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ALLEGED SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.

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(Continued from page 66r.)

THE question to which the remainder of this paper will be devoted has respect to

SEEING GOD.

"For I have seen God face to face." Gen. xxxii. 30.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." Ex. xxxiii. 11.

"And they saw the God of Israel." Ex. xxiv. 10.

"No man hath seen God at any time: the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." John i. 18.

"Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and live." Ex. xxxiii. 20.

"The blessed and only potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see: to whom be honour and power everlasting. Amen." 1 Tim. vi. 15, 16.

Here are two classes of passages which are in apparent conflict with each other; but whether the discrepancy between them is real or only apparent, can only be determined by candid and careful examination. The first class affirms that Jacob, and Moses, and the elders of Israel saw God; the latter declares that no man hath seen God at any time, that no man can see Him and live, that He dwelleth in light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen or can see, and that the only begotten, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.

I. Now let us, in the first place, look at the several passages of the first class, in order that if possible we may ascertain what the several persons in them really saw.

1. What did Jacob see when he said I have seen God face to face. Gen. xxxii. 30. We have the answer to this in the 24th verse. It was a man, or what had the appearance of a man, that he saw. "And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled A MAN with him until the breaking of the day." Now, let us try if we can see anything more about this man; let us endeavour, if possible, to so far draw aside the veil of mystery which surrounds him as to ascertain who he was. There is a reference to him in Hosea xii. 4, where he is called THE ANGEL—not an angel, observe, but THE ANGEL; and in the subsequent verse (Hos. xii. 5) he is called the Lord, "EVEN THE LORD GOD OF HOSTS." He was an angel, the divine messenger, the sent of God, and at the same time the Jehovah, though to the eye of Jacob He presented merely a human form.

2. Now let us look for a moment at the case of Moses. What was it that he saw? There were several divine appearances with which he was favoured, and we may just as well take them up in the order in which they occurred. (1.) First, let us look at that recorded in the 3rd chapter of the Book of Exodus. At the 2nd verse we read, "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush." Here we have two things: the person who appeared unto Moses, and the manner of his appearance; the person was "The angel of the Lord," and he appeared unto him "in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush." Here we have the same mysterious Being who had appeared unto Jacob, but the appearance in this instance, instead of being in human form, was in what, to the eye of Moses, appeared to be a mass of flame. (2.) Let us, in the second place, look at that which is recorded in the 33rd chapter of Exodus. At the 9th verse we read, "And it came to pass as Moses entered into the tabernacle that the cloudy pillar descended and stood at the door of the tabernacle, and the Lord talked with Moses." In this case what Moses actually saw was "*The cloudy pillar.*" Of this symbol of the divine presence we have a further account in Num. ix. 15-23. It was not seen by Moses alone, or by the elders only, but it was visible to all the people. Every Bible student is familiar with the history of the important part it

played in leading the children of Israel through the wilderness. But it is said that "The Lord spake to Moses face to face." What does this mean? We can only infer its meaning from a parallel passage. If we turn to Ex. xxxiii. 14, 15, we shall hear the Lord speaking to Moses, and saying to him, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest;" and we shall hear Moses answering, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." But a critical examination of this passage shows that the word which is translated "presence" in this place is the very same word which is rendered "face" in the 11th verse of the same chapter. Wherever there was the manifested "presence" of God, then men were said to be brought "face to face" with Him.

3. We pass now to the case of Moses, Aaron, Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel. The description of this sublime and awful transaction is recorded in the 24th chapter of Exodus. The occasion was very solemn. The law had been given; God had renewed the covenant with His people Israel which He had made with their fathers; and this was the formal and solemn ratification of the contract which He had been pleased to enter into with them. Sacrifices were offered; the book, or parchment scroll, containing the record of the covenant, was read in the audience of the people; the people solemnly and formally assented to the covenant, saying, "All that the Lord hath said will we do and be obedient;" and the sacrificial blood, the blood of the covenant, which was typical of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ—the lamb slain, in the purpose of God, from the foundation of the world—was sprinkled on the book and all the people. It was after all this was done, when this solemn transaction was completed, that Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, with the seventy elders, were permitted to see this great sight. But what did they see? Was it the human form in which the divine Being had been pleased to manifest Himself to Jacob; or was it "the cloudy pillar?" We are not particularly informed in respect to this matter, except we are permitted to identify it with what was afterward seen by all the people (ver. 16, 17). What they saw was "*The glory of the Lord like a devouring fire.*" If this view be correct, it was the "glory of the Lord" which was seen, some grand luminous display, which, however dimly it might represent His real glory, was sufficient, nevertheless, to create in the minds of all who saw it a conviction of the actual presence of God.

But we are met at this point by the objector, who says, "It is distinctly and unequivocally affirmed of all these persons that they saw God ; and this is either true or false—either they saw Him or they did not see Him. If they did not see Him, then this first class of passages is not true ; if they did see Him, as it is affirmed they did, then those passages, which not only deny the fact but deny the possibility of anybody seeing God, must necessarily be false." Here are the two horns of the dilemma between which we are supposed to be shut up, and we are good-naturedly left to choose which we are to be impaled upon. Now, all this looks very formidable, it must be confessed, at the first blush ; but things which wear a very appalling appearance when seen at a distance, lose much of their terrors upon closer examination. Let us look a little more closely at this argument.

An illustration or two may possibly aid us. A genuine illustration is an illuminated argument—something which is not merely designed to lend interest and beauty, but to throw light upon the subject. With this hint we proceed. Now, if we ask the first plain common-sense person that we shall meet whether he ever saw light, if he is not too much offended by a question which appears to him to be an insult to his understanding to answer at all, we know beforehand well enough what his answer would be. If he be an Irishman, he will be apt to say, "Sure, it was the first thing that ever I saw in my life." But if we propose the same question to a scientific man, one who has studied the subject scientifically, and who is able to answer it with scientific exactness, his answer will be the very reverse of this. He will tell us that that which renders everything that we see visible, is invisible itself. The one man will say confidently that no man ever lived who was endowed with the power of vision who has not seen light ; and the other will affirm with equal confidence that no man, whatever his endowments may be, has seen light at any time, or can see it. Here we have two contradictory propositions, neither of which, we venture to believe, will any man who has learned to think affirm to be false. The fact is, that in the union of these two contradictory propositions we have the truth, which we probably could not get in any other way. Indeed, one of the greatest thinkers and most exalted intellects of the day has said, "Truth is always the union of two contradictory propositions, both remaining undiluted—not the *via media* between

them." This, precisely, was the profound and philosophic Coleridge's definition of an "idea." And though we are not willing to embarrass the present discussion with metaphysical subtleties, we commend these observations to the earnest attention of the thoughtful reader. If he has not examined the subject before, he will probably feel more in it than he expected to feel.

Take another illustration. Let us ask the first man we meet whether he has ever seen matter; and the probability is that he will not feel the slightest hesitation in answering that he has. But when we question him closely in regard to any particular instance in which he is most confident that he has seen it, we find that what he has actually seen is, dimension, figure, colour; but these are not matter, but mere qualities which belong to material things, and in which the invisible essence manifests itself. Now the man who affirms that he has seen matter, and he that affirms that no man has seen it or can see it, both tell the truth, though neither of them tells the whole truth. Is it not, in fact, in the union of these two contradictory affirmations that we have the truth, which we could not get from either of them taken separately? The fact is, there is an objective and a subjective side to all truth; reality resides just as much in the one as the other; and yet, these will always be found to be the antithesis of each other. But no one will say—no one whose opinion is worth anything in a matter of this kind—that a truth is fully grasped, until it is seen on all sides; and if it can only be so seen in the union of two contradictory propositions, Coleridge's definition of an *idea* would seem to be correct.

At the risk of being tedious, we add another illustration. A man of more than ordinary intelligence, though not scientifically educated, being asked whether he had ever seen electricity, answered promptly that he had seen it when he was a lad, more than sixty years ago. But a teacher of science in the same room at the instant, being asked the same question, gave a directly opposite answer. Both told the truth; neither of them told the whole truth. To the apprehension of a philosophic mind there was not the slightest conflict in their testimony; the affirmation of the one, though contradictory in form, was complementary of the other in fact. The former of these witnesses had seen this mysterious and wonderful agent in its manifestations under the manipulations of a professor; the latter witness completed the idea by showing that

though it might be seen in its manifestations—might become visible in certain phenomena which it might produce—it is itself an invisible substance too subtle to be brought within the cognition of the senses.

Now the application of all this to the subject of our present discussion is so natural and easy as to require but few words. In all those instances in which God is said to have been seen, when the narrative is subjected to critical examination, it turns out that what was actually seen was a manifestation of the divine presence—very dim and imperfect manifestations, it is true, but sufficient, nevertheless, to produce a conviction strong as that which they had in their own existence that they had been brought face to face with Him who is the author and source of all being. This, nothing more nor less, is what the first class of passages under consideration teaches. But the second class teaches that beneath all these manifestations lies *the ineffable essence*, the pure spiritual Being of God, which no man hath seen or can see. The one class affirms that men have seen God, and details the instances in which this divine vision has been granted to men; the other declares with the utmost explicitness that no man hath seen Him or can see Him; both are true, though neither of them contains the whole truth; they are, in fact, complementary of each other, and it is in the union of the two that the truth is completely revealed.

The case might rest here; but we are not done with it yet. We must look a little at the passage quoted from the gospel by St. John. "*No man hath seen God at any time.*" It is evident that in this place by the word "God" is meant God the Father. In the parallel passage, Jno. vi. 46, we read, "Not that any man hath seen the Father, save He which is of God, He hath seen the Father." But that it refers to the first person in the Godhead is evident from the passage itself; for the divine person who is called "God" in the first member of the sentence, is called "The Father" in the latter clause of it. Now, no man hath seen Him at any time but His only begotten Son, the Son of His divine nature, "who is in the bosom of the Father;" and whose special and peculiar office it is to declare or reveal Him. All that this passage teaches, then, is that no man hath seen God the Father at any time; but the divine person who appeared to the patriarchs and prophets was God the Son. The real key to the difficulty is found in the fact that the Jehovah

of the Old Testament is the Christ of the New—the eternal Word by which the Father expresses himself, and makes himself known to his creatures. “Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh;” and though in his divine essence he must remain eternally invisible, by the mystery of his incarnation he has brought himself within the reach of the knowledge of mankind.

THE SHILOH: A HISTORICAL STUDY.

JACOB expected soon to die. He called his twelve sons that he might tell them what should befall them in the last days. His eyes were dim, his youthful strength abated, but his eye of faith was bright. The visions of future ages opened before him. He pronounced blessings upon his children such as Heaven alone could bestow. He then leaned upon his staff, and sweetly exchanged mortality for life. We can scarcely conceive a more dignified scene than that exhibited at the death-bed of the aged Israel. His body is enfeebled by the waste of years, but his mind is full of vigour and a hope full of immortality. Here is his numerous family around, all of them in the highest state of prosperity, waiting to receive his fatherly counsel and dying blessing. A learned historian says: “During the time that Thotmosis I. reigned in Egypt, the patriarch Jacob died in Goshen. How strange the contrast between the most wonderful productions of men and the glorious revelations of God. Here, while all that human wisdom and wealth, science and skill, genius and perseverance could possibly effect, were laid under contribution to adorn the gorgeous and imperishable structures of Thebes,—while immense political power and unbounded resources stood out in glorious array, and invested Egypt with undying fame,—an event occurred in the tents of the humble Hebrews which in intrinsic importance and glorious result far outvied all the lustre of Egyptian history. The patriarch, who had talked with Jehovah, wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant,—the dying Jacob, inspired with the prescient Spirit of God, is heard addressing language to his twelve sons, which even at that time gave them wonderful intimations of the divine purpose and will in the election of the house of Israel, and which continues to be a standing proof of the divine character

of human redemption, a splendid proof of the truth, faithfulness, and goodness of God." Reuben loses the birthright, the priesthood, the royal dignity. Joseph, best beloved, receives the birthright in the double portion of his sons. Levi receives the priesthood, the Urim and Thummim; Judah the royal dignity. To the latter he says: "Judah, thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise;" and then enraptured with the vision, for which he had waited, he says, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah till Shiloh come." Does history confirm that prediction? Are the lines clearly defined that trace its course down the ages? These questions are answered in sparkling gems of truth.

After the death of the aged seer, after Joseph had left vacant the high office that he held as chief minister of the land, it is added significantly in the record, "that another king arose who knew not Joseph." Forgetting that he had been the saviour of the land, his brethren and children groaned in the deepest servitude of slavery for many weary generations. Delivered by the outstretched hand of God; guided through the Red Sea; fed upon manna from heaven; quails to supply their lack of flesh; water supplied from the granite rock; led and protected by the pillar of cloud and fire; at length the pilgrim host reach the land promised to their pilgrim fathers.

Judah has the pre-eminence among the tribes. It outnumbered the rest in the numbering. The standard was a lion, that led in the van of battle. The tribe occupied a commanding position in Canaan. The future Jerusalem, the great capital; the temple, the centre of Hebrew polity and faith, were in the boundaries of Judea. There the law was read, there sacrifices offered, and that city became the centre of power and wealth to the whole Israelitish people. Saul, the first anointed king, though towering above the rest of the people, vacates the throne, the first and last of his dynasty.

Pause a moment at the reign of David. He leads the united nation up to the radiant sun-crowned summit of prosperity. His eye scanned the surrounding nations, prostrate or tributary at his feet. He was the central glory of Judah, the star of his tribe, the monument whose shadow fell upon all the succeeding ages. Solomon takes the sceptre as it falls from the hand of his father. Riches flowed at his feet. Fountains, strangers to the hill of Zion, at his bid trickled down its slopes. Cities rose as if by

miracle upon the sandy plain. David's plans crystallized into the stones and gold of the magnificent temple. It was serene rest ; it was opulent security. In the next reign, ten tribes revolted, leaving Judah and Benjamin alone. In the subsequent history they were carried into captivity ; they were lost among the other nations—their genealogical tables gone, their language lost, their existence a doubt. Judah is the only tribe that can trace their descent. We follow the course of that tribe.

After varied fortunes they were carried captive, their chief city destroyed, the temple, with its sacred furniture, removed or burned. After 70 years they returned to Judea. For a time they were subject to the Persians. Nehemiah gained signal favours for them. Ezra purified the people, and in troublous times the walls of Jerusalem and of the temple rose again. Malachi, the last prophet of his race, has closed the visions of futurity, has predicted Elijah to be the voice of John, the harbinger of the Messiah. The interval of history is not remarkable. About 167 B.C., Mattathias established the true worship of God, which had been interrupted. One of his brethren assumed the kingly rule, which continued till 34 years before the birth of Christ.

Take now the thread as you find it in the Gospel of Luke. The Roman Governor of Syria commanded a taxing, an enrolment of the nation. It is supposed to have been for the purpose of blending the people with the Roman Empire. About 11 years afterward Judea became a Roman province, upon the banishment of Archelaus, son of Herod the Great ; thenceforth Judæa was governed by a Roman deputy, and the power of life and death taken from the Jews. Then, when the sceptre was passing from the hand of Judah, the Son of David grasped it ; when the nationality of the Jews was blending with Rome, the Shiloh came.

