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Editorial.

THE RELATION BETWEEN A SOUND CREED AND A GOOD LIFE.

THERE are not wanting in our day many who deny any living, intimate, connection between life and doctrine. Their cry is "Give us plenty of Charity, but none of your dogmas." Their maxim is "An ounce of Charity is worth a ton of doctrine." Their poet says:—

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Following out these principles an appeal is made to all those Christian Churches who hold creeds, either to shorten their creeds, or abolish them altogether, and to make a man's life the only thing to be regarded in training and commissioning preachers, or in edifying hearers.

It is not to be denied but some cause has been given for raising this cry. There are to be found churches, congregations, and individuals who place the whole business of religion in holding faithfully and firmly, a set of doctrinal opinions without making any very faithful or firm attempt to reduce these to practice in the duties of every day life. These parties are content with an artificial orthodoxy, a dry light in the mind, which sheds no warm influence on private or public life. But the question at issue here, is not,—May there be

sound doctrine in the head without good morality in the life? There are too many proofs of this all around for any one to deny it. But the question is, Can there be good morality without sound doctrine? Three witnesses of weighty character give the latter question an emphatic *No*. Good morality cannot exist for any length of time separate from sound doctrine.

I. Calling into court the analogy of nature, what evidence do we get from its lips. The rule in nature is, that (while it may often happen that there may be found in one's orchard a tree with good roots and yet entirely destitute of fruit,) it never at all happens that there is found a tree with excellent fruit and yet entirely destitute of roots. Laying hold of this analogy, Arnot, thus pleasantly explodes the absurdity of divorcing dogma and duty: "A common street cry of the day is, 'Give us plenty of Charity, but none of your dogmas,' in other words, 'Give us plenty of sweet fruit, but don't bother us with your hidden mysteries about roots and grafting.' For our part we join heartily in the cry for more fruit; but we are not content to tie oranges with tape on dead branches lighted with small tapers, and dance around them on a winter evening. This may serve to amuse children, but we are grown men, and life is earnest. We, too, desire plenty of good fruit and therefore we busy ourselves in making the tree good, and then cherish its roots with all our means and all our might." No less happy, also, is Arnot—so much at home in all parables, similitudes and analogies drawn from nature—in exploding the fallacy embodied in the other maxim of this school of negative theology. "An ounce of Charity is worth a ton of doctrine." "This maxim" says Arnot, "is well constructed and its meaning is by no means obscure. If it were true I would have no fault to find with it . . . but it may be of use to express the same maxim in another form, lest any fallacy should be left lurking unobserved in its folds. 'A small stream flowing on the ground is worth acres of clouds careering in the sky.' In this form the maxim is arrant nonsense. Wanting clouds above us, there could be no streams, great or small, flowing at our feet; so, wanting dogma, that is doctrine revealed by God and received by man, there could be no

charity. They scorn dogma and laud charity: that is they vilify the clouds and sing pæans to running streams."

II. Calling into court the testimony of experience, as given in the records of our own times and the annals of the past, we find these undoubted historical facts following. We find that those countries that have been marked for their attachment to clear, definite doctrines, have also been marked for their pure morality and their severe public virtue. We find further in the same country, that the age that was most marked for its definite beliefs was also most marked for its palpable goodness. While Rome held to the grand doctrines of God's holiness and justice, embodied so magnificently in the old Greek drama, their public morals were clean and their public men were patriots; but when philosophic and religious scepticism came in, crying out that "an ounce of charity is worth a ton of doctrine," then came the decline of civil liberty, the corruption of morals and the destruction of the glorious republic. We find, yet again, in the same country and in the same age, that those men, such as the English Puritans, who held tenaciously definite doctrines in religion, were always on the side of catechisms and civil liberty, whereas the negative theologians of those days were just as invariably on the side of scepticism and the Stuarts. Who are the men and women in our own day that toil for the redemption of the outcasts of our cities, and for rescuing gutter children? Are they men and women without any definite belief—Socinians, Unitarians, Secularists—or are they people who hold, with a life grasp, the evangelical doctrine of man's lost condition by the fall, the doctrine of Christ's divine person, character and mission, the doctrine of the Spirit's personality and perpetual presence with Christ's people, the doctrine of future judgment, the doctrine of a future heaven of consummate and endless bliss, and the doctrine of a future hell of consummate and endless misery? Let the names of the men who stand out to-day as the foremost men in home missions and in foreign missions, in feeding the hungry, in clothing the naked, in visiting the prisons,—let these names be read out, and we shall find that these heroes and heroines all belong to various churches that hold definite Christian doc-

trines; there is not among them a single infidel, or sceptic, or secularist, or Socinian, or a theological negativist. This fact was stated publicly in regard to the city of London, recently by one of its Christian workers.

