

# THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1875.

## Editorial.

### HIGHER ISSUES.

It is good for us, and hopeful for our children, that questions of living, real, and abiding interest are coming to the front in our Dominion. Hot debate, and bitter discussions about matters of minor importance lower public morality and hinder the progress of religion; but when the debate and discussion are about the great matters of God and the State, the closer and keener the conflict the better for us and for those that come after us. Petty questions as to sect and party, as to Sibboleth and Shibboleth, have been the bane of our religious and political life for years past in British America.

The Church of Christ has been greatly hindered in all ages by the "Traditions of the Fathers." Certain maxims were uttered and customs sanctioned in the long past by men who were esteemed for their wisdom. These maxims and customs of the fathers were received by the children as gold without further examinations, because they bore the stamp of their superiors. In some instances, matters are all right, for the Traditions are Truth; but in many instances the Traditions are Error. These traditional errors have impeded the progress of the

church and have exposed her to the sneers of men of this world.

There are, however, "Traditions of the Fathers" to be found elsewhere than among the churches. There are "idols of the den or cave," as Bacon calls them, to be found—class prejudices and traditions—among all classes of the community. They are to be found among our politicians as well as among our theologians. The tradition that "There must be parties in politics" has come down from the Political Fathers, and passes current as pure gold from hand to hand, among the disciples.

It is true that as long as there is right and wrong struggling for the mastery, sense and stupidity each trying to grasp the helm, there must be two parties, the party of right and the party of wrong, the side of sense and the side of non-sense. Even this however is, not a thing to be desired, but a thing to be regretted; not a thing to be gloried in, but a thing to be deplored. Instead therefore of blindly accepting the maxim "That parties in politics is a good and necessary thing," every intelligent man should submit the maxim to examination. On enquiry it may be found that this maxim is an "idol of the political den." A

much higher truth (a truth that would raise politics to a noble height, if recognized) is this truth, "That parties in politics is a great evil." There was a time as the poet tells when men were, so honest and just that there were no parties in politics.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel,  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,  
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party,  
Then all were for the state,  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great.

If such was the condition of things in the "brave days of old," why should it not be the case in the "good times coming?"

Whatever may be said of the older countries of Europe where the *nobles* and the *people* are yet employed in finishing up old scores, on this side of the Atlantic there is no excuse for the same party lines. The people have it all their own way here, and yet, because of party and party cries,

"Roman is to Roman  
More hateful than a foe,"

"Men give up to party what belongs to mankind." As the love of party strengthens, the love of country relaxes:

As they wax hot in faction,  
In battle they wax cold.

Is this the highest attainable state of things? Is this the stone in the upward march on which we are to write "Rest and be thankful?" Some of our ablest political papers tells us it is even so. But the better instincts of our hearts tell us it is not so. Questions of greater moment than the questions of party politics are rising on us and crying aloud, "Who is on the Lord's side? Who?" There will be two parties yet for a time, but these will be not the "party that is in power" and "the party that is out;"

not parties about local, trifling, and dead issues, but parties about great national, living issues. The great living questions of our day which are even now in the case of many intelligent men fast pushing aside the paltry questions of the stump, and the club, are the questions: Is Canada going to be a Christian or Anti-Christian (Popish) country? Is the order of the day to be Temperance or Intemperance? Are our public schools to be with God or without God? Is the Sabbath of the Dominion to be after the grand old Puritan type, "holy to the Lord," or is it to be the Parisian Sabbath, consecrated to the goddess Pleasure?"

Such are the questions that are coming to the front. In the solution of these great questions quite a host of minor questions will be solved. Let our country be out-and-out-Christian; let strong drink be banished from our hotels and our homes, let the education of our youth be the broad basis of the Bible which belongs to no sect or denomination, let the Sabbath be honoured in city and country, and it matters little "who is in" or "who is out" in our political system, then indeed as the Rev. John Skinner humourously puts it,

"Let Wig and Tory all agree,  
To drop their Whigmegmorum."

But if these higher issues are blinked, or neglected, or sold, then each political party, no matter what name it bears, will be only like the flies of the fable, —the newer to the office the hungrier for the spoil.

Whether or not these higher issues occupy any prominent place in the public heart and conscience, one can judge by noticing the progress and prospects of one newspaper in this Dominion that has made the most of these questions the planks in its platform. The *Montreal Witness* is on the highway to be the "Times" of the

Dominion, because, keeping aloof from party questions of no abiding or real value, it has devoted itself to those higher questions that merge on the sphere of the moral and the spiritual—*Protestantism, Temperance, and the Sabbath.* These three are "the gold, the silver, and the precious stones" that will stand the fire; whereas, lower issues, contrary to those dictated by party views, are "the wood, the hay, and the stubble," which shall be burned.

"The American mind," says Carl Schurz, in his speech recently at Berlin, "is beginning more clearly than ever to understand that a mere form of government, however free, and however wisely devised, is not alone sufficient to secure the liberty, happiness, and greatness of a people; that an active public conscience is the true balance-wheel of free government; that popular institutions can safely stand only on a strong foundation of public virtue, and that the morality of a government must be ruled by the same principles which in private life form the character of a gentleman. It begins to be felt more strongly than ever that for the guidance of American affairs in such a period, a statesmanship is required which knows something higher and better to do than to feed efficient partisans with public plunder; a statesmanship that has

intelligence and knowledge enough to understand and appreciate the problems to be solved, and also moral courage and independence of spirit enough to treat those problems on their own merits, and not merely in their relations to party advantage. Nor is the number of those small whose hearts are full of the sentiment that parties are well in their way, and useful as long as they strive for power, only to use it for the public good, and not merely to possess it for their own enjoyment; but that, to serve his country is the best sense, every true American must recognize his duties as a patriot first, before he thinks of any obligation as a partizan."

It is one of the hopeful signs of our times, that the restless selfish activity of Priests, "Publicans," and unprincipled politicians are forcing Christians to higher ground and higher issues. It may not be our lot to see it, but the time is undoubtedly being hurried forward—and to some extent by the means taken to hinder it—when there shall be separation of Church and State in the Province of Quebec, when prohibition in some shape or other will be the law of the Dominion, when the Bible will be studied in our public schools, and when our immoderate and unchristian party strife will give place to patriotism and Christian statesmanship.

## Living Preachers.

### THE OTHER SIDE OF A GREAT QUESTION—“TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR.”

*An Address to the people on the Settlement of a Pastor.*

BY THE REV. ROBERT DEWAR, LAKE SHORE,  
ONTARIO.

[We hear in our day a great deal on every side as to how ministers should preach. This is all right enough. But this is only one aspect of a great question. The other aspect—the aspect, viz.: how *people ought to hear*, is, in its own place, just as important. Talk or treatises on farming that treated only of ploughs and the other *instruments* of husbandry would be deemed incomplete without something about *soils*, and how to help them to yield good crops. The people's duty, as hearers of the word, is handled in this address following with much fullness and faithfulness.—*Ed. C. C. M.*]

The present occasion is one of deep solemnity, being the consecration of one to the service of God among you. It is equally solemn in the duties which it devolves upon you and demands of you, as a means necessary to a personal participation in the glorious gospel of our blessed God. The end contemplated by the Christian ministry is not to parade self in an ostentatious display of learning, or to furnish a feast to the intellect, or to play upon the mind with fine words, or to tickle the fancy with the mere show of drapery, or to touch the affections with the luxury of excitement; but to unfold unto men the grand truths of the gospel, to refresh their mind with the same grand truths, or to give to their mind new aspects of the

same grand truths, or to give to their mind enlarging views of the same grand truths; to imbue their mind with the spirit of the truth, with the love of the truth, with the desire for the truth, as it is in Jesus. Your correlative duty is, therefore, not to attend the ministrations of God's servant in order to wile away an hour as we do at literary entertainments, or to be charmed with the fascinations of genius as we seek to enjoy in the works of imagination, or to be dazzled with fine speculations as we expect to find in the works of philosophy; but to hear from his lips the word of God, not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God; to be indoctrinated by him into the peculiar doctrines of the cross—into its principles, precepts and moralities. Now, if this is what you are required to do in order to become wise unto salvation through the ministry of the word, what are the means and conditions necessary, on your part to its attainment? Let us trace this out in the sequel.

1. Regular attendance on the ministry of the gospel. This is a prerequisite indispensable to growth in grace from the preaching of the gospel. He who is now ordained to break among you the bread of life, is regarded by his companions in study as a clear-seeing, deep-thinking, pure-minded, conscientious man. He cannot, therefore, be stationary in his knowledge of divine things, or in the condition of his mind in regard to them, or in the utterance of them; but he must make progress—progress of thought in divine things, progress of personal experience in divine things, progress of vital religion from divine

things; and he must thus ere long differ much from his present self in his increased knowledge of divine things, and acquired fitness, from his personal appropriation of divine things, to communicate divine things from faith to faith in the house of God. Now, from the design of the gospel ministry, and in view of the qualities here marked out as characteristic of the preacher, two things imperatively demand your regular attendance on his ministrations in order to go along with him in the work of the Lord within your souls. The first thing is his constant onward progression, both in the matter and in the spirit of his ministrations. He is thus being always the better qualified to expound unto you the word of God in all its significance and spirituality; to unfold unto you the plan of redemption in all its grand provisions as set forth with fulness in the oracles of heaven; to spread out before you the unspeakable riches of his grace scattered everywhere with rich profusion in the sacred volume; to give you clear insight into divine things, adequate views of them, and a deep interest in them. Will you not, therefore, from your regular attendance on his ministrations, gain knowledge upon knowledge of God in the economy of grace? Or, if you allow occasional interruptions in your attendance on his ministrations, will you not therefrom lose much spiritual good? Will there not thence be a break in the continuous flow of the preacher upon you in his thoughts and sentiments on divine things? Of all this there can be no doubt; for, something which he has said before, has a bearing on what he now says, but inasmuch as you were not regularly in the house of God to hear him, there necessarily ensues a break in the continuity of thought and sentiment between your mind and his mind either in the matter or in the spirit of what he preaches to you on your again hearing

him. Are you thus not rendering less efficient the means which God has appointed for your spiritual good? Are you thus not depriving yourselves of the spiritual good which God designed for you in the public ordinances of religion? Are you thus not frustrating the grace of God in your own salvation? Again, regular attendance in the house of God to hear the gospel of Christ, viewed merely as a habit, exerts a mighty influence on your upward and onward progress in the divine life. Habit is everything to a man in the development of his capabilities. Is it not continuous habit that makes the skilled artisan? Is it not continuous habit of study that makes the scholar? Does not the habit of prayer intensify the spirit of prayer within you, or give enlargement to your soul in the exercise of prayer, and enjoyment in it? Does not the habit of ascribing praise unto God give delight to the soul, heighten in you the tone of piety, and increase in you the desire for closer communion of soul with God? In like manner does the habit of hearing, every Sabbath, Christ preached unto you not tend to bring you in harmony with the truth, to familiarise you with the truth, to interest you in the truth, to wed you to the truth, and thus to nourish your soul unto life eternal? Now if such are the native effects of regular attendance on the preaching of the word, viewed merely as a habit, still higher are the effects, when you go regularly to hear the gospel of Christ from conscientious conviction: from a pure desire to meet with God in his own house, and to honour His holy name in the public ordinances of religion. If you wait upon God in His own house from a deep sense of duty towards him, He shall spread out before you a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined. If you go thither from a pure

desire to meet with God in His own house, He shall be found of you in His felt presence, and in the gracious discoveries of His grace. If you go to the house of God to honour His holy name in the public ordinances of religion, He shall be unto you for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty. But on no other terms than these can you obtain such spiritual blessings from God: for these spiritual frames of mind are, on the one hand, the exclusive conditions on which God vouchsafes His gracious presence, and bestows the unspeakable riches of His grace; and, on the other, the necessary preparations in you through which you can enjoy God, and the things of God. But, to carry out the same thought still further under, different aspects, let us here consider a little the opposite of regular attendance in the house of God along with the issues thereof. What then? The necessary consequence of irregular attendance in the house of God is isolation from God, ingendered and hardened indifference to the things of God, and to your eternal interests. These, be it observed are not mere contingencies; but consequential necessities, or invariable certainties. Is a boy, for useful purposes at home frequently kept away from school? What is the consequent effect of this on the education of the boy? He loses all heart in school work, becomes careless and neglectful in the preparation of his lessons, and makes no progress even when he is at work in the school. The spirit of learning has gone out of him from the frequent interruptions in his attendance at school, and his education for life thus proves a failure. Nor is it different in regard to church-going and personal religion—the education of the soul for eternity. Here, too, irregular attendance on the public ordinances of grace eats out of you the spirit of religion, making you unmindful of God and unconcerned as to the

spiritual and eternal interests of your soul; or inducing in you such a condition of mind as renders you incapable of deriving much good from the preaching of the gospel, because your mind is out of harmony with it. Your irregular attendance on the preaching of the gospel carries in it, that you care very little for it; your irregular attendance on the public ordinances of grace carries in it, that you have little desire to meet with God in His own house, and there to honour Him. Now, can you, from such a temper of mind as is clearly intimated by your irregular attendance in the house of God, derive much good even while there, so long as you are in that temper of mind? Wherefore wait on the Lord with all regularity, with all your heart, with all your soul.

2. A mind well acquainted with the scriptures by the frequent perusal of them, and by reflective meditation on them.—This is an indispensable prerequisite in the hearer to success on the part of the preacher, in his spiritual edification; for, when the mind of the hearer is well stored with the matter and spirit of the truth, there is a good foundation on which the preacher can build and raise a fine structure of Christian knowledge in the soul of the hearer for his growth in grace and advancement in the divine life. Moreover, the preacher has, in such a hearer, other aids to help him in the work of the Lord; for by the frequent and reflective perusal of God's word, the mind of the hearer acquires an aptness to know and enjoy the truth as it is presented before him by the preacher with clearness and with unction. Again, the truths already acquired by you, are just so many lamps hung up in the different compartments of your mind, in which you can see other truths placed before you in the exposition of the gospel, or which can suggest to you new light to understand them, and which can give

you so much enjoyment in hearing a sermon on any of the grand doctrines of the cross; inasmuch as you can hear it with intelligence. The ideas, the associations and sympathies of your own mind cast upon it a light, impart to it an interest, and render it subservient to your up-building in holiness. Again, your mind acquires, from the frequent and reflective perusal of God's word, a power of perceiving of grasping, and of digesting whatever is placed before it by the preacher in the economy of grace. Besides, there ensues from the same cause an affinity between the mind of the hearer, and that of the preacher, which enables the one to profit much by the other. But, diametrically opposite is the case, where there is little or no acquaintance with the Scriptures. In that case there is little or no ground for the preacher to work upon for the spiritual good of the hearer; and there are fewer facilities to aid the preacher in his efforts to impart a knowledge of God's word to the hearer. Can the man who is so much engrossed with the things on earth that he seldom or ever reads the word of God from the one week to the other, and seldomer reflects upon it, derive much spiritual good from the ministrations of the pulpit? This is very unlikely, whether we view it from the callousness of his mind, that makes him so indifferent about divine things, or from the ignorance that shrouds his mind in darkness in regard to them. Without previous education in divine things, preaching has, comparatively, little power.