The thread of history unites the prophecy of Jacob with the fulfilment in Jesus Christ, the sent of God. The words of this prophecy show, for Luke relates in fact what Jacob predicted in vision, the Divine authenticity of the scriptures. The spirit of inspiration flashed its fulfilment, as if the finger of God had written it upon the everlasting hills. Quibble as sceptics may at the fact, yet one word of all that the Lord has spoken has not failed. Polluted hands would pluck down the monuments of our faith, but they are firmer than the pyramids. Blighting hands would uproot the flowers

of the Paradise of the Bible, but they flourish in perpetual bloom. Christianity is like the boat on the sea of Galilee. Down sweep the wild winds of unbelief, the lashing billows of doubt toss it about. Trembling hands and fearful hearts man the boat. Scoffers watch it, and hope to see its wreck. But behold the Lord of the storm, as He walks the white waves like a pavement of marble, and to the voice of His power—"Be still;" there is a calm. Cast away your faith in the Bible? Never. It is the star of immortality, whose radiant line of fire upon the wave traces the course to heaven. It is the sun whose beams shine upon the desert path, the real fire-pillar to the Christian pilgrim. Hallowed by the memories of the past, wet with the blood and tears of the saints, it is warm with the pulsation of the heart of Deity, shining with His eternal glory, stamped with His unchangeableness. Cast away your faith in the Bible? Never. It is your chart across the sea of life; your legacy left by your Lord; your title to God's favour and to God's heaven. Let the pillars of the firmament crumble; let the world be wrapped in its fiery shroud; let, if need be, the light of eternity grow dim, but that which is so dear shall never pass away—it is the Word of God, that liveth and abideth forever.

For 19 centuries this prophecy has recorded its fulfilment. Look at the Jews. Their gorgeous temple, the centre of Hebrew worship and faith, has no record save in the Word of God; the sun of their nationality set in blood-red clouds. Scattered, peeled, they have no throne, no prince, no altar, no priest. They are found in every land, eternally distinct; the providence of God has kept them from destruction, doomed to a solitary existence. Upon every Messiah-rejecting Jew the hand of history, which is the hand of God has written: "The sceptre has departed from Judah;" and in the departed royalty we have the unquestioned, unshaken evidence of the incarnation of Jesus Christ the Son of God.

JOB SHENTON.

Truro, N.S.

"For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh:

"How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?"

SACRED MUSIC.

(Concluded from page 651.)

LOOKING at the matter from a religious stand-point, certain kinds of music have sometimes been objected to as unsuitable for religious worship, and the reply has been—"How can mere musical sounds be considered as either sacred or profane?" The query seems plausible enough, but still it is fallacious. A single experiment will quickly prove this. Let any one attempt to wed the words of a penitential psalm to the rollicking notes of an Irish jig, and he will at once perceive the incongruity of the association, and how impossible it is for a light lively air to express feelings of penitence and sorrow.

We may now submit the general statement that the true design of sacred music is to express religious feeling, and therefore music is entitled to the name of sacred only in so far as it answers this design. And it is a perception of the fitness of music to interpret feelings that has led to its adoption as an element in religious worship the world over. We can express thought in words, but in order to give the fullest expression to religious emotion we must wed the words to music.

As an instrument of religion, then, we may look at the influence of sacred music *in preparing the heart for the exercises of worship*. When we come to the house of God after our six days' contact with worldliness, we often feel a sad unfitness for the services of the time and place. We come to worship God; but our hearts are cold, and our desires seem faint and dead. What will kindle the sacred flame,—what will stir the sluggish tide of emotion in our hearts,—like the strains of sacred song?

Of the wondrous power of music to awaken religious emotion, we have numerous illustrations in the Bible. When an evil spirit came upon Saul, his attendants were wont to send for one skilled in music, and as the sweetly-solemn tones of the harp fell upon the ear of the afflicted king, the better feelings of his nature were kindled into life, and the evil spirit fled. Again, when Jehoram, King of Israel, called Elisha to inquire of the Lord, the latter said, "Bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him." We do not assert that,

in this case, music was the source of the prophet's inspiration ; but manifestly it had a powerful influence in preparing his mind for that high communion with God implied in the exercise of the prophetic gift.

The power of sacred music is also seen, as has already been intimated, in its fitness to express religious feeling. If any one doubts this let him read over thoughtfully the Psalms of David. The words, indeed, are often beautiful and well-chosen, but divorce them from the strains of music, and one-half their power and beauty is gone. Let us suppose that, instead of the musical flow of the Psalms, David had embodied the same truths in a theological treatise, and we will see at once that its stiff sentences could never move the heart as does the measured rhythm of these sacred lyrics.

If we are correct in assuming that music is the language of feeling, then religious music, in order to fulfil its high mission, must be *religious*,—that is, it must be religious in spirit as well as in name. Intended *for* the heart, it must come *from* the heart in order to be effective. "So true is this that nothing can really fulfil the idea of religious music which is not the breathing of true love and worship. Even instruments without life will not speak the true notes of power, unless the touch of faith is on them, and the breath of holy feeling is in them. How much less the voice itself, whose very qualities of sound are inevitably toned by the secret feeling of the spirit."—(*Bushnell*.) Never can music speak the language of religious feeling unless the spirit of adoration is in it. When the soul is simple, and God is enshrined in its innermost recesses of feeling, then there is a quality in the voice and the touch which communicates the inspired joy of the heart.

O ye who, in the house of God, lead the devotions of his people, think of this. You think sometimes that your efforts are poorly appreciated ; but is there not a cause ? A devout worshipper, let us suppose, comes to God's house. He is wearied with the world and its cares, and he thinks, "Now, in this sacred place, my soul will be refreshed, and my dull heart, rising on the wings of sacred song, will breathe the inspiration of the hour, and, for a while at least, forget its sorrows." And so the song of praise begins, but it awakens no response in his heart. A feeling of disappointment comes over him, for he feels—"That music does not express what I feel." No wonder. In many instances the music discoursed in

our churches does not express any feeling at all. It is merely a touch of this and a flourish of that, and an indefinite piping and harping that means nothing—a mere jumble of musical sounds.

Oh, if our average choirs could but be persuaded to stop murdering anthems,—music that never was designed to be sung anywhere but under the lofty arches of some grand cathedral and by thoroughly trained singers,—and would give us instead, in softened tones and with distinct utterance, a verse or two of some sweet heart-hymn, how many thousands of hitherto disgusted worshippers would rise up to call them blessed. Better still, let the hearts of those who lead us in the service of song be filled with the spirit of faith and love, and their every note will awaken responsive echoes in listening hearts, and the strains they sing will be to every devout worshipper a holy baptism of sound.

Our space will permit only a very brief reference to the use of musical instruments in the service of God's house. There are some who strongly object to their use ; but such persons should remember that in ancient times instruments were used by divine appointment. Thus we read in the Scriptures :—" He set Levites in the house of the Lord with cymbals, with psalteries and with harps according to the commandment of David, and of Gad the king's seer and Nathan the prophet ; for so was the commandment of the Lord by his prophets." Now it is not necessary we should plead for the use of these same instruments in divine worship. God has placed a power of music in material substances, and it is for man to discover which of these substances will best give forth the tones of religious emotion ; and experience has thus far proved that there is no instrument for this purpose equal to the organ. Not only will its varying tones express almost every religious emotion of the soul ; but it has this peculiarity, it cannot well be used for any other purpose. It will not go forth to battle and it would figure but poorly in the music of the dance. Like the holy Nazarite, it cannot leave the house of the Lord ; therefore, let it be consecrated to the service of the Lord forever.

It were impossible to leave a subject like this without a thought reaching on to the world to come. We have always been wont to regard the strains of music as entering largely into the worship of the skies ; nor is this to be wondered at when we remember the numerous allusions in the scriptures all pointing in that direction.

When we rise from the darkness and silence of the grave it will be no more to dwell in tabernacles of clay, but in glorified spiritual bodies, and *because* spiritual, therefore more susceptible to the power of melody. Surely it is an inspiring thought that when body and soul shall be glorified together we shall look out upon a world from which everything that offends has been excluded, and listen to sounds of melody in which there shall not be one jarring note ; for the hand of God himself shall tune the glorious instrument, and the whole universe shall be a grand Æolian harp, over whose strings the spirit of God shall sweep and draw out inexhaustible harmonies. "The whole creation," which now "groaneth and travaileth in pain," shall then find a voice in which to utter the music that slumbers in its heart ; and the utterance of that voice shall blend in sweet accord with the voice of the great multitude which no man can number, when hearts as well as voices shall sing—"Alleluia ! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." May we all so learn the song of salvation here below, that when our voices are heard no more in the melodies of earth, they may, with a deeper emphasis and a holier feeling, swell the anthems of the skies.

A. SUTHERLAND.

REV. JOSEPH ENTWISTLE.

THIS excellent man was a native of Manchester, England, and became one of Mr. Wesley's "helpers" in 1787, and for several years was known as "The Boy Preacher" of that city. He began thus to exercise his gifts when he was only sixteen years of age. He was the last survivor of those sent into the ministry by Mr. Wesley, was the first governor of the Theological Institution in 1834, and once had three sons in the ministry, which was a very rare occurrence.

Mr. Entwistle was much indebted to a religious training by his pious mother, through whom he was introduced to a circle of friends noted for their high religious character. The first Methodist preacher he ever heard was the Rev. John Valton, a man of eminent piety and usefulness. He was persuaded by a companion to attend a class-meeting, and some time afterwards the same friend taught

him to sing a hymn, which it was said all sung who knew their sins forgiven. (The hymn was, "My God, I am Thine," etc., 211, Wesley's Hymns.) The singing had great effect upon him, and soon he was connected with the happy band who could rejoice in hope of the glory of God. It is said of the late Rev. T. O. Keyse that for many years he sung the first stanza of this hymn as soon as he awoke every morning.

In the early days of Methodism it was a rule that all should be taught to do something for Jesus. As we have seen, Mr. Entwistle was no exception to this rule, and in one of his juvenile preaching excursions, he was the means of converting a person who, fifty years afterwards, acknowledged him as his spiritual father. Local preachers were of some account in those days, and often preached several evenings during the week, besides the Sabbath.

What was known as the Oxfordshire Circuit was the first scene of Mr. E.'s itinerant labours. The circuit comprised four counties, One of his colleagues was the Rev. Richard Reece, who, like himself, became President of Conference, and was the first representative from England to the General Conference of the M. E. Church, U. S. In all the four counties there were only four places of worship, while there were some thirty places which they regularly supplied with preaching. Their accommodation was poor, for even in Oxford, famed for its collegiate institutions, of which the founder of Methodism was one time a fellow, the home of the young preachers was a garret, for which the sum of sixpence per week was paid, and all the furniture of the room, like that of the prophet Elisha, was a bed, a chair, and a table. His friend Reece and he could only meet once a month, and even then but for a short time, to do which they both travelled several miles extra.

The Life of the Rev. D. Brainerd was a common book in those days, and for fanning the flame of piety there are not many even now which surpass it. Mr. Entwistle read it again and again with great profit, and soon he became an earnest seeker of full salvation. He "groaned after" Christian perfection, and with a view to help his piety, he wrote out a covenant, pledging himself "to use all his gifts, grace, time, health and strength for the glory of God and the good of souls." He signed and sealed this covenant upon his knees alone with God. Baxter's "Reformed Pastor" was another favourite book with him. For many years he was accustomed to read it

carefully through after his return from Conference, as he entered upon the duties of another ecclesiastical year. He often spoke of his indebtedness to the books above named, particularly the latter.

By his marriage he became related to the Rev. John Pawson, a man whose saintly life is not forgotten even at the present hour. Entire sanctification was a constant pulpit theme in those days. Mr. Wesley took great pains to inculcate the preaching of this doctrine, and he always said that wherever there was a declension of the work of God, it arose from the lack of preaching on this theme. It is well known that the labours of the early Methodist preachers were truly herculean, for not only did they preach nearly every night in the week, but also at five o'clock in the morning, so that two services per day were a common exercise. To us in modern times this seems astonishing, but the men were equal to the task; they were Mr. Wesley's "flying squadron," as for the most part they were either preaching or going from place to place on horseback. They were hardy pioneers, giants, whose earnest, indefatigable labours converted the moral deserts of England into the garden of the Lord. Never could they have endured such privations, and performed such labours as fell to their lot, if they had not been men of more than ordinary piety. Mr. Entwistle lived in the enjoyment of holiness of heart, and often met in band with one or two preachers and a few select friends, who were accustomed to unbosom their minds to each other, and on such occasions were very minute in stating their experience of the deep things of God. Thus their hands were strengthened, and they became "workmen that needed not to be ashamed." Revivals were common events in those days, without the modern appliances for effecting them. If Mr. E. went to Conference without an increase in the membership of the previous year, he gave himself to great searchings of heart, as he felt sure there was something wrong when he could not gather some precious sheaves into the garner of the Lord.

Mr. Entwistle endeavoured to live a life of constant piety. He lived wholly by rule, and each day was accustomed to plan some mode of holy living which would prove an incentive to his piety and enable him to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord. He spent much time in private prayer and devotional reading of the scriptures, especially early in the morning of each day, when there is less probability of being disturbed by persons who set no value on time,

but seem to imagine that they may intrude upon a minister at any moment and waste his precious hours without let or hindrance. He was also through life a great reader of Christian biography, and often read that valuable compendium by Mr. Wesley known as the "Large Minutes." He was intimate with such men as Bramwell and Stoner. Of the former he writes: "He gave himself continually unto prayer and the ministry of the word, and few men have been more devoted to God, or more useful than he. As he and I sat together in the Conference I had many opportunities of speaking unto him. He had salt in himself, and I found the advantage of being so near him." Of the latter he has left this testimony: "He was deeply pious, full of zeal for God and the salvation of souls; of uncommon abilities for the work of the ministry, one of the most successful preachers I ever knew. Hundreds of souls will bless God to all eternity for his labours. * * * In all my intercourse with him for two years I never heard him say a word, nor did I ever observe a look or attitude, or any other circumstance, which indicated self-seeking or the desire of human applause."

Like many of his compeers, Mr. Entwistle was accustomed to observe one day in the week as a season of special fasting and prayer, with a view to his growth in grace. He usually kept a list of subjects for which he was engaged in special prayer. There were two other days in the year which were usually observed as red-letter days in his calendar. These were his natal day and his marriage day. On the former he always rose much earlier than usual and spent much time in private devotions, feeling himself under renewed obligations to dedicate himself to God. His marriage was singularly happy, hence he always loved to celebrate its anniversary. The mode in which his marriage was celebrated may prove interesting to such of our readers as contemplate entering upon that sacred state. If all marriages were celebrated as his was divorce courts would not be needed. Here is his description of it: "Having had family prayer we went to church. * * * When we returned home we retired into the parlour, and my Uncle Pawsen gave out a hymn and prayer. It was indeed a melting season. All our minds were exceedingly affected. The Lord was present with us, as he was at the marriage of Cana in Galilee. In about half an hour afterwards my dear wife and I retired, and joined in prayer; after which we read over, upon our knees, the form of a

covenant with God which I had prepared for the occasion. We signed and sealed it in the presence of the Lord, considering ourselves as his property, and resolved to devote ourselves afresh to his service in our new relation. This left a sweet savour of piety upon our minds, and I hope will be religiously observed by us all the days of our life. The remaining part of the evening was spent in a religious and profitable way." Through life his wife and he spent much time in praying for each other; and though their trials, arising from personal and domestic affliction, were often heavy, yet they were singularly happy in each other.