III. Calling into court the last and greatest of all the witnesses, the Word of God, what do we hear it saying to us? Listen to Moses the great lawgiver: "Now therefore, hearken, O Israel, unto the *statutes* and unto the *judgments* which I teach you . . . teach them to thy sons and thy son's sons." Listen to Joshua the brave soldier: "Behold this stone shall be a witness unto us for it hath heard all the *words* of the Lord which he spake unto us; it shall therefore be a witness unto you lest ye deny your God." Listen to Solomon, the prince of philosophers: "Hear ye children the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding, for I give you good *doctrine*, forsake ye not my *law*." How great a value Jesus Christ put on dogma is seen in the fervent and elevated commendation, at variance in some measure from his usual habit of calm speech, with which he met Peter's confession of faith, than which nothing more abstractly dogmatical can be found in the Westminster Confession. "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." "The divinity of Christ here confessed," remarks an eminent writer, "is a dogma; for that dogma Jesus witnessed, for that dogma Jesus died." In the spirit of his Master, we find Paul, attaching so much importance to doctrine, that as a general rule he devotes the first and longer portion of his epistles to doctrinal discussions, closing up with short practical precepts, founded on these fundamental doctrines. In the famous letter to the Roman Christians, eleven chapters are devoted to dogma. Having found in the dogma of justification by faith, with its kindred doctrines, solid ground for his feet, he bursts out into the exultant cry "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God" (i.e., O the depth and the riches of Christian dogma), and then passes on to inculcate the practical duties of religion. He like a wise master-builder first lays the foundation deep down in doctrine and then proceeds to build on the foundation the practical duties of every day life. Like a wise husbandman he is

careful, with great care over the roots of his vines, over the stock, over the soil, knowing right well that fruit, good fruit, much fruit will naturally and easily follow while the roots are kindly cared for and fed.

If doctrine is not of much consequence, why does Christ warn the church as earnestly against *false teachers* as he does against loose livers? In the very opening of Christ's ministry, he bids his church to "Take heed, and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees;" meaning not their leaven of bread, but their doctrine. Further, he says, "Take heed that no man deceive you; for many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ, and shall deceive many." "For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and they shall show signs and wonders, insomuch as, if it were possible, to deceive the very elect." With this corresponds the teaching of inspiration through the apostles:—"But there were false prophets among the people, even as there shall also be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction; and many shall follow their pernicious ways, by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of. And through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you." "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God, because many false prophets have gone out into the world." "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences, contrary to the doctrines which ye have learned, and avoid them." "For such are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ; and no marvel, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light, and therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as ministers of righteousness." "And that because of false brethren unawares brought in, to whom we gave place by subjection, no, not for an hour." "That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and the cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive." "Let no man deceive you with vain words." "Beware lest any man

spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit." "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times, some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy." "This know also, that in the last times, perilous times shall come; for men shall be lovers of their own selves, having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. Now as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so these also resist the truth; men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith." "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall heap to themselves teachers having itching ears."

"From a general view of the passages of Scripture above cited, we find it to be one of the great duties of the Christian life to keep the guards well mounted against the stealthy approach of *false doctrine*. To watch against *error* is as much a duty as to watch against *sin*. Indeed, it is the first in the order of duties; for error goes before sin, as the cause goes before the effect. And the occasions for watching against error are as numerous, and ever present, as the occasions for watching against sin. The one is sin entering the understanding, and the other is sin entering the heart. But both of these parts of the mind are equally busy, and equally susceptible."

