worse than vain, for they are an abomination at God's throne. Renounce every wrong practice, and even suspicious one; and then you may pray for sanctification consistently, and with a better grace." We had unusual freedom among these dear brethren, and it was an hour of marked solemnity and tenderness—a feast of Christian love.

As I withdrew to the vestibule, a well-looking brother approached me, under very strong excitement of mind. "You have struck the nail on the head once," he said, in trembling, tearful tones. "You have struck the nail on the head," he said again in a louder voice, and sobbed like a broken-hearted child. "Tell us, brother," we said, "what you mean." After a while he replied, "I have been praying for sanctification five or six years. There has always been an *Achan* in my soul—always something in my way; and you are the first that ever told me what it is. *It is my pipe.* When I have been praying in my closet for the blessing, something has raised me suddenly from my knees, and I have run to the mantle-piece for my pipe! *My pipe has been stronger than God!* And when reading the Bible in my family devotions, I have often cut short the exercise, and before I was aware, have run for my pipe. My pipe has been stronger than God!" he said again; then, straightening up with the dignity of a man, wiping the tears from his eyes, raising his hand, and looking upward, with much eloquence, he exclaimed:—

"The dearest idol I have known,  
What'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee."

Then, suiting the action to the word, he drew his meerschaum from his pocket, dashed it down indignantly upon the steps of the church, and, like the baptized eunuch, went on his way rejoicing.

We hope this dear man obtained the blessing to which he aspired; but we parted there, and, as Bunyan said of a pilgrim, "we saw him no more."

### REMORSE OF CONSCIENCE.

With regret I often think  
Of days that's past and gone,  
With remorse my heart does shrink,  
When I see what I've done.

The drink-curs'd fiend led me astray,  
I lived a reckless life;  
'Mong the thoughtless and the gay,  
I heeded not my wife.

Fully three long years or more,  
How awful to relate!  
My wife I slighted, young and pure  
Her love then turned to hate.

An affectionate and faithful wife,  
With three children fair;  
I left alone in life,  
For them I did not care.

From day to day they mourn their loss;  
In secret they would pray;  
To Him who suffered on the cross,  
He was their only stay.

The youngest of that family fair,  
The mother's brightest gem,  
Would hisp to God its infant prayer,  
My downward course to stein.

But death seized this little bud,  
Destined in heaven to bloom:  
The last request made to God  
Was "Send my father home."

My child, your prayer is heard:  
Though years are past since then,  
And as I write, the Lord  
Himself now guides my pen.

My child with my own mother's name,  
You have left this world of tears,  
But your memory ever I'll retain,  
And think of all your prayers.

While I recall your angel form,  
I'll ne'er incline to roam,  
And when I've weathered every storm,  
My child, I'll then come home.

When this voyage of life is o'er,  
My anchor I will cast,  
In that peaceful harbour moor  
And reign with you at last.

D. T.

### OBITUARY.

On Lord's day, the 24th June, James Harman Collett fell asleep in Jesus. He was in the sixty-ninth year of his age. A native of Bromsgrove, county Worcester, England, for many years he has been a resident of this city, and a consistent member of the Congregational Church. During his protracted illness he made much progress in Divine knowledge, and witnessed a good confession. He had clear and comforting views of the Atonement of the Divine Saviour, and built all his hopes upon the finished work of the Cross. Death to him was great gain.

*He gave me on his death-bed,  
Matthew Henry's Commentary  
on the Bible in 3 Vols. G. Hall.*

## ROSE LOVELL'S MISSION.

"HOW I wish," said Rose Lovell one morning, "that I could be a missionary." At that moment she was hemming a kitchen towel. Her mother, sitting opposite her, was basting work for the machine, and her cousin Lu was copying music for her teacher. The evening before they had all attended a farewell meeting in their church. It was given to two ladies, who were going far away to India, to tell the story of the cross. Rose was full of admiration for these good women, and longed to do as they did.

"You can be a missionary right here, in this house, if you like, Rose," said her mother.

"I don't see how," answered Rose.

"A missionary is a person sent on errands of good. You can do Christ's errands here, if you want to, as really as you could do them by crossing the sea. I was thinking a while ago that somebody ought to find a mission in Aunt Margaret's room."

"How is she to-day?" asked Cousin Lu.

"She is just as usual, sweet and patient, but she has many weary hours. Her eyes are of very little use. They look bright, but their sight is very dim. She can neither sew nor read, and she used to be so fond of reading. I try to entertain her, but I have very little leisure."

Rose finished her towel. Then she went up-stairs and tapped at Mrs. Graham's door.

"Come in," said a pleasant voice.

"Would you like me to read to you a while?" asked Rose. The inquiry was answered by a bright smile, and the face of Aunt Margaret fairly beamed with gratitude. First, of course, she asked Rose to choose one of the "sweet old chapters" from that dear Book, which is always a lamp to the feet, and a light to the path, even though the bodily feet and the bodily eyes have grown insufficient for their work. Then she took from her table-drawer a little volume of poetry, which a friend had sent her, and while Rose in reading paused now and then to rest, she listened and criticised in a way which was quite a help to Rose, who received some new ideas for her composition. Composition day was the hardest one in the week, but talking over the subject with Aunt Margaret greatly lessened its terrors.

By degrees Rose found out that her mission was to take up the nearest duty, and perform it faithfully. Many an evening hour she spent with her aunt, the latter perhaps knitting while the reading went on. A deep, tranquil happiness pervaded the heart of the unselfish girl, while she thus gave a helping hand to one who needed it. It is always much more blessed to give than to receive, and though it is only love and kindness we can give, if it be for Christ's sake, we are sure to feel that He is pleased.—M. E. S.

## SONG AND SILENCE.

"When the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's ringing in your ears, but it's best to have a bit of silence, and out of that may be a psalm 'I come by and by.'"

When the song's gone out of your life,  
That you thought would last to the end—  
That first sweet song of the heart  
That no after days can lend—  
The song of the birds to the trees,  
The song of the wind to the flowers,  
The song that the heart sings low to itself  
When it wakes in life's morning hours?

"You can start no other song,"

Not even a tremulous note  
Will falter forth on the empty air;  
It dies in your aching throat,  
It is all in vain that you try;  
For the spirit of song has fled—  
The nightingale sings no more to the rose  
When the beautiful flower is dead.

So let the silence softly fall  
On the bruised heart's quivering strings;  
Perhaps from loss of all you may learn  
The song that the seraph sings;  
A grand and glorious psalm  
That will tremble, and rise, and thrill,  
And fill your breast with its grate-ful rest,  
And its lonely yearnings still.

## NEGLECTED WARNINGS.

BY THE LATE DR. GUTHRIE.

"Gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not."  
—Hosea vii. 9.

IT is one of the most beautiful and beneficent arrangements of Providence, that children, if sensible of their helplessness, are not ashamed of that which awakens our love and sympathy; it gives them no pain. Nor less kind on God's part is it that our minds are formed to adapt themselves to the circumstances of advancing years. Indeed we often glide so gently, so gradually down the decline of life, as to be little disturbed with the premonitions of its close. I remember the saying of a venerable lady, who had seen the changes of four-score summers: "Let no one trust to this, that they will turn to God, and seek a Saviour when they feel old; I don't feel old." And though the young perhaps will hardly credit it, men with furrows in their brow, and gray hairs on their head, often find it difficult to remember that they are old; to believe it; to realise the approach of their end; how near they are to the grave. Death seems to flee before us, like the horizon which we ever see, and never reach. The river that springs like an arrow from its rocky cradle, to bound from crag to crag, to rush brawling through the glen, and, like thoughtless youth, to waste its strength in mere noise, and froth, and foam, flows on smoothly, slowly, almost imperceptibly, as it approaches its grave in the bosom of the sea. And so is it often with man. The nearer we draw to our end, through a natural callousness or otherwise, the less sensible we grow to the evils and approach of age. And when a man has not left his peace with God to seek in old age, his greatest work to a time when he is least fit to do it; when a man, having made his calling and election sure, has left nothing for a dying hour but to enjoy the comforts and peace of piety; in such a case it is a most blessed thing that old age does not make our hearts old, or numb our feelings—that gray hairs are on us, and yet we know not.

But where, in such a case, is the hope of those who have trusted to turning religious when they turn old, and attending to the concerns of a better world when they have ceased to feel any interest in this? Death and a man, so runs the story, once made a bargain—the man stipulating, lest he might be taken unawares, that Death should send him so many warnings before he came. Well, one day, years thereafter, to his great amazement, the King of Terrors stood before him. He had broken the bargain, so said the other, who clung to life. Death, he alleged, had sent him no warnings. No warnings? His eyes were dim; his ears were dull; his gums were toothless; and spare and thin were the hair locks on his bent and palied head; these, Death's heralds, had come, not too late, yet all in vain. Amid warnings, but unnoticed or despised, his salvation was neglected; his soul lost; gray hairs were on him; and, so far as any practical effect was concerned, he knew not. Literally, or not, they are on us. Every setting sun, and every nodding hearse, and every passing Sabbath, warn us that days of darkness come, and opportunities of salvation go. Be up, therefore, and doing—asking yourselves such questions as these: Am I saved? Have I been born again? Have I embraced the Saviour? If not, Oh, seize this flying hour!

He taught a solemn truth who painted Time as an old man, with wings on his shoulders, scythe and hour-glass in his hands, and on his wrinkled forehead one lock of hair. All bald behind, and offering us no hold when it is past, let us seize Time by the forelock. Be saved this hour! That hoary preacher addresses you, as he shakes a glass where the sands of some of us are well-nigh run, and points his finger to the grave which, a few years hence, shall have closed over all this living assembly. Like other preachers, he shall die. Death himself shall die; but we never. Blessed or cursed with immortality, we shall live to wish we had never lived, or to rejoice that we shall live for ever. And, whether they fall late or early, happy then and happy now, such as, not ignorant that there were gray hairs on them, guilt in their lives, and sins on their consciences, sought salvation in Jesus Christ—washing their stains away in that atoning blood which both cleanseth from the vilest sins, and is free to the worst of sinners!—From "Speaking to the Heart."

None but Christians understand the divine philosophy of trying dispensations.—Cecil.

## RANDOM SKETCHES.

BY REV. ARTHUR MURSELL.

## "P's AND Q's."

IT is interesting to consider the origin and derivation of old phrases. There are many people who use the caution "Mind your P's and Q's" who have no idea of how the phrase first gained currency. Everyone knows what it means. As generally applied, it is a caution to be wary and to keep your wits about you. It is tantamount in meaning to that other phrase of nautical derivation, "Look out for squalls." This expression, though first used at sea as a caution to careful navigation, has acquired a pretty universal application; and so with the phrase "Mind your P's and Q's." Doubtless our totally-abstaining friends employ the expression as frequently as others, but, according to its original derivation, it is quite a superfluous caution amongst them. In the days when my gentle reader and myself were younger than we are now, some half-a-century ago, it was customary for the landladies of country public-houses to keep a sort of running account against the regular frequenters of their taverns chalked up on the back of the bar door, which was often painted black for the purpose. "P" meant "pints," and "Q" meant "quarts," and under these respective letters the number of pints and quarts consumed by such customers as did not imbibe upon the ready-money system was duly chronicled. Hence it fell into a sort of proverbial caution amongst the cosy circle who used to assemble in the village taproom to "Mind their P's and Q's." I do not know whether this simple mode of drinking on credit is still adapted or preserved in any parts of the country, but I do know there is still a sadly emphatic need for the repetition of the caution.