As may be supposed, he was always in dread of everything that would in anyway interfere with his growth in piety. He was accustomed at every opportunity, when meeting the official members of his circuits, to spend all the time possible conversing about spiritual things. Respecting one of these meetings he says: "We soon finished our temporal business, and then spent two hours in profitable conversation and prayer." He always regretted when so much time was spent with financial matters. "There is danger, amid so many outward things, of spiritual religion suffering." Meetings for mere speechifying received no favour from him, "as too much time of the preachers would be consumed to the neglect of their closets, their studies and their circuits; and there was also a serious interference with pastoral duties, and danger would arise from the desire of applause being greatly increased; and some might fall into the snare of cultivating what was showy rather than the solid and useful." "Perhaps there never was more need than now to call professors to secret intercourse with God. Many, it is to be feared, who flock to hear sermons and crowd to public meetings, Bible societies and missionary meetings, sadly neglect their closets."

Though sometimes, especially in the latter part of his life, called from home for occasional services, he never was desirous of popularity so as to be called for on such occasions. He said, "My calling seems to be to sag at my regular work rather than go and make a splash elsewhere." He always felt best when attending the duties of his own circuit, especially pastoral visiting. In one of his letters he says: "Visit the sick, the poor, and the AGED. *Find out old Methodists and converse with them.* . . . It is injurious for a preacher to visit the people for mere chit-chat, and to spend hours in that way in company; but it is exceedingly profitable to visit them in order

to edify them by religious conversation and prayer. Sometimes a ten minutes' visit does more good to an individual or family than ten good sermons, and the sermons afterwards do them more good in consequence of the visit. . . A system of pastoral visitation which we have adopted will, I am persuaded, be productive of much good. We have collected such lists of our societies that we know where every one lives, in whatever street, or square, or court, or room in town and country. We find it practicable, without robbing us of the time necessary for reading and pulpit preparations, to visit all the people." He was accustomed to hold what was called in those days "Watch nights," that is, meetings for exhortation and prayer, when usually three or four persons would take part. Such meetings were of signal success, and very frequently were precursors to revivals.

It was the lot of Mr. Entwistle to occupy some of the most important circuits in Methodism, and some of these more than once, such as Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham, and several of the London circuits, in some of which he was favoured, in connection with his colleagues, with being the means of special good. During one revival at Bradford more than a thousand persons were brought to a knowledge of the truth. In course of time he was necessitated to take considerable part in business matters of the church. Twice he was President of the Conference, and though in those days the calls were not so incessant on the chief officer as in modern times, yet when we consider the difficulties of travelling and various other inconveniences not known in modern times, we may easily understand how that those who filled that high position were necessitated to be "in labours more abundant." Such honours were never sought by Mr. Entwistle. More than once he declined positions of prominence, as he had seen some whom he thought declined in piety after they were elevated to the chief seats in the synagogue.

When the Theological Institution was established, all parties looked to him as the person to fill the position of Governor. Even those who from the beginning opposed the establishment of the Institution, agreed that, as it was to be formed, he, of all the members of the Conference, was the most suitable for that office. And the sequel proved that they were right. His influence over the young men training for the ministry was eminently useful. He often

counselled them to pray much and fervently that they might rise up to the standard of consistent Methodist ministers, adding "If all Methodist preachers were to act agreeably to the rules which they subscribe, they would set the kingdom in a blaze." He once said, "For some time I have observed with pleasure a deepening of the work of God in the hearts of the students. Twenty profess to have received a sense of the entire sanctification of their souls—perfect love. I have no reason to discredit their testimony. I have met them twice expressly on the subject, and given them advices, instructions, cautions," &c.

During life Mr. Entwistle had much to try him. His own health was often very precarious, in consequence of the hardships which he had to endure in the early period of his ministry, such as sleeping in damp beds, &c. His beloved wife was a great sufferer, and finally fell under the stroke of death some years before him. Two of his sons who were in the ministry died at an early period of their career, and the third, his eldest, was obliged to retire from "the active work," so that both father and son were on the supernumerary list together. Another son also died in America. Besides these, he felt like Paul "the care of all the churches." He lived through many troublous times, and could tell of the scenes which followed Mr. Wesley's death and several other agitations, which ended in the loss of thousands to the church; but, in the midst of all the strife, he endeavoured to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. Of one who made a rent in Methodism, he said "I would not be in his place for all the world."

He lived to see the Centenary of Methodism, and took part in the hallowed services of that memorable year. Though then a supernumerary, he was always about his Master's business. He delighted to mark the onward progress of the church, and on one occasion said, "He had been a member of the Wesleyan church above fifty-eight years, and for more than fifty-six years a preacher. When he joined the society, the total number of members in Great Britain and Ireland was 44,859, and in the whole world between 59,000 and 60,000; now the number of members under the care of the British Conference was 406,178 and throughout the world 1,112,519, having increased nearly twenty-fold during the time of his own connection with the society."

He took great delight in attending the Conference, and when he attended the last which was held in his native town, he only found two persons in Manchester who were members when he became a Methodist ; and of the 500 ministers who attended that Conference, only his friend Reece and he were present at the Conference held in that town in 1787. He kept copious notes of the proceedings, and gives the following as having fallen from the lips of Dr. Bunting : " He objected to a growing evil ; we are missing our way in leaving off preaching in cottages, barns, &c., and we are in danger of growing proud and seeking finery, not in gowns and bands only, but in fine chapels, to please a certain class of hearers ; in this we have competition with the clergy, but let us go to the lower classes, in disagreeable rooms," &c. Mr. E. thought that this speech should be written on every heart.

After this he soon preached for the last time, taking for his text— " Giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light;" and in a few days subsequently he was seized with illness, which was brief ; and then he entered the inheritance of which he had so delightfully spoken in his sermon.

A FALL INTO INFIDELITY AND A MERCIFUL DELIVERANCE FROM IT.

SECOND PAPER.

IN my first article I gave a slight biography of Mr. Barker, embracing some estimate of his mental characteristics, an account of his usefulness, departure from orthodoxy, and descent into the depths of atheism, together with illustrative instances of his own piteous account of himself during the dreary period when he had no God and Saviour to fly to in trouble, and no prospect of living beyond this short, earthly existence. I promised a second article detailing his merciful restoration to the faith which he had lost, and the favour and peace of God which he had forfeited, embracing his rapturous joy on his restoration to his long lost religious enjoyments and hopes.

Happily for Mr. Barker, his early religious habits and a certain purity of taste preserved him from outward immorality, the almost invariable consequence of surrendering the persuasion of accountability to a higher power, and a future retribution. In fact, the disgust awakened in him by the prevailing want of morality and uprightness among infidels, accompanied sometimes by coarseness and heartlessness, was what created the first recoil against the renouncement of faith and religion. Another check to his sinking inextricably into the bottomless quagmire of atheism, was this: that his family, strange as it may be considered, seemed not to have shared his unbelief. His wife's womanly instincts appear to have served her to better purpose than his acknowledged power of intellect. His eldest son seems to have been God-fearing, and his youngest was a fearless Christian, not afraid to confront and challenge his father's unbelieving, not to say blasphemous utterances. The change for the worse wrought in the husband and father's temper and general character by his infidel principles, or want of principle, seems to have gone far to neutralise his arguments in their better judgments, while their quiet well doing, joined to the serenity induced by a Christian faith, could not but create in him the persuasion that they were happier than he, and that faith was better than disbelief, an evidence, by the way, that it must be near the truth.

It is remarkable that the first great shock, which was followed by the disintegration of his infidel theory, was given by witnessing some unaccountable spiritualistic *seances*. They seem to have led him to the conclusion that there might be "more things in heaven and earth than was dreamed of in his philosophy;" or otherwise, as Dr. Stephen said of the unaccountable noises in the Epworth parsonage, known in the Wesley family as "Old Jeffrey," had the effect of "opening the right of way for the supernatural" in the mind of the future founder of Methodism, so these *seances* (upon which I pause not to propound the theory produced in my own mind by one single evening's experience of table-rappings, many years ago) seem to have had the effect upon Mr. Barker of making him think there might be a spiritual as well as material existence; and that there might be an invisible as well as a visible and tangible God.

This happened in America—in Philadelphia, I think, not long

before his return to England. Going back to his native country appears also to have predisposed him to a return to his first faith and love. He was still a free-thinker and the editor of a free-thought journal, but from this point he was candid and open to the truth ; and stern experience, for many of his later years, convinced him that, dogma aside, the spirit, tendency, morals, and comforts of Christianity meet the demands of the human soul, and subserve the interests of human kind better than any scheme of philosophy that had ever been devised. What he felt to be right he now tried to practise, and embraced and avowed a truth as soon as he perceived it ; and very soon he realized and exemplified the truth of the Master's words, " If any man will do His (God's) will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

Mr. Barker had fallen into infidelity by first giving up the essential or evangelical features of orthodoxy, and he now returned to orthodoxy by reversing the process ; he had come down by the road of Unitarianism and Deism to downright Atheism ; and he returned by Deism and Unitarianism to the reception of the Trinity (embracing the divinity of Christ and the divinity and personality of the Holy Ghost), and the doctrine of a vicarious atonement and salvation by grace through faith.

As his departure from orthodoxy cost him the loss of friends and position, so his renunciation of infidelity awakened disappointment and displeasure in his infidel friends and supporters ; while his advances at first were received with coldness and suspicion by his quondam Christian friends. The section of Methodism which was the first to appreciate his overtures and give him cheer was the *Primitives*, with whom he cast in his lot, because of their tireless industry in every department of effort to benefit mankind. Among this body of Christians our subject is a local preacher, while he wields his pen in behalf of the general objects of Christianity. His sad experiences seem to have greatly sobered his judgment, and to have begotten a great distrust of himself, cured him of censoriousness, and greatly enlarged his catholicity of feeling.

We shall in the remaining part of this paper furnish extracts from his work, illustrative of his Christian happiness, his glowing appreciation of the beauty and excellency of revelation, together with his maxims for general conduct acquired by dear-bought experience.

One of the first things Mr. Barker did after his beginning to doubt the truth of his infidel positions and to feel his confidence in Christianity beginning to revive, was to set himself once more to read the Bible through. This perusal convinced him of its transcendent excellence. Some of his utterances while in a transition state, in a public lecture, were as follows: "We know of nothing good in any system which is not favoured by some portions of the Bible; we know of nothing evil which is not condemned by others. All that is best and noblest and grandest in man's nature is there embodied. We cannot imagine it possible for a book to be more earnest in its exhortations to the performance of duty or the cultivation of virtue. Its destruction would be a fearful loss to mankind. The wisest may learn more wisdom from its teachings, and the best be raised to higher virtue by its influence. Old as it is, it is a wiser book than the books of religion that are written in the present day. It is infinitely superior to the bibles that have been made in later times, such as that of the Shakers, the Bible of Reason, and the Book of Mormon. It is superior to the Koran, although the authors of the Koran, like late bible-makers, had the older bible to help them. The Koran is the best of modern bibles, because it borrows the most freely from the Old and New Testaments.

"The Bible is better as a moral book, as a persuasive and help to duty, than the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans. It is consistent with itself as a moral teacher, though the precepts of Judaism are inferior to those of Christianity. The Bible treats man as subject to law, as bound to obey God, and do right from first to last; and though it begins with fewer and less perfect precepts, suited to lower states of society, it goes steadily on to perfection, till it gives us the highest law and the most perfect example in the teachings and life of Christ. * * * The greatest philosophers, not excepting such men as Newton, Locke, and Boyle; the most celebrated monarchs, from Alfred to Victoria; the most venerable judges, with Sir Matthew Hale as their representative; the sweetest poets, from Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare and Milton, down to Dryden, Young and Cowper; and the most devoted philanthropists, from Penn, and Howard, and Wesley to Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale, have been lovers and students of the Bible. The men that hate the Bible and wish it destroyed are the base and the bad.

The men who love it and labour for its world-wide circulation are the good and the useful. * * * I esteem it myself more highly than I ever did. My ramblings in the regions of doubt and unbelief, my larger acquaintance with the works of infidel philosophers, atheistical reformers, fanatical dreamers, reorganisers of society, makers of new worlds, sceptical historians of civilisation, essays and reviews, elements of social science, phases of faith and phases of no faith, and a world of other books; my enlarged acquaintance with men, my sense of spiritual want and wretchedness when shut out from religious consolations, have led me to value the Bible, sceptical as yet I am, as I never valued it before."

Mr. Barker seems, as Dr. Clarke said he did, to have "learned wisdom from his own blunders," hence his maxims for Christian conduct in various particulars are of the most judicious character. We have not space to particularise a tithe of them, and those we do specify must be abridged. First, on the subject of reform, he says :

1. They should "begin their reforming efforts at home," and "get rid of all undue regard to their own honour, interests or pleasures," and "govern their tempers and keep from all manifestations of anger and impatience." 2. "They should rule their own houses well, having their children in subjection, with all gravity." "It is a great advantage to reformers when it is known that their families are examples of wisdom and virtue." 3. "One single hint at the errors of another will bring a hundred charges of heresy and sin against yourself. So prepare for suffering." 4. "Be what you wish others to be: do what you wish to bring others to. * * If the rebukes of others reveal to you a fault or error in yourselves, correct it at once with all humility, and then go meekly on with your work." 5. "Try to kill what is evil in men and churches by developing the good." "The best way to wean men from foolish and selfish or mischievous pursuits is to get them interested in better ones." 6. "Aim at reforming *men* rather than changing laws and institutions. If you effect the former, laws and institutions will be reformed as a matter of course." "We make all things in our own image, and bring down or lift up all things to our own level." "Jesus said nothing of democracy or aristocracy, monarchy or imperialism—nothing about elective or hereditary, mixed or simple government—nothing of human laws or institu-

tions. He sought no regal or judicial power, but refused them when urged upon Him by others. He fixed no form of government for His Church. His business was to teach the truth, to purify men's hearts, to inflame their love, to make men holy and divine. His principle is, 'Purify the fountain and you purify the stream.' History and common sense teach the same great lesson. Renovate man, and you renovate all things. We owe to Jesus our unparalleled civil and religious advantages. He effected a reform such as had never been witnessed. He has still a party as fresh and vigorous as in its earliest days, and mightier than all the powers on earth. And if His people drink into His spirit, they will have the honour to complete His work and the happiness to share His glory and joy." 7. "Be just and kind towards those you wish to reform. Give them credit for all that is true and good in their creeds, characters and customs." "Go not to extremes in the direction opposite to the men you wish to reform; that would destroy your influence. The guide should keep in sight of those whom he wishes to follow him." 8. "Reformers must learn to wait as well as work." "It is the law of God that things shall pass from imperfection to perfection by imperceptible gradations. This law prevails in every department of the universe. All the great and beneficent operations of nature are silent and slow."