Let us first view this in regard to the hearer. The intelligent hearer can, proportionate to his intelligence, appropriate to himself the truth in its various aspects and all its fullness. Knowledge is receptive of truth upon truth in a constantly increasing ratio. A snowball increases from a very small size to a very large one by rolling it

along the snow. Every revolution it makes increases its bulk and surface; and, therefore, every successive revolution takes up new matter proportionate to its bulk and surface. In like manner, knowledge already in the mind is attractive to itself of knowledge without the mind. Sentiment is accretive of sentiment, thought of thought, and so on to a vast store in the mind of knowledge upon knowledge in divine things. But, in the case of ignorance the result is of a very different kind. Ignorance is intrinsically incapable of understanding the truth in its various phases and in all its fulness. The earth stretches out in varied scenes of interest and beauty; the heavens form an expanse of vastness and grandeur; but a man down in a deep narrow pit can see nothing at all on the surface of the earth, and nothing but a speck of the heavens; in like manner the glorious gospel of our blessed God stands out to view clear as written with sunbeams, and rich in its grand provisions for the redemption of man; but the eye of ignorance is blind to it, or sees but little of it. Walled up in ignorance, no man can derive much instruction or pleasure from the pulpit, whatever may be the talents and attainments of the occupant.

Let us next view it in regard to the preacher. It has been said that a praying people make a preaching minister—a maxim which admits of no doubt, but it is a new and quite as true a maxim that an educated people make a strong and progressive ministry. The pew and the pulpit act and react upon each other with great mental force—mind in the pew is sure to bring out mind in the pulpit. The eye of the hearer, beaming with intelligence, enkindles the soul of the preacher with pathos of sentiment; the eagerness of the hearer to catch the words as they fall from the lips of the speaker makes the preacher, speak the truth with glowing earnestness, or

with intensified emotion; the fixed attention of the hearer, to follow the speaker in his strain of thought, unites the energies of the preacher on his subject, and draws him out in expansive thought. Again the impressions thus made on the mind of the preacher by the intelligence of the people do not terminate with the public service of the day, but they follow him with permanent effect into his private abode or retirement, and there induce him to apply himself to study with unwearied perseverance; to mature himself in all forms of knowledge by reflective meditation, laborious search, and extensive reading; to keep himself up with the age by due attention to all that is going on in the literary, scientific and theological world; to equip himself for his work by gathering materials from all sources, casting them into proper form, and clothing them with proper expression—all to meet the demands which the intelligence of the people make upon him as their instructor in divine things. On the contrary, the ignorance of the people acts upon the preacher with very different effect. That vacant look represses the flow of emotion in the preacher; that stolid gaze freezes up the expression of his

thoughts; that listless indifference, or want of interest deadens the energies of his mind. Ignorance, indeed, acts upon him as a drag in his preparations for the pulpit; it weighs upon him like an incubus, in all his studies, crushing the intellectual vigour out of him. It tends, in all respects, to bring him down to the dead level of themselves. If the abilities, attainments, and accomplishments of the pulpit are not of a high order, as it is often asserted by the people, the cause of that proceeds from themselves. In this as in all other things, the article varies according to the demands of the market. If a superior article is in demand, there it is to supply the want; if an inferior article is wanted, there it is to suit the convenience or taste of the purchaser. So it is in regard to the demands made in the pulpit. If you would therefore have a strong and progressive ministry, be ye yourselves intelligent, and aim at still higher intelligence than you have yet attained, and you will, without doubt, find your minister equal to the requirements of your intelligence, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

*(To be Continued.)*

## Poetry.

### SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

Beneath the dull November sky,  
 With the cold rain falling drearily,  
 And the bleak wind moaning and shrieking by,  
 The seed o'er the land is cast;  
 And in grave-like furrows the grain doth lie  
 Till the weary months be past.

In curling mist, and frosty air,  
And weeping skies, it lieth there—  
Now buried in the snow, now bare  
To every wind that blows;  
And night's long darkness, like despair,  
Hangs o'er it while it grows.

It grows in spite of cloud and blast,  
And sullen rain descending fast,  
And snow-wreathes thickly o'er it cast,  
And louring thundrous skies;  
For the fierce tempests, roaring past,  
Hurt it not as it lies.

At last, a kindlier season shines  
Of warmth and light—the spring's soft signs:  
Then many a beauteous blossom twines  
On the thawing breast of earth;  
And the buried grain's dark emerald lines  
Spring up, a fairy birth.

Then sunny months, in swift career,  
Draw out the lusty ripening ear,  
Till the golden harvest time draws near,  
And the reaper whets his scythe,  
And, on a day, the rich sheaves rear  
Their shocks on the landscape blithe.

Mysterious are God's holy ways!  
Sown in the dark and frosty days,  
Reaped in the sunshine's mellow blaze,  
Are the worthiest deeds of men:  
Tried by defeats and long delays,  
As winter tries the living grain;

In the frosts of scorn, in the storms of hate,  
Through days when hope deferred till late  
Makes all show dark and desolate,  
Oft sleep the good deeds thou hast done.  
Patiently labour, patiently wait;  
Thy work shall see the sun;

That which was sown in the wintry air  
Shall blossom and ripen when skies are fair:  
Though thine should be many an anxious care  
Ere the harvest be gathered in,  
Be stout to toil, be ready to bear;  
The heart that is true shall win.

*Anonymus.*

## BY-AND-BY.

There's a little mischief-maker  
 That is stealing half our bliss,  
 Sketching pictures in a dreamland,  
 That are never seen in this—  
 Dashing from the lips the pleasures  
 Of the present while we sigh;  
 You may know that mischief-maker,  
 For his name is By-and-by.

He is sitting by your hearthstone,  
 With his sly, bewitching glance,  
 Whisp'ring of the coming morrow  
 As the social hours advance;  
 Loitering 'mid our calm reflections,  
 Hiding forms of beauty nigh;  
 He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,  
 This enchanter, By-and-by.

You may know him by his winning,  
 By his careless, sportive air;  
 By his sly obtrusive presence,  
 That is straying everywhere.  
 By the trophies that he gathers  
 Where his sombre victims lie;  
 For a bold, determined fellow  
 Is this conqueror, By-and-by.

When the calls of duty haunt us,  
 And the present seems to be  
 All the time that ever mortals  
 Snatch from dark eternity,  
 Then a fairy hand seems painting  
 Pictures on a painted sky,  
 For a cunning little artist  
 Is this fairy, By-and-by.

"By-and-by," the wind is sighing,  
 "By-and-by," the heart replies;  
 But the phantom just above it  
 Ere we grasp it ever flies.  
 List not to the idle charmer,  
 Scorn the very specious lie—  
 Oh, do not believe or trust in  
 That deceiver, By-and-by.

## UNTO THEE, LORD, BE THE GLORY,

I was worn with the battle,  
 With the tumult of earth's din;  
 I was sick, and faint, and weary,  
 With the sight of all its sin.

I had toiled, and watched, and waited,  
 And I thought 'twas all in vain;  
 And I chafed rebellious, restive,  
 In the anguish of my pain.

It caught me in a whirlwind  
 Of bitter doubt and fear;  
 I heard the "wild beasts" roaring,  
 And my Lord He was not near.

Far, far into the desert,  
 Bleaker at every turn,  
 Till my eye caught sight of something  
 That made my cold heart burn.

I saw His blessed footsteps  
 Trod deep into the sand;  
 I stretched my truant arm,  
 And I grasped His steadfast hand.

My drooping head uplifted,  
 Saw but love from out His eyes;—  
 The desert was a garden,  
 He gave me joy for sighs.

Oh, blessed recollection!  
 He *never* doth forget;  
 His eye is ever watching  
 Our toiling and our fret.

But He must have all the glory  
 Of our warfare and our work;  
 He will not bide a selfish thought  
 Within our souls to lurk.

To Him be all the honour,  
 To Him our hearts we'll raise;  
 In constant recollection  
 Accord Him all the praise.

M. G. M.

## "DWELLERS ON EARTH."

REVELATION iii. 10.

How sad will it be, in the day of the Lord,  
 For those bound to earth, as with fetters and cord;  
 Whose range is confin'd to this globe, and its girth,  
 Who're strangers to heaven, and "dwellers on earth."

The tree that most firmly is fixed in the ground,  
 And, fed by its moisture, with glory is crown'd,  
 Will suffer the keenest from drought and from dearth,  
 And so, in the judgments, with "dwellers on earth."

The kindred of Cain, far away from the Lord  
 Their cities have built, where their names they record,  
 In science they've skill, they have music and mirth,  
 And spread like a bay-tree, these "dwellers on earth."

But soon "the great trouble" shall come on the world;  
 And judgments most fearful on men shall be hurl'd,  
 And there shall be wars, desolation, and dearth;  
 When anguish shall seize all the "dwellers on earth."

Delusions and lies will by them be believed,  
 For, blinded by Satan, by him they're deceived;  
 Ah, what will their Babels and buildings be worth,  
 When they shall fall with them as "dwellers on earth."

But those whose foundation is Jesus, the Lord,  
 For loss in this world have a blessed reward;  
 Partakers by faith of the heavenly birth,  
 Their home is in heaven, and not upon earth.

Oh ye who are building for blessing below,  
 Your fabric will fall, and o'erwhelm you in woe;  
 But resting on Christ, on His work and His worth,  
 The doom you'll escape of the "dwellers on earth."

## BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,  
 They're neither white nor small,  
 And you, I know, would scarcely think  
 That they were fair at all.  
 I've looked on hands whose form and hue  
 A sculptor's dream might be,  
 Yet are these wrinkled hands  
 Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands—  
 Though heart were weary and sad,  
 These patient hands keep toiling on  
 That the children might be glad.  
 I almost weep, as looking back,  
 To childhood's distant day,  
 I think how these hands rested not  
 When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,  
 They're growing feeble now;  
 For time and pain have left their work  
 On hand, and heart, and brow.  
 Alas! alas! the nearing time,  
 And the sad, sad day to me,  
 When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,  
 These hands will folded be.

But oh! beyond this shadow land,  
 Where all is bright and fair,  
 I know full well these dear-old hands  
 Will palms of victory bear.  
 Where crystal streams, through endless years,  
 Flow over golden sands,  
 And where the old grown young again,  
 I'll clasp my mother's hands.

### Christian Thought.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND VATICANISM.

Mr. Gladstone has collected in one volume his pamphlets and articles on the Papacy. The preface to this volume is an interesting document, exhibiting more condensation of thought and expression than marked some of the pamphlet. In the preface he writes as follows:—

I. The intention of those who rule the ostensible rulers of the Roman Church to disturb civil society will doubtless be developed in a variety of forms, as circumstances and seasons

may serve, but at present it is nowhere more conspicuous than in regard to the law of marriage. In this intricate subject many doubtful questions may arise; but there can be no doubt as to the shameful outrages on morality and decency which are commended in the works of Perrone, and of which we have recently had within our own borders a signal example. I will very briefly sketch the leading facts of the case I refer to, but without indicating names, dates, or places, as they are not required for my purpose. More than thirty years ago, X., a male British subject was married to Y., in a foreign country, but under the pro-

visions of an act of Parliament, by the Chaplain of the British Legation, in the house and in the presence of the British Minister. Both professed the religion of the English Church. They lived together for more than a quarter of a century; and a family, the issue of the marriage, grew up to maturity. In the later years of this union the husband formed an adulterous connection with a foreign woman. After a period of much patience on the part of the wife, a separation took place. In a short time he joined the Church of Rome; and, about four years ago, under the authority of certain Roman ecclesiastics, and in an English Roman Catholic chapel, he went through the form of marriage with his partner in guilt. He was subsequently informed by a higher functionary that he must obtain a judgment from Rome. He made application accordingly; and the judgment given was that the original marriage was null, and that the second so-called marriage, so far as appeared—"Dummodo nullum aliud obstet canonicum impedimentum"—was valid. In the meantime the injured wife had applied to a court for the judicial establishment of her position. She was duly declared to be the lawful wife, and the bigamous husband admitted that she was such according to British law. Within the jurisdiction of that law, he had taken his paramour to his paternal estate in—shire, and had designated and caused her to be addressed there as his lawful wife, to the great scandal of his neighbors, who were well acquainted with the true wife. He likewise entered his spurious offspring, born since the pretended marriage, as legitimate; and a witness of position and character on the spot asserts that the woman received visits, and the most marked and open countenance, at the husband's seat, from Roman Catholic priests and sisters of charity. There is not in this statement one word beyond dry fact.

It might have been much enlarged; but it is indeed a statement of which no epithets could heighten the significance. The Judgment from Rome, to which I have referred, has lately been published textually in a leading German paper; and notice was taken in a London print, a considerable time back, of the judicial proceeding I have mentioned, which included the main facts, but simply as a piece of law intelligence. Except in two articles of the *Saturday Review*, this gross outrage, which is also a heavy crime, has not been thought worthy of notice by the newspaper press. But that to which it is my duty to point is, that the act has had the full countenance and approval of the highest authorities of the Papal Church. If there be those who doubt the allegations I have made, I have only to state that Cardinal Manning is sufficiently cognizant of the case, and will best know whether he can contradict them. Other Roman prelates are, I believe, in the same condition, but I do not wish unnecessarily to localize or indentify the narrative. To such a statement as this it is but a feeble postscript to add, that in July, 1874, the same Roman authority, acting on behalf of the Pope, and in rescript addressed to the Archbishop of Munich, authorized a person therein named to proceed to a new marriage after a divorce from a first wife previously obtained; not, of course, because the divorce was valid, but because the original marriage, being a Protestant marriage at Munich, was void, I might refer to other cases, not as parallel to that which I have given at some length, but simply as auxiliary proofs of the intention of the Roman Church, whenever she thinks it may be safely ventured, to trample the law under foot. Even from so remote a quarter as one of the South sea Islands, we are informed by (a) Mr. Herbert

(a) "A Ride through New Zealand," &c., p. 201. Murray, 1870.