P's and Q's are the mortar and cement which build our prisons and reformatories, and the motto to be written up over the doors of asylums, hospitals, police-offices, and night refuges might well be "Mind your P's and Q's." I believe the correct regulation "pewter"—the "native pewter," as Charles Dickens calls it—of porter and old ale is stamped with some hall-mark or other to attest its capacity; but there is another mark upon it which is not to be seen except by the eye of the heart. Too often, for every pint or quart which is emptied of its foaming draught at the taproom by a husband or a father, there is a corresponding vessel filled at home by the tears and even the blood of a wife or child. We cannot spend a day with our eyes open without seeing more and more clearly the fearful signs of drunkenness in this country. It fires every other impure passion. It forces other vices into energy and power. It sends poor wrecks into our streets to pitch and reel like ships distressed at sea. It crowds the low taprooms in our towns with fathers who have earned to hate their children, and husbands who have learned to curse their wives. It empties the heart of its affections and the home of its comforts. It fills our billiard rooms with gamblers and their dupes, and brothels with "gallants" and their victims. P's and Q's might well be engraved on every billiard-table, and stamped upon the pawnbroker's gilded balls. Drunkenness is the architect of every jail and work-house that stands upon the earth, and it shaped and rigged and manned every hulk and convict ship that swims upon the sea. It established and peopled all our penal colonies, reared the gibbet on which nearly every murderer has swung, and dug the grave in which ten thousand suicides have slept. As it goes abroad, women turn white at the approaching fact, and hold the infant closer in their fear. What need to elaborate? The story has been hammered out thin upon the anvil of philanthropy and appeal, till men are callous to its force. But it is a caution that needs still repeating, not merely to the poor, whom it robs of food, but to the rich whom it robs of faculty, "Mind your P's and Q's." For rich men get enslaved as well as poor ones, and quite as often and as disgracefully. They used to tell a story in whose grim humour there is much homely truth:—"If a prince were to take too much, he would be said to be *elated*; if a rich squire took too much, he would be *elevated*; if a respectable tradesman exceeded moderation, he would be *incubited*; if a ten-pound householder transgressed, he would be *intoxicated*, but if a poor working-man makes a mistake, 'the nasty beast is as drunk as a pig.' We are unjust both to the poor man and to the poor pig. To say a man is as drunk as a beast or a pig, is to libel beast and pig. Let us be just and honest. Say he is as drunk as an alderman, or as drunk as a lord, for aldermen and lords do get drunk sometimes, beasts and pigs never. And remembering

this, let us offer to the lord and the labourer alike the counsel, "Mind your P's and Q's."

## "EVEN ME!"

IN a praise meeting, during the revival services in Chicago, Mr. Sankey spoke as follows in regard to the power of this and other hymns:

"What I have to thank God especially for is the wonderful way He has used the power of song. I remember about five years ago coming to yonder depot one morning early. It was my first visit to this great city, and I knew none here save one man. I went along Madison-street, up State-street, to the North Side, and met my dear brother Moody. I had met him one year before in a distant State, while he was engaged in the work of the Master. As I went along those streets, I recollect how I wondered if God had a work here for me in my coming to this city, or whether I had come on my own volition, and how while thinking in this way I sent up a prayer to God to bless me in the service in which I was about to engage. With thankfulness I remember the very first day I spent in this city. Somewhere down here we came among the sick and lowly, and went from one house to another singing and praying with the people; and what a blessing we received!

"God led us into other fields. I remember when the Tabernacle was rebuilt how I used to enjoy gathering the little people in, and teaching them those sweet songs that are already encircling the globe. Yes, encircling the globe, for but a few days ago I received a copy of these Gospel hymns printed in the Chinese language. They are sung in Africa and Asia, and are heard in France and Germany, England, and America. I remember what peace and pleasure I had as I first taught these little hymns on the North Side. One day a lady called on me when I first had those classes, and said, 'There is a little singing girl belonging to one of your classes who is dying. She wants you to go and see her.' I went to her home—a little frame cottage—and there I found a little maid dying—one whom I had known so well in the Thursday evening meetings. I said, 'My dear child, how is it with you?' 'Will you pray for my father and mother as you pray for us?' was the reply. 'But how is it with yourself?' I again asked, 'Oh, sir,' she answered, 'they tell me I am about to die, but I have found the Lord Jesus Christ.' 'When did you become a Christian?' I inquired. 'Don't you remember one Thursday when you were teaching me to sing—

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,

Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me;

and don't you remember how you told us that if we only gave our hearts to Him, He would love us?—and I gave it to Him.

'What that little dying girl said to me helped to cheer me on more than anything I had heard before, because she was my first convert. Thank God, there have been many since.'—From Longley's "Memoir of P. P. Bliss."

## SEASONS OF RECREATION.

WAKE up from the monotony of everyday life, and go out and see something you never saw before, or hear something you never heard before. Seasons of recreation are a preparation for the hard work of life. Innocent amusement and honest toil are twin brothers. I never knew a man worth anything for Church or State who at the right time did not know how to play. Let parents not only provide their children with Christian instruction, but also with innocent amusement. That wide deep river that runs through the valley, with its shoulder pushing at the mill-wheel and factory, urging its way out toward the sea amid the roar of machinery, and the click of shuttles, once had plenty of time to play, while it leaped on the rock, and danced in the shower, and trickled in dew from the mountain leaves, and sang over the waterfall, and laughed over the pebbles, and made all the rocks among which it pushes its way a-glimmer and a-gleam. If that plain river, before it got to work with the mill-wheels and the factories, had time to be blithesome, why shall not our children have time to be glad and full of laughter before they come to the push and tug and jostle of tremendous and stupendous life? It is a good sign when you see children full of romp and play. I have noticed that a tree which has no blossoms in the spring has no apples in the fall.—Dr. Fairbairn.

## GOLDEN TRUTHS.

## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR THE SUNDAYS OF 1877.

BY REV. THORNLEY SMITH.

**AUGUST 5. Morning.** THE AFFLICTION OF ISRAEL. (Exod. v. 1-19.) The request of Moses and Aaron to Pharaoh was, at first, that he would let the people of Israel go and celebrate a festival in the wilderness. This was a natural and reasonable request, as all nations presented sacrifices to their deities, and Jehovah, the God of the Israelites, could not be worshipped acceptably in Egypt. Pharaoh's reply was, "Who is Jehovah, that I should listen to his voice, to let Israel go? I know not Jehovah." This was true, but, as Keil says, it was no justification of his conduct. The reply of the messengers was, that God had met them, and required them to hold the feast; and that they were in danger of being stricken with pestilence, or with the sword, if they willfully refused. In Egypt they might sacrifice to the gods of the Egyptians, but not to the God of the Hebrews. But (ver. 4-5) Pharaoh would not comply. He called the Israelites the "low-people," i.e., "the common-people," or people of the lower caste. (Jor. iii. 23; Ezek. vii. 27.) And he charged Moses and Aaron with encouraging them to indolence (ver. 6-9). The same day Pharaoh commanded the taskmasters, or bailiffs, who were set over the Israelites to urge them to their work, that they should no longer give the people straw to make bricks. Chopped straw, mixed with the clay, made the bricks more durable, and they were not burnt, but dried in the sun. The people were thus compelled to gather stubble where they could, and yet to make the same quantity of bricks as before. This greatly increased their burdens. By "lying words" (ver. 9) the King meant the words of Moses, that the God of Israel had appeared to him (ver. 10-18). The taskmasters were only too ready to fulfil this harsh command; and as the Israelites could not thus add to their work, they were beaten, and told that they were idle. They complained to the King, but only met with a repulse. This appeared to be severe chastisement, but according to the memory-text (Heb. xvi. 11), it was intended to work for good.

**Afternoon.** PAUL SENT TO MACEDONIA (Acts xvi. 1-21.) At Derbe Paul and Silas found Timotheus, a young disciple converted on the apostle's former visit (ch. xiv. 6-21). As his father was a Greek, he had not been circumcised, but St. Paul wished to take him with them, and had him circumcised for the sake of the Jews, who were so zealous for the law (1 Cor. ix. 20). The decrees (ver. 4) were those of chap. xv. 23-29, and were, no doubt, received by the churches with great joy. These decrees, together with the ministry of Paul and Silas, confirmed them in the faith, and many persons were added to their numbers. They wished to proceed westward to Asia; that is, the west-coast district of Asia Minor (ver. 6), but by some internal direction the Holy Ghost prevented them, for there was other work for them to do. They came to Mysia, on the north-west coast, and essayed to go into Bithynia, on the east of the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, but again were hindered by the Spirit. The set time for the visitation of different countries is determined, not by man, but by the Holy Ghost. Troas (ver. 9) was on the east of the Egean Sea, whence they could look towards the continent of Europe. In a vision Paul saw a man of Macedonia, who entreated him to come over, and he and his companions went accordingly. We suddenly occur here, which implies that Luke himself became their fellow-traveller. They embarked in a ship, and first reached Samothracia, an island thirty eight miles west of the Thracian coast. The next day they came to Neapolis, a haven of Thrace, now called Cavalla. A distance of two miles brought them to Philippi, called the chief city, or the first city of Macedonia - that is, topographically, not politically; it was also a colony, for, though built by Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, Romans were now its masters, and had sent colonists to dwell in it. It was the first city in Europe in which the ambassadors of Christ preached to the people. The river (ver. 13) was probably the Gangitis, and here, probably in a tent or prosecution, the Jews and proselytes met on the Sabbath Day to pray. A few women were amongst them, and, among others, Lydia, a seller of purple dyes or fabrics from Thyatira in the Asiatic province of Lydia. Paul and his companions joined them, and preached to them the Gospel. Lydia's heart was opened - not by Paul, but by the Spirit - opened gently, not broken like the jailor's (ver. 27), and, already a Jewish proselyte, she

became a Christian, and was baptized. She was probably affluent, had a house and domestics, if not children, and when her heart was opened to receive the truth her house was opened to receive its messengers. She besought them to take up their abode with her, and thus her house became the first place of Christian worship in Europe. How great an honour! Some days later (ver. 15) a certain damsel followed them as they went to prayer. She had the spirit of a python, as the word divination means. Python was serpent at Delphi killed by Apollo, but subsequently soothsaying was so-called. The girl was probably a ventriloquist, and she was a slave, and brought her masters considerable gain. By a spirit of divination she spoke the truth, like the demons in the days of our Lord (Matt. vii. 29; Luko iv. 34), and often cried in the streets of the city as the servants of God passed along (ver. 17). Paul was grieved. But why? Not because he was annoyed, but because he was indignant at what he saw, and could not receive testimony from such a source. He therefore commanded the evil spirit, by whose agency she acted, to come out of her, and when her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they seized Paul and Silas, dragged them before their rulers in the market-place or court, and charged them with troubling the city (ver. 18-20). Thus their triumphs began in Europe, but their persecutions also. Timothy and Luke were not molested. By this narrative all soothsaying or fortune-telling, including the absurdities of spiritualism, is undoubtedly condemned.

**August 12. Morning.** PROMISES OF DELIVERANCE. (Exodus vi. 1-13.) It was not surprising that the Israelites complained to Moses and Aaron as they did (ch. v. 20, 21). But God had not forgotten them, and when Moses went back to Jehovah he received these promises. "I am Jehovah," etc., and "Now shalt thou see what I will do." (Comp. John xiii. 7.) To the patriarch God had appeared only as El Shaddai - God Almighty; now He would appear as JEHOVAH, the absolute being working out His own plans, and faithful in the performance of all His promises. In ver. 4 we have all the covenant promises of Gen. xvii. 7, 8; xxvi. 3; xxxv. 11, 12 brought together, and God said, "I, who made that covenant, will keep to it. I have heard, I have remembered; I will redeem you, I will make you My people; I will bring you into the land I promised to your fathers." And if God says He will do a thing, it will certainly be done; for He (JEHOVAH) is the Being, and none can resist His will (ver. 9-13). Moses told the children of Israel all this, but they did not listen to him, *lit.*, for shortness of breath, or an inner pressure of sorrow which precluded them from breathing freely. As afterwards, so now, they were full of despondency and unbelief. But Moses himself was full of anguish, and when Jehovah told him to go back to Pharaoh, he said, "If the children of Israel would not hear him how was it probable that Pharaoh would hear him, as he was heavy of mouth or 'of uncircumcised lips'?" (see ch. iv. 10; cf. ch. vii. 1-15). But God gave Moses and Aaron a charge to complete their mission, and they must fulfil it amidst all discouragements. Ps. i. 15 is a precious memory text here.