Many other maxims relative to faith and unbelief must stand over till another month comes round.

JOHN CARROLL.

GOD bestows His salvation just in proportion to our preparation to receive it. He does not give meat to a babe, nor flash a glare of light upon new-born eyes. He does not open a book of profound philosophy to a child who is learning his letters. He does not supersede our moral agency by prematurely conferring that degree of grace which we do not want, nor fully understand, nor feel the need of. He does not cram the soul with food for which it feels no keen and conscious hunger.

CONFESSION.

SOME say, (1.) "My position in the church testifies" Not so; for to this day "they are not all Israel who are of Israel." The visible Church is not mainly composed of Christians. It may be that nineteen-twentieths of her members know nothing of vital religion; and even her protestant branches are fields in which the tares and wheat "grow together until the harvest." Membership in such a church will not be received as an explicit avowal of a saving faith in Christ. A Church is condemned as heartless and Christless for general silence on the subject of experimental religion; and if an unwitnessing Church fall under such reproach, an unwitnessing member of it can scarcely fare any better. And what if church membership were a profession of Christian "hope?" Are we not commanded to give a reason of that hope?

(2.) Others say, "Let your *life* testify." Testify what? If well ordered it may testify the purity of your morals, the innocence of your social disposition. It may prove you honest, industrious and neighbourly; but all these you may be, without regeneration or the love of God. How shall it be known *why* you are honest—whether nature or grace, the love of Christ or the love of praise, makes you so? Your life testify! Absurd! As well might the blameless conduct of a witness at the bar be offered in reply to fifty cross questions.

(3.) The mode is fixed by God's authority. "With the *mouth* confession is made unto salvation;" that is, in words spoken or written—for in different circumstances they are equal. The psalmist wished to declare what God had done for his soul. He prays, "O Lord, open Thou my *lips*, and my *mouth* shall shew forth Thy praise." In harmony with the text which connects faith and confession, he says, "I believed, and therefore have I spoken." The New Testament saints followed this example; for the apostle says: "We also believe, and therefore speak." Stephen testified with his expiring breath, and Paul records his experience in its remarkable details—visions, powers and all—not leaving out his call to preach, nor even his visit to the third heavens. It seems he was wont to relate all in his sermons, and that before kings; not standing on his apostolic dignity, nor anxious about the violations of courtly etiquette.

But what service does confession render which makes it indispensable? It cherishes and exemplifies our Christian graces. First, it cherishes them, as light and air do the plants, which must perish without their influence. For example:

1. Confession promotes *humility*. Tracing our pardon and purification to Christ, is conceding our own guilt, pollution and helplessness. To claim Christ as a Saviour, is to proclaim self a sinner.

This is a cross against which pride rallies, and which, borne, lays pride in the dust. Confession glories in the cross, which is glorying in self-abasement, yea, in self-crucifixion, as Paul did when the pharisee was dead in him: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom I am crucified to the world." What he once thought of, and that in which his humility now gloried, is familiar to us all. When Peter stood in the judgment-hall and warmed himself, confession would not only have humbled, but would have saved him.

2. Confession aids *self-consecration*, by dissolving our connection with the world, and breaking up our union with the creatures. It says, not of the friends but of the enemies of religion, "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." It yields a public pledge to Christ and His church, and fortifies religious purposes by compelling its worst enemies, such as earthly policy and the sense of shame, to become its aids and allies. If the Christian would multiply the cords which bind his sacrifice to the altar, let him often proclaim his purpose to keep it there. God will employ our confessions to lead us out of the world into His closer fellowship. What we feebly bind on earth, He will be pleased to bind in heaven, writing on our hearts, "I will receive you."

3. Confession strengthens *faith*. Like filial piety, it nourishes its parent. It is to faith like those branches which the juices of the stalk throw out for self-support. Its influences may partly depend on the laws of the mind; for such is our mental constitution that avowal fortifies and almost creates conviction. In this way scepticism has been wrought into atheism; for men have been confirmed in infidelity by lightly vindicating it in conversation. And if, against evidence, a man can talk himself into the belief of a fatal error, how much more may he deepen the impressions of truth, when he has reason and conscience on his side to enforce his own avowals? Doubtless, on natural principles, confession strengthens faith.

And so it does evangelically, or, by the Holy Spirit, under whose gracious culture the renovated heart is like the vine, which becomes the more fruitful for its pluckings. God will work faith in them who use it for His glory, by standing up in the strength as His unflinching witnesses: "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God."

And we must not forget that confession is one of the most important works of faith. It is the *genesis* of them all, and its omission betrays a want of earnestness in religion, a state of heart unfruitful of all good works. He whose zeal does not confess, will limp and lag in other duties. The power which cannot turn her wheels can never move the steamer. As a general rule, the grace that has

force enough to act, will move its subject to proclaim God's saving mercies. "I have believed, and therefore have I spoken," was the experience of early times. And so, under the gospel: "We also believe, and therefore speak." Here the word "therefore" involves a vital principle, namely, *faith speaks*. Its very instinct is to vent itself in words. Its birth is usually not in silence, but in the voice of groans; and when the work is finished, and Sabbath calms and raptures now first betide the soul, no wonder if over the new creation there is a "shouting aloud for joy." May not the dying penitent, new-born of the Spirit, be roused by that which moves the sons of God in paradise? "There is joy in heaven over *one* sinner that repenteth." There is a still-born faith that should be always silent, for it would be misrepresented by a show of roused affections. What has no inward ardour demands no outward signs. There is a way of *thinking* which men call faith. As it touches not the heart, both heart and lip are still. It moves like surgery through a hospital around the Saviour's cross, but with a colder speculation as regards the suffering victim.

The faith which speaks is different. To its renewed affections the cross is a home-tragedy, where science is a mockery; but the yielding heart dissolves amid the groans and death-throes of the atoning Son of God. He who has this faith, believing with the heart, may sometimes find himself in untoward moods for silence. His musings may kindle fires not easily controlled, which, bursting the barriers of his own false discretion, will remind him of that saying: "If these should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out."

The glorious things revealed, the ardour of his divinely-wrought conviction, and the new creations unto righteousness, which take his being captive, may render silence inconvenient. Thus it seemed to be with David, in the sixty-sixth Psalm. While his song premeditated joyful offerings in the tabernacle, he felt such overflows of rapture as could not brook the delays and moderation of his plan; and he seemed disposed to hurry up a love-feast in the place, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul."

How vital, then, is the connection between confession and salvation! Without faith we cannot be saved; and confession, as we have seen, must cherish and prove our faith. And above all, if our faith be of the heart, as well as of the intellect, it *will* speak, even as the breath comes and goes by the urgencies of nature. Then let us beware of silence. If it has already grieved the Holy Spirit till confession is no longer easy and spontaneous, as it was at conversion, let us proceed to enact, as a duty, that which should have been a privilege, and thus recover what is lost. If it is still a privilege let us not sell our birthright. Let us be faithful witnesses,

and keep back nothing. This duty should cover all experience—not select portions of it that involve no cross, because they invite no reproach. Our confession must be of God's grace, whatever it hath wrought in its regenerating, comforting, and sanctifying forms: or, unlike the psalmist, we hide God's righteousness within our hearts, and "withhold His loving kindness and His truth from the great congregation." We do not "talk of all His wondrous works."

* * * * *

We may say, finally, that confession is twice blessed; is blessed in him that speaks, and him that hears. It is a "stream that maketh glad" on every side. Not only does its outflow refresh the house of God, but with a reflex force it returns on the confessor, and sets all inward grace in motion, which occasion the Holy Ghost seizes to enlarge and fill the channels of his inward life, and sweetly multiply the volume of his graces. May God so enrich with His abounding grace, that as Paul prayed for Philemon, "the communication of our faith may become effectual by the acknowledging of every good thing which is in Christ Jesus."—*Bishop Tamline.*

BIBLE STUDY AND BIBLE WORK.

(Concluded.)

AFTER this, Mr. Moody's desire for Bible knowledge led him to leave his pressing work at home, and make a voyage to England; where he might have the help of certain brethren who had become mighty in the Scriptures, by becoming "men of one book." Not many months before he had crossed the Atlantic, with his family, for the benefit of their health; and when some of his friends asked him why he went so soon again, he answered—

"I am going to England to study the Bible."

It would appear that, during his short stay, he used his knowledge as fast as he acquired it; for in those three months of Bible study he preached about ninety sermons, besides attending many meetings for inquiry and prayer. But no great success attended him; God was only sending him to school.

After this it began to be his habit, in the social meetings, to say "Tell us your experience in Bible language."

When any one expressed an opinion on any doctrine of religion, he would straightway inquire, "Have you God's Word for it?"

He began also to be impatient at those figures of speech and stock phrases which people sometimes use in speaking to anxious sinners. "Give them the words of Christ," he would say; "man's words are good for nothing, but Christ's words are spirit and life."

He gave up his reliance on exhortations and anecdotes as a means of awakening sinners; and though he continued to use them, it was only to explain or enforce some text of Scripture. The idea that people must first be interested and attracted by some worldly wisdom, and so made ready to hear the Word of God, he held to be a delusion and a snare. He would say to those who argued for this notion of the schools—

“Don't you think God knows best how to interest people?”

Thus, from being merely a point of departure, from which his sermons wandered into highways and byways, the Word of God came to be the entire plane of their projection, and a good part of their solid substance.

A very important help to Mr. Moody, and, through him and his friends, to tens of thousands of other Christian workers in America, was the introduction of the International Sunday-school Lessons.

The idea of turning the thoughts and prayers of the whole English-speaking world upon the same passage of Scripture at the same time, appears to have come directly from God. The impetus to the study of the Bible which was given by it is something which would have been incredible if it had been foretold. It is the most notable “advance along the whole line” which the Church militant has taken for more than a hundred years. It deserves to be classed with the great Methodist revival and the first inauguration of Sunday-schools. It is on this account that, to the heavy and costly commentaries on the whole Bible, which were beyond the reach of the great mass of Sunday-school teachers, have been added many little books containing the ripest fruits of Christian scholarship, in exposition of the particular lessons so wisely selected by the International Committee.

Soon after the National Series—which preceded the International—came into use in Chicago. The Young Men's Christian Association devoted the Saturday noon prayer-meeting to the study of the Sunday-school lesson for the following day. As almost all its working members were less active Sunday-school workers they entered studiously and zealously into this new exercise, which at once became very popular, and attracted large numbers of persons not hitherto connected with the association.

The prayer-room of the first Farwell Hall, holding a thousand people, was filled to overflowing every Saturday; and after it was burned, and the meeting was removed to the lecture room of the First Methodist Church, the interest became so great that it was found necessary to open the audience room, which week after week was filled, even to the galleries and the aisles, with men and women eager, like the Athenians, to hear some new thing; but, unlike them, anxious to hear it concerning the old truth of God's Word.

Mr. Moody seemed to communicate to the entire association his own new and wonderful grasp of the Holy Scriptures. Pastors of the leading city churches put forth their best efforts in conducting these Saturday Bible meetings; while many a quaint and homely interpretation, from some unlearned but devoted heart, gave new freshness and vigour to the exercise.

It was the social meeting at Corinth over again on a large scale. When they came together many a one, if not every one, had a psalm, or a tongue, or a revelation, or an interpretation; and the apostle's charge, "Let all things be done unto edifying," was obeyed with wonderful fidelity and success. The skill in this Bible work to which Mr. Moody, Mr. Jacobs, Major Whittle and others attained, was one of the greatest spiritual acquirements recorded in the history of the Church of America; and their mastery of the Word becoming known abroad, they came to be in great request all over the United States and in Canada.

Encouraged by the remarkable favour which the Lord had shown him as steward of the Word of Life, Mr. Moody devised a Plan for a Bible school, in which those who were willing to devote their time to the Lord's work, as evangelists, exhorters, Bible readers, and the like, should receive a special and gratuitous course of training, both in the sense of the Scriptures and also in the best methods of teaching and preaching them.

His departure for England, where the Lord hath so signally blessed his labours, obliged Mr. Moody to commit this enterprise to other hands. And, here as always, God had a servant ready for the work.

Miss Emeline Dryer, an accomplished Christian lady, holding the highest educational position in the West, as the female head of the faculty of the Illinois State Normal University, had been moved by the Lord to come to Chicago, and devote herself to the sorrowful task of trying to help those lost women who are so far away from, and generally neglected by, all ordinary means of grace.

It was a picture fit for angels to gaze upon; a learned and honoured Christian woman stepping down from her high position to become a teacher and evangelist in the reformatory institution known as "The Erring Woman's Refuge."

The capacity and devotion of this heroic woman were not long in becoming known; and, after the great fire, her services were called into requisition in a wider sphere, as secretary of the Women's Aid Society. This Society, like many others for missionary work, came naturally into fellowship and labour with the Young Men's Christian Association: and her ability having been proved for two years, during which she conducted the great Bible-class in Mr. Moody's church, and at the same time several girls' and mothers' meetings in various parts of the city, the Bible school was placed in

her charge. It is now in successful operation, and is regarded by Mr. Moody as one of the most important of all his various projects for helping on the kingdom of God. It is supported wholly by voluntary contributions from some most judicious Christian people, who already see in it the beginning of a great school of Christ, equal in power and usefulness to Mr. Spurgeon's famous college in London.

The "Bible readings," which have been so much blessed of God, and so much enjoyed by Mr. Moody's audiences, both in America and Great Britain, have a striking history of their own.

It is a sad confession to make, in this late year of grace, that anything which can fitly be described as a Bible reading is new. But Mr. Moody has certainly introduced a method of handling the Word of God which has excited deep interest among thoughtful and judicious Christian people, and is regarded as a valuable contribution to the meagre stock of scriptural exercises hitherto practised in our churches.

The use of scripture in sermons has become lamentably small. The text is often used merely as a starting point, or as the statement of a theme which is to be worked out with all the arts of rhetoric, and so much of logic as the author may be able to command; with here and there a quotation brought in as a kind of respectful notice due to the Bible, or as a suitable method of rounding off a period. Even in some most orthodox theological seminaries, young men are but poorly trained to know and use the scriptures. Systematic and sectarian theology, ancient literature, homiletics, rhetoric, and elocution, leave little time for the reverent and prayerful study of the Word of God. These schools send out into the world their annual instalments of professional ministers, with heads more or less full of clerical learning: but, with all their study, there is one thing they have not learned—namely, how to "preach the Word."

The poverty of the American pulpit in this respect is becoming more and more apparent; and the Church is occasionally sending abroad for men to fill some of its highest pastorates; not because the ministry of America is deficient in piety or culture or eloquence, but because it is deficient in a thorough understanding of the Holy Scriptures, and in that particular use of them which is called "expository preaching."