Meade of the complaint of a Baptist missionary, that his married converts are tempted to become Romish proselytes by the promise to give them fresh wives if they then desire it. And yet a London newspaper, deemed to be in the first ranks of enlightened civilization, has, within the last few weeks, written as follows on the discussions respecting Vaticanism: "Such discussions are not unsuited to beguile a vacant hour; it is only when they are forced upon us as involving issues of vital moment, and requiring the immediate attention of the statesman and of every Englishman who desires to save his country from ruin, that we deprecate the mistaken zeal which exalts them to a fictitious importance."

The matter thus relegated into the category of insignificance, and reserved for a vacant hour, amounts to no more than I will now describe. The Latin Church has probably a hundred and eighty millions of adherents: a clergy counted by hundreds of thousands; a thousand bishops, and the Pope at their head. Nearly the entire hierarchical power in this great communion, together with a faction everywhere spread, and everywhere active, among its laity, are now deliberately set upon a design distinguished by the following characteristics. Internally, it aims at the total destruction of right—not of right as opposed to wrong, but of right as opposed to arbitrary will. Such right there shall be none, if the conspiracy succeeds, in the bishops against the Pope, in the clergy against the bishops or the Pope, in the laity against any of the three. Externally, it maintains the right and duty of the spirituality, thus organized, to override at will, in respect of right and wrong, the entire action of the civil power; and likewise to employ force as and when it may think fit, for the fulfilment of its purposes. Nowhere, perhaps, has the design been so succinctly described

as in the remarkable work entitled, "Otto Mesi à Roma" (p. 194): it is a design to establish "absolutism of the Church, and absolutism in the Church."

II. To what has been written in the pages I now reprint, with respect to the intention of proceeding to blood upon the first suitable occasion, I will only add the very explicit declaration of Archbishop (now Cardinal) Manning, at the meeting of the League of Saint Sebastian, on the 20th of January, 1874: "Now, when the nations of Europe have revolted, and when they have dethroned, as far as men can dethrone, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and when they have made the usurpation of the Holy City a part of international law—when all this had been done, there is only one solution of the difficulty—a solution, I fear, impending, and that is the terrible scourge of Continental war: a war, which will exceed the horrors of any of the wars of the first Empire. I do not see how this can be averted. And it is my firm conviction that, in spite of all obstacles, the Vicar of Jesus Christ will be put again in his own rightful place."

This speech was delivered some months before the attention of the British public had been specially invited to the plans of the conspiracy. The idea of force is not new. It took effect in the French occupation of Rome from 1849 to 1866, and of Civita Vecchia a still latter time. At present, and for the moment, we have words of a milder tone; and invitations to Italy to destroy that national unity which she has wrought out with so much suffering, and after so many generations of depression. At the proper time the more outspoken and more sanguinary strain will of course be resumed.

III. It has long been customary to quote the case of Maryland, in proof that, more than two centuries ago, the Roman Catholic Church, where

power was in its hands, could use it for the purpose of toleration. Archbishop Manning has repeated the boast, and with very large exaggeration. I have already shown (a) from Bancroft's History, that in the case of Maryland there was no question of a merciful use of power towards others, but simply of a wise and defensive prudence with respect to themselves: that is to say, so far as the tolerant legislation of the colony was the work of Roman Catholics. But it does not appear to have been their work. By the fourth article of the Charter we find that no church could be consecrated there except according to the laws of the Church at home. The tenth article guaranteed to the colonists generally "all privileges, franchises, and liberties of this our kingdom of England" (b). It was in 1649 that the Maryland Act of Toleration was passed; which, however, prescribed the punishment of death for any one who denied the Trinity. Of the small legislative body which passed it two-thirds appear to have been Protestant, the recorded num-

bers being sixteen and eight respectively (c). The colony was open to the emigration of Puritans and all Protestants, and any permanent and successful oppression by a handful of Roman Catholics was altogether impossible. But the Colonial Act seems to have been an echo of the order of the House of Commons at home, on the 27th of October, 1645, that the inhabitants of the Summer Islands, and such other as shall join themselves to them, "shall, without any molestation or trouble, have and enjoy the liberty of their consciences in matters of God's worship;" and of British Ordinance (d) of 1647. The writer whom I quote (c), ascribes the Resolutions of the Commons to the entreaties of Williams, the Independent, of Rhode Island, and of Copeland, a learned episcopal divine, who shared his views of toleration. Upon the whole, then, the picture of Maryland legislation is a gratifying one; but the historic theory which assigns the credit of it to the Roman Church has little foundation in fact. W. E. G.  
London, July 7, 1875.

(a) "Vaticanism," p. 128

(b) "Maryland Toleration." By Rev. Ethan Allen, Baltimore, 1855, pp. 12, 13.

(c) "Maryland not a Roman Catholic Colony." By E. D. N. Minneapolis, 1875, p. 7.

(d) An ordinance, not in Scobell's collection, is mentioned in Rushworth, vol. .ii., pp. 834, 840, 841. I cannot say whether this is the ordinance intended by the American writer. Probably not, for it excepts Papists and Churchmen, and it does not name the plantations.

(e) "Maryland not a Roman Catholic Colony." By E. D. N., Minneapolis, 1874, p. 4. See also Thornton's Historical Relation of New England to the English Commonwealth, 1874, p. 22.

## Christian Life.

### MR. GEO. MÜLLER AND HIS PREACHING.

—  
BY GAWIN KIRKHAM.  
—

This venerable servant of the Lord brought a fortnight's preaching at the Mildmay Conference Hall to a close on Lord's-day evening. The Sunday services have been crowded, but the attendance during the week has not been so large as might have been expected, though each of these had a larger number than its predecessor. These addresses and those delivered during the Mildmay Conference enable us to form an estimate of his preaching, which may be interesting and useful to others.

Mr. Muller's personal appearance is striking, being tall and commanding. He is in his seventieth year. He has a strong German accent, though he is easily understood by an English hearer.

In his public ministry he is emphatically a *teacher*. It has been represented that he has undertaken this journey as an *evangelist*, but this we venture to think is a mistake. Judged from the last fortnight at Mildmay, the line of truth he dwelt upon was far more calculated to build up Christians than too bring in the unsaved. Yet he frequently brought in the way of salvation in a clear, sweet, persuasive, and striking manner. It has frequently been observed how well suited he is to follow the evangelistic efforts of our beloved brethren Moody and Sankey.

Other preachers may learn much from him as to the method of preaching. He first of all gets a message

from the Lord—i. e., he waits upon the Lord by reading the Scriptures, meditation, and prayer, till he realizes that he has the mind of the Spirit so as to what he should say. He has been sometimes in doubt till almost the last minute, but never once has the Lord failed him. He strongly advocates and practices "expository preaching." Instead of a solitary text detached from its context, he selects a passage, it may be of several verses, and goes over them consecutively, clause by clause. His first care is to give the meaning of the word, then to illustrate it by other scriptures, and afterwards apply it. This is done sentence by sentence, so that it is definition, illustration and application, all the way through. Yet there is no uncertainty to his hearers as to when he is coming to a close, as he intimates at the outset how many verses he purposes to consider. His illustrations are occasionally taken from history, biography, or nature, but chiefly from the Scriptures or his own personal experience.

One of the most striking things about Mr Muller's preaching is the way in which he induces his hearers to reconsider what has already been said. He frequently says, "Let us ask ourselves. Have I understood this? How does it apply to me? In this my experience?" etc.

He makes much of the Word of God. Take the following outline of his address to young converts at Mildmay on Friday, the 20th ult. :—

"Let me press upon you the deep importance of reading the Word with meditation and prayer (1 Peter ii. 2, 3) —'As newborn babes desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby.' As neglected babies

never become healthy men and women, so young converts who neglect God's appointed food, 'the Word,' never become bright Christians.

"1. Read the Word of God regularly through. Begin with Genesis in the morning and Matthew in the evening, making a mark where you left off. When you have finished the Old and New Testaments, begin again. As an earthly will is always read through with great care, so God's will ought to be read entirely through with reverence and godly fear. Consider the *advantages* of this plan—

(a.) We are kept from making a system of divinity of our own, and confirming ourselves to a few favourite doctrines and truths. We also become lovers of the whole Word.

(b.) Variety is pleasing.

(c.) When we have finished reading it through, we shall be glad to begin it again. In forty-six years I have read my Bible through one hundred times; yet it is always fresh and new when I begin it again.

"2. Read in a prayerful spirit.

"3. Read with meditation. Ponder over what you are reading.

"4. Read with reference to your own heart. So many preachers read for their hearers; parents read for their children; and school-teachers for their scholars. Ask yourselves—

How does this suit me?

How does this warm me?

How does this rebuke me?

How does this comfort me?

If you do this, God uses the Word by you for others.

"5. Always seek to mix 'faith' with your reading.

"6. Practise what you read. We must carry out what God tells us. He expects us to be obedient children—  
'If ye know these things, happy are

ye if you do them.' Come in child-like simplicity to the Word of God. Give heed to it with all earnestness, and let it settle all questions."

Another of Mr. Muller's strong points is prayer. It is here that most of us feel by comparison how little we know of real prayer. It is intensely humbling to sit at his feet, and listen to his experience on this subject. During the four noonday addresses at Mildmay he expounded the teaching of the Bible on prayer, and illustrated it from his own experience. He put it in this way—1. Prayer must be offered for the will of God. 2. It must be offered in the name of Jesus. 3. It must be mixed with faith. 4. It must be persevered in till the answer comes. And he declared most emphatically that when these conditions were complied with he had never known a single instance of failure. He had not only hundreds and thousands, but literally tens of thousands of answers to prayer.

When Mr Muller began to pray about his Orphan Home, forty years ago, he asked for a house, and for £1000. He never doubted the £1000 would come, yet he had to wait eighteen months before the last of it was received. Since then he has received more than £650,000 in answer to prayer. One day, what is called "the higher Christian life" was touched upon. In speaking on Phil. iv. 6, 7—"Be careful, for nothing, etc.,"—Mr. Muller insisted, with unusual emphasis, that the child of God ought not to have a single care about anything. Not even the poor woman who has a drunken husband ought to have a single anxiety for him. Everything should be taken to the Lord, and left there. If we began to carry our own burden, the Lord would add to them. If we had a pound-weight of care, and carried it ourselves, the Lord would make it ten pounds, and go on increasing the weight till it crushed us,

and, overwhelmed by our trouble, we should be obliged at last to cast it upon Him.

Surely if any man has a right to be burdened he has. The care of 2000 orphan children is in itself a marvelous thing; but, in addition to these, he has responsibilities connected with 10,000 children in forty or fifty schools which he sustains. Then he circulates over three million of tracts in a year, besides a very large number of Bibles and Testaments. Nor does his care end with home missions, but there are numerous missionaries abroad who are partially or entirely maintained through his instrumentality. Yet, amid all this, he comes on the platform with a countenance full of peace and joy, and declares he is so happy in the Lord that he has been constrained to leave home in his old age, to declare this happiness to "beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ, wherever the Lord shall open the way."

Coupled with all this, there is deep humbleness of mind. In his public prayers he frequently asks the Lord to bless his word spoken by these sinful mortal lips; and in his preaching he calls himself again and again "a poor miserable sinner." This is a paradox, but one full of deep meaning to those of us who are younger in the Divine life. Whether it be right to use such a prayer or no, there rises to our lips spontaneously, after hearing such a man of God, "Lord, increase our faith."—*The Christian*.

### LIFE AND DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN NEGRO.

From the *Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society, we extract the following interesting account of the life and death of a negro convert who was one of the first-fruits of the Society's work in Demerara:—

"One by one the links which connect the early history of the Mission in the West Indies with its present state of advancement are being severed, and the ranks of those who in former times were "persecuted for righteousness' sake" become daily less numerous. The Christian and educational advantages which are enjoyed by the present generation, combined with the blessing of personal freedom, stand out in striking contrast to the ignorance and oppression which prevailed in the beginning of the century, and before the abolition of slavery. It is, however worthy of remark, that those who in that dark period embraced the Gospel, did so with a simplicity and an earnestness now too rarely witnessed, while their subsequent lives have borne abundant evidence that they had not received the grace of God in vain. An instance in point is to be found in the case of a negro in the colony of Demerara, named William Trotz, notices of whose holy and useful life and triumphant death are given in a letter from the Rev. John Foreman, "I have," writes Mr. Foreman, "just returned from the funeral of a very good old man, who often rendered me most valuable assistance in 'keeping meetings,' visiting the sick, and preaching the Gospel in the open air, under a tamarind tree in the village in which he resided."

William Trotz (such is his name), as a member, schoolmaster, Sabbath-school teacher, and a deacon in connexion with Ebenezer Chapel, West Coast, Demerara, has long been known, esteemed, and loved. He was, I think, the only man in the Church here whose memory reached back to the commencement of the work of God on this coast by the London Missionary Society; and he has told me, "that when he heard say that a minister had come from England to teach the slaves about God, he did not know what was meant. I have heard him frequently reminding

people of what 'the great and good London Missionary Society had done for them, in sending them the Gospel, when they did not know anything about God, nor who Jesus was, nor what "Bible," "Sunday," or "Heaven" meant.'

On the last visit I paid to him, he mentioned that he had spent 'one-half of his life in slavery and the other half in freedom' (he was seventy three years old). I said to him, 'And now there remains the long life of liberty in heaven.' 'Oh yes,' he said (his countenance glowing with delight), 'it is the thought of this that makes me so glad.'

He had been a house-slave, and, when a boy, had been taught to read a little by one of the overseers on the estate to which he belonged; and I have been amused at his descriptions of the manner in which he managed to get his spelling-book to 'the quarters' of the field-slaves, so that he might teach some of them also. His clothing was of the scantiest, and not sufficient to hide a book; so sometimes, rolled up in a bundle of grass, or a plantain leaf, or in the hollow of a piece of bamboo, the spelling-book was secretly conveyed to the place of meeting.