**Afternoon.** PAUL AND SILAS IN PRISON. (Acts xvi. 22-40.) The magistrates of Philippi most unjustly beat them and cast them into prison, but the jailor went beyond their commands. Think of him. (1) *As a man*, he was cruel and unfeeling, and thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. This was probably a cold, damp underground cell, and with their backs bleeding from the floggers' rods they lay upon the ground. Did they complain? No. At midnight they prayed and sang praises to God in such language as Ps. xxxiv. And the prisoners in the adjoining cells heard them, or, *lit. listened*. Then an earthquake shook the building, and then the jailor was about to be more cruel to himself. He had a sword by his side, and for fear of being put to death for not doing his duty, was about to commit suicide. Paul saw him somehow, though he could not see Paul, and cried out, "Do thyself no harm, for we are all here." Their bands were loosed, but they did not attempt to escape. Now look at the jailor (2) *as a penitent*. His conscience is aroused, he is afraid of a greater punishment than death; he is deeply humbled, and, calling for a light, he comes in, and falling at the feet of his prisoners - for he is their prisoner now - asks, "What must I do to be saved?" One thing only was their reply: "Believe," etc., for they saw that he was a true penitent, and was therefore warranted to trust in Christ for salvation. None but penitents are. Then see him (3) *as a believer*. He is thoughtful and compassionate (ver. 32). He is kind and generous (ver. 34). He is full of

holy joy, and he and his household are baptized. His house adjoined the prison, or was part of the same building. Contrast his conversion with that of Lydia. What followed? The earthquake had alarmed the magistrates, and they sent the jailer a message that Paul and Silas were to be released (ver. 35-39). But Paul refused. They were Romans, and had been condemned unjustly. The magistrates were therefore amenable to a higher court, and Paul, standing upon the rights of citizenship, refused to leave the prison unless they themselves would come and fetch them out. Thus their pride was humbled. Being released—(ver. 39, 40)—they joined the little church in Lydia's house, comforted the brethren, and left the city. But they had sown immortal seed, and the jailer had learned a new song (Ps. xi. 3).

August 19 *Morning*. THE FIRST PLAGUES. (Exod. viii. 14-25.) Pharaoh first hardened his own heart, and then God hardened it by simply letting him alone. He would not let the people go, and now came the first plague. The Nile was the sacred river of the Egyptians, and was worshipped daily. Pharaoh went out in the morning to see how high it had risen, and to offer homage to the god it represented. Moses went at the same time with his rod in his hand, and threatened to turn the waters into blood. (Cf. 2 Kings iii. 22.) When the waters of the Nile are low they assume a green colour, as they rise they become red, in which state they are wholesome to drink. This change is supposed by some to be caused by cryptogamic plants and infusoria. Now, this natural change becomes a supernatural one, and the Red Nile, as the people called it, became red with blood. Hence the fish died, and hence the Egyptians could not drink of the water. And this miracle extending over the whole of the Delta, for, included "the streams," or arms of the Nile; "the rivers" or canals; and "the ponds," or stagnant pools, so that there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt, in vessels of wood, and in vessels of stone. The Egyptians used to purify the water, but every attempt was now unavailing and they could only get pure water by digging in the sand round about. "The magicians attempted to imitate the miracle on a small scale, and apparently succeeded, but what a miserable imitation it must have been! (See History of Moses, p. 109.) Learn Jer. i. 10—God raises up men to pull down and to destroy, as well as to build and to plant.

*Afternoon*. THESSALONIANS AND BEREANS. Acts xvii. 1-15. Paul, Silas, and Timotheus on leaving Philippi, passed through Amphipolis, situated on the Strymon, and Apollonia, thirty miles further, and came to Thessalonica, on the Thermaic Gulf, a populous and rich commercial town. Here was a synagogue of the Jews, and, as his manner was (ch. ix. 20, xiii. 5-14), the apostle entered it, and for three Sabbath days in succession reasoned with them out of the Old Testament Scriptures. His affirming first, that the Messiah was to suffer (Isaiah lii; comp. Luke xxiv. 26-46); secondly, that He must rise from the dead (Ps. xvi. 10, 11); and thirdly, that Jesus, whom he preached, was that Messiah or Christ. Some Jews believed, and joined themselves to Paul and Silas, but many Greek proselytes were convinced, and not a few honourable women of Greek origin. But (ver. 5) the unbelieving Jews set the city in an uproar, and assaulted the house of Jason, with whom the missionaries dwelt. Whether Jason was a Jew or a Gentile is not known. But he and some others were dragged into the presence of the rulers of the city, and were charged with what was deemed a great crime—"These that have turned the world upside down, are come hither also." (Cf. ch. xvi. 20 Luke xxiii. 5.) It was partly true, and the world needed; this great upturning as it does to this day. They implicated Jason because he had received the agents of this work. Both the people and the authorities were troubled, for the latter had no proofs of the facts alleged. They therefore took of Jason a money security, as the word probably means, and they let him and his friends go. Paul and Silas themselves had been sent away by night (ver. 10), whilst Timothy remained for a while behind. Jason, then, did not give any promise that he would no longer harbour the new teachers, but only that he would not adopt any treasonable plans. Berea, to which Paul and Silas went was the capital of Pella, the third district of Macedonia. Here the resident Jews were of a nobler disposition (ver. 11) than those of Thessalonica (1) because they received the Word readily; (2) because they daily searched the Scriptures. A beautiful example this, and a proof moreover that the more the Old Testament is studied, the clearer will be the evidence that it testifies of Jesus as the Messiah or the Christ. The result was that many of them

believed, and that not because of Paul's preaching merely, but because they found it agreeable with their own sacred books. There also were several honourable Greek women and a large number of men, who became converts. But the mischief-makers of Thessalonica came to Berea also, and tried to stir up the rabble (ver. 13). What will fanatics not do? The zeal of false teachers and of the enemies of the truth is often marvellous. Timothy had followed to Berea, and he and Silas remained there, but the Christians of Berea sent Paul away to the sea, Berea being near the coast, that there, in company of some of his friends, he might embark for Athens. Learn ver. 11, and do not only read, but search the Scriptures. They are a mine of wealth, but the wealth does not lie on the surface.

August 26. *Morning*. THE LAND OF EGYPT SMITTEN. (Exod. ix. 13-35.) Six plagues had already fallen on the land, but Pharaoh's heart was yet hardened. Now came the seventh, and at that period of the year when the people were anticipating the early harvest. The barley was in the ear, and the flax was just rising in the stalk (ver. 31). Again, Moses was commanded to go and stand before Pharaoh, and again to demand the release of the Hebrews, with another terrible threat if he refused (ver. 13-15.) God had raised up Pharaoh purposely to show in Him His power; and now the plagues He would send would penetrate the very heart of the people, and inflict a deadly wound. A grievous hail was threatened, but Moses gave the Egyptians warning the day before, and those who feared the Lord, brought home their cattle. The hail—hailstones were so large, and fell with such violence, that they destroyed everything; and the storm was accompanied with fearful thunder and lightning; but the land of Goshen was exempt. According to numerous travellers in Egypt, flax and barley are ripe in March, wheat and rye generally in April. The plague occurred then in December or January, and in those months the cattle are sent out to graze. This plague was the more remarkable, as rain and hail, though not unknown in the Delta, are rare—thunder and lightning still more so. For a moment Pharaoh relented; but again he "sinned yet more, and hardened his heart, he and his servants." (See Eccles. viii. 11; Ps. cii. 15.)

*Afternoon*. PAUL AT ATHENS. (Acts xvii. 16-34.) Athens, one of the chief cities of Greece, was given up to idolatry. The city was full of idols. Paul was indignant at the sight (ver. 16), and to oppose the evil, he began to converse with the Jews and proselytes in their synagogue, and then in the market-places daily, with them that met him. What followed? He encountered the Epicureans and the Stoics—the philosophers of the age, some of whom thought he was an empty talker, or one who, like a rook, has nothing to say though he makes a noise. Others thought that he announced new divinities, because he preached to them Jesus and the resurrection. This last subject was to the Greeks most surprising, but they did not take the word *Atheists* for a goddess, as some have thought. Areopagus—Mars Hill—was an elevated part of the city, where the highest court was accustomed to meet. Here they asked him, somewhat politely (ver. 19), to address them, and explain himself. They liked nothing better than to hear of new things. The apostle complies. He was in the midst of temples, altars, and statues of gods; and he said to them, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are excessively pious," etc.—not "too superstitious." For among other altars, he had seen one with the inscription—TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. The origin of this altar is only conjectural; but it is supposed that the Athenians, thinking that there were deities with whom they were not acquainted, and whom it was needful to propitiate, erected it accordingly. It is said that there were several such altars in Athens. This unknown God Paul came to declare. He was 1. The Creator of all things. 2. A being not to be worshipped, or ministered to, by human heads. 3. The universal Father of the human race, all nations of which are of one blood. 4. The Being whom all should seek; and in whom all have their existence. One of their own poets—Aratus, born in Solœ of Cilicia, three centuries before Christ, had said—"For we are also His offspring." But Paul attributes this sentiment to more than one, probably having in view Cleanthes of Lycia, in whose writings the sentiment is also found. He therefore denounced the notion that God was like gold or silver, etc.; and he proceeded to preach repentance on the ground that a day of judgment was appointed (ver. 31-32). Thus far, he said, God had passed by these times of ignorance without any severe censure; but now a new era has come, and he commanded all men everywhere

to repent, a day of righteous judgment would come;—Jesus would be the judge; and His resurrection from the dead was the certain proof of it, or, as the word means, made faith possible, by bringing the fact near. At the doctrine of the resurrection they began to mock, as many do to this day. Others were disposed to hear him again. A few believed, among whom was Dionysius, one of the court—an Areopagite, and no doubt a distinguished man. The legends say he became bishop of Athens, and died a martyr. Of Damaris nothing more is known. 1 Tim. ii. 5 is the memory text, and expresses much that Paul said here.

## HYMNS FOR HEAVEN.

“And they sung a new song.”—Rev. v. 9.

ONE of the ministers of Leicester, in relating some pleasing incidents in connection with his pastoral work, gives the following:

On visiting one of the courts of the town, I was requested by one of the poor people to call on an old woman who had been bedridden for some years, and who lived in the neighbourhood. On reaching the cottage, and finding no response to my knocking at the door, I walked in, and went to the foot of the stairs, when I soon heard a faint voice requesting whoever it was to come up. In a small room at the top there lay an aged but cheerful invalid. I told her that I had been requested to call, and that I was a minister of the Gospel. She replied, “Well, then, you are just the visitor I want, and you are come at the right time.” And taking up her hymn-book, which lay upon her bed, said, “Now, I have been searching for a long time to see if I can find a hymn that will do to sing in heaven, and I cannot. Now, can you?” I took the book, and found

“There is a land of pure delight.”

“Surely that will do.” “Well go on,” she said; “read the hymn through.” Presently I came to

“Death like a narrow sea divides.”