Other evangelists have of late been led to become "men of one book;" and the fact that these persons, taken from the level of the people, wholly wanting in professional training but mighty in the scriptures, have been honoured of God in leading more souls to Him than any other class of men now living, is another showing of the truth of the Saviour's saying, "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life."

This lesson Mr. Moody had partially learned of his friend Mr. Moorhouse; but it was to be burned into his heart in letters of fire.

During a considerable part of the year 1871 he passed through a terrible struggle of soul with respect to himself and his work. He used to weep and pray in agony in his closet, and then with a sorrowful face go out to his public duties. He was constantly begging his friends to pray for him. Having made the acquaintance of two very aged women who were remarkable for their lives of faith in spite of great afflictions, he used to go to them like a broken-hearted child, and ask them to teach him how to trust wholly in God.

One great torment of his soul was the thought that he was an ignorant man, and yet was looked upon as a religious teacher. He began to wonder if he were not one of those blind guides, and if some time he would not find himself in the ditch. If the devil had known just what was in store for this man, he could not have tempted him more cunningly or pressed him harder. But still he went on with his work. He dared not stop, though he was sometimes so mortified by his errors of speech and his lack of worldly wisdom that he was almost ready to sink.

At last he reached the point where he was willing to give even his ignorance to Christ, and be just as weak as Christ wanted him to be. Then he began to lay hold of the lines of power. Every promise was like the valve-lever of an engine in his hand.

The waves of fire which swept away his church, his home, and his beloved Farwell Hall could not harm him now. But, having no place among the miles of ashes where he could go on with his work, he went away to the Atlantic coast, trusting to God to bring him into some field of labour.

He reached Brooklyn at the time when Dr. Cuyler's new Mission Chapel was just completed; and on going to see it with a friend, he said—

"I should like to hold some meetings here; the air of the place seems full of heaven." This was repeated to the Doctor, and immediately he received an invitation to do as he had desired.

But the meetings dragged heavily. Few people attended, and none were awakened. At last, when the congregation had fallen to eighteen persons, a good lady said to him—

"Mr. Moody, we have plenty of preaching in Brooklyn; but if you would tell us something about the Bible, perhaps it would be blessed to us."

It would appear that he had fallen into his old style of address at his new place: but he at once accepted the suggestion, and set about preparing some exercises in Bible study, after the manner of Mr. Moorhouse several years before, but with such improvements

as his experience and skill suggested. Strangely enough, he had never made use of this particular method until now.

Telling them all to bring their Bibles, he appointed a study for the following afternoon. At once the power of God came down. Day after day the meetings increased. A great revival broke out, and spread from the mission into the home church. Sinners on every hand were inquiring what they must do to be saved.

From Brooklyn he went to Philadelphia, preaching and reading "the Word;" and the Lord greatly blessed his labours there also.

When he returned to Chicago he at once commenced the "Bible readings;" and in a short time they became a favourite religious service, and were attended by large numbers of the most intelligent Christian people. Many pastors learning the art from Mr. Moody, made use of it in their own pulpits; and several lay evangelists, who had been in doubt about their call to "preach," hailed this new method as something which was, without question, a fit and helpful thing to do.

The success of these "readings" in England, and especially in Scotland, where the people know very well how to handle a Bible, is God's own testimony to the saving power of His Word. Mr. Moody's addresses are mighty, Mr. Sankey's singing is heavenly; but the "Bible readings" are so little human and so much divine that they, more than anything else, have been used in awakening sinners and building up the saints.

These "Bible readings" consist in a careful and systematic grouping of Scripture texts, all relating to a single central truth, which by this method is vividly impressed upon mind and heart. After singing and prayer the congregation take their Bibles, and the leader reads the list of texts which he expects to use, asking after each one, "Who will read this when I call for it?" Or the texts may be written out; or chapter and verse noted on a piece of paper, and the slips distributed to those who are to read them, if preferred.

The entire list of selected scriptures being thus assigned to persons in the congregation, the exercise opens by calling for the text first in order. The one who has taken it reads it aloud; and the leader explains, illustrates and enforces it briefly, and then calls for the next. Sometimes one person is appointed beforehand to find and read the texts as they are called for; and sometimes the leader reads them, asking the congregation to turn to them and read with him. Thus the Lord is brought into the congregation to speak for Himself. No wonder He honours such a use of His Word!

"THE meek shall eat and be satisfied: they shall praise the Lord that seek Him: your heart shall live forever."

FANATICISM.

FANATICISM is a religious frenzy ; a delusion, the entertainment of wild and extravagant notions on the subject of personal sanctification and gifts. It is the excess of enthusiasm, and differs from it as the effervescence or froth of soda water differs from the liquid itself. It generally takes the form of a conceit that some supernatural wonder-working power has been bestowed ; such as healing diseases, uttering prophecies, raising the dead, walking on the water, discerning spirits, casting out devils, and imparting the Holy Ghost by laying on hands. Sometimes it develops into a belief of the preternatural in visions, dreams, impressions, sights, sounds and voices. And to these vagaries full-blown visionaries will attach an authority akin to infallibility. Their notions will be accepted as guides so reliable as to supersede all other teachers, and even the letter of the Bible itself. All media of communication are displaced in their imagination, and God is supposed to talk and make revelations to their minds directly, or through such apparitions or other miraculous interpositions, as he may see fit to extemporise for their exclusive benefit. Such persons will have a peculiar style of characterising the intercourse of God with their souls. They will speak with great assurance and familiarity of what God said to them, of what He told them to do or not to do. And if a medium is used at all, it will not be a scriptural text, a providence, the voice of the living ministry or the special illumination of the Holy Spirit ; but a reverie, a spectre, a dream, or some sort of ecstatic emotion.

Now such fancies have existed in every age ; they have vexed and crippled the Church in every period of her history ; they have hovered around and stifled every great revival of religion ; they are omnipresent, and find their way to every extraordinary meeting ; they are officious and irrepressible in every voluntary or open service. They spring up like mushrooms, but endure like Canada thistles. As that pestiferous vegetable cannot be exterminated by being cut down and lacerated, so these capricious people cannot be suppressed, but are rather increased by acts of violence and persecution. Indeed, any effort to restrain and moderate their extravagances generally has the effect to inflame their whims and rap them into bewildering infatuation. They turn to martyrs as naturally and easily as Roman Catholic devotees brighten into saints.

In practice they are clannish, insubordinate, schismatical. All religion is resolved into the meritorious act of coming out of some Babylon—an act of separation from the unwashed ; a self-complacent act of pharisaic assumption of superiority and pre-eminent goodness.

Nor is their faith less crude and chimerical. They are full of millennial and second advent ideas. They fancy they will never die ; they see the world approaching its end ; they predict the destruction of the wicked and the translation of the righteous ; all their expectations partake of the material and visible. And when their wild anticipations are not realised, they react under disappointment, and adopt blatant infidelity or stark atheism. So true is it that there is but a step between unreasonable faith and absurd scepticism.

Now these fanatics come periodically like the accidental plagues of bugs and grasshoppers ; and they prey upon the life of the Church as destructively as the devouring insect consumes the sustenance of man and beast on the plains of Nevada and Kansas. The apostolic letters give abundant evidence of the existence of such characters in the primitive Church. In the days of John Wesley they were rife and rampant. His societies were infested with them ; and the great revival did almost miscarry on account of them. Led by Thomas Maxfield and George Bell, the London membership came to the very crest of ruin. It seemed for a time that a tempest of wildfire, in spite of Mr. Wesley's resistance, would drive the reformation upon the rocks of "strong delusion." Two hundred separated from the society and set up for themselves ; their devotions were seasons of unnatural ravings ; their spirit uncharitable ; their professions presumptuous and tinged with blasphemy ; they were holy as angels, perfect as God ; had not sinned, and could not sin. Neither Wesley nor other unsanctified men could teach them anything. They read the Bible and had need of no other book, and were guided by impressions, dreams, and visionary revelations. Of course these hallucinations wrought great mischief and brought great discredit, subjecting its founder to severe and undeserved criticism.

As might have been anticipated, the secession soon crumbled into decay and became a moral ruin. Maxfield lived and died a prostrate minister and malcontent, and though restored to friendship with Wesley and the Methodists, he never regained his character and influence, but went to the grave dissatisfied and complaining, and left to history a shaded memory.

George Bell careered off into the most disastrous extremes. He backslid, renounced religion, and finally died a miserable apostate and infidel. We have no detailed account of their deluded followers, but presume they dwindled and wasted until they reached the mathematical result that from nothing, nothing remains. Let all the friends and advocates of holiness take warning from these sad examples, and hold fast the form of sound words, practise moderation, put on charity, and exalt themselves by sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed in their right mind.—*Standard*.

THE WORD A LAMP.

A LAMP or artificial light is needed only in the night, or in dark places. Travelling an unknown road in a dark night is disagreeable, difficult and dangerous. To feel that one's steps are uncertain, that there is constant liability to miss the way, run against an obstacle, step into a hole or quagmire, or off a precipice, is very far from being pleasant. Progress under such circumstances is necessarily slow and difficult, and any wrong step may lead to a mishap, and serious consequences may follow.

What a striking picture of man's moral condition! Beyond where the light of the lamp shines Egyptian darkness prevails. But even in Christian lands many pursue their journey without taking the lamp along. All their steps are uncertain and attended by feelings of insecurity and discomfort. The way is dark, and hence the constant liability to take a wrong direction and plunge into destruction.

None who make the journey of life without the light of the Word escape all these dangers. Indeed, the deaf and blind, the halt and lame, the maimed and enfeebled, the diseased and suffering—are everywhere showing the sad effects of being without the sure, unerring light.

A lamp in a dark night or place throws a clear light about the feet. It thus gives light where it is needed, and as the traveller takes it with him he has it constantly to show the dangers along the way.

Here is a life picture. One so anxious about his soul that he could not rest took a lamp and went to see his pastor, in order to gain instruction and help. He started to return home in much the same state of mind as when he went. All was so dark ahead that his way was closed up. Said the minister, "Why do you carry that lamp?" "To light the way," he replied. "But as you stand there can you see all the way home?" asked the minister. "O no; it looks very dark a little before me," he replied. "Of what use then is it?" persisted the questioner. "Why, I'll take it with me, and it will light my path all the way," answered the man. As he did so, the illustration helped him to see at what he stumbled. There in the street he believed to the saving of his soul and went on his way rejoicing, walking in the light, which dispelled the darkness.

Is an individual dark and hard because he has resisted and grieved the Spirit? Let him seek his way back by taking the lamp and walking in the light. If he do this thoroughly, taking step by step as the light shines, a plain path will open before him. It may seem very dark a very little ahead, but will be light when he needs to see, and going on it will be luminous where it now seems so dark, and this will continue until he finds the Saviour. In this way any one who will fully walk in the light of the Word, paying no attention

to the darkness ahead, but taking step after step where the light shines on his path, will never overtake the darkness, but will surely find the Saviour and the path that leads to heaven.

In like manner any anxious inquirer who is fully willing to take the lamp and walk in its light may find his proper place in the Church and in the Master's work. That place may be in the ministry, in some official position, in the Sunday-school, or in the more obscure walks of private life, visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, counselling, persuading, and helping by personal effort, in the using of means to further the gospel and assist the needy. Many fail to get in the right place and to make the most of their opportunities and means. But it is because they do not take the lamp and fully walk in the light.

And then there are many dark places along life's pathway. We must often stop and ask, Is this right? Ought I to do this, to avoid that, use means in this way or that, go here or refuse to go there? To theorise in advance about many of these questions is a sure way into mist and confusion. Rather take the lamp, and walking by its light we may decide these questions rightly. But the places where disappointment, reverse and affliction come are often very dark. There especially the lamp is needed, and if its light is thrown in, though it may seem very dark all round, it will seldom occur but that all the light that is really required will come as it is needed. And as the eyes become familiar to this light shining in the darkness the power of clear vision is greatly increased.—*Rev. G. R. Snyder in Christian Standard.*

EXCUSES FOR NOT ATTENDING CHURCH.

A PHYSICIAN of large experience and extensive observation remarks, in reference to the attendance of his own profession on the public worship in God's house: "My experience is that a very limited number of patients may be made the excuse for never attending church; whereas, a physician engaged in the largest practice, can generally arrange his visits so as to be present in the house of God at least once on the Sabbath if he is so disposed." This is but an illustration of the adage, "Wherever there is a will there is a way," and is as applicable to other callings and other professions as that of medicine. Men of business, professors of religion, who cannot spare a moment from their counting houses or workshops during the week, even though there be sickness in their families, are apt when the Sabbath comes round to become suddenly very attentive and affectionate, and think it no hardship to spend the entire day in playing nurse to wife or child, even for the slightest indisposition; thus acknowledging by their conduct that they are detained from church by causes wholly inadequate to keep them from their daily pursuits.

The Home.

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

PART III.—FAITHFUL IN MUCH.

CHAPTER VII.

GEORGE CARR'S WORK.

IT was a mere shed ; and one corner of the wall had either given way, or it was in the course of being pulled down, for the wind was blowing, and the rain and hail beating in through a great gap. Under the wall farthest from this wide opening, and upon the damp, unpaved floor, there was crouching a figure, upon which the light of Philip's lantern shone fully. It was that of a miserable girl—very young, as I knew afterwards, but old-looking to my eyes, that had never seen a face like hers ; the hollow cheeks were painted, and the thin, wasted arms and shoulders were hardly covered by the dingy finery that could not shield her from the storm. Her wild, bright eyes glared at me fiercely ; or rather they gazed past me, at Philip. I thrust myself between him and her, as if to hide her from him, with a vague sense of aversion and terror in my heart.

"Aunt Milly!" said his pleasant, pitiful voice behind me, "this is work for you, not me, to do."

"Philip!" I cried, half angrily, turning round to look into his face. It was pale and sorrowful, so as I had never seen it before, with an expression of deep pain and pity in his eyes, as they looked back at me earnestly. Yet it seemed to me, in spite of its sadness and pain, almost like the face of an angel.

"Save her!" he said. "God sent me to save her from the river ; and He sends you now to save her from sin. I give her into your hands."

"Leave us," I said. I could not bear to see him so near to her, or feel that her eyes were fastened upon him. Yet when he was gone I did not know what to do. The terrible, painted face looked up at me with the sullenness of despair, yet with a dumb pleading in the solemn eyes that was irresistible. I saw that her poor, tawdry clothing was drenched with rain, or perhaps with the troubled waters of the river ; and that she was shivering violently. A short, dry cough shook her. We gazed at one another in painful silence. "God help me!" I cried, in my own heart, "if I cannot love her I

can do nothing for her." Then I came to know, as I never knew before, that Christ Himself could not save us from our sins if He did not love us with a love that passeth knowledge. Love alone wins the victory over sin. I drew nearer to the crouching girl. I laid my hand, which had never touched any one like her, upon her forehead, and found it burning with fever. The fierce, questioning eyes were fixed upon me, without blenching an instant.

"Will you come home with me?" I asked, gently.

"Your own home?" she said.

"Yes, with me," I answered: "come. You shall have some food first, and a night's rest; and then we will talk together."