When on a Sunday he got 'a pass' to come to the house of God, on his return he took the first opportunity to tell his fellow-slaves what he had heard about Jesus the Saviour. And when, to his great joy, a Testament was given to him, this was read to his companions amidst fear and trembling, lest they should be caught listening to it; and the precious book was carefully hidden away when the reading was over. Once and again they were caught whilst he was reading the Word of God to them, and then every one in the house was flogged, and the reader worst of all. Although he very seldom spoke of it, I knew he bore in his body, to his dying day, the marks of the floggings he then received.

One day, when talking to him about the many hindrances to the Gospel in this country, he said, 'Minister, dont be cast down; the Gospel must go on. Why, in slave time, they tried to stop the Gospel, and they couldn't do it. One day Mr. —, the manager of —, asked me how much the Missionary gave me for teaching and preaching, and I said, "Nothing sir." Then he asked, "And how much does Mr. — (the attorney of the estate, or representative in this colony of the proprietor) give you?" And again I said, "Nothing sir." Then he said, "I'll pay you;" and he had me laid down and flogged, and then for a whole month I had to dance for an hour every day on the treadwheel. The manager said he would put down the preaching and teaching, but he didn't. Poor man! he has been dead many years now, but the teaching and preaching go on still.'

For several months past, he has been ailing, and hearing on Tuesday last (May 19) that he was worse, I drove to Stewartville to see him, the Rev. J. Dalgliesh accompanying me. As soon as I entered the house, he called me to come into his bed-room; 'My dear minister,' said he, grasping my hand, 'I am so glad to see you once more;' and then observing Mr. Dalgliesh, he broke into a hearty joyous laugh, saying, 'Well done, I only had thought to see one minister, and God has sent me two.' He was in a most happy frame of mind, 'ready,' he said, 'to give his body to the ground, because he knew Jesus would care for his soul.' In the course of our conversation, he said to me, 'Minister, there is one thing I want you to do.' I asked, 'What is it, Trotz, for I will do it if I can?' 'I want you,' he continued, 'to write and tell the Directors of the Society, that poor old William Trotz thanks them very much for sending the Gospel and Missionaries to Demerara; for what would I, and

many others have been, if they had not done so?' I promised to comply with his wish, and I now do so; but I cannot put into the written words the sincerity and earnestness with which they were spoken. On leaving him, I did not think that the days that remained to him were so few. Yet so it was, and he 'rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.' For the

last time his body has entered the House of Prayer, where he so often worshipped God; kind hands have put a wreath of white cape jessamine on his coffin, his brother deacons have carried his body to the grave, and laid him in the spot he had himself chosen, under the shade of a large tree, for 'having served his generation by the will of God, he is fallen on sleep.'

## Christian Work.

[The "Old Catholic" movement possesses deep interest to Protestants, although we feel that their form of Christianity must pass backward to an *older* form still (the Apostolic) before they can find rest for the soles of their feet.]

[From the Correspondence of the *Watchman*.]

### THE CATHOLIC UNION CONFERENCE AT BONN.

One of the most remarkable gatherings ever held in the history of Christianity is that which has just taken place at Bonn on the Rhine, under the direction of the well-known Professor Dollinger. Its object was to effect a union between the three great branches of so-called Catholic Churches which are Episcopal, but not that under the jurisdiction of the Vatican; the six or seven national Greek Churches, the Old Catholics, and the Episcopal Churches of England and America. The Greek and Romish Churches had been separated for centuries on the doctrine of the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son—a difference of doctrine that had become the cause of bitter feeling, owing to the way in which it was attempted on the one hand to subject the Greek Churches to Rome, and on the other to the mistaken notion which the Eastern had as to Western doctrine on the Holy Ghost. Dollinger and the Old Catholics, when excommunicated, naturally looked round

about them for allies, and turned their attention to the Greeks. The Anglicans had been long anxious for a similar union. This seems likely to be secured. Some of the most learned theologians have been sent from Russia, etc., as representatives of the Greek churches, and among these Professor Ossinin, who generally replied for his brethren. The principal among these were Archbishop Grennadios and Archbishop Melchisédek, from Roumania; Archbishop Lykurgos, of Syria and Texas; Archimandrites Anastasiades and Byrennios, from Constantinople; and Sabbas, from Belgrade; Archpriest Janyshew, from Petersburg; Professor Milas, from Dalmatia, Professor Damalas, and Professor Rhossis, from Athens. The Conference met on Thursday, August 12. On Friday Dollinger stated that three-fourths of the objects had been already arrived at, and proposed that a committee should be formed to draw up a form of doctrine which might be agreed to. Three represented the Old Catholics—viz., Dollinger, Bishop Reinkens, and Professor Langen. On the Anglo-Saxon side, Canon Lidden, Dean Howson, and the Rev. Mr. Meyrick were chosen. The representatives of the Easterns, were Archbishop Lykurgos, the Archimandrites Anastasiades and Byrennios, and Professors Janyshew, and

Ossinin. These held a sitting on Saturday forenoon, the result of which was reported to the Conference, after which the committee sat again on Sunday afternoon, and on Monday the end arrived at was made known. The result of the first sitting of the committee was embodied in four articles: (1) We agree in accepting the œcumenical symbols and decisions of faith of the undivided Church. (2) We agree to admit that the addition of "and the Son" to the creed took place in a way not ecclesiastically justifiable. (3) We confess our adherence to the presentation of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost as stated by the fathers of the undivided Church. (4) We reject every representation and every mode of expression in which in any way the acceptance of two principles or causes in the Trinity would be implied. The second sitting resulted in the adoption of the following six articles taken from the writings of St. John of Damascus on the Holy Ghost: (1) The Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father as the commencement, cause, and source of Deity. (2) The Holy Ghost does not proceed from the Son, seeing that there is in the Deity but one commencement and cause through which all that there is in the Deity is produced. (3) The Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father *through* the Son. (4) The Holy Ghost is the image of the Son, who is the image of the Father, but proceeding from the Father and resting in the Son, as His outstreaming power. (5) The Holy Ghost is the personal production of the Father, belonging to the Son, but not from the Son, and that because he is the Spirit of the mouth of the Deity, which speaks the Word or Logos. (6) The Holy Ghost forms the medium between the Father and the Son, and is united with the Father through the Son. It was evident all through that it is the aggression of the Papacy that is driving the Greeks and Old Catholics to-

gether. Dollinger's second great address brought out this. He there dealt with the great change which, with July 18, 1870, entered into the relationship between the Eastern and Romish Churches. The former had never been looked upon as guilty of heresy, but only of schism. When, therefore, one of these joined the Romish Church he was not required to make a formal disavowal of errors, but only a confession of the creed of the Council of Trent. Nor did the Inquisition deal with these as heretics. But it was different with a Protestant, whose sin was called heresy, and who could not enter the Church of Rome without a formal *Absolutio ab hæresi*, which not even a bishop could give without a special authorization of the Pope. But with 1870 all was changed. Two new doctrines were adopted, one of which announced the universal and absolute supremacy of the Pope over all baptized persons, and his infallibility in all questions touching faith and morals. So that the Eastern Churches stand to the Pope now as did before 1870 the Churches of the Reformation. Even the former divines of the Gallican Church, such as Bossuet, would be heretics if they lived now, and Bossuet even more, for he would be a *hereticus dogmaticus*, seeing that he spent the best part of his life in defending the four Gallican Articles, which, according to the Vatican Decrees, are certainly heretical. Such a rent had never before been made in the whole Church. A reconciliation, too, is an impossibility. And the infallibility has had another consequence in the doctrine that persons of other creeds must not be endured, and that compulsion towards them is not only allowable, but commanded, and if not practised, it is out of policy, and because it would be impossible. There is a long line of Papal publications which require the suppression of persons of another faith, and these have never been repealed.

Germans did not teach this doctrine. "I have been (said Dollinger) professor fifty years, and have never taught it. If Spanish and Italian divines did, there was special reasons for this. All the Churches officially represented in that confession have persecuted, but the Greek Church has never taught this to be a duty." The Jesuits, he said, brought about the Infallibility dogma partly to do away with liberty of conscience. I will say here that any one listening to Dollinger as he quietly, steadily, and yet so vigorously, rips up the whole system of Popery, and exposes its abomination, gets a view of the horrible character of that system such as no Protestant works can give. Depend upon it, these Old Catholics will do more towards doing away with Romanism than has been done for centuries. . . . Dollinger is seventy-six years old, but he may still do great things for Christianity.

[Copious accounts of the proceedings at Bonn have been transmitted to the *Times* by special correspondents of that journal. In comments upon these, in its leading columns, we meet with the following estimate of the main result of the Conference. It will be seen that it differs greatly from that given above. "A telegram has announced that the Conference has come to an agreement in all essential points respecting the Double Procession. We should have been surprised if such a difficulty had baffled a body which commands the infinite resources of verbal vagueness. Everybody will agree with everybody else when all deliberately use words for the purpose of concealing what they mean. Such a process is so certain to smooth down all the discords of the Church that we wonder at the stalling of the gathering at Bonn. Cardinal Manning should have gone as well as Dean Howson, and Canon Liddon should have been accompanied by Mr. Spurgeon. They are all 'Old Catholics' in

their own sense of the phrase, and a consummate theological artist like Dr. Dollinger could easily have covered their disagreements with twenty masterpieces of mystification to which all could have assented. But, then, Cardinal Manning would have come back to England to denounce the enemies of the Pope, and Mr. Spurgeon to denounce the Pope himself, while Canon Liddon and Dean Howson would have felt as much bound as ever to teach contradictory versions of Christian theology. When men differ from each other essentially, it is childish folly to try to unite them by an unmeaning phrase. Dr. Dollinger and his friends are playing at a ridiculous game of verbal jugglery. They agreed with each other at the end of the Conference just as little as they did at the beginning, and they know that their professions of harmony are idle talk. Nor even if Canon Liddon were of one mind with the Oriental theologians, Lord Plunket, and the Dean of Chester, would the people of this country be brought one hair's breadth nearer to the position of the Old Catholics. Englishmen are Protestants to the back bone; Dr. Dollinger is a Roman Catholic in all essential points, save infallibility of the Pope; and no verbal ingenuity can bridge the spanless abyss between his position and that of our countrymen. It is worse than idle to hide such a fact. The English divines who are trying to build a bridge of unmeaning words between Catholicism and Protestantism tend not only to bring ridicule on themselves, but to expose their creed itself to the shafts of the scoffer."]

## INDIA.

### SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

The Rev. J. Wilkins, of the L.M.S., who has recently returned to England

after eight years' residence in Bengal, mentioned in his address at Exeter Hall some encouraging facts. The changes taking place in the nature of Missionary work in India prove the steady advance which Christianity is making in that land.

"The whole style of our preaching in India within the last few years has undergone a mighty change. Formerly a great part of our work was to show the follies of heathenism, and very little time was therefore given to preaching Christ and His truth. Now, whether we stand up in the streets of Calcutta, or whether we are in the markets of the country, we begin at once with reading the Word of God, and endeavouring, by illustration and argument, to lay its truths before the people. Many of the Hindoos come, Bible in hand, asking our interpretation of certain passages of Scripture. They ask such questions as these:— 'If God be impartial, why did he make known His Gospel to a few Jews only? Why did He not preach it to the whole family of men?' 'If God forgive sin, how can He maintain His authority over men?' 'If He forgive, is He not unjust?' 'What evidence have you that by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ your sins are forgiven you?' 'Tell us some of the benefits that in the present life you obtain through exercising faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?' 'Where are the proofs of Jesus Christ's Divinity?' 'Where does He proclaim Himself to be Divine?' These are questions that are put to us in the bazaars of Calcutta and in the markets of the country places in Bengal. This change has taken place within the last ten years. It has been my pleasure, for about three months every year during the cold season, to go out into the district preaching Christ, and in almost every place I have visited I have found one or more men who clearly admit that they have no more faith in Hindooism

than I have, and that they are believing in Jesus as their Saviour and their friend. I knew a company of gentlemen moving in the first ranks of Hindoo society, who meet together week after week for the study of God's Word and for prayer; and, though their names are not written in our Church books, they are Christians. Seeing they had not courage to come out and confess Christ by baptism, because by that they would be out-casted, they met weekly, and occasionally broke bread and drank wine in commemoration of our Saviour's love and death. Again, we find in country places men who in youth attended our Mission schools, who now read the Word of God in their homes, and tell us that, and that alone, they regard as their religious instructor. We go to other places, and find men who have received a tract; and then, if may be a few weeks or months afterwards, they have met with men going about selling the Bible, and, purchasing a copy, have read it and loved it. They have then gathered together their countrymen, and, though no Missionary has been near them, as a one case I met with in November last, a man had no less than fifty friends meeting with him from time to time to read the Word. He came to me with his Bible marked, asking the meaning of various passages, and there is reason to hope that ere long he, and others whom he has influenced, will join the Church by baptism."

#### INDIA'S DEEPEST NEED.

In the course of his address Mr. Wilkins also made the following statement:—

"From an educational census that was taken by the Government of Bengal only about a year ago, of two districts within fifty miles of Calcutta, it appeared that out of one district in which there were 18,000 women, only six of the number were able to read.

and write a little. In another district of about the same population, not one was able to read or write at all; and this but a few years ago was the condition of Calcutta and every place in India. Now, in Bengal, we have about 6000 women and children in our schools; 1109 married women being taught in the Zenana-houses, of which 600 have been opened, nearly all of them in Calcutta. In many of these houses the main facts of Christian truth are known, and in many of these women's hearts burns love to Jesus, who loved them and died for them."

While rejoicing in these and similar indications of progress, we wonder whether our young lady readers ever seriously ponder the question: "*Have I any duty in connexion with this terrible spiritual and mental destitution of our Indian sisters?*" Do they realize that while they, with their stores of saving knowledge, are spending their lives amid the varied enjoyments of intelligent Christian Society, there are a hundred million of women in India, waiting behind the "purdahs" they are powerless to remove, for some female voice to impart to them the story of a Saviour's love, and the words of eternal life. Who does not pity the unhappy victims of an ill-assorted marriage? When a man of cultivated mind, enlarged sympathies, and refined tastes, is united to a woman utterly incapable of sharing his feelings or appreciating his conversation, nothing but disappointment and domestic misery can result. To this misery and disappointment are doomed the immense mass of the educated men of India.