“Ah,” she said, “that won’t do.” I then mentioned

“There is a fountain filled with blood.”

“Go on,” she said. I read the last verse—

“Then in a nobler, sweeter song,

I’ll sing Thy power to save,

When this poor lisping, stammering tongue

Lies silent in the grave.”

“That won’t do,” she said, smilingly: “mine shan’t be a poor, lisping, stammering tongue there.” I found others, but all to no purpose. “No, no, dear sir, shut the book; there will have to be a new one made.” “And they sung a new song.”

## THE PHYSICAL BENEFIT OF SABBATH.

SABBATH is God’s special present to the working-man and one of his chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it works like a compensating pond; it replenishes the spirit, the elasticity and vigour, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence it answers the same purpose as in the economy of income is answered by a savings-bank. The frugal man, who puts away a pound to-day and another next month, and who in a quiet way is putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail gets not only the same pound back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of his existence every week—who, instead of allowing Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it up—the Lord of Sabbath keeps it for him, and in length of days the hale of ago gives it back with usury. The savings-bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.

## THE SINNER’S WORK.

“ONE sinner destroyeth much good.” How much, no tongue can tell. By the force of his evil example, by his sinful and bitter words, by open acts of iniquity, and by secret efforts to lead men astray, he destroys and ruins souls on every hand. Especially is this the case when the “one sinner” wears the garb of saintliness, and professes to stand among the followers of the Lord. His pious life is an elaborate sham and cheat. He brings reproach upon the cause of the heavenly Master, whom he dishonours while professing to serve Him, and he not only does

positive evil himself, but hinders others in the accomplishment of good.

How many sacred causes and holy enterprises have been crippled, hindered, and ruined by the interference of some sinner, who aspired to lead, but who continually led in the wrong direction; and who would have the pre-eminence, though he was pre-eminent in nothing but stubbornness, selfishness, ignorance and sin. Well might the apostle desire the prayers of God’s people that he might be “delivered from unreasonable and wicked men”; and well may we seek the same deliverance, and pray that the little good we do, may not be destroyed by the unholy hands of sinners, who lie in wait to subvert the work that godly men have done.

I beseech you to treasure up in your hearts these my parting words: Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity.—*Horace Mann.*



## TRUE NOBILITY.

A SERMON BY THE REV. W. JONES.

These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so. Therefore many of them believed: also of honourable women which were Greeks, and of men not a few. — Acts xvii. 11, 12.

LIKE the winds which sweep wider the kindled flames of a forest, persecution has always been the means of spreading the Gospel of Christ. The means employed by its enemies to crush it have lent to it new wings to carry it into regions beyond, and have given a deeper emphasis to its living voice. In raising a storm of persecution against it, the

devil has overshoot his mark and defeated his own purposes. This is seen in the persecutions which attended the introduction of the Gospel into Europe. Its preachers were opposed by all the powers of the world, and by all the arts that malice and bigotry could suggest; and with a persistence which nothing but the deadliest hatred could sustain. The chief of the opposition in nearly all cases proceeded from unbelieving Jews. Their desire was to write "failure and falsehood" upon the Gospel, to arrest its march, and to cast it to the limbo of discarded delusions. At Phillippi, Thessalonica, and Berea, the first places in Europe visited by the heralds of the cross, the mad spirit of bigotry and revenge flamed out in acts of cruel violence. At Phillippi it inflicted upon the preachers of the Gospel scourging, imprisonment, and bonds; at Thessalonica it raised a spirit of tumult and disorder which shook the city, but in neither case was it able to prevent the planting of a Christian Church. It was made the means of extending the Gospel to Berea, where it found hearts longing for its light and its message of mercy. These Bereans were, it seems, a more refined and educated people than the Thessalonians, and had much wealthier connections. But it was not their descent, nor their culture, but their conduct in relation to the Word of God which the inspired historian commends. Their willing reception of the Gospel, their candid and patient investigation of its claims, and their submission to it dignified them with a nobility higher than that of blood and lineage, culture and titles. These qualities of mind and heart displayed by these Bereans give a man a place among the aristocracy of the universe, and a crown compared with which the jewelled crowns of earthly monarchs are baubles. There is:—

I.—WILLING RECEPTION OF THE TRUTH. "They received the word," etc.

We know what truth it was they thus received. The great truth which Paul everywhere preached was that Jesus was the Christ, the sent of God, the true Messiah, the Saviour of the world. He made everything subordinate to this. We can trace with tolerable clearness the method he pursued in setting forth this great saving truth in the cities and synagogues into which he entered. He began by reading or quoting from the Old Testament the prophecies relating to the Messiah, then proceeded to point out how completely they were fulfilled in Christ, and urged his hearers to accept Him and believe in Him, the King of all ages and nations. There was much in this truth to arouse the hostility and shock the prejudices of the Jew. It was now, it was humbling to his pride, it clashed with his opinions and feelings. Brought up in all the traditions of the law, and to indulge in the most splendid hopes of a temporal Messiah, he could not endure such a revolution in his opinions without feeling that he had much to give up. And while the case stood thus with the Jew, it was little better with the Greek. Cradled in poetic fancies which made the world a vast pantheon of divinities, and inspiring a pride of intellect which was all the more conspicuous for the moral poverty with which it was associated, he had difficulty in accepting for his King and Saviour one who had been crucified at Jerusalem. Yet such was the candour of these Bereans—both Jews and Greeks—such their freedom from narrowness, and from the blind exclusiveness of prejudice, that they listened to the apostle with all readiness of mind. This is noble. The narrow exclusiveness, the unreasoning pride which refuses any other truths or any other forms of truth than those we happen to hold, is ignoble and foolish. No man, however saintly and wise; no Church, however wealthy in Gospel light, contains all the



THE REV. W. JONES.

From a Photograph published by J. W. Alvingham.

truth. There are truths in the Book of God, gems far down in the exhaustless mine, pearls in waters so deep that no eye but God's can see them. Just now there will come a God-commissioned man, with his soul full of light and the flame of heaven quivering on his lips, who will discover to us new worlds of truth and beauty in the Divine Book the world has been studying for ages. Our attitude in relation to this book should always be that of reverent inquiry. We should always keep our souls sensitive to the faintest breathings of the Divine Spirit, watchful for new gleams of light, listening for the softest whisper of the Heavenly Oracle.

The conduct of these Bereans displayed *their love for the truth*. Truth was their desire, the object of their search. For this they were willing to surrender their cherished opinions, their hoary traditions, and their splendid dreams of

secular glory—they were willing to give them all up for the possession of this priceless pearl. Unrenewed men usually dislike, and are opposed to, religious truth. It flashes light on their moral rottenness, rebukes their folly and pride. It is to them a flaming angel with a drawn sword in his hand, and with thunders of condemnation quivering on his lips. There are those in the Church whose love for the truth is confined to some particular form of it, or to some particular class of truths, and their love for them hardens into prejudice, and incapacitates them for receiving any other. The teachers who ring the changes on their favourite themes are to them oracles of wisdom, while those who venture to open up fresh fields and pastures now are regarded with suspicion and distrust. This was the very ground of the opposition of the Jews at Thessalonica to Paul. They could see nothing beyond Moses, the law, and the prophets; and hence, when he preached Christ to them, they regarded him as a reckless innovator, and threw upon him all manner of suspicions, to arouse public feeling against him. But the Bereans had such love for the truth that they were ready to welcome it, come in what form it may and by whomsoever it may. Whether it came to them in the stately robes of the law, or in the simpler but sublimer majesty of the Gospel: whether it rolled to them in thunders from Sinai, or floated to them in soft, sweet music from the Cross, they gave it welcome. They know that nothing could stand but the truth, and that one part of it could not contradict another, but must confirm and illustrate it. There is in all the truths of the Gospel a beautiful unity. They fit into, supplement, complete, and support one another. They form a beautiful universe, whose music is harmonious as the anthems of heaven, and whose mingled splendours pour the light of day over all the world of human mind.

The Bereans were evidently *desirous for instruction in the truth*. Cultured and well to do as many of them were, they were not above being taught even by a stranger. They felt the incompleteness of Judaism. It dealt only in first principles, its lessons were all initiatory. Its material were the symbols of spiritual truths yet to be unfolded and expanded into a clearer revelation. The more spiritual among the Bereans no doubt at times caught glimpses of the good things to come. The light which they needed the Apostle imparted; he lifted up the cross of Christ in their midst, and taught them the true way of life. And so far repelling, because he taught truths at variance with their preconceived opinions, they listened to him with thoughtful respect. Desire for instruction in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God is in persons or in communities a beautiful and hopeful thing. Men's desire for instruction is generally in things widely different from these. They desire to be instructed how to make money, and how to get on in the world. It is not till their eyes are opened and they begin to see the value of their souls, that they desire instruction in spiritual things. There are professors of Christianity even, who when they have acquired a knowledge of a few of its first principles think they know all, and resent the idea of being further instructed. They have picked up a few pebbles on the shore of the boundless ocean of truth, and rest with these, forgetful of the unexplored depths which lie before them. To a child sporting in the depths of a lovely valley the hills which rise from his feet are the limit of the world; and yet beyond them lie kingdoms, oceans, and continents. So we, moving in our little world of thought, may think that we know all that is to be known in relation to religion, but this only makes our ignorance more apparent. The higher we rise, the more we see there is to be known. The horizon of Gospel truth recedes before us as we advance, and will do so for ever. The more we know, the more we shall see remains to be known. The human spirit never looks more majestic and beautiful than when kneeling on the foot-steps of the throne of God, asking for light.

II.—DILIGENT INVESTIGATION OF THE TRUTH. "They searched the Scriptures daily."

They had only the Old Testament. The appeal of the apostles was to these ancient Scriptures. The Bereans, therefore, carefully examined them to see if the new teachers were right. They did not oppose them with unreasoning prejudice, nor try them by any standard of their own; they brought them to the one standard of truth. Had any discrepancy existed between their teaching and the Scriptures, these Bereans would have found it out. Paul proclaimed the New Testament as completing and fulfilling the Old, and the unity of the two carried conviction to the minds of the Bereans. That unity is complete. They are not two independent wholes, they are two halves of one great whole, they complete

each other. The Old Testament anticipates the New, and the New fulfils the Old and pours back over it a glory which brings out its hidden meanings to view. The one is the root, the other is the Tree of Life bearing all manner of precious fruit, and even its leaves are for the healing of the nations. The one is the seed, the other is the flower—a flower of unyielding beauty and fragrance. The one is the morning twilight, the other is the risen sun pouring its splendours over all the world.

In bringing the Apostle's teaching to the test of Scripture, the Bereans acted a wise and noble part. It was the nearest and surest way to the truth, the way to secure a good foundation for their faith, and to make their spiritual life stable, healthy, and vigorous. In such a matter, involving as it did the eternal interests of their souls, they would take nothing upon trust, not even from an apostle. Those who take religious truth upon trust, and never examine it for themselves, who take it with unreasoning blind obedience because it comes from the lips of some authorised teacher, will never be anything but feeble disciples carried about by the wind and tossed. There will be the weakness of childhood, and they will be open to the inroads of all kinds of error. There never was a day when the utterances of religious teachers so much needed to be brought to the test of Scripture as now. There are so many theories afloat, and so much controversy on the high themes of religion going on round about us, that we have need to be on our guard. To the expansion of these theories there are often brought a fertile genius, a brilliant imagination, a captivating eloquence, and an unmistakable earnestness. But, after all, it will be our own faults if we are misled; because we have the infallible test in our possession. In his great epic, Milton represents Satan as squatting in the form of a toad by the ear of Eve in Paradise, to trouble her with evil dreams; but Ithuriel descends from heaven and touches him with his spear, and at that one touch Satan is made to stand forth in his own hideousness. The Bible is the Ithuriel spear which God has put into our hands with which we may touch the theories of the day and lay the falsehood bare to view.