But the girl bent down her head till it almost touched my feet, hiding it from me. "Not your own home!" she repeated, sobbing.

"Yes," I said; "there is a little room inside mine, where Philip used to sleep when he was a child. You shall sleep there; and tomorrow you shall tell me all."

"You ought not to have me," she cried; "you never would if you knew all."

"There is no need for me to know," I answered; "our Lord Jesus Christ knows it, yet He sends me to take you home."

Perhaps, I thought, He will let me take her to another home some day, in His Father's house, where she has the same right to enter that I have. I lifted the miserable girl from the ground, though she made a feeble effort to withstand me; and I drew her cold hand through my arm. The storm beat vehemently against us as I opened the door; but Philip had been standing outside in the rain and hail, and, without uttering a word, he led the way to the street, and put us both into a cab, where the girl sank down on the floor, and hid her face in the folds of my dress.

The little room, where Philip had slept when a child, did not need much preparation; and before an hour was gone by, the poor, forlorn, lost girl was sleeping there, with the painted cheeks washed clean, and the feverish head resting peacefully on the pillow. The last thing, before I went to bed myself, I stole in softly to look at her, shading the candle with my hand, as I had been wont to do when my little Philip was lying there. When I came away I opened my Bible, and read with misty eyes, before which the words swam confusedly, the story of the woman who "stood at the feet of Jesus, behind Him, weeping, and began to wash His feet with her tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with ointment." "Wherefore," said the Lord, "her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

But the next morning the girl was sullen, and would say nothing, except that she must go, and she could not live the life we led. I reasoned with her, and laid before her the awful death from which Philip had rescued her the night before, and the remorse

which would again drive her to self-destruction. She listened, and shuddered, and wept; yet she persisted that she must go—the stillness and quiet of our life would kill her. I seemed to have no power to cast out the wayward and sullen spirit that had entered into her. What was I to do? Must I summon Philip to speak to her? I shrank—*why* I hardly knew—from that.

Then all at once a light broke in upon my perplexity, shining down the years that had gone by, as though they had been years of long training for some special work God would have us do for Him. There was my life of monotony, and separation from those ties most women have, and George's years of pain, and slowly purifying chastisement. Now Philip had guided us into the field, white unto the harvest, where we two, consecrated by suffering, might reap, and receive wages, and gather fruit unto eternal life, until we should be called to rejoice together with our Lord.

No; Philip was not the one to win the stubborn girl back to God. But I could take her to George. Without telling her where we were going, I bade her come with me. I can see her now—the weary young creature, standing on the threshold, and peering forward with searching, hollow eyes into his room,—and his face worn and wasted with pain, and his thin hair white as snow, and his hand stretched out to her, as if he knew why I brought her to him, and needed no word of explanation.

“Come,” he said, in a tone as if he were speaking to some wayward child, “come, and talk to me, and let us see what we can do to get right again.”

The girl stepped softly into the room, her face changed from stubbornness to pity. I heard him ask her to give him a draught of water, and to lower the blinds for him; and she did so with womanly gentleness, moving as quietly as I could have done. Then I waited no longer; for I saw there was a link between them there could never be between her and me. It may be that it was the travel-stained feet, and the unanointed head of the Lord that first stirred hope in the heart of the woman that was a sinner. There was something that even she could do for Him.

How happy we were that evening! Captain John Champion's sunburnt face wore a look of great content. Philip whistled gaily as he wandered about the house and garden. George lay upon his sofa, glad at heart, for he had found work to do for God and his fellow-creatures. And I felt that life had new possibilities, and could never again sink into an insignificant monotony.

I remember that when Captain John Champion left us to go to his lodgings, which were near at hand, he put both his hands on Philip's shoulders and looked into his eyes with a steadfast, profound look of love.

“God bless thee, my lad!” he said. “Never was father better pleased with his son.”

CHAPTER VIII.

PHILIP'S FORTUNE.

YES ; that was our work, given at last directly into our hands. It seemed strange to me at first, and I shrank from it a little ; but it was never strange to George. There was with him some un-seen power which never failed of victory. After a while we were compelled to take a house near to us—near enough for his influence to be felt in it. Other persons, who had the same work at heart, joined themselves to us ; and before long we found ourselves too busy for life to be monotonous, or pain unendurable.

Philip was still with his father upon the sea, when his uncle's great fortune fell to him as heir-at-law. I knew of it some weeks before he did, for he had just set sail when his uncle died, and could not be recalled. I occupied myself, in such spare moments as I had, in building castles in the air for him, as I was wont to do when he was a clever boy at school.

I should have liked to have seen him when he first heard the news of his inheritance ; but this could not be, for a letter from the lawyer found him at one of the ports they touched at, where they expected news from us. So I did not see him in the first flush of his change of fortune. When he reached home, seven weeks later, there was no difference in him that I could discover.

"You are a rich man now, Philip," I said, after I had kissed him, and held him near to me for a minute or two, scanning his face closely.

"Yes," he answered, "and I am glad of it."

"You can become whatever you please now," I said, with a thrill of exultation, for I wanted all the world to know what he was ; "you will become a great man, and make yourself a famous name. Philip Champion,—Sir Philip, perhaps, some day."

"No," he answered, so quietly that I felt checked and quieted also, "I can do nothing but what God has chosen for me. This money does not set me free from the work He has given me to do."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "This great fortune changes your position and circumstances altogether. You cannot remain a mate on board a merchant vessel: that would be absurd, with wealth like yours. Remember, it brings its own responsibilities and duties."

"It brings no duty greater than that I am already fulfilling," said Philip ; "you forget my father cannot live except on the sea, and that no one can take my place with him. The chief difference my uncle's money could make to us, if it were ten times as much, would be that our cabins might be more luxuriously fitted up. The sea and the wind care little whether one is rich or poor: there are the same storms and the same risks for all of us seamen."

"But, Philip!" I exclaimed.

"Well," he said, smiling, "there is my father in one scale, my fortune in the other. Which is to kick the beam, Aunt Milly? No, no. I gave up my profession for his sake, and it is a light matter to give up this. But I am glad to be rich, too; for if any whim or fancy should come into this dear head, I can gratify it to the utmost. Tell me what my money shall do for you?"

But it could not do anything for me to compensate for the disappointment I suffered in seeing him push aside the golden opportunities offered to him. My brother upheld him in his resolution. I know now that George and he, in their close friendship, had climbed up nearer to God than I, and looked down, as though they were already sitting in heavenly places with Jesus Christ, upon the glittering accidents of time, which dazzled my eyes with their lustre. Captain John Champion sided with me, and at times poured into my ear his bitter regrets at being a hindrance to his son's career. But there was no remedy for it; none that we could see. We never saw a cloud on Philip's sunny face, nor heard a syllable of dissatisfaction with his lot. If he felt any, the thought of our Lord in His uncongenial work checked it. What there might be of gloom, and of natural disappointment, was fought out in loneliness, with no eye to witness but his Master's.

One thing would prosper from his wealth, that was certain. Our work would no more be limited for want of funds. He made, too, an arrangement that was good for us all. One evening before he went away again, after all the law-business connected with his inheritance was settled, he found me weary, rather with the anxieties than with the labour of our work, which was increasing almost beyond my strength. I had good assistants under me, but not one who could share the special cares crowding upon me. He stood looking at me that evening, with a very thoughtful face.

"Aunt Milly," he said, "you seem scarcely older than when I came to you nearly twenty years ago."

That was true; for I had had no girlhood, and his life had brought back youth, and hope, and gladness to mine. I hardly felt older than when he was a child, standing at my knee to say his lessons.

"But you will soon be old if this goes on," he continued. "I must find a mother for your girls."

"I wish you would," I said, almost despondently.

"I will coax Mrs. Transome to come," he answered; "she's lonely in her little place now Transome is gone, and she will soon enter heart and soul into our work here. Don't suppose she is too old; she is a sharp, active little woman: besides, what you want is not another person to work, but some one to share your anxiety. You must recollect I am a rich man now, and what money can buy I can pay for."

"Money cannot buy what I want," I said.

"No; you want Mrs. Transome," he went on; "and she will come. She will trot about the house, and give a kind word to this one and that; and they'll learn to look upon her as a kind of mother, with her bright, natty, old-fashioned ways, and her pleasant face. Wouldn't such a woman be a comfort to you, Aunt Milly?"

"I think so," I answered, yet doubtfully; but he would not heed the hesitation in my tone.

"She shall come," he said; "I will see about it at once. We must set apart a little room for her own; and you'll find it will become a haven for the girls in their worst moments. Yes, we must have Mrs. Transome: the home is not complete without her."

When Philip had any idea like that in his head, he could not rest till it was worked out. The next day the little room was chosen; and the day after it was so furnished that you felt, as you put your foot into it, that it was the very place where an old woman would find herself at home and comfortable. He hurried down to Lancashire, and before a week was over he brought Mrs. Transome back in triumph.

The moment I saw her I knew that Philip was right, and that he had brought me what money cannot buy. She had once been rather tall, but now she was bent down into a small old woman. Her white hair was covered by a still whiter mob-cap, lying in folds quite round her rosy, withered face, even under her chin. A plain black gown, and a white kerchief pinned about her neck, a white apron, shoes, and home-knitted stockings completed her dress. Such a pleasant, wholesome, motherly old dame she looked, that I stooped down and kissed the placid, sweet face, which was smiling at me.

"Thank you, kindly, my dear!" she said; "there's a welcome in it."

She stroked my hand with her wrinkled fingers, and before I could prevent her lifted it to her lips, and kissed it. I followed her and Philip to the room he had prepared for her, and watched him point out to her all the little things he had chosen for her himself, with a boyish gladness that I had not seen in him since he was a boy.

"You are to be a mother to us all," he said, seating her in a cushioned, old-fashioned chair he had found somewhere, just suited for her; and she sat in it smiling at us both, with her spectacles pushed up to the white border of her cap: "we're a set of rebel children," he went on, "and you'll find us harder to manage than your little school. As for me, I intend always to have my own way."

"Ay, but thee has chose the Lord's way, Pippin!" she answered, "and now thee canst have thine own way. Only mind thee, He chose thee first."

"I am as happy as the day is long," said Philip.

"I believe thee," answered Mrs. Transome; "them that know His love need never go hunting after gladness."

"And you'll be at home here?" I asked.

"Sure!" she replied; "as much at home as in any place where Transome isn't. I shall go home where he is some day; but never fear me not being happy till the time comes."

That was true; for there was a quiet cheerfulness, which was almost merriment in her, that never seemed to flag. The storm of life was over with her, and she was in the haven where she would be. Even the sorrow and the sin with which we had to deal did not disturb her deep tranquillity and profound trust in the immeasurable love of God. And this came into our refuge as a calm and pacifying element, which breathed itself over the passionate and stubborn hearts among whom our work lay. There was not one among the poor, miserable, lost girls, whom we sought and gathered into our home, who did not learn, before many days had passed, to call her "mother."

GRACE.

I PAUSE before the banquet hall,
 Weary and cold and desolate;
 Faint fragments of the music fall
 Here where I stand, without the gate.
 And now sweet voices whisper, "Come!
 The Bridegroom bids you welcome home!"

But I am black,—not beautiful;
 My voice makes echo thin and weak;
 These eyes with tears are dim and dull;
 I dare not to the Bridegroom speak.
 "Then kiss his feet, if love be dumb;—
 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!'"

Ah, no! my lips are foul with sin;
 He would draw backward from their touch:
 My heart is black as night within;
 The Bridegroom cannot welcome such.
 "Nay, but He does;—He calls you home;
 And Bride and Spirit bid you, Come!"

My hands are empty of all gifts;
 My soul has failed her trust to keep:
 How shall I face Him, when He lifts
 On me those eyes that read so deep?

“Your debts are cancelled in the sum ;
 ‘The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!’”

Black as the tents of Kedar, I,—
 Yet, Lord, I thirst, I faint ;—O Christ,
 I love Thee ! let me love, or die
 Beneath Thy feet, self-sacrificed.
 I love Thee ! wherefore should I roam ?
 “The Spirit and the Bride say, Come !”

I love !—my hands are deeply stained,
 But I have looked upon Thy face,
 And love Thee, by that look constrained.
 Till all I ask, is still to gaze—
 To gaze on Thee, until my heart
 Has learnt how beautiful Thou art !

MY OLD BIBLE.

I CAN remember the time when the old Bible which now lies beside me was quite new ; it is many years since it was given me ; but I still like to look back to the bright May morning when I first saw it, and to think of all the pleasure and comfort the dear old Book has given me ever since.

When first I had it, I was a small child, and knew very little ; everything seemed so strange—heaven and God seemed so far off. I used often to think and wonder about them, but could not understand much of what was told me. When I got my Bible it seemed like something coming straight from heaven, and ever after I seemed happier and more satisfied. This is how it happened :—

When I was six years old, we all went to stay with a kind aunt near London. We had a happy time there, for our aunt gave us a great many toys and treats, and liked to see us happy and merry. One day she gave us half a crown ; mine looked larger and brighter than any half-crown I have ever seen since, for it was my first, and was all my own, to spend as I pleased. My brother, who was four years old, and Carrie, who was three, each had a half-crown too. We ran off to show them to nurse, who promised to take us the next day to spend our money. We talked of it all the evening, and nurse asked us again and again what we would get. Henry wanted so many things—a drum, a horse, a whip, and a watering-pot. Carrie said directly she would have a new pussy ; and I could not say anything.

Now I knew well enough what I wanted. I had thought of it for months, and had sometimes cried when I was quite alone at night, because my longed-for treasure never came. But I was a silly, shy child, and instead of asking for what I wanted, was even too shy to buy it for myself when the money was given me. Now that I am quite grown up, I do not mind telling you all that it was a Bible. I wanted to have a Bible of my very own, that I could always keep in sight, and read at any time. How I wished nurse would guess the right thing. She offered me a doll, or a doll's bed, or a tea-set, but all day long she never proposed a Bible.

To-morrow came at last; I kept looking at the half-crown and wished I had the courage to ask nurse to buy me a Bible; but it was no use, the words would not come.

As we walked across the common on the way to the toy shop, Harry whispered to me,—

"Tell me what you want; are you sure you won't have a new doll?"

The idea of taking home a doll instead of a Bible was more that I could bear, and the tears would come.

Harry, seeing them, said, "Never mind, don't cry; I'll tell nurse you want a doll." So he ran back and said, "Sister wants a nice new doll," and I had not the courage to say anything else, having once overheard nurse saying that it was not "natural-like" the way that child asked questions of a Sunday.

We soon reached the shop. Carrie got a soft pussy, Harry got a watering-pot, and they bought for me a doll with a wax head, pink cheeks, and hair and eyes as black as my own. It did look so ugly; its black eyes stared at me all the way home, and seemed to say, "You silly child, why did you not say what you wanted to buy?"

After tea we had to take our toys down stairs to show to our aunt. She was pleased with them all, and said the doll was very pretty. I felt quite cross with it, and took a pin off the work-table and gave it a good scratch under its chin, because it was not a Bible. How glad I was when it was put away in the drawer for the night; I could not bear the sight of it. It was bad enough in bed the night before, when I could not make up my mind to ask for the Bible; but it was much worse this night to think that the Book was as far off as ever, and an ugly pink-faced, black-eyed doll, with curly hair, was come in its place, all through my own fault.