#### GOD'S MYSTERIOUS WAY.

The Rev. W. Etherington, of Benares, narrates the following remarkable incident:—

During a tour recently made in Jaunpore district, I became acquainted

with a Mohammedan convert, a man apparently of some note. I give the account of this man's conversion just as I received it from him when in Urdu.

**Missionary:** What first led you to think of embracing the Christian religion?

**Convert:** I witnessed a miracle, which so impressed my mind that I resolved to become a Christian.

**Missionary:** A miracle! What do you mean? Pray tell me all about it.—

**Convert:** A few years ago (September, 1871), as you probably know, there were great floods here and in the Azimgurh district, during the prevalence of which many lives were lost, and nearly half the houses in this town were destroyed. I was living here then in the house of a friend, which was situated on the outskirts of the town. The water rose higher and higher till the lower part of the house became completely flooded; and as it continued to rise day after day, I began to fear it would be swept away, as many of the surrounding houses had already disappeared. I would have left the place before, but that some of my property had been brought there, as my friend's house was high and built on land elevated above that of the town generally. The flood, however, continued to increase; so that I now began to fear that not only my property, but my life also would be lost if I stayed much longer in the house. To my horror, I found that there was no means of escape. The house had become an island, there was not a sign of a boat anywhere, and I knew not how to swim. In this extremity I prayed to God to save me from drowning, and earnestly sought the intercession of Mohammed. Whilst I was in this critical position, fearing that at any moment the house might be swept away, and I with it, I noticed a few pieces of paper floating on the water near me. I took up

one of them, and began to read what was written on it. I found that it was a part of the Christian Scriptures in Urdu, giving an account of a miracle of which Jesus performed when He was on the sea in a storm with some of His disciples. They were in danger similar to that which surrounded me, but in their fear they cried to Him, and He arose and saved them. I resolved, there and then, to pray to Jesus to save me also from the floods; and I inwardly vowed that if He would do so, I would forever forsake Mohammed and trust in Jesus as my Saviour, not only from death now, but from eternal death hereafter. I had scarcely ended my prayer before a boat, without being hailed, and which, indeed, was invisible to me before I prayed, was rowed towards me. The men who were in it took me on board without any delay, rowed me to a place of safety, and without asking for anything, and even without giving any word of explanation as to what now appears to me their strange conduct, went away with the boat, and I never saw them again.

The man who related the above to me, and who seemed to have no doubt that God, in the manner described, and in answer to his prayer, miraculously interposed for his safety and ultimate salvation, is about fifty years of age—a quiet, unassuming, and honest looking man. He may have been deceived; but certainly, neither his appearance nor his manner gives the impression that he has fabricated a story for the purpose of deceiving. It is difficult to assign to him a probable motive, supposing that his story be merely an invention. He is well-known in the place where he lives to have been a well-to-do zemindar, or land holder. When a Mohammedan, he had two wives; and in accordance with a custom which prevails among some Mohammedans, for the purpose of avoiding the seizure of property on

account of a husband's debts, the property of the family was held in the name of the first wife. After he had made up his mind to become a Christian, he tried for some time, but in vain, to induce his wives to become Christians with him. He then gave them up, and the property also, rather than the truth, to which he seems determined to cling. The native Christians among whom he has cast his lot testify to the consistency of his conduct since he came among them. This is, perhaps, the best evidence that we can have that his story is true.

#### CHINA—A GLIMPSE AT FOO-CHOW CHRISTIANITY.

“The people of Foo-chow are interesting when you live amongst them with the hope of seeing them converted from sham ceremonies to believe in something real. I have had great pleasure since I came here in noticing and hearing of the servants of the different Missionary families. When I stayed at Dr. Osgood's for a week, I was astonished to hear *the cook* asked to pray one morning at family prayers (held in Chinese), and another morning *the tailor*, who was then staying in the house to work. The characters of these two men, as far as could be known, were quite consistent with their profession. I used to sit and look at their faces with delight. The tailor was a grave, sincere-looking man, and the cook was the picture of happiness—apparently enjoying so much the reading and hymn.

In speaking of servants, I may as well mention our own cook. Mr. Mollman has prayers every morning when his teacher comes, and all read round verse by verse, our woman and any stray kitchen visitors who may be here joining. Our cook at this time, I have particularly noticed, becomes

more animated than I ever, at other times, see him. He was accustomed regularly to seat himself with the late Mr. Mahood's servants at evening prayers. I wonder what interest he could have, unless there was a desire at least to *hear of Jesus*. One of these servants, an old woman who has been more than sixteen years in Missionary families, is a most decided Christian. Nobody for a moment doubts her sincerity, for she shows it practically by her trustworthiness and by her love for her Bible. I used to notice her so often going to a quiet corner with her book, and hear her beginning to half sing (as the Chinese do their reading) with her thumbnail carefully tracing column after column. When her mistress was ill she was entrusted with the keys, and was never known to touch a cash. Her name is *Lau-chu*.

When I first came to Foo-chow, I had a young girl, a relation of hers of the same name. She is quite as decided a Christian. She was four years in one of the American Mission Schools, but had been engaged before she went to an opium-smoker, and now that she is married she is terribly persecuted for her religion by most of her friends. There is a young friend of hers whom I saw at Dr. Osgood's, a girl from the same school. She is engaged. One day Mrs. Osgood was earnestly talking to her, and asking her to give her heart to Jesus *at once*. She said, 'What would be the use of being a Christian to-day, and not one the next day?' Mrs. Osgood asked her why she said that? 'Because,' was her reply, 'I couldn't stand what *Lau-chu* puts up with. I could not be a Christian after I am married and suffer as she does.' I could feel for the poor girl, almost a child in appearance, but was so glad to hear that *Lau-chu* was such a true example of faithfulness to her Lord. She is only twenty-two; and has to try

as best she can to support herself and two children. I believe her husband beats her dreadfully, and takes what she earns from her, as well as pawning her clothes to buy opium; but she clings to her Bible and her profession of faith in Jesus. She meets with little sympathy from her heathen neighbours and friends.

A poor woman we have is at this moment sitting in front of me on a cane chair, swinging her legs, and trying to learn a hymn out of a Chinese hymn book Mr. Mollman has given her. He makes her read a little with the teacher every morning. She had never before been taught anything . . . I like these Foo-chow mountain women very much, they seem to have a great deal of feeling and affection. There was constant grief and weeping in Mr. Mahood's house before he left, among the women servants. They seem to be really and deeply attached to the family. I think Mr. Mahood was a great favourite among the people. Crowds were constantly coming to him from all parts of his Mission field to talk to him about their affairs, and tell him their difficulties and troubles.

#### THE EMPEROR'S DEATH.

There has been no special signs of grief about the poor emperor's death. The people have been ordered to wear *blue* buttons on their hats instead of *red*, but we have heard no expression of sorrow on his behalf. An old woman who was asked what she thought about the emperor's death, replied, 'He might please himself.' Mr. Mollman asked a man, 'Why he wasn't in mourning for the Emperor.' His answer was that 'he had no money to mourn.' We had a week of prayer here in January, and he was specially spoken about and prayed for, and the fact that the Bible was in the Imperial library was mentioned. I wish I

could have taken notes of what Dr. Baldwin said. One remark was, that though Foo-KIEN is the smallest province in China, it has the most Chris-

tians in it. There are believed to be 5000 who have professed Christianity in this province, of which Foo-chow is the capital."

## Practical Papers.

### IS IT REAL?

Reader, what is this that I ask about? I ask you a solemn question, that deeply concerns your soul. Is your religion real? Is it true, genuine, sincere, honest, and thorough? Real religion is not mere show, and pretence, and skin-deep feeling. It is something inward, living, lasting. You know the difference between base coin and good money—between plated metal and silver. Think of these things as you consider the question which heads this tract. Is your religion real? It may be weak, and mingled with many infirmities. That is not the point to-day. My question is simple,—Is your religion real? Is it true?

Reader, do you wish to have a religion which will comfort you in life, give you good hope in death, and abide the judgment of God at the last day? Then do not turn away from the question before you.

I. *The importance of reality in religion.* All men, I shall be told, are fully convinced of the importance of reality. But is this true? The greater part of people who profess reality seem to think that every one possesses it! They tell us "that all have got good hearts at bottom,"—that all are sincere and true in the main, though they make mistakes. They call us uncharitable, and harsh, and censorious, if we doubt anybody's goodness of heart. Reader, I want you to see that *unreality* is one of the great dangers in which Chris-

tians ought to beware. Is your religion real?

What saith the Scripture? This is the only judge that can try the subject.

1. Look, then, for one thing, at the parables spoken by our Lord Jesus Christ. The parables of the sower, of the wheat and tares, of the draw-net, of the two sons, of the wedding garment, of the ten virgins, of the talents, of the great supper, of the pounds, of the two builders, have all one great point in common. They all show the uselessness and danger of any Christianity which is not real, thorough, and true.

2. Look, for another thing, at the language of our Lord Jesus Christ about the Scribes and the Pharisees. Eight times over in one chapter we find Him denouncing them as "hypocrites," in words of almost fearful severity.—"Ye Serpents, ye generation of vipers," He says, "how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" (Matt. xxiii. 33.) What may we learn from these tremendously strong expressions, about people who at any rate were more moral and decent than the Publicans and Harlots? It is meant to teach us the exceeding abominableness of false profession and mere outward religion in God's sight.

3. Look for another thing, at the startling fact, that there is hardly a grace in the character of a true Christian of which you will not find a counterfeit described in the word of God.

Is there not an unreal repentance?

Beyond doubt there is. Saul, and Ahab, and Herod, and Judas Iscariot, had many feelings of sorrow about sin. But they never really repented unto salvation.

Is there not unreal *faith*? Beyond doubt there is. It is written of Simon Magus, at Samaria, that he "believed," and yet his heart was not right in the sight of God. It is even written of the devils that they "believe and tremble." (Acts viii. 13; James ii. 19.)

Is there not an unreal *love and charity*? Beyond doubt there is. "There is a love which consists in words and tender expressions, and a great show off affection, and calling other people "dear brethern," while the heart does not love at all. It is not for nothing that St. John says: "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

Is there not unreal *praying*? Beyond doubt there is. Our Lord denounces it as one of the special sins of the Pharisees, that for a "pretence they made long prayers." He does not charge them with not praying, or with praying too shortly. Their sin lay in this, that their prayers were not real.

Is there not unreal *talking* about religion? Beyond doubt there is. Ezekiel describes some professing Jews, who talked and spoke like God's people "while their hearts went after their covetousness." (Ezek. xxxiii. 31.)

How much even of the evangelical religion is completely unreal! You will sometimes see men professing great affection for the pure "gospel," while they are practically inflicting on it the greatest injury. They will talk loudly of soundness in the faith, and have a keen nose for heresy. They will run eagerly after popular preachers, and can converse fluently about its leading doctrines. And yet these people in private are neither truthful or straightforward, nor honest,

nor manly, nor good-tempered, nor unselfish, nor merciful, nor humble, nor kind! And is such Christianity as this real? It is not. It is a miserable imposture, a base cheat and caricature.

Reader, I write these things with sorrow. But the times demand very plain speaking.

II. *Some tests by which you may try the reality of your religion.*

1. For one thing, if you would know whether your religion is real, try it by the *place which it occupies* in your inner man. It is not enough that it is in your *head*. It is not enough that it is on your *lips*; it is not enough that it is in your *feelings*. Your religion, if it is real, and given by the Holy Ghost, must be in your *heart*. It must hold the reins, sway the affections, lead the will, direct the tastes. It must influence the choices and decisions. It must fill the deepest, lowest, inmost seat in your soul. Reader, is this your religion? (Acts viii. 21; Rom. x. 10.)

2. In the next place, if you would know whether your religion is real, try it by the *feelings towards sin* which it produces. The Christianity which is from the Holy Ghost will always have a very deep view of the sinfulness of sin. It will not merely regard it as a blemish and misfortune, which makes men and women objects of pity and compassion. It will see in sin the abominable thing which God hates, the thing which makes man guilty and lost in his Maker's sight, the thing which deserves God's wrath and condemnation. Above all, it will see in sin the thing which will ruin us eternally, except we can find a ransom; and destroy our happiness, both here and hereafter, except we fight against it, even unto death.

3. For another thing, if you would know whether your religion is real, try it by the *feelings towards Christ* which it produces. Real religion will

make a man glory in Christ, as the Redeemer, the Deliverer, the Priest, the Friend, without whom he would have no hope at all. It will produce confidence in Him, love towards Him, delight in Him, comfort in Him, as the Mediator, the food, the light, the life, the peace of the soul. Reader, is this your religion? Do you know anything of feelings like these towards Jesus Christ? If not, you may well doubt whether your religion is real.

4. For another thing, if you would know whether your religion is real, try it by *the fruit it bears in your heart and life*. The Christianity which is from above will raise in the man who has it repentance, faith, hope, charity, humility, spirituality, kind temper, self-denial, unselfishness, forgivingness, temperance, truthfulness, brotherly-kindness, patience, forbearance. The degree in which these various graces appear may vary in different believers. The seeds of them will be found in all who are the children of God. By their fruits they may be known. Reader, is this your religion? If not, you may well doubt whether it is real.

5. In the last place, if you would know whether your religion is real, try it by *your feelings and habits about means of grace*. Prove it by the Sabbath. Is that day a season of weariness and constraint, or a delight and refreshment? Prove it by the public means of grace. What are your feelings about public prayer, and public praise, about the public preaching of God's Word, and the administration of the Lord's Supper? Prove it by your feelings about private means of grace. Do you find it essential to your comfort to read the Bible regularly in private, and speak to God in prayer? Or do you find these habits irksome, and either slur them over, or neglect them altogether?

Reader, if you would know whether your religion is real, genuine, and

true, measure it by the five particulars which I have now named. Measure it fairly. Test it honestly. If your heart is right in the sight of God, you have no cause to flinch from examination. If it is wrong, the sooner you find it out the better.

I conclude by a direct application. I will draw my bow at a venture, and trust that God will bring an arrow home to the hearts and consciences of many.