Searching the Scriptures is our duty and our privilege. It is not enough to look into them now and then, just when some pressing need is upon us. We must examine them, look into their depths, trace their connections, and trace for ourselves the relation of their different parts. This should be done in a reverent and prayerful spirit, and with desire to know and possess the truth. If we do this, our faith will stand in the wisdom of God, and we shall be well armed against the scepticism of the day. There is among professing Christians a great neglect of this duty of searching the Scriptures. The ledger of business is thumbed to the back, the newspaper is hunted over in every column, the literature of the day is greedily devoured, but the Word of God is neglected. The Bible should be our chief study, the companion of our quiet hours, the friend we should consult at every step in the journey of life. The Bereans searched the Scriptures daily. Whatever the claims of business or of society, whatever the pressure of life, they would not forego the study of the Sacred Oracles. They did not simply take it down on the Sabbath, or when affliction came into their homes; it was their constant companion. The daily reading of the Scriptures in a right spirit lends a cheering light to life, enriches the mind with precious truth, fortifies and strengthens it, and gives it great advantage in the battle of life.

III.—SUBMISSION TO THE TRUTH. "Therefore many of them believed."

Convinced of the truth of the message which the apostles brought them, they yielded to it, accepted it, believed in it. They passed out of the Jewish temple into the Christian Church, from the feet of Moses to the feet of Christ, from the bondage of the law to the freedom of the Gospel. To them the Bible was its own witness, and so it is now. It contains the evidences of its own divinity. Those who go to it for truth, saving truth, will find it there. It carries conviction to all who approach it in the right spirit. Such was the nobility of the Bereans, that as soon as they were convinced of the truth they embraced it, though it required from them the sacrifice of much which they held dear. Many are convinced of the truth of the Gospel message, but yet they refuse to yield to it. Pride, prejudice, or some cherished sin stifles in them the heavenly voice, and bids the heavenly messenger away.

Among these believers at Berea, there were the representa-

tatives of different races and nations of men—Greeks as well as Jews. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is no local national thing, confined to some particular nation or race of men; it is for all men, irrespective of race, nation, or language. This truth needed to be proclaimed in an age when the Jew, in his proud exclusiveness, looked upon all other nations as barbarous, and outside the covenant. And it needs to be proclaimed now. The world needs to be reminded that all nationalities, social distinctions, and differences of speech are lost in the one great fact that Christ died for all, that the Gospel appeal to all, and has power to save all. The Greek type of intellect differed widely from that of the Jew, but the Gospel came with the same convincing and converting power to both. It has power to reach and to transfigure all types of intellect, all forms of character, all grades of life.

There were among the Bereans persons of different stations in life, though prominence is given to those of rank and culture. The sneer has sometimes, though very unfairly, been hurled at Christianity that it is the religion of the poor and ignorant. That it stoops to the lowly, and speaks words of love and mercy which the most unlettered can understand, is true, and is one of its glories. Its loving spirit, its pure, deep sympathy with the fallen and the wretched, its rich words of comfort and life, its free offer of forgiveness drew many of the poorest of society into its bosom, as they have done ever since; but it appeals with equal power to men of wealth and culture. Every stage of its history has seen men of wealth and culture among its disciples. Kings have been among its disciples, the princes of the realm of intellect, the leading minds of the race have been found enlisted under its banner. The great names that have been associated with it are among the brightest and noblest in the annals of our race.

This, then, is the nobility the inspired historian so warmly commends—receiving the truth, caudally examining it, and submitting to it. It is a nobility which boasts no outward symbols, makes no parade, and yet dignifies a man in the sight of God. It exalts a man to a high station in the moral universe, and brings upon his soul the wealthiest blessings and honours. It is a nobility we are all called to win. Prejudice, bigotry, narrowness of mind and heart in relation to the Gospel are the curse of life. They degrade a man, stamp him with littleness, and rob him of his heritage in the kingdom of heaven. Faith, love, obedience to God, glorify Him and make him rich and happy. You may never rise to a place among the titled nobles of earth, but you may win a place among the moral and intellectual nobles of the world. Take the Bible to your heart. Listen to its voice and follow its light, then yours will be true greatness of character and spirit. And when you quit this busy scene your home will be in the palace of God.

## MARK QUINTRELL'S WIFE.

BY BEATRICE A. JOURDAN.

SAY what we will, it is a blessed thing to live. Few persons have more cause to maintain this gratefully than I have. Still, we must not expect to find life one long summer holiday, as I rather think I did on my wedding day. Being a poor penniless orphan, I had known what it was to be huffed and buffeted about, but at that never-to-be-forgotten moment when I walked out of church as Mark Quintrell's wife, I fancied that my troubles were over for ever.

It was a mistake, of course—one which time was sure to correct, and time did correct it very speedily. A kinder husband than Mark I could not have had; only he was a genius, and if there were no counterbalancing disadvantages in being a genius why, how hard it would be for poor common-place people like myself! I wonder he should have chosen me, for I was not pretty, and had no musical talent; whereas he, besides being handsome and generally clever, was devoted heart and soul to music.

At the time of our marriage he was a pianoforte-tuner, employed by a large firm, and we set up in small apartments near his place of business. I was quite satisfied with our rooms myself, but after a while he began to gumble at having to live in "a hole of a place not fit to invite his friends to," and I this vexed me just a little, though I knew his "friends" were very unexceptionable persons, members, chiefly, of the church choir to which he belonged.

He had a good voice, and was a fair performer upon the

piano, but the violin was his favourite instrument. He could draw from it sounds that would make me laugh and cry by turns; yet, though proud of his talent, it did come upon me rather as a shock when he one day told me suddenly that he had thrown up his employment at the pianoforte maker's, and was going to achieve a world-wide reputation as a violinist,—one that would perhaps eclipse Paganini's! "It will be uphill work at first," he said; "I shall have to study and practise night and day, and shan't be earning much, of course, but you won't mind having to pinch and save a little, will you, Nelly?"

I was not very strong at the time, and my heart was still grieving sorely after my baby, who had left me at a fortnight old, and somehow instead of smiling, as my husband had expected, the tears nearly rose to my eyes. I was so afraid that he would be disappointed, poor fellow!

"What's the matter, Nelly?" said he; "you don't seem pleased. I thought you would be glad that I should be somebody in the world."

"Well you are 'somebody' already," I replied; "worth all the world beside to me. But isn't it rather a serious thing for you to give up your work?"

"My work! one would fancy I was a field-labourer. No, I don't see anything serious about it at all, except that it involves me in serious responsibility. A great musician has a mission to fulfil, a very important mission."

"Oh, I know that, but—"

"Hear me out, if you please. He has to educate taste and to refine feeling. I hope to do both, with the help of this," and he pressed his violin to him as lovingly as if it had been a living thing.

"That old fiddle—fiddlesticks!" I cried, impatiently, for, being myself so very prosaic, it somehow provoked me whenever he became at all high-flown in his moods.

"Fiddlesticks! do you mean that for wit, Nelly?" asked Mark, with a serious air.

"I leave you to judge," I replied—I fear rather pertly.

My husband looked annoyed, and took a turn about the room. "I see now," he said; "I see now, I hoped it was otherwise. Nelly, if a harp were standing here, say by this mantelpiece, and I were to bring in another harp in every way corresponding to it, and tuned to the same pitch, do you know what would happen?"

"No, not at all, what sort of thing?"

"Why, were I to strike a chord upon one it would cause the strings of the other not only to vibrate, but actually to give an answering sound. I thought that was the case between you and me. I see it isn't now."

I felt a little puzzled at first, and then perceived that he was referring to his own heart and to mine, meaning to imply that they did not thrill to the same touch. I was sorry he should think this—sorry, but not surprised, for I knew he must find me very dull and ordinary. So I went to him and told him that, whatever I might have said, I was ready to do all I could to forward his wishes; and he, believing it, kissed me in return, and we agreed together that we would drive "dull care" away, and be very very happy.

The next few months were, figuratively speaking, varied with clouds and sunshine. My dear husband managed to extract from them a great deal of enjoyment; and so did I, in a measure, though the visions of wealth and splendour that sustained us, did not, unfortunately, bring any present gist to our mill. By degrees our little savings were all spent; meat became an almost forbidden luxury; and on Sundays, when I went to church, I was often glad to shrink into some dark, out-of-the-way pew, in order that none might notice me, and wonder how I could be the wife of the success young tenor singer who sat so conspicuously in the gallery. I took care that he should always be well dressed, dear fellow! and so long as I did not bring discredit upon him, I could endure my own beggarly appearance without much discomposure.

In his love and kindness for me, he had a great objection to my doing anything in the way of earning money; but I obtained leave at last to take in a little dressmaking, for I wanted to diminish our debts, which had begun to trouble me sorely. We were behindhand with our rent, and, one evening, when I went out to fetch a loaf, the baker told me roughly he could not allow me bread upon credit much longer. I was prepared for this, but returned home with a heavy heart, feeling, I fear, as if I hated the sound of my husband's violin, which greeted me as soon as I entered the house. I had no cause to hate it, however, for good news had arrived during

my short absence—news throwing Mark into a state of ecstasy.

"Oh, Nelly," he exclaimed, starting up to meet me, "what do you think has happened? I'm off to Birmingham!"

"To Birmingham!" I repeated, bewildered.

"Yes—to perform in public! My friend Seymour Birge, the organist of St. Mark's, is going to give a *matinée musicale* to-morrow afternoon, and he has been disappointed in a Signor somebody, a violinist; and as I told him I could play anything at sight, he has sent for me. Wish me joy!"

"The darkest hour is nearest to the dawn," I cried. "Oh, thank Heaven, dear Mark, thank Heaven!"

There was not a moment to be lost. My husband was to start the next morning by the Parliamentary train, and his dress required much preparation. I therefore persuaded him to go to bed, and sat up all night myself, patching his best coat and waistcoat, and washing and ironing a white necktie, which I thought was the proper thing for him to wear on the morrow. I was far too busy to think of fatigue, but when he joined me, an hour before dawn, he told me I looked as white as a ghost. "Why didn't you make yourself some coffee, love?" he inquired, adding immediately, "Are these the gloves I'm to appear in on the platform?"

"Yes; they're your only pair of light ones. I have mended them up as well as I could."

"Well, they won't show, I daresay; but look, dear, what gobbler-stitch work."

"I can't see, Mark—I really can't; my sight seems gone."

"None are so blind as those that won't see," he answered, lightly. "But never mind, dear; how can you work well when you're so tired and sleepy? As soon as I'm gone you must go to bed. By-the-bye, you'll want some money to go on with till I come back. Here's a pound—will that do?"

I assured him it was more than enough, and had much scruple in taking it. "Oh, Mark," I said, detaining him for a moment as he was bidding me good-bye, "where's the money you collected for the repair of our organ? I want just to know in case Mr. Hanson should call for it."

"He'll never call, Nelly!"

"I think he may though, and—"

"Well, if he does, you have only to say you can't find it in my absence. *Au revoir*, mind you get up your looks against my return," and he hurried away.

Why did he leave me so abruptly? was he in haste merely to catch the train? I thought so at first, but afterwards, as I was recalling a certain strangeness in his manner, it struck me with sudden horror that he must be appropriating to his own use the money he had collected for our church-organ! It was not a large sum by any means—only three pounds fifteen shillings, and I felt sure he meant to restore it, but I knew that some unforeseen accident might occur which would prevent him—oh, awful thought!—from repaying it *ever*.