At last I could bear it no longer, so I got out of bed quietly, and knelt down to pray; for little children can often tell God what they cannot tell any one else. The good Jesus was once a child, and knows just how children feel, so they need never mind telling Him anything; and if they do not pray quite right, He can under-

stand what they mean to say, and his Holy Spirit is always willing and able to teach us how to pray. I told God that I had bought an ugly doll instead of a Bible, all because I was so silly as not to tell nurse about it; and that if I could do everything, like Him, I would turn the doll into a Bible at once. Then I asked Him to please to do it Himself, as I could not see what else was to be done, and it would be so nice to see the doll gone and a Bible in its place; and I promised not to mind saying that I was quite sure the Bible was for me. Then I got into bed and went to sleep.

Breakfast was scarcely over the next morning when I asked for my new doll. How I longed to see the drawer opened and a Bible found just in front of it. And yet I scarcely dared hope; it seemed so impossible, though I knew God could do everything. The drawer was soon opened, and to my sorrow, though scarcely to my surprise, the doll was brought out, with its cheeks as pink and its eyes as black as the day before. It looked uglier than ever; and though everybody praised it, I felt sure I never could love it.

With a heavy heart I went to lessons. Grown-up people do not know how hard it is to do lessons when one's thoughts will go after other things; but though hard, we must try to keep our hearts on the right things, and by degrees it will be easier, especially if we ask God to help us.

Lessons were over at last, and then my aunt called me into her own little room. "Have you been a good girl?" she asked me. I did not feel very good, for I had been much disappointed, and had scratched my new doll only the day before, and altogether felt very uncomfortable. It was a disagreeable question to be asked just then, for something seemed to depend on the answer, and I wondered what the true answer would be, and whether I could ever be really good. To get out of the difficulty, I said, "Shall I go and ask mother?" and ran off at once and asked the question. I soon returned with the answer,—

"Mother says I am a very good girl."

"That's right," said my aunt. "Now see what I have got you. You are getting a great girl, and come to prayers every day; so I want to give you a Bible of your own. Choose any of these you like."

She then showed me a large parcel of beautiful Bibles, some with purple, some with red, and some with black covers. What a happy child I was! I chose one with a black cover; for I knew nurse would not let me have it every day if it were too handsome.

I felt richer, and happier, and older as I went back to the nursery with the new book, and said, "Here it is."

"Here's what?" they asked.

"My new Bible," I answered joyfully.

"You got a Bible," said the nurse; "you, that can't find one place yet?"

"I know some texts," I answered meekly.

"Yes, but you can't find them."

"Why don't you teach her, then?" wisely asked the nurse-girl.

So nurse taught me where to find "Suffer little children," and charged me never to forget the chapter and verse, even if I lived to grow up to be as old as she.

My dolly did not look quite so ugly next time I saw her. We sometimes had a nice play together, until, about five years later, her head was one day cut off, that we might get some bran to stuff a pincushion for a missionary basket.

My Bible did not disappoint me. It was the best of my treasures, and from it I afterwards learned that God does not always answer our prayers quite in the way we expect, but that his ways are better than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts.

Dear children, always take your troubles to God, for He is the kindest and wisest friend you have.—*Christian.*

JESUS, MY GOD AND MY ALL.

O JESUS! Jesus! dearest Lord,
 Forgive me if I say,
 For very love, Thy sacred Name
 A thousand times a day.

I love Thee, so I know not how
 My transports to control;
 Thy love is like a burning fire
 Within my very soul.

Oh, wonderful! that Thou shouldst let
 So vile a heart as mine
 Love Thee with such a love as this,
 And make so free with Thine.

The craft of this wise world of ours
 Poor wisdom seems to me—
 Ah! dearest Jesus! I have grown
 Childish with love of Thee.

For Thou to me art all in all,
 My honour and my wealth,
 My heart's desire, my body's strength,
 My soul's eternal health.

Burn, burn, O love ! within my heart ;
 Burn freely, night and day,
 Till all the dross of earthly loves
 Is burned and burned away.

A light in darkness—joy in grief !
 O heaven begun on earth !
 Jesus ! my love ! my treasure ! who
 Can tell what Thou art worth ?

O Jesus ! Jesus ! sweetest Lord !
 What art Thou not to me ?
 Each hour brings joys before unknown,
 Each day new liberty.

What limit is there to thee, love ?
 Thy flight, where wilt thou stay ?
 On ! on ! our Lord is sweeter far
 To-day than yesterday.

O love of Jesus ! blessed love !
 So will it ever be.
 Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth—
 No, nor eternity.

—*F. W. Faber.*

STEADFASTNESS.

MOST people are fitful and unsteady in their wills, purposes and habits of life. This is especially true of many Christian people in respect to Christian living. In seasons of revival they are wonderfully engaged in the Lord's cause, and are found cultivating the most pious habits. Indeed, nothing is more common than to hear this class lecture other Christians for their lukewarmness and unfaithfulness. But, by-and-by, we see that these persons have had only a six weeks' or two months' religious spasm. Their ardour cools. Their activity subsides. They come to prayer meetings only at long intervals. Their religious life loses consistency. They are dead, and await another great awakening. We should all cultivate steadfastness. "Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," saith Paul. One steady-going, faithful Christian is worth more than twenty fitful ones for all purposes of Christian work, and of an influential Christian life. Every church knows it. Every pastor knows it. "Be ye steadfast."—*Baptist Union.*

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

MEXICO.

THE outlook in this country is more favourable for Protestant missions than at any former period. Dr. Butler, General Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church Mission, writes: "Our work is enlarging and developing in the right direction; and if we only had the help promised us, you would soon hear good tidings from your Mexican mission. We are now holding a series of union services with other missions in this capital, day by day, in each other's churches, to evidence our oneness before these prejudiced Romanists, and to seek an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our congregations. We have now continued them fourteen days, and no abatement of interest is yet seen. From eighty to two hundred and fifty persons have attended the afternoon services. Our native helpers at first seemed at a loss to comprehend exactly what we wanted to do. It was a pleasant sight to see our church, with two hundred and fifty Mexicans assembled in it, engaged in union of prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. This old Aztec capital never witnessed such a convocation for such an object before, and surely it must have been very pleasing in the sight of Him in whose name and for whose glory we thus came together.

"The morning light is breaking at last upon poor distracted Mexico. Let the Church of God hope for her and pray for her as well, for, as sure as the promises of God, these people are to be redeemed, and the fourteen states and nations that lie south of them, all of whom use their language, will certainly follow where evangelised Mexico will lead the way. She, the most extensive and populous of them all, is the key to the whole position that involves the salvation of Central and South America, and the great island populations of their coasts as well."

This is glorious news considering the grievous persecution to which the missionaries and their converts have been subjected at the instigation of the Romish priesthood. In Western Mexico especially, the war cry of religious bandits has been, "Let religion live, and death to the Protestants." In too many instances such depredators escaped the hands of justice, but the truth prevails. A Mexican, who had been led to the foot of the cross through reading the Scriptures, went to one of the agents of the American Board, and purchased all the tracts and religious books that he could obtain, and then started on a mission tour among his people. On being asked by the missionary if he was not afraid of being killed by the Romanists, he replied, "Well, sir, if I was a little afraid in Santa Cruz" (where a mob, headed by a priest, broke

into the house where he was resting for the night and tried to take his life), "I left my fear behind the door, as we say here, and left the place at midnight for another pueblo. And you see, sir, I only live by the second, and every second I live with Christ. When I am walking the lonely roads I say to myself, let come what will, Jesus Christ is with me always—present to receive my soul. He always walks a few feet before me on the road, and why should I fear?" This man is now doing much good in the small towns east of Aqualulco.

The following graphic description of the present state of missions in this country will surely satisfy the most sanguine. Five years ago there were only about six Protestant churches in Mexico, now there are ninety-eight. A paper in the city of Mexico says, "Those who can remember when foreigners were pelted with stones if they neglected to remove their hats while a Catholic procession passed, cannot but fully appreciate the wondrous change that has been effected in Mexico within the past decade. The difficult and delicate labours of the Christian missionaries in Mexico have been thus far crowned with success. In this city alone there are some five Protestant churches largely and regularly attended, and it is truly surprising to see the large numbers that have been gained over from the ranks of the Roman Catholics."

News has been received to the effect that five of the Roman Catholic mob who participated in the murder of Rev. John L. Stephens, missionary of the American Board, at Aqualulco, in March, 1874, have been convicted and executed.

CHINA.

Somewhere about forty years ago, the late Rev. J. A. James was preaching one of the annual sermons for the London Missionary Society, and said, "If a hundred years hence Christianity shall have a lodgment in the city of Canton, we shall have reaped an immense prize for the conflicts of a century." In less than a third of a century after Mr. James had thus spoken almost the whole country was made accessible to the heralds of salvation, and to meet the necessities of the case, few persons laboured more zealously than Mr. James himself. He was in labours more abundant than a fund might be established to print one million copies of the New Testament to be sent thither. Altogether there are two hundred missionaries, exclusive of Catholic priests, for four hundred millions of Chinese. The country consists of eighteen provinces, and in nine of these there is not a single Protestant missionary. The Protestant Episcopal Church has established a cathedral at Shanghai. Bishop Russell held an ordination service in the province of Ningpo, and now has four natives labouring under him. The

Bishop writes in a very Christian manner respecting the various missionaries and other sections of the Church who are labouring within the bounds of his large diocese. A recent report of the Church (England) Missionary Society speaks thus of China: "In Hong Kong, Fu-Chan, and Ningpo the work proceeds slowly. In the districts around Fu-Chan, however—Lognong, Ning-Talk, and Ku-Chang—there is a marked spirit of inquiry. Many have been baptised. The little places of worship are crowded, and more opportunities are offered for preaching in new towns than there are evangelists to accept them."

The Wesleyan Missionary Report says of China: "It offers a field larger than any other in the known world. In all probability the Chinese will colonise, on a large scale, not only portions of the Asiatic continent but also of North Australia. It is possible, too, that China, reformed and reorganised, may become a power in the world. The proof that Christianity is making itself felt in China is the increasing organised opposition it now meets. Societies to advocate the claims of Confucius and others in opposition to the claims of Christ are established in the large towns in which our missions are situated, and the various methods used by European societies are imitated, in order to support these reactionary efforts. Medical missions in China have been found highly advantageous. We have one in connection with our mission in Wuchang. As in India, so also in China, and, in fact, in every other mission field, attempts are being made to raise up and train a native ministry to be pastors in the churches of the future."

The Presbyterian Church of Canada supports a very successful mission in the island of Formosa, where they have two devoted missionaries labouring with zeal and fidelity.

All the missionaries pursue a similar course of holding meetings daily, distributing tracts, and now and then going on itinerating tours, where they scatter much good seed by the wayside. In some instances the missionaries are treated with great harshness by the Chinese. Some of the converts have much bitter persecution to endure; some have even been put to death. A few months ago a native doorkeeper of one of the London mission chapels in Shanghai was found murdered, and another young man, much wounded, was lying near him. The wounded man was removed to the hospital, from which, on his partial recovery, he succeeded in escaping and has not since been retaken. Still the truth prevails. The entire Bible in the Mandarin is now complete. While it is affirmed that there are some 200 dialects in China, six of them occupying a prominent position, the Mandarin is the most prominent, being spoken throughout the North by the common people, and throughout the Empire by the officials. It is therefore scarcely possible to over-estimate the importance and value of this translation.

A missionary writing home says, Buddhism is making no progress; Mohammedanism is at a discount, because of its rebellious tendencies; Confucianism is strong and active; Roman Catholicism is making rapid progress; Protestant missionaries are doing what they can.

INDIANS.

There was recently, at Guildford, Connecticut, a gathering of the descendants of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. The copy of the Indian Bible from Yale College was exhibited; the Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull, "the only living man who can read" this version, was present.

The Methodist Church of Canada has long been foremost in the work of Indian Missions, among whom it now has forty missions established besides thirty-one day schools, thirty-one teachers and twenty-five interpreters. Five ministers are also supplying small bands of Indians. The Missionary Notices for October contains no less than six letters relating to Indian Missions. Camp meetings have been held at Christian Islands and Chilliwack, both of which were numerously attended by both whites and Indians, and were real feasts of tabernacles. Rev. J. H. Ruttan, in the North-West, recently held a delightful meeting, at which he baptised fifteen persons, among whom was a distinguished conjurer named Tapastanum. He appeals for additional labourers, and says, "We exceedingly regret that it is not in the power of the appointing committee to supply either Grand Rapids or the Grassy Narrows with ministers. Grassy Narrows seems to be in the greatest need of a minister, as twenty families of our people have already gone there to settle, and the probability is that thirty or forty more families will remove there this fall."

Probably the most interesting part of the notices is the letter from Rev. T. Crosby, who gives an account of a visit of General Howard to Fort Simpson, where he spent a Sabbath and worshipped with the Indians. The General expressed himself as being greatly pleased with what he saw during his visit, and addressed a few words to the Indians, after Mr. Crosby's sermon, and closed the service with prayer. Mr. Crosby's interpreter is an Indian female, and her ability to interpret is greatly commended.

It is much to be regretted that, owing to the state of the missionary fund, no additions can be made to the number of labourers, when there are such pressing demands from all parts of the mission field. Surely after such a bountiful harvest as Canada has had this year, there will be a well replenished treasury. Some special contributions have been received, which are a good omen; but until the present heavy debt is liquidated, it is not likely that the Central Board can sanction any advance.

CURRENT EVENTS.

REV. MR. McDONNELL AND THE "CONFESSION OF FAITH."

THE Rev. Mr. McDonnell, the able and eloquent pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in this city, is paying the tax which is usually exacted from ministers of more than ordinary popularity. The sayings of such men are apt to be invested with a significance and importance greatly in excess of that which properly belongs to them. If a minister with less attractive talents, occupying a humbler position in the Church, had found himself confronted with such difficulty in his attempt to expound an abstruse and difficult, or what appeared to him to be an abstruse and difficult portion of the Word of God, as to be compelled to suspend judgment in respect to its exact meaning; and even if he had gone so far as to acknowledge the difficulty which he felt, it is not at all probable that the matter would have found its way into the newspapers, or that if it had it would have attracted any very large measure of attention. It would have been regarded as a matter of course that such an one should occasionally find himself in difficulty in his attempts to fathom the deep things of God; and it would scarcely have been regarded as excessive modesty in him to say that there were some passages of the Bible which he was not able to reconcile with each other. But for a man with Mr. McDonnell's reputation for ability to be found in such a plight, is a very different thing. It seems to be expected of him that he should understand all mysteries and all knowledge; that he should balk at nothing in the way of exposition; or that should he even have the misfortune to find himself, in spite of his learning and ability, "in perplexity extreme," he should at least have the prudence not to scandalise his brethren by letting anybody know it.