1. *An inquiry*. I do not ask what you think about others! Perhaps you may see many hypocrites around you. You may be able to point to many who have no reality at all. This is not the question. You may be right in your opinion about others. But I want to know about yourself. Is your own Christianity real and true, or nominal and base? With the Bible in your hand, and honesty in your heart, the thing may be known. Then resolve to find it out.

2. *A warning*. I address it to all who know in their own consciences that their religion is not real.

An unreal Christianity is specially offensive to that great god with whom we have to do. And it is sure to fail a man at last. It will wear out. It will break down. It will supply no comfort in the hour when comfort is most needed.

3. *An advice*. I offer to all who feel pricked in conscience by the subject of this tract. Reader, apply without delay to the Lord Jesus, and ask Him to become your Saviour, your Physician, your Priest, and your Friend. Let not the thought of your unworthiness keep you away. Never, never forget that Christ can cleanse you from any quantity of sins, if you only commit your soul to Him. But one thing he does ask of those who come to him,—he asks them to be real, honest, and true.

4. My last word shall be *encouragement*. I address it to all who are

honestly following Christ. Persevere. You may often find few with you, and many against you. You may often hear hard things said of you. You may often be told that you go too far, and that you are extreme. Heed it not;—press on. Believer in Christ, remember this! Whatever you do in religion, do it well. Be real. Be thorough. Be honest. Be true.

If there is anything in the world of which a man need not be ashamed, it is the service of Jesus Christ. Of sin, of worldiness, of levity, of trifling, of time-wasting, of pleasure seeking, of bad temper, of pride, of making an idol of money,—of all this a man may be well ashamed. But of living for his soul, caring for his soul, making his soul's salvation the principle and

chief thing in his daily life,—of all this a man has no cause to be ashamed at all. Believer in Christ, remember this!

The time is fast coming when nothing but reality will stand the fire. Real repentance towards God, real faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, real holiness of heart and life,—these, are the things which will alone pass current at the last day. It is a solemn saying of our Lord Jesus Christ, "Many shall say in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name have cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess to them I never knew you. Depart from me, ye that work iniquity." (Matt. vii. 22, 23.)

REV. J. C. RYLE.

### Christian Miscellany.

#### HYPOCRITES IN THE CHURCH.

There is a class of people who say "There are some men in the church that ought not to be there; therefore I do not purpose to go into the church." I am not asking you to come into the church—not but what I believe in churches—but I am inviting you to the marriage-supper of the Lamb. We want you to come to Christ first, then we will talk to you about the church.

But you say there are some hypocrites in it. So there are, and I can imagine you saying, "Yes, there is a man here in one of the churches that cheated me out of five pounds a few years ago, and you are not going to find me in the company of hypocrites." Well, my friend, if you want to get out of the company of hypocrites, you had better get out of the world as quickly as you can. One of the twelve Apostles turned out to be a hypocrite, and there is no doubt there

will be hypocrites in the church to the end of time. But, "What is that to thee?" says Christ to Peter: "follow thou Me." We do not ask you to follow hypocrites, we ask you to follow Christ; we do not ask you to believe in hypocrites, we ask you to believe in Christ.

Another thing, if you want to get out of the company of hypocrites, you had better make haste and come to Christ. There will be no hypocrites at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Your excuse would sound strange there, would it not? We often hear men make it down here; but before Jehovah it would sound very strange for a man to say, "Lord, Thou didst invite me to be at the marriage-supper of thy Son, but I did not accept it because I knew there were some hypocrites that professed the Gospel." Man will have no excuse when he comes to stand before God; his mouth will then be sealed.—D. L. Moody.

## DR. DUFF'S BIBLE.

Speaking at a public meeting at the Cape of Good Hope, on his way from India, the Rev. Dr. Duff rose and said: Mr. Chairman, it is now upwards of thirty-four years since I had the privilege of first making your acquaintance in this city, and the acquaintance also of my venerable friend, Dr. Faure, and one or two others—one of whom has been alluded to already (Rev. Dr. Adamson)—a man of unsurpassed powers alike in the field of literature, science, and theology, and whose absence now I for one do very especially regret. You, then, sir, and one or two more, are the sole survivors of that noble band of Christian brethren who opened to my self and wife and fellow-passengers your hearts and homes. On that occasion our lives were preserved almost by a miracle of Providence. For several days we had your barren sands for our couch, the heavens for our curtain, and the eggs of the penguin for our sustenance. There was one incident connected with that event in my life which I must relate, as it had a lasting impression on me. The vessel went to pieces on the rocks, and the shore was strewn with the wreck and portions of the luggage of the passengers. I had then a great collection of books, and partly by my own exertions and by the kind attention of friends had formed a large library of classical and theological works. All went to the bottom. Portions of them were scattered on the shore; but the only volume which came ashore entire and in its integrity was a copy of Bagster's Comprehensive Family Bible, with the Scotch Psalms. It was picked up by a sailor, who, noticing my name on it, brought it to me. It was a Sunday morning—the storm and the tempest had passed away, and there was not a speck to be seen anywhere around except the table cloth on your Table

Mountain. As I took that Bible in my hands, I felt that it spoke to me as with a voice from Heaven—"You have been an idolator of books—I have sent them all to the bottom of the sea.—but I leave you The Book—take it in your hands, let its lessons be engraven on your understanding and your heart, and go forth prepared to proclaim its doctrines as the truths which can alone dethrone the powers of heathenism and minister to the highest happiness of immortal man." I learnt a lesson then, which I hope I have never forgotten.

## THREE NARROW ESCAPES AND THEIR VOICE.

In meditations on my bed in the silent night watches, in wanderings in the fields at noon-day, amidst gorgeous vegetation, cheery songs of birds, and gurgling melody of the running streamlets, I am apt to put the question to myself, *Where am I?* It appears to me at first sight to be a simple question, and needs but a simple positive answer. It is however a problem of potent significance and needs profound divine wisdom to its adequate solution. It can however be easily solved in the negative. In the first place I am not yet a handful of dust and ashes immured in an obscure country church-yard! Secondly, I am not yet in Hell! Thirdly, the day of grace is not yet departed from me for ever! And why do I so exultingly triumph at so wonderful a happy state of matters? Have I not seen hundreds of my fellow creatures, my juniors, my friends and acquaintances, cut away from all that was dear and precious to them in life, and what am I that I should have escaped and been preserved in life until now? What account can I render to God, my creator, for his wonderful preservation of me through a life of danger, vicissitudes

tudes and trial, until the present time? Did not my provocations induce my dear Heavenly Father to cast me away, saying: "*I have done with him!*" when the horse I drove in a vehicle suddenly wheeled round and backed me into the Caledonian Canal, but I almost heard a voice crying "*stop! give him one chance more!*" wherefrom instantly a man working on the bank sprang forward, caught and pulled the bridle, and with a liberal supply of the lash, the horse, writhing and twisting like a serpent, dragged me out again! Again, one wintry dark night, a mile from Kessock Ferry, on my way homeward, might I not have heard the same voice crying "*Have him now Satan—he is incorrigible!*" when the horse instantly bolted and galloped off towards the ferry, but—*stop, one chance more!* the animal halted within an inch of the water, at the top of the stone pier, six feet deep! And finally, travelling where a five feet stone dyke lined one side of the road, an old woman wheeling a hand barrow passed by, the horse looked, snorted and leaped on the opposite dyke, smashing gig and harness, and I myself *escaping scathless!* Might I not for the third time have heard the same fatherly cry "*stop!*" These are the *three narrow escapes from death, judgment and eternity!* Am I to proceed further to provoke God? Who knows but the *fourth* renunciation may be the *last*, and that my doom will be finally sealed. "*Behold, now is the accepted time. Behold, now is the day of salvation.*" In Christ Jesus I am *invulnerable*. Lord, work in me both to will and to do of Thy good pleasure. Let no separation take place between the *dust* of my body and my *spirit* until I proclaim Thy loving kindness and tender mercies, and the glorious truth, that Thou hast no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that he should repent and return unto Thee and live! "*Let the wicked forsake*

his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." Isa. lv. 7.

INVERNESS.

J. C.

### THE END-YEAR.

Bishop Ellicott expressed the deep-seated conviction of many hearts when he said at the meeting of the Church Missionary Society:

"It may be that a dim feeling now pervades this great assembly, that there are many signs upon the earth—signs in the stirring of human hearts, signs in the politic aspects of the times—that 'the Lord delayeth not His coming.' Let no one dare, in regard to these things, to make idle forecasts.

"The statesman would, if we consulted him, tell us perhaps, that in the movements of the chief nations of Europe, in the stirrings among ancient peoples, in the awakening of the dreaming and listless Oriental to a new life, there appeared to be something which could not easily be explained, and in which we could recognize the momentarily drawing nearer of the Master. And, again, if we went to the religious man, he would tell us with animated face that in the daily offering up of the petition that his Master's 'kingdom' might 'come,' he felt that that petition was nearer and nearer to being granted. This, my friends, is, I venture to think, a true view; and if we fully realized it in connection with Missionary work, we should then go forth more revived for every Christian effort, more resolved to do and dare. Mothers would then be more ready to give up their children for the cause which has been so eloquently pleaded for to-day: we, who are God's ministers, should devote fresher and more stirring energies to Christian work; and all Christian

hearts in this hall would be more deeply moved by the noble and generous sentiments that will have been expressed. This is the right spirit to cultivate. Don't think solely, my dear friends, of the darkened Missionary map that hangs upon the wall. Remember that our Master's coming depends, not upon the number of those that are converted, but upon the message being borne *everywhere*.

Our Master has Himself said this. When the last tribe shall have received the message, when the remotest dwelling in the east and the west, the north and the south, shall have heard the quickening words, then we are to raise up our eyes, and be of good cheer. I only recall now the words which quicken my own poor heart in regard to Missionary works, when my Lord enables me to do anything for their advancement—words which seem to me applicable in their general cast to the thoughts which I have placed before you—"And the Gospel shall be preached unto all nations for a witness, and then shall the end come."

The *Independent* recites the principal events in Mr. Finney's career. The following, with regard to his early life and conversation, may be familiar to many of our readers, but is yet interesting:—

Mr. Finney was born in Litchfield county, Conn., that cradle of so many strong men; but at the age of two years the tide of emigration bore him to Oneida county, N. Y., and two or three years later to the wilderness of Jefferson county, then the frontier of civilization in that direction. His early advantages of education were very limited—confined to the common school as it then existed in the new country. At the age of twenty he returned East, and spent two or three years in teaching and in study at

different academies. It was in his mind to enter Yale College, and he read Latin and Greek in preparation; but his teacher dissuaded him, on the ground that he could accomplish in two years the work required for the four years' course. He then went back to Jefferson county, and entered upon the study of law at Adams.

The removal of his family to the new country in his earliest years had separated him from all advantages of religious education. The Sabbath-school was unknown. The only preaching that he heard was an occasional discourse by some illiterate man, who could not command his respect. This deficiency was not made good by the influence of home. He knew little of the Bible. The first copy that he ever owned or studied he bought as a book of reference in his study of the law, because he found it often quoted as an authority. He was made leader of the choir in the Presbyterian church at Adams, and thus became a regular attendant upon the Sabbath services, and even upon the prayer-meetings, and thus at length became intensely interested in the question of life and godliness.

After some months of great conflict and darkness, he locked the door of his office early one morning and repaired to the woods a short distance from the village, resolved to settle the great question before him. At noon he returned with an overwhelming sense of God's love, and a baptism of zeal and fervour and power upon him which never seemed to waver during the fifty years of his public life and labour. He dropped his work in his chosen profession almost as suddenly as the sons of Zebedee left their nets at the call of their Master. The morning after this wonderful experience one of the deacons of the church came into the office to remind Mr. Finney of a suit of his in court which was coming on at two o'clock in the

afternoon. Said Mr. Finney: "Deacon, I have a retainer from the Lord Almighty, and cannot attend to your case." The deacon went out instantly and withdrew his suit.

A great religious movement in the place and in the surrounding country followed this conversation; and Mr. James Finney was at once drawn into religious labour, visiting from house to house by day, and holding meetings at night wherever the people chose to gather. He put himself under the care of the presbytery as a candidate for the ministry, and was ordained in 1824 as an evangelist.

### SPASMODIC RELIGION.

This kind of religion that alternates between the house-top and the cellar—now elated and now discouraged—is not in harmony with the heavenly arrangement,—“Abide in the vine”—not be alternately in and out; but “abide” in Christ. This seeking God’s blessing when we are destitute of it, is all right; but it is far better to keep it when we get it, than to get it several times a year. It is God’s will that the Spirit should dwell in us, instead of merely paying us an occasional visit. Then the Spirit will ever be present to indite our petitions, and prayer will thus secure us the everyday presence of this Divine influence to help us on our homeward journey. If God’s peace is good at all, it is good all the while. Why not have it, not as a transient blessing, but that which gets into the heart and lives there?

The way to have this abiding favor and peace deep down in the heart, is to seek to be washed from every sin and impurity, and then walk in the King’s highway of holiness continually! “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.” Holiness makes steadfast. The spasmodic professor neglects holiness, trifles with sin, for-

gets to watch and pray, is led away by passion, taken captive by Satan, and so is cast down continually. Walking with God in daily obedience and communion, the true Christian avoids such evils, and secures abiding peace.—*Selected.*

### SLEEPING CHURCHES.

Mr. Moody related the following in a sermon preached in London:

“There was a little story going the round of the American press that made a great impression upon me as a father. A father took his little child out into the field on Sabbath, and he lay down under a beautiful shady tree, it being a hot day. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and the little blades of grass, and coming to its father and saying, ‘Pretty! pretty!’ At last the father fell asleep, and while he was sleeping, the little child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought was, Where is my child? He looked all around, but he could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, and all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Running to a little hill, he looked around and shouted again, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. No response! Then going to a precipice at some distance, he looked down, and there, upon the rocks and briars, he saw the mangled form of his loved child. He rushed to the spot, took up the lifeless corpse, and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murderer of his own child. While he was sleeping, his child had wandered over the precipice. I thought, as I heard that, what a picture of the church of God! How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men are sleeping now, while their children wander over the terrible precipice, right into the bottomless pit of hell. Father, where is your boy to-night? It may be just out here in some public house; it may be reel-

ing through the streets of London, drunk; it may be pressing on down to a drunkard's grave. How many fathers and mothers are there in London—yes, praying Christians too—whose children are wandering away while they are slumbering and sleeping? Is it not time that the church of God should wake up and come to the help of the Lord as one man, and strive to beat back those dark waves of death that roll through our streets, bearing upon their bosom the noblest young men we have? O, my God, wake up the church! And let us trim our lights, and go forth and work for the kingdom of God."