I took no rest all day, but sat and worked as well as my eyes would allow, and at dusk stole out of the house, carrying with me the only articles of value I possessed, a Paisley shawl given me on my marriage, and an old gold watch which had belonged to my grandfather. I felt dreadfully a-hamed at first, fancying everyone I met must suspect whither I was going, but suddenly I remembered the words, "Thou shalt rest me," and after that I grew calmer. My business did not prove quite so dreadful as I had expected, and sooner than I had dared to hope I issued from the side door of the pawnbroker's, with three pounds eighteen in my pocket.

I had more than made up the money now, and felt as if Mark were an honest man again, but though very thankful, very glad, I became conscious that I must be ill, for the noise in the streets deafened and bewildered me, and the gas-lamps swam and danced in the strangest fashion before my eyes. I reached home in safety however, and having locked up my money as jealously as if I had been a miser, went to bed, hoping that a night's rest would restore me; but when my landlady looked in upon me in the morning, she found me laid low with a nervous fever. My head must have been much affected, for, though I partly retained my consciousness, knowing every one about me, and feeling languidly pleased to see Mark on his return from Birmingham, I recollect nothing distinctly until, one morning when I was roused out of a refreshing sleep by hearing my husband exclaim despairingly, "What will become of me? What shall I do?"

"Mark," I said, calling to him feebly, "what is it, dear? Has something fresh happened dreadful?"

Mark was by my side in a moment. "Oh, dear," he cried, "I'm so sorry I roused you. I was only talking to

myself while I put the kettle on to boil. Better so to sleep again, love, or since you are awake, will you have a little tea?" (Poor dear fellow! Like most men, he was not very skilful as a nurse.)

"I will take nothing," I said, "and I am sure I cannot sleep any more till I know what you meant. Didn't you get on well at Birmingham?"

He confessed, with something very like a sob, that he had not got on well, but had disgraced himself, he feared, utterly. "They put me out," he said, "the other performers, and I got nervous and flurried; but I wasn't hused—not quite. Still, it was a great disappointment, and Seymour behaved so very shabby, that my going to Birmingham has been a losing concern."

"And is that all?"

"Well, no, not quite. I'd try teaching. Mr. Hanson said he would get me a pupil or two, but—"

"Mark," I whispered, "you used that organ money, did you not?"

He sobbed out that he had. He knew it was very wrong, and had not dared to tell me, but he had felt so sure he should be able to pay it back, and now—now he feared—he could not.

"Never mind," I said. "No, I don't mean that neither. It was wrong, very, but you won't do so again; and Mark, dear, the money's safe in that drawer—here's the key, under my pillow."

Mark was in an ecstasy. "Oh, Nelly, Nelly! how did you get that sum made up?"

"By pawning something. You'll see the tickets—don't be angry."

My dear husband was far too grateful to be angry. He kissed me again and again, calling me the best wife in the world. "I'm expecting Mr. Hanson every moment," he said. "He sent word he should call this morning, and if I hadn't been able to hand over to him—"

"What an odd time for him to be coming," I interrupted;

"why, it's not light yet, is it?"

"Light, dear? it's past ten o'clock."

"Why do you keep the room so very, very dark, then? I'm better now, and am sure there is no need."

"Well, I'll let in the red winter sunlight if you wish it. There! you see it on the wall, don't you, love?"

"No, I don't. Oh, what is come to me? I do believe I am blind!"

Yes, I was blind, or at least nearly so. It was a startling discovery, but the doctor pronounced it a mere nervous affection, curable with the help of fresh air and good living. Fresh air and good living were not, however, in my case easily to be procured, and though, by slow degrees, I recovered my usual state of health, the darkness that shrouded me seemed only to increase. For a while the doctor kept up my hopes, but at last I heard him say, "Nothing, I'm afraid, will restore her now, except, perhaps, some violent shock to her nerves," and I felt as if in these words he had sealed my doom.

Nevertheless, I had my compensations. Dear Mark obtained, through Mr. Hanson's influence, a little employment as teacher of the violin, and though the pay was not high, it sufficed to clear off our debts, and to keep us from starving; but better than the money he earned, was the moral change which came over my husband. He was dreadfully remorseful, fancying himself the cause of my affliction, and this made him far more serious than he had ever been before. He had not been much of a Bible-reader, but I got him to read to me from the Bible now, and after we had cried together over the story of blind Bartimeus, I became resigned, and almost happy.

But I am growing tedious, I am afraid, so I will not describe the summer that followed—I will not tell of the long hours I used to spend at the open window, feeling the soft air, and trying—oh! so hard—to catch one glimpse of the sun's bright face. I will not make myself smile and sigh by reciting my poor blundering attempts to dust, and sweep, and keep our rooms in some sort of order. Time presses, and I must hasten onward to the end.

One autumn evening I sat alone in a restless, anxious, rather despondent frame of mind. Mark was gone out to perform once again at a public concert—a concert given for the benefit of our church organ, and I was very apprehensive as to the result. He was nervous, I knew; I could tell that by the sound of his voice and the moisture of his hand; and were he to break down a second time, it would, I feared, affect him deeply. I had in my solitude one companion, my old gold

## THINE BE THE GLORY.

Composed by GERHARDT, Translated by MASSIE. J. R. BAILEY, Carlisle.

*Unison.*

1. Ev - ning and morn - ing, Sun - set and dawn - ing, Wealth, peace, and glad - ness, Com - fort in sad - ness,  
 These are Thy works all the glo - ry be Thine; Times with - out num - ber, A - wake or in slum - ber,  
 Thine eye ob - serves us, From dan - ger pre - serves us, Cau - sing Thy mer - cy up - on us to shire.

2 Father, O hear me!  
 Pardon and spare me!  
 Quench all my terrors,  
 blot out my errors,  
 That by Thy eyes they may no more be scanned  
 Order my goings,  
 Direct all my doings,  
 As it may please Thee  
 Retain or release me,  
 All I commit to Thy fatherly hand.

3 Griefs of God's sending  
 All have an ending,  
 'Tis loud may be pouring,  
 Wind and wave roaring,  
 'Tis anxious will come when the tempest has passed.  
 Joys still increasing,  
 And peace never ceasing,  
 Faith lost in vision,  
 And Hope in fruition,  
 These are the joys which I look for at last.

watch (which had, like my shawl, been redeemed from pawn), and I felt it continually, almost fancying sometimes that it had stopped going. But the hands moved onward notwithstanding, and I had just made out that they were pointing to eleven, when there was a bustle in the hall below, and at the same moment my room door was flung open by our landlady's daughter, a rough girl of fifteen.

"Oh, Mrs. Quintrell," she cried, "your husband's come in, and he's fallen down dead on the mat!"

"Dead? Dead?" How I got down stairs I do not know, but I found myself in the hall, kneeling beside my husband. He was lying on the floor, and our landlady was bending over him.

"Oh! is he really dead?" I cried in an agony; and then I became conscious that I was looking—yes, looking at his face. The shock to my nerves had come, and my eyesight was restored!

I was not glad just at first, but I soon became so, for it was a mere mistake of the girl's: dear Mark was not dead, he had merely fainted, through over-excitement and exhaustion. His swoon did not last long, and his annoyance, when he recovered, was great.

"So sorry I frightened you, dear," he said, as I helped him to our landlady's sofa. "I can't imagine what made me so queer, except that I've good news to tell. I'm so glad, for your sake, for, Nelly, I got on splendidly, and was ecored three times!"

"Then your fortune's made!" I cried.

"Not that quite; but I shall get on better as a teacher now, and it will be just a little compensation for you, my darling. It's this that pleases me most of all."

"Oh! Mark! dear Mark, what do you think? I can see! Yes, see you smiling at me, dear!"

My husband declared that the news was too good to be true; but it was true nevertheless; and, thank Heaven, from that hour my eyesight, though not strong, has never wholly failed me again. Mark is thriving well as a violin teacher, and this contents him now, for he no longer expects to make a name equal to Paganini; but he is very happy for all that and I am very happy too, knowing that in all essential points our hearts do, indeed, "answer" to one another, like the two harps of which he spoke long, long ago.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

BRIGHT and sparkling as ever comes to us the midsummer volume of that most perfect of children's magazines, *Little Folks* (1). We have read every volume that has appeared, and the best thing we can say is, that this new volume is an inestimable treasure to the youngsters, and fully equal to its predecessors.

Ruth Elliott's new book (2) is thoroughly worthy of her, and its appearance at the present time, when Ritualism and Romanism seem to go hand in hand, is most opportune. To inculcate a great truth in so attractive a manner, that one almost loses sight of the object aimed at, is no inconsiderable feat, and this has been very successfully accomplished.

Three hundred and ninety-nine pages of rhyme (?) (3) on one subject are almost too much for us. Mr. Glenn's object in sending out a volume of temperance verse is most praiseworthy, but hardly suitable for these times.

Mrs. Pitman always writes well, but her long stories are sometimes rather dry; we certainly like her short sketches better. "Vestina's Martyrdom" (4), which has just been issued, is a well-told story of Christian fortitude in the days of old Rome, and many a good lesson is taught in its pages. The authoress tells us it is intended especially for Sunday-school teachers and senior scholars, and we can heartily recommend it to them.

We are again welcoming the Jubilee Singers on their labour of love, and many will, doubtless, be glad to have the story of their wonderful and successful career (5), which, after a sale of 50,000 copies, has been issued in a cheaper, though not less attractive, form. The photographic frontispiece is exceedingly good.

It does us good to read the lives of such men as John Edwards, whose short but pregnant biography lies before us (6). Men such as he are worthy of having their memory perpetuated.

- (1) *Little Folks*. Vol. V. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)  
 (2) *Endeavour. Roman or Anglican?* By Ruth Elliott. (Allingham. 5s.)  
 (3) *Brighter Days for Working-men*. By W. Glenn. (Kempster. 3s.)  
 (4) *Vestina's Martyrdom*. By Mrs. E. R. Pitman. (Houghton. 3s. 6d.)  
 (5) *The Story of the Jubilee Singers, with their Songs*. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)  
 (6) *Near the Throne*. By the Rev. J. P. White. (Steele.)

Mrs. Hutcheon has written a very practical little book (7), and we should be glad to know of its being widely circulated.

Mr. Kingston, in his new book (8), has excelled himself. We all know his style, so fresh and vigorous, which has delighted the hearts of "The boys" for years past, and this last venture, intended more especially for girls, is fully equal to his previous efforts, though written, of course, in a very different strain.

Young men would do well to read and take to heart the addresses just reissued by Dr. Landels (9). They are full of life and vigour; practical, homely, and searching, and thoroughly up to the times.

An exceedingly good book, though somewhat plagiaristic, is Duncan Macgregor's "Mariner Newman" (10), written very much on the lines of the Pilgrim's Progress. The author has given us some very striking thoughts, clothed with a quaintness which adds no little charm to the whole.

"Village Methodism" (11) has found a worthy chronicler in the Rev. J. Colwell. His sketches are well written, and true to life.

Mr. Longley has just issued a third edition of Whittle's Memoir of Bliss (12) which has been justly called "a charming memoir of a charming man." The cover alone of this new issue (1s. edition) ought to sell the book; it is the most effective we have seen for a long time.

Very simple yet very earnest and even pathetic, is the story of two brothers (13), which Mr. Shenton has just issued. It is exceedingly cheap, and is just the book we should like to see in every village library in the kingdom.