We heartily sympathise both with Mr. McDonnell and with his brethren of the Presbytery to which he belongs. Viewing the two classes of passages which he had under consideration from the Calvinistic stand-point, we cannot see, if both be taken in their natural and most obvious meaning, how it is possible to avoid the difficulty in which the pastor of St. Andrew's found himself involved. Whether it was wise or prudent in him to obtrude these difficulties upon his congregation is of course an altogether different question. It cannot be the duty of any Christian man, much less of a Christian minister, to proclaim upon the housetop all the perplexities of his interior life. It is time enough when a man has, after patient examination of the grounds of his opinion, come to a definite and settled judgment upon a question, for him to publicly avow it. And even after a man has, for what appears to him to be good and sufficient reasons, adopted an opinion which he knows to be at variance with what is held by what he has reason to believe to be the wisest

and best portion of mankind, except in very extraordinary circumstances, it would be no detriment to himself or to the interests of truth, to hold it for some time, as it were, upon probation. Mr. McDonnell may have been a little too precipitate in the avowal of his difficulties; indeed he appears to feel himself that it was a mistake to be in such a hurry in giving expression to his crude and half-formed opinions; but the instances are so rare in which men have the independence and self-reliance to use their own eyes without the aid of other men's spectacles in looking for the truth, and sufficient confidence in the results of their own independent investigations to publicly avow them, that we are disposed to deal tenderly with the short-comings of men of this type when we meet with them.

Our sympathy, however, is with the man rather than with his opinions. The evangelical Arminian finds no conflict between that class of passages which even Mr. McDonnell himself admits seem to teach explicitly the proper eternity of the punishment of the finally impenitent and those which teach the doctrine of universal redemption. With him redemption is not synonymous with salvation; redemption lays the foundation of salvation, removes the legal impediments out of the way, and renders it possible, but it does not unconditionally and necessarily save. But this is not Calvinism; and Mr. McDonnell is a Calvinist and views the subject from the Calvinian stand-point. With him, if redemption is not the exact synonym of salvation, it is inseparable from it. The soul for whom the divinely appointed ransom has been paid cannot be lost. Now, admit this view as being correct, and let us see where it will lead to. Every soul for whom Christ died must be infallibly saved; but Christ died for every human soul; then every human soul must be infallibly saved. Admit the major premises and this conclusion must inevitably follow, if the twelfth and six following verses of the fifth chapter of Romans are accepted in their natural and obvious meaning.

It is difficult to see how the Presbytery could have done less in view of all the circumstances than it actually did. The gentlemen composing it would no doubt have preferred to have ignored the whole thing; and in all probability, if the sermon in question had not found its way into the newspapers, this course would have been pursued. But the case had acquired too much notoriety to be prudently passed by in silence; an inquiry became necessary, and the spirit in which it was conducted is worthy of all praise. But whether any satisfactory result will be reached remains to be seen. It is not impossible that six months hence Mr. McDonnell will find himself just as much in the fog as he is at present. If so, what then? He can scarcely be arraigned for heresy, inasmuch as he has enunciated no doctrine at variance with the "Confession of Faith." He has indeed expressed his doubts in respect to the correctness of its teaching upon

one particular point ; he has declared that to his apprehension the teaching of Holy Scriptures itself anent the matter was not so clear as to preclude the possibility of reasonable doubt ; he has placed side by side two classes of Scripture texts, one of which seems to be in complete harmony with the subordinate standards of his Church, and the other of which appears to be in irreconcilable conflict with them ; he has apparently no doubt that these portions of the Word of God are in complete harmony with each other when properly understood, but he has signified his failure to find the *tertium quid*—the underlying principle by which they can be reconciled in the "Confession of Faith." Perhaps it is too much to expect that the Presbyterian Church will put its standards upon trial, and open the discussion as to whether the Westminster Catechism and Confession of Faith harmonise in their teaching with the Word of God. To such as put the dogmatic statements of these works upon a par with the axioms of Euclid or the multiplication table, they must be accepted as absolutely final and infallible, and to put their accuracy or truthfulness in question would be impious. And even to such as take a more sober view—who believe in the possible imperfection of these venerable documents, and even have a lurking suspicion that the time may come when they will have to be pretty radically overhauled to bring them into harmony with the advanced state of knowledge,—there is something almost appalling in the idea of opening a discussion which may shake the Church to its very foundation. And yet it seems scarcely possible to put Mr. McDonnell on his trial without in effect putting the "Confession of Faith" on its trial at the same time. The sole question to be decided by the church courts no doubt would be whether Mr. McDonnell believed and taught the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church as set forth in its standards ; but the more august tribunal of the general public would not fail to so extend it as to include the question of the harmony of those standards with the Scriptures ; and that an able, learned and pious minister should be censured or silenced for merely entertaining doubts in respect to the correctness of their teaching upon one particular point, when he took his stand upon the Word of God, would scarcely have the effect of increasing the respect of independent and unbiassed on-lookers for their authority.

The fact is, this matter brings up one of the most difficult and important questions with which the Church of the future will have to deal, viz.: the relation of the dogmatic authority of the Church, in its organic unity, with the individual liberty and independence of its ministers in the investigation of truth and the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. The Bible is said to be the religion of Protestants ; the Holy Scriptures are declared to be the only and sufficient rule both of our faith and practice ; and Protestant communities are agreed in holding that nothing is to be taught as

necessary to salvation which is not either expressly taught in the inspired volume or may be concluded from it. But none of the Reformed Churches, so far as we know, has dared to put the Bible without note or comment into the hand of each of her ministers, and to invest him with authority to expound it to the people according to his own conscientious conviction, leaving him absolutely free to form his own opinions and to propagate them. The result has been that when a religious teacher found himself hampered by the creed of his Church, he has been compelled either to find a home in some other communion or to form a new sect for himself. In this respect, those smaller bodies who have professed to know no creed but the Bible have not been found to differ from the more completely organised churches in the day of their trial. The unwritten creeds of these sects have been generally found to be more rigid and more narrow than the most carefully prepared confessions of faith which have been placed on record. But that this question will be so forced upon the attention of Christendom by the sharp and terrible conflict with atheism and infidelity upon which the Church is just entering, as to lead to its careful examination, there can be no reasonable doubt; and if the case under consideration should have the effect of throwing light upon it, that "were a consummation devoutly to be wished."

REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

In ancient times the warlike tribes and nations had what in modern parlance would be called their campaigning seasons—particular times when they were wont to engage in warlike expeditions. This is the season of the year at which the tribes of our Israel are wont to go out to war. For many months the sound of preparation for the battle has been heard all over our land. In the time of comparative peace there have been thousands of loyal and heroic spirits preparing for war. They have been patiently waiting and ardently longing for the approach of the time when the decisive blow is to be struck, when the prey is to be delivered from the hand of the mighty, and such a triumph of the cause of truth and righteousness shall be achieved as shall cause Zion to rejoice and her King to be glorified. The prayer has been everywhere going up from consecrated hearts, "O Lord, revive Thy work;" and not a few of the most earnest of God's people have not only been waiting but working also for a revival. At length the critical moment has arrived, and at many points along the line the battle has already been set in array. We hear of special services in many places, which have already been crowned with various degrees of success, but no grand decisive victory has, so far as we have been able to learn, been gained. It is naturally a time of anxiety upon

the part of those who are more deeply interested in the prosperity of the Church and the glory of her divine Head ; and we doubt not the agonised feeling of many a burdened spirit is finding expression in the Psalmist's passionate language of entreaty and exhortation, " Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in Thee ?"

That there are great and formidable difficulties which lie in the way of such a revival of religion as that of which we speak, which the most vital interests of the Church require, and for which earnest and intelligent Christians are praying and looking, cannot be denied ; and if we had nothing more than human agency to depend upon, we might well quail before them ; but if " the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge"—in the name of the Lord we may set up our banners. " Through God we shall do valiantly, for He it is that treadeth down our enemies." He teacheth our hands to war and our fingers to fight. At the same time that He imparts the divine courage which enables His people to say " We are well able to go up and possess the land," he infuses into them that supernatural energy by which, like David, they can run through a troop and leap over a wall, and gives them the divine wisdom and skill which enable them to make the very best of the resources placed at their disposal, and even, as some one has said, to organise victory out of the very elements of defeat.

But if we are to have a great, wide-spread and sweeping revival of religion, we must have as definite a conception as may be of what is involved in such a work of grace. This is all the more important on account of the loose and erroneous views which are afloat in respect to the nature of a revival. There are many who, at the mention of such a movement, think only of the awakening and conversion of sinners, whereas *the Church is the work of God which is to be revived*. Where there is increased vitality and energy in the Church, the awakening and conversion of sinners will generally follow ; it is nevertheless true, that the Church is the proper subject of a revival. If such of the members of the Church as are spiritually dead were quickened,—if the vitality of such as are apparently dead or dying were increased,—if the means of grace which by many are so sadly neglected were restored to their proper place in the affections of professing Christians generally,—if, in a word, the Church itself were restored to a thoroughly healthy, active and prosperous condition, even though not one addition had been made to its membership, if we could conceive such a thing to be possible, a great and blessed revival would have already taken place, and the *reformation* among sinners would speedily and inevitably follow.

The history of Pentecost is full of instruction on the subject, and it cannot be too carefully studied by such as desire to see the scenes of that memorable occasion repeated on a scale commensurate with

the present necessities of the Church and of the world. The days spent by the disciples in waiting for the "Promise of the Father," were the most important days which have ever occurred in the history of the Church. But for the patient, prayerful waiting of this period the events which followed would never have occurred. The baptism of the Spirit would not have been obtained, the endowment of power from on high would not have been secured, and the infant Church would have lacked the most essential qualification for that marvellous career of conquest upon which she then entered. During those days of waiting the disciples were brought into closer sympathy with each other and more intimate communion with God than they ever had been brought before; they had no doubt a profounder realisation of their own weakness and their entire dependence upon God; they had an opportunity of more fully counting the cost of the work upon which they had entered, and of examining more carefully the grounds of their hope of success. What solemn days and nights these must have been! What searchings of heart must have taken place in that devoted little band! How much more profound and spiritual must have been the views of divine things acquired by them! How their hearts melted and ran together under the profound and awful impression which they received of the grandeur of the work to which they were called, and the weight of responsibility which rested upon them. No wonder that "when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place." All jars and jealousies had ceased. No one was disposed to ask who should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, or who should be assigned the most prominent part in the work which was before them. They had but one desire; they uttered but one prayer; they waited but for one blessing. The Master had promised that they should be "baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence," and everything else was lost sight of in their eagerness to realise the fulfilment of the promise.

When this work of preparation was complete, the bestowment of the blessing was but the work of a moment. They were instantly "filled with the Holy Ghost." And though it is highly probable that during these days of waiting they had been too much busied with their own want, and too earnestly engaged in the pursuit of that which was to be the grand preparation for their life-work, to think much of those that were without, the sequel shows that in seeking this blessing for themselves they were effectually contributing to the salvation of others. Armed with the supernatural divine energy which was imparted to them that day, they accomplished more in a single day than they would have accomplished in many months without it. Three thousand converts in a single day! And five thousand the next day! How wonderful is all this, when we take all the circumstances into account; and it all came of the

bestowment of the Spirit upon the handful of souls which composed the infant Church of the Redeemer. Surely there is a lesson in all this for us. If we would see the repetition of these scenes on a grander scale, we too must, as a grand work of preparation, wait for the "Promise of the Father." It is no economy of time to engage in any great undertaking until thorough and ample preparation has been made for it; and of nothing is this observation more correct than of that which is the most important of all works—the work of soul-saving.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

PAST AND FUTURE.

WITH fervent thanksgiving to our Divine Master, we present our readers with the last number of the third volume of "EARNEST CHRISTIANITY." The work of editing the Magazine has been to us a labour of love, and has pleasantly filled up many spare hours while travelling in cars and steamboats. In fact, the principal part of the editorial work has been done while journeying from place to place; and we have thus been able to turn to good account time that, without such employment, might have run to waste.

We enter upon the work of the coming year with bright hopes and prospects. From many quarters we receive cheering assurance that our humble efforts to spread abroad a literature imbued with the spirit and teachings of scriptural holiness, are warmly appreciated; and promises of hearty support, in promoting the circulation of the Magazine, are neither few nor far between. At one period, during the past year, we had almost concluded to let the publication cease at the end of the present volume; but the requests to continue were so many and so urgent, that we dare not assume the responsibility of giving up an enterprise that God had already deigned to bless to the good of many. While thus yielding to strong convictions of duty, we resume a work which brings us no pecuniary gain. During the past year the Magazine did not meet the cost of publication; and it will probably require all the increased income of next year to balance the loss of the past. Our aim is not to make money, but to do good by a diligent use of such gifts as God has given us.

To our dear brethren who have aided us by their pens, we tender our grateful thanks—only regretting that our limited income does not permit us, at present, to make some more substantial acknowledgment. We trust they will not become weary in well-doing, but will continue to edify our readers during the coming year.

We still believe that *EARNEST CHRISTIANITY* has a mission of its own—that it fills a niche in the religious literature of the day not filled by any other publication. It goes forth to its work, "the friend of all and the enemy of none," asking only the privilege of speaking in the homes of the people of things which all need to know. In such a work we confidently expect the support of all "good men and true."

RENEWALS.—Will all our present subscribers oblige us by renewing their subscriptions without delay? By remitting before the middle of December you will save us from loss, as we shall know how many copies to print for January, and will not have a large number of waste copies, as is generally the case at the beginning of the year. As \$1.50 is an awkward amount to send by mail (and we do not need postage stamps) we would suggest that the amount be sent by P. O. order; or else that each subscriber get another name besides their own, and send \$3.00.

TO ACENTS.—The canvass for next year is going on most encouragingly. Lists of new subscribers are coming in every few days. Our premiums are exciting the wonder and admiration of our friends. Now is the time for a general effort. In the language of Wellington, at the crisis of Waterloo:—"Let the whole line advance!" We want every one who reads this to become an agent, and secure one of our beautiful premiums.

OUR PREMIUMS.—We are glad to be able to announce that, having made favourable terms with the manufacturers, we shall, in regard to some articles, do still better than promised. For example, in the matter of tea services and cake baskets, we shall be able to give articles of later and handsomer designs than those shown in the engravings. We used the cuts we had, but the articles will be better. In regard to the communion service, we can supply, if desired, different pieces from those shown in the cut. For instance, we can send a second goblet, and leave out the baptismal bowl, if preferred.

THE PAPER on which our Magazine has been printed for several months, does not please us. The manufacturer assures us we shall have a better quality for the January number.

FOR the past two or three months, owing to circumstances beyond our control, the issue of "*EARNEST CHRISTIANITY*" has been somewhat delayed. We hope to issue promptly in future by the first of each month.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the

fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of

gold—A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the ten-der

Shep-herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.

2.

'Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?'
But the Shepherd made answer: 'T is of
Has wandered away from me; [mine
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep.'

3.

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through
Ere He found the sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4.

'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all
the way
That mark out the mountain's track?'
'They were shed for one who had gone
astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.'
'Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and
torn?' [thorn.]
'They are pierced to-night by many a

5.

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven.
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own.'