#### MR. SANKEY AT HOME.

Rev. Alexander Clark writes an account of the reception of Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the Evangelist, at his old home in Newcastle, Pa. He says: "The people knew that Mr. Sankey, their neighbor and friend, was coming, and a large concourse met him at the Newcastle depot on Wednesday at twilight. His reception was hearty by all classes. 'Ira' was always a people's man. His whole life, up to his maturity and marriage, had been spent in Newcastle and vicinity. I arrived in his native town the next day, and through the politeness of a friend, Levi Kurtz of the Erie train, we found Mr. Henry C. Sankey, Ira's cousin, at the prayer-meeting, and procuring a buggy, with Henry to drive, we went out of town westward a mile or so, to the residence of Mr. Edwards, the father-in-law of Ira D., and here we met our old-time musical friend, now a robust man, near six feet high, and of good 200 pounds avoirdupois—a model of health after his two years hard work abroad. Mr. Sankey is the same jovial, unassuming Christian gentleman that he was before his wonderful achievements in the Gospel. Always, from boyhood, an

enthusiastic lover of music, a Sunday-school worker, and a sincere man, performing more than he professed, he wielded a gracious influence among all who knew him. We had a two hours' pleasant interview with Mr. Sankey, and heard from his own lips, in modest, but very earnest words, the story of the great work in Britain. With tears, at the close of each narration of special incident, or account of some marvellous meeting, his exclamation was simply this: "God was in it!" He seemed as much at a loss for explanations of what he had witnessed as any mere spectator, if a natural reason was attempted; but the conclusion "God was in it," fully satisfied both reason and faith. Mr. Sankey is at home for rest. He owns a neat little two-story white frame dwelling on the west side of Newcastle, near the residence of his father, David Sankey, Esq., but will spend a few weeks with Mr. Edwards and his parents, whose homes are about one mile apart, his own house being occupied by a tenant. In the Fall he expects to resume his work with Mr. Moody. Mrs. Sankey is a worthy companion of the singing itinerant. Quiet, modest, plainly appressed, with love for her children, which makes woman the highest in the order of ministers, next to angel, and sometimes more—a mother—she has comforted and helped her husband in his arduous toils more than archbishop ever helped a pastor."

#### A SONG WITH A HISTORY.

During their farewell concert-tour through the United States, last winter, the Jubilee Singers visited Washington, and were invited by Frederick Douglass, the well-known colored orator, now a grey-haired old man, to spend an evening at his house. He had been telling them what pleasure their concert the night before had given him, and incidentally remarked,

"I can remember songs that I heard fifty years ago, when a slave." His guests expressed a strong desire to hear some of them, when, to their delight, as well as to the surprise of his own family, he sang the following:

Run to Jesus—shun the danger—  
I don't expect to stay much longer here;  
He will be our dearest friend,  
And will help us to the end—  
I don't expect to stay much longer here.  
O I thought I heard them say  
There were lions in the way—  
I don't expect to stay much longer here.  
Many mansions there will be,  
One for you, and one for me—  
I don't expect to stay much longer here.  
Run to Jesus—shun the danger—  
I don't expect to stay much longer here.

The singers were so much pleased with the new song that they soon caught the melody and joined him in the refrain, and while they were singing it the notes were taken down by Prof. Seward, and added to the Jubilee programme. Mr. Douglass afterwards said: "It was while singing this song that the idea of escaping from slavery was first suggested to my mind. As the thought grew upon me, the song became more and more a favorite, and I used to sing it about the plantation continually. My master was very well pleased, for he thought I was thinking about heaven, but I was thinking all the time about that other country up North." Thus, under the influence of this song, he at last gained his freedom, and the world gained Frederick Douglass.

### "DUTCH JOHN."

That is the name by which he was known. But when people met and spoke to him, they called him John. When he first came under our notice he possessed characteristics anything but respectable and reputable; indeed, his presence was dreaded wherever peace was desirable. He was a drinker of no small proportions, as

during three-fourths of his time he was under its baneful influence. He was abusive, noisy, intrusive; ever ready to breed a quarrel and to enter a fight. When he was sober he was quiet and industrious, at which times he made ample provisions for the gratification of his appetites. During the summer he laboured wherever he could find work, especially at those places where the "ardent" could be readily obtained. Occasionally he would remain a whole season with one employer, for nominal wages and a constant supply of whiskey. In the winter he took up his abode at the county poor-house, where the discipline was somewhat lax, doing a day's work here and there, the money for which he managed to get into the rum-seller's till.

During the most of the time his visage bore marks of bruises and wounds, the results of frequent fights; for he seldom kept out of them when he was intoxicated. Even among his associates he was considered a "tough customer," and bore a hard name. John was good Catholic, notwithstanding his drunkenness, profanity, fighting, and other violations of the moral law. He no doubt expected to live in that faith, and at last to die in it; but his expectations were thwarted.

The panic of 1857 came, and following it was the great revival which spread over the land with marvellous power, bringing all classes, to a greater or less extent, under its mighty sway. The neighborhood in which John lived was no exception. The Church was affected as it had never been before. Believers rejoiced; unbelievers were unusually solemn. Penitent tears prevailed where before the frivolity and godless mirth reigned supreme. Scores and hundreds were repentant and bowed at the foot of the cross. It seemed to the casual observer as though none would be left to do the service of Satan.

John, though he had not attended Protestant worship, was constrained partly through curiosity, and partly through the persuasion of Christian friends, to attend the place of prayer; little thinking or believing that he could be induced to reject old prejudices and accept a new faith.

Everything was novel to him. The mode of conducting worship; the singing; the prayer; the penitent tears. He was entranced; attracted to the spot. He became a constant attendant; and it was not long before he believed with his whole heart, being instructed in the way, and became a converted man. His was a radical change. No one who knew him before could dispute it. He was pointed to as a very decisive example of the power of Divine grace to change a heart of extreme wickedness and of prominent activity in the service of Satan, to one of meekness and Christian obedience. John has witnessed a good confession notwithstanding the burden of human weakness and pro-

phicied of the ill-wishers of Christianity. He has even been ready and willing to testify to a knowledge of sins forgiven.

Before his conversion he seldom was the possessor of decent clothing to cover his nakedness, for his money went as already described; but afterward his apparel was respectable, and he always had money in his purse. He would often refer in language suggestive, but broken, to the temporal benefits Christianity had conferred upon him. Holding out a well-filled purse, he would say: "See dat, I no used to have so much. See my cloze; I vas once ragged, dirty, most naked. Bless the Lord! I luf Him!" These things being facts to John, and patent to every one who had been cognizant of his former course, were arguments which he never failed to use, he always giving the glory to God for the wonderful change wrought in him by grace through his risen Lord.

J. H. R.

## THE DYING WIFE.

BY H. M. T.

Lay my babe upon my bosom,  
Let me feel her sweet, warm breath;  
A strange chill is passing o'er me,  
And I know that it is death:  
Let me gaze once on the treasure  
Scarcely given, ere I go—  
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers  
Wandering o'er my cheeks of snow.

I am passing through the waters,  
But the blessed shore appears.  
Kneel beside me, husband dearest,  
Let me kiss away thy tears.  
Wrestle with thy grief as Jacob  
Strove from midnight until day;

It will seem an angel's visit  
When it vanishes away.

Lay my babe upon my bosom—  
'Tis not long I'll know she's there.  
See how to my heart she nestles—  
'Tis a pearl I'd love to wear.  
Tell her sometimes of her mother;  
You will call her by my name;  
Shield her from the winds of sorrow,  
If she errs, Oh! gently blame.

- Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping:  
I will answer when she calls;  
And my breath shall stir her ringlets  
When my voice in whisper falls,  
And her mild, blue eyes will brighten—  
She will wonder whence it came—  
In her heart when years roll o'er her,  
She will find her mother's name.

If in after years, beside thee  
Sits another in my chair,  
If her voice is sweeter music,  
And her face than mine more fair;  
If a cherub call thee "Father,"  
Far more beautiful than this,  
Love your first-born, Oh! my husband,  
Turn not from the motherless.

## Children's Treasury.

### TRIFLES.

Why do we speak of a "little thing,"  
And of "trifles light as air?"  
Can aught be a trifle which helps to bring  
A moment's grief or care?  
A little seed in the fertile ground  
Is the seed of a noble tree:  
A little touch on a festering wound,  
Is it not agony?

What is a trifle?—a thoughtless word  
Forgotten as soon as said?  
Perchance its echoes may yet be heard  
When the speaker is with the dead.

That thoughtless word is a random dart,  
 It strikes we know not where :  
 It may rankle long in some tender heart,  
 Is it a trifle there?

Is it a trifle, the first false step,  
 On the dizzy verge of sin ?  
 'Tis treacherous ground—one little slip  
 May plunge us headlong in—  
 One little temptation and we may wear  
 Death's, galling chains for aye :  
 One little moment of heartfelt prayer  
 May rend those chains away.

Drops of water are little things,  
 But they form the boundless sea ;  
 'Tis in little notes that the wild bird sings,  
 But his song is melody ;  
 Little voices, here scarcely heard  
 In heaven shall bear their part ;  
 And a little grave in the green churchyard  
 Holds many a parent's heart.

This world is little, if rightly weighed,  
 And trifling its joy and care.  
 But not while we linger under its shade,  
 There are then no trifles here.  
 A little burthen may weigh like lead  
 On the faint and weary soul,  
 In the upward path it perforce must tread  
 Before it attain the goal.

Cease then to talk of a little thing  
 Which may give thy brother pain ;  
 Shun little sins, leaſt they haply bring  
 The greater in their train.  
 Seize each occaſion, however ſmall,  
 Of good which may be given :  
 So, when thou heareſt thy Maſter's call,  
 Thou ſhalt be great in heaven.—*Exchange.*

#### MEANING OF GIRL'S NAMES.

Francis is truly fair,  
 Bertha is purely bright,  
 Clara is clear to ſee,  
 Lucy is a ſtar of light,  
 Felicia is happy as happy can be,

Catharine is pure,  
 Barbara from afar,  
 Mabel is very fair,  
 Henrietta is a star,  
 Margaret is a pearl thrown up from the sea,  
 Muriel is sweetest myrrh,  
 Amelia is sincere,  
 Agatha is very good,  
 Bridget is shining here,  
 Matilda is a lady of honor true ;  
 Susan is a lilly,  
 Celia gem of sight,  
 Jane a graceful widow,  
 Bertrice gives delight.  
 Elizabeth an oath, pure as morning dew,  
 Sophia is wisdom,  
 Letitia is a joy,  
 Adeline a princess,  
 Julia a jewel toy.  
 Rebecca is as faithful as the light of day,  
 Constance is resolute,  
 Grace is a favor meet,  
 Charlotte is nobility,  
 Harriett an odor sweet,  
 Abigail is joyful as a robin's lay,  
 Sarah is a lady,  
 Isabel is fair,  
 Lucinda is consistent,  
 Jemima sounds in the air,  
 Caroline is noble-spirited and brave,  
 Lydia is well,  
 Judith a song of praise,  
 Cornelia a harmony,  
 Priscilla ancient of days.

### THE FIRST WRONG STEP.

The young man who has ruined himself by robbing the post-office in Chicago, where he was clerk, confessed his crime after his arrest, and says the greater part of the money was taken in small sums ; after robbing the first letter, all fear and compunction of conscience was gone, and in a little while it became impossible for him to pass a money package through his

hands without stealing it. What a solemn and awful warning is this, not to take the first wrong step ; that step taken, the next is easy, and the next easier, and you are fairly on the road to ruin. Struggle manfully, struggle prayerfully, struggle as for your life against the first temptation, the first false step, the first sinful act. Yield the first outpost to the great enemy of your soul, and you run the fearful hazard that you will be lost.

## SUCCESS OF THE TIDY GIRL.

Tidy neatness in girls is an attraction quite equal to a pretty face: and it is a better recommendation.

A lady wanted a trusty little maid to help her to take charge of a baby. Nobody could recommend one, and she hardly knew where to look for the right kind of girl. One day she was passing a by-lane, and saw a little girl with a clean apron holding a baby in the door-way of a small house.

"That is the maid for me," said the lady. She stopped and asked the girl for her mother.

"Mother has gone out to work," was the reply. "Father is dead, and now mother has to do everything."

"Should you like to come and live with me," asked the lady.

"I should like to help mother somehow."

The lady, more pleased than ever with the tidy looks of the girl, called to see her mother; and the end of it was, she took the maid to live with her, and found—what indeed she expected to find—that the neat appearance of her person showed the neat and orderly bent of her mind. She had no careless habits, she was no friend to dirt; but everything she had to do with was folded up and put away, and kept carefully. The lady finds great comfort in her, and helps her mother, whose lot is not now so hard as it was. She smiles when she says, "Sally's recommendation was a clean apron."

## A BOY'S EVENINGS.

Joseph Clark was as fine-looking and healthy a lad as ever left the country to go into a city store. His cheek was red with health, his arm strong, and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said that boy would make something. He had been clerk about six months, when

Mr. Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eye hollow, and he always seemed sleepy. Mr. Abbott said nothing for a while. At length, finding Joseph alone in the counting-room one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," said Joseph.

"You look sick of late," said Mr. Abbott.

"Have a headache sometimes," the young man said.

"What gives you the headache?" said the merchant.

"I do not know as I know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good season?"

Joseph blushed. "As early as most of the boarders," he said.

"How do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"Oh, sir, not as my pious mother, would approve," answered the young man, tears starting in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "your character, and all your future usefulness and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, it is a young man's evenings that make him or break him."

## THE INVENTOR OF THE WHEELBARROW.

It takes a great man to do a little thing sometimes.

Who do you think invented that very simple thing called a wheelbarrow?

Why, no less a man than Leonardo da Vinci.

And who was he?

He was a musician, poet, painter, architect, sculptor, physiologist, engineer, natural historian, botanist, and inventor, all in one. He wasn't a "Jack at all trades and master of none," either. He was a real master of many arts, and a practical worker besides.

When did he live?

Somewhere about the time that Columbus discovered America.

And where was he born?

In the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy.