We have received *The Duties of Wesleyan Stewards*, by Rev. E. Workman (Wesleyan Conference Office) *Thoughts on Immortality*, by R. Brown (Stock). *The Promise is to You*. (Stock). *The Ritualistic Conspiracy*. A very trenchant pamphlet. ("Rock" Office.) *Hattie and Nancy*, and *Ragged Jim's last Song*, two simple and very interesting little books for the younger ones (Wesleyan Conference Office).

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE Bishop of Manchester, in a letter to Mr. W. Birch, of that city, says:—"There may possibly be cases in which war may be the only remedy of some foul or crying wrong, and may be accepted as the lesser of two evils. But modern wars, which have been mostly prompted by greed, or jealousy, or fear, have rarely had this motive for their justification, or can be regarded by intelligent men as other than rude and barbarous methods of attaining an end. . . . We are certainly on the lines of our duty when we teach our congregations to pray that God would turn the hearts of 'the people that delight in war.'"

A memorial window to the late Sir Titus Salt, Bart., is to be inserted in the north transept of Lightcliffe Congregational Church. Sir Titus attended this church, and was much interested in its erection.

The exhibition illustrative of the origin and development of the art of printing, in connection with the Caxton celebration in London, was opened by Mr. Gladstone, at the South Kensington Museum, in the presence of a large concourse of visitors. At the *déjeuner* which followed, Mr. Gladstone, who presided, gave an address. Her Majesty has contributed a volume—the "Mentz Psalter," dated 1457—which is valued at £3000. In addition to the service in Westminster Abbey, a festival service, commemorating the introduction of printing, has been held in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Owing to the quantity of poor children who during the summer months frequent the Temple Gardens, and thus have the privilege of breathing a purer air than that of their own streets and courts, it has been decided to keep the gates open till nine o'clock. Many of the squares, greens, and other open spaces of the metropolis have been provided with seats.

The Mildmay-park Conference was held as usual, and extended over three days. It was attended by large gatherings.

(7) *Light Amid the Shadows*. By Mrs. Hutcheon. (Stock.)

(8) *Clara Maynard*. By W. H. G. Kingston. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

(9) *Beacons and Patterns*. By the Rev. W. Landels, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

(10) *Mariner Newman*. By Duncan Macgregor. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

(11) *Sketches of Village Methodism*. By the Rev. J. Colwell. (Stock.)

(12) *Memoir of P. P. Bliss*. By Major Whittle. Original edition. (Longley. 1s. and 2s. 6d.)

(13) *Tom Latimer, the Prodigal*. By Joseph Shenton. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. 6d.)

Mr. Stevenson Blackwood presided over most of the meetings. The subjects for consideration were, "The Acceptable Sacrifice," "The Transformation," and "The Acceptable Will of God" (Rom. xii. 1 and 2), which severally occupied the consideration of the Conference on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

The number of members now in the English Church Union is 16,498, against 13,877 last year.

The Church Association has opened 42 new branches since last year's annual meeting—the number of branches now being 280.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, son of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, by the advice of his medical attendant, is now on his way to South Australia, for the benefit of his health. Previous to his departure, he preached a farewell sermon in his Mission Chapel at Wandsworth. He will be absent from England about twelve months.

The Bible Christian Connexion reports an increase of 1100 members over those of last year.

The Primitive Methodist Conference has been held at Scarborough. The retiring president was the Rev. J. Dickinson. The Rev. T. Smith, governor of York College, was elected president, and the Rev. H. Phillips vice-president. The membership numbers 180,634, an increase of 3820. Next year's Conference will be held in Manchester.

The Methodist New Connexion Conference has this year been held in Leeds. The retiring president (the Rev. C. D. Ward) preached the official sermon on Sunday morning, and on Monday the Conference assembled for business. The Rev. J. Medcroft was elected president for the ensuing year by a majority of seventeen votes over those for the Rev. G. Hallett. The Rev. W. J. Townsend was elected general secretary. The new president then gave an address. He vindicated their principles, and spoke hopefully of the day when the Old Connexion and the New, which had been divided by principle, should be reunited on principle. The increase of members for the year was 1161, but the actual number added to the church had been between 3000 and 4000.

The Irish Wesleyan Conference was held at Cork, and was presided over by the Rev. Alexander Macaulay. The subject of the union of the Primitive Wesleyan Body with the Irish Wesleyan Conference formed one of the most important questions under consideration, and progress was made towards that desirable end. This Conference will have an historical interest, from the fact of its being the first mixed Conference of Methodism in Ireland.

St. Albans Abbey is now the cathedral of a new diocese, and the ancient town will henceforward be designated the "city" of St. Albans. At the investment of Dr. Cloughton as first bishop of the see were assembled a large number of Church dignitaries, and the "city" and cathedral were crowded by visitors. It was remarked that there had not been such an assemblage within the abbey walls since 1115, in which year the church was consecrated, and the ceremony was witnessed by Henry I. and Matilda, who, with many abbots, prelates, and nobles, were entertained in the abbey for eleven days.

Dr. Lindsay Alexander has resigned his position as pastor of the Augustine Church, having accepted the Chair of Theology (newly endowed) in the Congregational Hall, Edinburgh.

The Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund approaches £20,000.

Mr. Spurgeon has been forbidden by his medical advisers from making any engagements beyond those relating to his own work. Speaking of his inability to keep those he has already made, he says that "the choice seems to lie between being laid aside pretty frequently with depression of spirit and pain of body, and steadily keeping on with home duties."

Her Majesty the Queen has expressed her desire to award the Albert Medals to the Welshmen who so gallantly released their fellow water-imprisoned miners.

PRAYER UNION.—The Rev. John Thomas, of 39, Warwick-lane, London, writes:—"I shall be obliged if you will kindly allow me to call the attention of your readers to the Pennel Prayer Union, of which I have the privilege to be the honorary secretary. This Union is instituted for the purpose of securing the co-operation of members of all evangelical denominations of Christians, in united prayer for the Divine blessing upon Christian work and workers, and for definitely stated subjects; also for the systematic study of the Word of God. As our first year is now drawing to a close, I shall be very pleased to hear from any of your readers at once, and will

gladly forward particulars post free, on application."

A very unique and economical bottle stopper has been patented by Mr. Le Mare, of Chapel Vault, Blomfield-street, London. By means of this stopper, aerated waters are kept perfectly airtight. To ensure safety, the stopper is secured to the bottle, and can be instantly withdrawn or replaced after a portion of the liquid has been used. For soirées, temperance fetes, Sunday-school treats, picnics, &c., these bottles are a desideratum.

PEARL'S EXTRACT of Hamamelis, for Painful Inflammations and Swellings of the Flesh and Veins, or for Hæmorrhage from any organ, is renowned as the most healing lotion in the world, and is sold by all Chemists.

Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all other insects are destroyed by Keating's Insect Destroying Powder, which is quite harmless to domestic animals.—Sold in tins 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by Thomas Keating, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, and all Chemists (free by post for 14 and 33 stamps).

CAUTION.—BOND'S CRYSTAL PALACE GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK. By Royal Command to the Queen and Court of Holland. Insignes the million in drawing, never can be washed out, prevents theft, loss or mistake. Enlargement of bottles. Some chemists and stationers, for extra profit, palm off colourable imitations. Genuine Label has Address—75, Southgate Road, London. Vendors are cautioned and reminded of action tried Jan. 15th and 16th 1876.

HINTS ON BIBLE MARKING, With a Preatory Note by MR. D. L. MOODY. And Eight Specimen Pages. Octavo. Price 6d. Post free, 7d. SAMUEL BAGSTER AND SONS, 15, Paternoster-row, London.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE. Now ready, crown 4to. Cloth, red edges, price 7s. 6d.

WESLEY'S HYMNS AND NEW SUPPLEMENTS, with NOTES, containing more than 600 Hymns, original and selected: arranged in FULL SCORE under the Editorship of the late GEORGE COOPER, Esq., of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, and E. J. Hopkins, Esq., of the Temple Church.

Third edition, crown 8vo, with Portrait, price 3s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF GIDEON OUSELEY. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A. "We hope that this memorial of the 'Apostle of Ireland,' as Ouseley has been called, will be read far beyond the precincts of Methodism."—Dickson's Theological Quarterly.

WORKS BY MARK GUY PEARSE. UNIFORM ILLUSTRATED EDITION. Three Volumes, crown 8vo, (cloth, gilt edges, price 2s. 6d. each.

MISTER HORN AND HIS FRIENDS; or, Give's and Give'n. Ninth Thousand. "If you know a stibgy professor who wants enlargement of mind and of heart, send him a copy of this book."—Irish Evangelist.

SEAMONS FOR CHILDREN. Ninth Thousand. "A very charming book for the young, everywhere breathing the sweetest lesson of devotion, and utterly free from all sectarianism."—Standard.

DANIEL QUORN AND HIS RELIGIOUS NOTIONS. Thirtieth-third thousand. "There is a reality and a freshness about this book that will be sure to render it a favourite wherever it is known."—Christian Age.

LITTLE RAY AND HER FRIENDS. By RUTH ELLIOTT. Author of 'Jaco and Davy,' etc., etc. Royal 16mo. Five Page Illustrations. Price 1s. 6d.

London: WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE, 7, Southgate, City-road, and 60, Paternoster-row.

FREE.—The Believer's Present Death and Resurrection with Christ.—This Tract will be sent without cost to any true and thoughtful believer.—Address, "B. P. D.," 30, Clarendon-square, Leamington.

A NEW ERA.

HOW TO PREVENT DISEASES.

THE GREAT QUESTION of the DAY—How to prevent premature death from disease, or prevention of the propagation of infectious diseases.—Selling but true. How long are we to be left in sanitary matters at the mercy of the ignorant and careless? The Times states that 100,000 cases annually of illness from typhoid fever alone may be set down as preventable.

500,000 PERSONS HAVE DIED of this preventable disease since the Death of PRINCE ALBERT, the Great and Good.

UNDER the Mosiac law the nations were in a higher position in sanitary matters than the world to-day, while their appliances were rude in comparison to ours.

LORD BRACONSFIELD justly stated the other day that

"The health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and power as a State depend." For the most practical mode of preventing disease and premature death see a large illustrated sheet given with each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT. The information is invaluable. As an invigorating summer beverage use ENO'S Fruit Salt (preparation of soda and lime fruit). It is a great preventive and cure for biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, impure blood, pimples on the face, rickets, feverishness, mental depression, want of appetite, looseness of the stomach, constipation, vomiting, thirst, etc., and to remove the effects of error in eating and drinking.

QUESTIONS.—A startling array.

PREVENTABLE DEATH.—Why should fever, that the slayer of millions of the human race, not be so much and not limited up, and his career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The murderer, as he is called, is quickly made example of by the law. Fever is almost universally acknowledged to be preventable diseases; how is it that they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer almost without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge burden. Whose to blame? For the means of preventing premature death from disease read a large illustrated sheet given with each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT. The information is invaluable. The Fruit Salt (one of Nature's own products) keeps the blood pure, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers, blood poisons, liver complaints, etc., ever discovered.

WHAT every TRAVELLING TRUNK and

HOUSEHOLD in the WORLD ought to contain a bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Without such a simple precaution, the jeopardy of life is immensely increased.

A SURE HEALING-GIVING, Refreshing Cooling, and Invigorating BEVERAGE, or as a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms of indigestion, use

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—M.D. (Edin.) and M.R.C.S., L.A.C., London, writes:—"I am much pleased with your Fruit Salt, having tried it on myself. Your theory and remarks are most reasonable. Having nearly died of typhoid when studying at College, being only one out of 16 who recover. I mean to go with it for purifying the blood. Though I am 63 I have not the least doubt it will be very serviceable to me."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—"Your Fruit Salt is beyond all praise. I wish you would sell it here; it would make its own way by its own merit."—T. A. Somerby, Councilor-at-Law, No. 20, Old State House, Boston U.S.A.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Messrs. Gibson and Son, Chemists, of Bexham, say:—"Since we introduced your Fruit Salt at Hexham, a few months ago we have sold upwards of 1,000 bottles, and it gives general satisfaction, as customers who get it aim at always recommending it to their friends. We have had numerous instances of its great efficacy in the cure of bilious headaches, indigestion, or stomach complaints, &c."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—"I, Rue de la Paix, Paris, Jan. 16, 1877.—A gentleman called in yesterday. He is a coal shaft sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, has taken all sorts of mineral waters. I recommended him to give your salt a trial, which he did, and received great benefit. He says he never knew what it was to be well, until he tried your salt, and for the future shall never be without it in the house."—M. Beral"

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—Sold by all Chemists, price 2s. 6d and 4s. 6d.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—Sole Agent for Paris, Pharmacie de Beral, 14, Rue de la Paix.

MEMOIR OF P. P. BLISS,

(Author of "Hold the Fort," and many other of the Gospel songs used by Messrs. Moody and Sankey.)

By MAJOR D. W. WHITTLE, with contributions by R. V. E. P. GOODWIN, G. F. HOOT, G. L. SANKEY and Introduction by D. L. MOODY. The book contains a very full account of the private life and work of Mr. Bliss, narrated by the incidents which formed most of his story, and a full record of the terrible accident at Ash-tahula in which Mr. and Mrs. Bliss were killed. It also contains a exceedingly LIFE LIKE PORTRAIT of Mr. Bliss, his wife, and two children; the last song he wrote, and a very touching memorial song, entitled, "Angels Met Him at the Gate."

Illustrated Stiff Cover, in two Colours, 11s. Thick toned paper, extra cloth gilt side and edges, bevell'd boards, with a beautiful PHOTOGRAPH 2s. 6d.

F. E. LONGLEY'S Original Edition (Third Issue) is the largest and handsomest, and the most faithful reproduction of the Authorized American Edition. London: F. E. LONGLEY, 39, Warwick Lane E.C.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS

Not satisfied with the Results of their Work.

Have you tried the Systematic Bible Teacher, 2s. (over 700 Lessons)? Bible Voices for the Young, 1d., 2d., 3d.?

BOTH FREE BY POST FOR HALF-A-CROWN.

Teachers can easily teach them; Children can both learn and teach them; Parents can use them at home; and Ministers without study can examine upon them, and the Lord does bless them.

Apply at the Systematic Bible Teacher Depository 15, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

PIANOFORTES, HARMONIUMS, AMERICAN ORGANS,

AT WHOLESALE PRICES, Saving from 30 to 60 per cent. Elegant Walnut and Rosewood Pianofortes,

Full compass, from 19½ guineas. Oak, Mahogany, American Walnut Harmoniums,

Full compass, from 4½ guineas. Prize Medal American Organs, Centennial Exhibition, 1876 from 12 guineas.

SOLE AGENTS (United Kingdom), for "Carl Riethimer's," Stuttgart, Pipe and Pedal Harmoniums.

For Cottage, Parlour, or Church (7 Prize Medals). These Instruments are manufactured from the best Materials, contain all improvements, and are WARRANTED SEVEN YEARS. Illustrated Price Catalogues post free. Most instruments carriage free to any part of England.

BENNETTS & BENNETTS, 86, GLOUCESTER ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON, S.W.



To be had of all Chemists and Dispensing Vendors, In Boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. DARLOW and FAIRFAX, 443, West Strand.

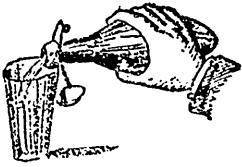
# THE NEW STOPPER

FOR

SODA WATER, SELTZER, LEMONADE,

AND ALL OTHER

AERATED WATERS.



THE

## PATENT ECONOMIC BOTTLE STOPPER.

HITHERTO every attempt to replace the ordinary cork, and avoid the loss of time and trouble caused by having to take off the wire and draw the cork, has proved more or less unsuccessful; this difficulty has now been completely overcome by THE PATENT ECONOMIC BOTTLE STOPPER, by which Aerated Waters are rendered completely airtight, while the Stopper can be instantaneously withdrawn.

THE PATENT ECONOMIC BOTTLE STOPPER being attached to the bottle, perfect safety is ensured.

THE PATENT ECONOMIC BOTTLE STOPPER has this important advantage: when a portion of the contents of the bottle has been poured out, the bottle can at once be re-corked with the Patent Stopper.

THE PATENT ECONOMIC BOTTLE STOPPER must be of the greatest value in all places where speed in opening is a desideratum.

THE PATENT ECONOMIC BOTTLE STOPPER should be adopted by all, as it combines the essentials of complete efficiency, cleanliness, ease, and safety.

## THE PATENT ECONOMIC BOTTLE STOPPER,

Proprietor—E. LE MARE,

CHAPEL VAULTS, BLOMFIELD STREET, LONDON, E.C.,

From whom Descriptive Illustrations and Prices may be obtained.

Only a Life; an Autobiographical Story. By MARY BASKIN, Author of "Wild Violets." 4to, thick paper, very elegantly bound, price 5s.

F. E. LONGLEY, 39, WARWICK LANE, LONDON.

EXCELSIOR Gas Burn, 20 10S REFLECTOR COOKING STOVES, from 6s. 6d. to 110. Gas Laths and Conservatory Boilers in great variety.

G. Shrewsbury, 59, Old Bailey, E.C.

FLAGS, BANNERS, DECORATIONS ON SALE OR HIRE.

LARGEST WORKS IN THE KINGDOM.

BAZAARS FITTED.

Catalogue, One Stamp.

HENRY BEVIS,

140, PENTONVILLE ROAD, LONDON, N.

# M. LEADER

BERLIN WOOL AND GERMAN NEEDLEWORK

IMPORTED DIRECT.

SHETLAND, ANDALUSIAN, AND FLEECY Wools. SCOTCH FINGERING AND MERINO YARN. FENEOPE, JAVA, AND OTHER CANVAS. AERATED CARDBOARD. FILOSELLE, ETC., ETC.

PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

9, NEW INN YARD, LONDON, E.C.

THE PIANOFORTE, HARMONIUM, & GENERAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CLUB the object of this society is to supply first-class Musical Instruments of every kind, at bona fide cash prices, payable by small quarterly subscriptions.—Prospectus, Rules, etc., post free, one stamp.

PROPRIETORS:—

E. D. POWELL and CO., BEXHAMON-TYNE, Manufacturers and Importers of EVERY DESCRIPTION OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Price Lists on application.

TRY

FOSTER'S

9s. 6d.

## TROUSERS.

Ready Made or to Measure.

Warranted as good as those you are paying 1s., 16s., or 3s. for.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT APPROVED. Sent to all parts.

Send a pattern for or for Guide and Tape to measure, Patterns, etc.

P.O.O. to be made payable at Finsbury-square.

15, WINDMILL STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

## KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

## THE BEST SUMMER MEDICINE.

COOL THE BLOOD. CURE THOUSANDS. PURIFY THE SYSTEM.

GO TO THE ROOT OF DISEASE.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

SAFE TEETHING

DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS PREVENT CONVULSIONS. ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.

## FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS

For Children Cutting their Teeth, to prevent Convulsions

Do not contain Calomel, Opium, Morphia, nor anything injurious to the tender babe.

Sold in stamped boxes at 1s. 1 1/2d. and 2s. 9d. (great saving), with full directions.

Sent post free for fifteen stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

Read FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK which contains valuable hints

Feeding, Teething, Weaning, Sleeping, &c. Ask your Chemist for a free copy.

EASY TEETHING



**TOOTH-ACHE.  
INSTANT CURE.  
BUNTER'S NERVINE.**

**PREVENTS DECAY.  
FORMS A STOPPING.  
SAVES THE TOOTH.**

**MEDICAL TESTIMONIALS.**

From J. HOUNSELL, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, Dorsetshire.

"I consider BUNTER'S NERVINE a specific for tooth-ache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief. I therefore give my testimony of having used it with invariable success, and recommend its use to the Profession and the Public as invaluable to all who suffer from tooth-ache."

From E. SMITH, Esq., Surgeon, Sherston, near Cirencester.

"I have tried BUNTER'S NERVINE in many cases of severe toothache, and in every instance permanent relief has been obtained; I therefore strongly recommend it to the public."

From N. CRESS, Esq., Brook House, Cricklade.

"I can with confidence recommend BUNTER'S NERVINE to all who suffer from the toothache, having applied it in many instances, and never knew it fail from giving immediate relief. No family should be without it."

A gentleman at Bristol writes: "For six years a decayed tooth prevented mastication on the side it was situated, as well as causing many sleepless nights; but having used BUNTER'S NERVINE, I am not only relieved of the most troublesome of all pains, but can now use the tooth without the slightest inconvenience, and therefore can confidently recommend it to all who suffer from toothache."

**BUNTER'S NERVINE**

May be had of all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. & 2s. 9d per packet.

**DR. WARNER'S LOTION**

Is confidently recommended as a Cure for Sores and Ulcers, whether the result of accident or of disease. It will at once relieve the pain of Burns and Scalds, and (if used immediately) will prevent the formation of blisters.

It will prevent Chilblains from breaking, or, if broken, it will heal them, and will at once relieve the intolerable itching. For Bruises and Sprains it is invaluable, as it entirely removes inflammation and swelling, and prevents discolouration of the skin. From its easy application and invariable success in cases of accident, no family, school, factory or public institution should be without it. Numerous Testimonials have been received of its efficacy.

May be had of any respectable Chemists, in Bottles, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each.

**DR. WARNER'S  
EYE WATER,**

**For Weakness of Sight and Inflammation of the Eyes.**

The immediate relief derived by numbers from the use of this excellent remedy, for nearly half a century, has established it a cure for Weak and Inflamed Eyes, arising from cold or constitutional causes. It is strongly recommended to Emigrants, many of whom, particularly in Australia, have experienced great benefit from its use.

Numerous Testimonials in its favour have been received.

May be had of any respectable Chemist, in Bottles, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each.



**Oldridge's Balm of Columbia.**

ESTABLISHED SIXTY YEARS.)

THE BEST and ONLY CERTAIN REMEDY ever discovered for preserving, strengthening, beautifying, or restoring the HAIR, WHISKERS, or MOUSTACHES, and preventing them from turning grey. Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s.

C. and A. OLDRIDGE 22 Wellington St. Strand, London, W.C.  
AND ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

For children it is invaluable, as it forms the basis of a magnificent head of hair, prevents baldness in mature age, and obviates the use of dyes and poisonous restoratives.

**G L E N F I E L D**

THE  
QUEEN'S  
LAUNDRESS  
SAYS THIS STARCH  
IS THE BEST  
SHE EVER  
USED.

**S T A R C H.**

VALUABLE FAMILY MEDICINE



BY the use of these pills during more than 40 Years, many Thousands of cures have effected; numbers of which cases had been announced incurable.

The numerous well-authenticated Testimonials in disorders of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Lungs, Kidneys; also in Rheumatism, Ulcers, Sores, Skin Diseases, are sufficient to prove the great value of this most useful Family Medicine, it is DIRECT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD and cleanses the body.

Many persons have found them of great benefit in relieving and preventing Sea-sickness in warm climates they are very beneficial in Bilious Complaints.

Sold in Boxes, price Sevenpence-halfpenny, Shilling and Threehalfpenny, and Two Shillings, by G. WHELPTON & SON; 11, Court, Fleet Street, London, and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors at Home and Abroad, and by post in the United Kingdom for 8, 14, & 20.