Perhaps some of you may feel a little better acquainted with him when I tell you that it was Leonardo da Vinci who painted one of the grandest pictures in the world. "The Last Supper," a picture that has been copied many times, and engraved in many styles, though I am told that, without seeing the painting itself, no one can form a notion of how grand and beautiful it is. And only to think of the thousands of poor, hard-working Americans, who really own, in their wheelbarrow, an original "work" of Leonardo da Vinci.

—*St. Nicholas.*

#### CHRISTIAN REVENGE.

In one of the West India Islands there lived a slave who had been brought from Africa. He heard the missionaries preach and became a Christian. He behaved so well that his master raised him into a position of trust on his estate. He once employed him to select twenty slaves from a number which had just been brought there for sale.

While looking at some who were offered, he perceived an old broken-down slave, and immediately told his master that he wished very much he might be one of the number to be bought. The master was much surprised, and at first refused; but the slave begged so hard that his wish might be granted, that his master allowed the purchase to be made.

The slaves were soon taken to the plantation, and the master, with some degree of wonder, observed his servant pay the greatest attention to the old African. He took him to his home, laid him on his own bed, and fed him at his own table. When he was cold

he carried him into the sunshine, and when he was hot he placed him under the shade of the cocoa trees. The master supposed that the old man must be some relation to his favourite, and asked him if he were his father.

"Massa," said the poor fellow, "he no my fader."

"Is he then an elder brother?"

"No, massa."

"Perhaps your uncle, or some other relation?"

"No, massa; he no be of my kindred at all, not even my friend."

"Why, then," asked the master "do you treat him so kindly?"

"He *my enemy*, massa," replied the slave; "he sold me to the slave dealer, my Bible tells me when my enemy hunger feed him, when he thirst give him drink."

#### "I MUST TALK TO YOU ABOUT JESUS."

A little girl, thirteen years old, belonging to a missionary school in Ceylon, was converted. After a time she wished to go and see her mother, who was a heathen, for the purpose of conversing with her about her soul's concerns. On reaching home her mother expressed much pleasure at seeing her, spread a mat for her to sit down upon; and, as the first act of the mother on such occasions is to provide something for her children to eat, told her that she would go and cook some rice for her.

The girl replied that she was not hungry, and did not wish to eat, but wanted to talk with her. The mother replied that she would talk with her after she had prepared her rice. The little girl persisted in her wishes, telling her that as she worshipped idols, and might lose her soul, she had a desire to speak with her about Jesus Christ. The mother expressed her dislike at what she had said; and, as the child still continued to say that

she wished to talk with her, threatened to punish her. The little girl said in reply, "Mother, though you do whip me, I must talk with you about Jesus Christ," and began to weep.

The mother's heart was touched; she sat down, and her little daughter talked with her, and prayed with her. The child's interest in her behalf was so great that she was heard praying for her mother during all parts of the night. The result was that the mother forsook her idols, and became a Christian, and her conversion was followed by the conversion of one or two others.

### FRANK'S PASS.

Frank was a bright little five-year-old fellow, full of fun, and anxious to make himself of consequence. Armed with a stick, he would feel as brave as a lion among the hens and chickens; and as they scudded away from this dreadful creature, to take shelter wherever they could find it, he would say to himself: "I guess they think I'm a giant;" only he pronounced the word "zhi-ant." He would even attack the old cock, and walk right up to the big turkey-gobbler.

But there was one animal which caused Master Frank to quail with terror, especially when alone and after dusk. Do you want to know what it was? I will tell you. It was a mouse!

Yes, a little brown mouse, with his bright eyes, and his pretty tapering tail, would make our bold little boy tremble and scream; and if he happened to light on several of those pretty creatures playing together, you would have supposed that he had run against a herd of buffaloes! Very silly, wasn't it?

Now, every night on his way to bed Frank had to pass through a lonely room, where mice and rats would sometimes peep out of their holes, and scamper over the floor, frightening

him sadly, and causing him to clasp mamma's hand more tightly, and hurry along as fast as possible.

But one night when it came bed-time, mamma was sick up stairs, and no one was with Frank in the sitting-room but papa, who was busy reading his newspaper. So the little boy was told to march up stairs to bed alone.

"O papa!" said he, "I'm afraid to."

"Afraid of what?" said papa.

"Afraid of the rats and mice, papa, in the big lumber-room."

"O, nonsense!" said papa; "if that's all, I'll soon fix you out."

So papa took his writing materials and wrote this:—

*To all the rats and mice in this house, greeting:*

"You are hereby ordered to let any little boy Frank pass through the lumber-room, and all other rooms, at all times. This order will stand good till countermanded. Any rat or mouse disobeying will be dealt with according to law. Witness my hand and seal."

Then papa signed the paper, and sealed it with a big, red seal, and gave it to Frank, who thanked papa, kissed him good-night, and trudged up stairs without another word; for he had often seen papa give passes to people who wanted to go somewhere, or to do something, and he had a high opinion of his father's "passes."

So when he came to the door of the lumber-room he flung it wide open and called out: "Ho, Misses Rats and Mice, you can't touch me; here's my pass!" And every night when he went to bed he held out his pass to the rats and mice; and none of them ever did him any harm.—Nursery.

### WHAT THE STARTING OF A RABBIT DID.

A missionary among the Indians, in the distant territory of Idaho, is the authority for the following, which, he says, was told him

two years ago by Rev. H. D. Walker, of Bridgewater, Mass., whose father was the other of the three companions.]

More than sixty years ago, in a retired New England parish, three youths met by agreement every Sabbath-morning, and walked together to church. One, who was apprenticed to a cabinet maker, was an earnest Christian; another was a sceptic; and between these two, during the walk, the subject of religion was warmly discussed. Each, however, remained firm in his own convictions.

It chanced one day that the apprentice was in the hay-field looking at the men as they were mowing. Suddenly a rabbit started up before the mowers, who threw down their scythes and gave chase. The lad too joined in the pursuit, and, carried away by the excitement unwarily set his bare heel on one of the sharp scythes. Help was immediately called for, but such was the loss of blood from the several arteries, that the surgeon gave no hope of recovery.

The young sceptic called on his companion. In the apparently dying lad he saw the power of that religion he had so often attacked. Where argument had failed, the calm confidence, the lively hope, and the dying joy of his companion, reached success. He went from that presence a converted soul.

The lad, however, recovered, but was a cripple for life. Giving up the thought of learning a trade, he pursued a course of study, entered into the ministry, and became the well-known, much-loved missionary to the Choctaws, the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, D.D. The converted companion became the no less distinguished Dr. Joel Hawes—two glorious lives, dating from the chance running of a rabbit!

## THE BROKEN SWING.

"Father, may I go and play to-day with the swing?" said a little boy, just as he was getting ready to go out.

"No, my child, not to-day," answered the father; "to-morrow you can go."

To-morrow! it was too long for the impatient child.

A little later, when his father had gone out, the child, standing at the window, saw right before him the swing hanging between two trees at the bottom of the garden.

"If I swing a little," he said to himself, "nobody would know it. I will only have just one turn."

So he ran into the garden and climbed into the swing. Great was his joy for a few minutes, and he could not help crying between each swing, "I wonder why father said this morning that I must not swing?"

All at once the cord broke. The child fell to the ground. His mother, terrified, ran out with a servant; they lifted him up and carried him into the house. The poor little fellow had broken his right arm.

His sorrow was very bitter when he saw his mother's grief; he had, too, to bear a great deal of pain when the doctor "set" his arm; but what vexed him most was to see his father come home at night, bringing a beautiful rope, quiet new, intended to secure against accident the beloved son, whom that day he had been obliged to deprive of a pleasure that had become dangerous.

Dear children, your parents also find themselves sometimes obliged to refuse your requests. Have confidence in their love and in their wisdom, without always seeking to know the *wherefore* of their refusal.

When you are older, you will see that our kind heavenly Father does the same with us. He does not always grant us all we ask, because He knows

that it will be hurtful to us. Trust, then, and with greater reason, His love and His wisdom, when you cannot understand the motive of his dealings with you.

We often ask for things which, if they were granted, would prove to us what the swing was to the little boy; and our disobedience is sure to produce only bitter fruits.—*Sunday School Visitor.*

#### NOT ABOVE IT.

"Where is Bob? I thought he was going," asked one boy of the other, as they went towards the water.

"Bob is washing his mother's dishes," said the other boy. "Bob is nothing but a kitchen-girl half the time. I would—" but I dare not write what Augustus said he would do if he were in Bob's place.

Pretty soon Bob's steps were heard behind them. "Not going without me, are you? he cried in a gay tone."

"I thought you kept by washing dishes," said Augustus, "It seems to me pretty mean business your mother puts you to. I did not know it was boys' work to do such things."

"It is boys' work to do anything to help at home," cried Bob, with an angry flush upon his cheek; "and if I can help mother by washing up her dishes, I am glad and thankful to do it. One good turn deserves another; and when I think of all she does for us, I like to lend a helping hand to do for her."

"But washing dishes!" said Augustus scornfully.

"Cleaning up is not the worst business in the world," cried Bob, good-naturedly. "I know plenty of worse things."

"You've got the right of it," said Tom. "I only wish I had a mother to wait on."

Yes, Bob is in the right of it. A boy who trains himself, or who is trained to notice things about home,

and bear a hand in little matters which need help here, or need help there, is growing up to be something more than a selfish, noisy, whistling, teasing member of the household, who expects to be waited on from morning till night. Active sympathy with one another's burdens makes household burdens all the lighter. And Bob, I am sure, will make a husband whose wife can never complain of a want of interest in things at home.

#### "THEN YOU HAVE A FATHER."

Rev. Dr. John King once went to visit the children in an orphan asylum. The children were seated in a school-room, and Dr. King stood on a platform before them.

"So this is an orphan asylum," said he. "I suppose that many of you children would tell that you have no father or mother, were I to ask you."

"Yes sir; yes sir;" said some little voices.

"How many of you say you have no father?" Hold up your hands.

A forest of hands were put up.

"So you say you have no father?"

"Yes sir; yes sir."

"Now," said Dr. King, "do you ever say the Lord's prayer? Let me hear you?"

The children began: "Our Father who art in heaven—"

"Stop children," said Dr. King; "did you begin right?"

The children began again: "Our Father, who art in heaven—"

"Stop again, children," said Dr. King. "What did you say? Our Father? Then you have a Father; a good, rich Father. I want to tell you about Him. He owns all the gold in California; He owns all the world; He can give you as much of anything as He sees is best for you. Now, children, never forget that you have a Father. Go to him for all you

want, as if you could see Him. He is able and willing to do all that is for your good."

#### A PATIENT ELEPHANT.

"Tell my grandchildren," writes the bishop of Calcutta, "that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked my dear Dr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try the nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The large animal

was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised the most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day, when he was brought and heard the doctor's voice, he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath, just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then, by trunk and gesture, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson to us of patience!"—*Life of Bishop Wilson.*

#### Position and Prospects of our Monthly.

Many of our readers know the circumstances in which the *Canada Christian Monthly* came into existence. The Rev. Robert Kennedy, who was carrying on a useful work in publishing cheap literature of an evangelical type, died suddenly from the effects of an accident, and his excellent publications ceased, with heavy liabilities to his printers and to his subscribers. Rather than see the good work stop entirely, after consultation with Mrs. Kennedy, it was resolved to make an effort to save one of the publications from the general wreck: and hence, taking the place of the *Good News*, the *Christian Monthly* was issued, beginning with a list of some 400 or 500 subscribers, which has increased to near 2,000.

The objects in view in issuing the *Christian Monthly* were two-fold:—First, it was desired to spread (chiefly in the rural districts) simple and sound reading at a small charge, in which the great doctrines of salvation should be upheld and applied, for the conversion of the careless and the edification of the converted. And, then, it was desired to make a still further effort to benefit the family of Mr. Kennedy (which was left destitute), by devoting to their use the profits, if any, of the undertaking.

As to the manner in which the former of these aims has been accomplished, the editor had rather not pronounce any judgment. He is pastor of a large congregation, and must attend first and foremost to his pastoral duties. This has left him but fragments of time for editorial work,—time, often

indeed, that rightly belonged to reading, to rest, and to social intercourse. He tried to do the best he could in the circumstances. That is all he can say.

As to the amount available for Mrs. Kennedy and her children, that depends a good deal on many who read these lines. Before the *Christian Monthly* appeared, a few of Mrs. Kennedy's friends, chief of whom is the Rev. Andrew Kennedy, London, and the editor among the rest, had raised a considerable sum for the family. On this account it was found that a direct appeal through the columns of the *Monthly* produced only \$95.51, all of which, with 38 cents additional, has been remitted to Mrs. Kennedy. To add to these contributions, it was at the outset decided that neither editor nor contributors should take one cent of remuneration for their literary work on the *Monthly*, but devote what remained, after paying for the publishing, to the use of the family. To what do these proceeds now amount? That depends a good deal upon how some that read these words will act. The first year the *Monthly* paid its way 'by the exercise of great care and economy, but nothing more. The second year it did the same; but during this half-year, which is the fifth half-yearly volume, a slight deficiency of about \$100 appears on the books with three months to be provided for, which will make the deficiency at the end of the year over \$400 if no further payments are received. To meet this deficiency there is on the books, as due by subscribers, a sum that would, if paid, provide for the publication till the end of the year, and leave something for Mr. Kennedy's family. It can be seen now what we mean when we said that it depends on some of our readers whether anything can be got for the orphans, or not, from the *Christian Monthly*. The publishers are now enclosing accounts as they mail from Toronto, but parties owing should forward their arrears, (only, however, to end of 1875,) without waiting for any further account or notice.

We say "only to the end of 1875," in case the publication of the *Monthly* should cease then. Some Christian gentlemen who feel an interest in the kind of work the *Monthly* has tried to do, have offered to take the magazine on their shoulders and to carry it through, depending on the blessing of God. But it is plain that unless the finances are in a better position, it would hardly be consistent with prudence for them to place themselves under such a heavy burden. The editor would feel sorry indeed to see the publication cease: he has scores of letters in his desk which no eye but his has ever seen, which testify of the good that is being done in thus holding up our Lord and the doctrines of his grace; but though this volume should be the last, he will not regret his share in a work which, though laborious, has been very pleasant, because of the good Master, and because of the friends and sympathizers he raised up to help the work till now.