This cry against dogma; against creeds, against confessions, is in germ and in spirit nothing else than *rationalism*. It begins by pointing out the abuses of cold abstract doctrines: its ultimate tendency is to do away with all doctrine, and to make man's mind the measure of the universe, and his reason the standard of all truth. It begins where Coleridge began, and Maurice and men of that school; it goes on to where Dean Stanley now stands, grasping the hand of Bunyan on one side and Spinoza on the other, as both equally right and both equally wrong; and it ends where the Protestanten-verein of Germany now stands, labouring to abolish the Apostles Creed as not in keeping with the spirit of the age. No, it does not end there. It ends, as we have said, where Strauss stood with the ancient sceptics, "Man the measure of the universe and reason the ultimate test of all knowledge, human and divine." All dogma gone and with it all Christian Charity.

Living Preachers.

FULNESS FOREVER.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forever more"—Ps. xvi. 11.

IN last Sabbath evening, brethren, I discoursed to you on the dark and awful subject of hell-torments. On the present occasion I wish, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to direct your thoughts to that celestial country where there shall be no more death, no more sorrow, no more crying, no more pain of any kind.

In my text we have a brief positive description of heavenly bliss. It is indeed a simple but beautiful description of heaven. It requires but a moment's glance at it to discover that it has four main features.

1. The first relates to the source of heavenly bliss. It has a divine origin. "*In thy presence,*" that is in the presence of God, "is fulness of joy." While an exile in Patmos, John saw in a vision of heaven the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." Up to that same source we must trace all the blessings we enjoy on earth. But these, at best, are but rills, sometimes only droppings from the fountain of life. When we shall get to heaven we shall drink from the fountain itself. Besides, these precious draughts come to us through a great variety of intervening channels which oftentimes attract our attention till we forget the fountain head. But in heaven all our bliss will come to us directly and immediately from God himself. Nothing will come between us and Him to hinder the fulness and constancy of our fellowship with Him. Oh, blessed thought! In heaven His servants shall see His face.

2. A second character of the heavenly bliss is its plenitude. "*In thy presence is fulness of joy.*" On earth our joys are only partial. There is always something wrong, something wanting, or something superfluous. There is always some fly to spoil the savor of the precious ointment. At one time we have not enough of the good our hearts so ardently crave. At another we have so much that it ceases, in our estimation, to be a good. Is it the weather? It is too hot or too cold; too dry or too rainy. Is it wealth? We have not enough, or we have so much that it has become a burden of care to us. Is it our friends? They neglect us; they don't come to see us so often as they ought; or they are so lavish in their attentions that they embarrass us, so that we wish they were

more sparing in the bestowal of their favors. So we are never satisfied. Our happiness is never complete. But when we get to heaven nothing will be lacking, we shall have of joys a boundless store—"Fulness of joy."

3. Another quality of the bliss of heaven is its variety. "At thy right hand there are pleasures." Here, even in the most delightful enjoyments our hearts crave variety. The sweetest music, whether vocal or instrumental, if heard incessantly for a single day would weary us. We soon become tired of the most eloquent and mellifluous speech, even when the theme is the most interesting and important. Even in the worship of God we must have variety, or we become oppressed with monotony. And, then, what one person feasts on often affords but little pleasure to another. Variety is a necessary ingredient in the cup of our earthly happiness. And I doubt not but it will be so in heaven. But there there is no monotony. Its bliss consists not of one pleasure but of pleasures—pleasures as varied as the capacities and tastes of the redeemed multitude out of all nations and ages. Like the Bible, which, while stating the self-same truth, is universal in its adaptation, the joys of heaven while flowing from only one source, will be infinite in their variety.

4. The fourth character of the bliss of heaven consists in its perpetuity. "At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Earthly enjoyments are fleeting as the moments of our sojourn here. They are like the flowers of the field—born only to bloom and die. Like the most beautiful and fragrant flowers, too, our most loved joys are often the most short-lived. While enjoying them we are sometimes made sad by the thought they cannot last long. But it is the crowning joy of heaven that on all its pleasures is written, in characters so large and luminous that the weakest eyes can read them, "forever." It has been well said by good old Thomas Brooks: "All earthly comforts and contents are but like a fair picture that is drawn upon ice, which continueth not, or like the morning cloud, that soon passeth away; but a believer's inheritance endureth forever. When this world shall be no more, when time shall be no more, the inheritance of the saints shall be fresh, flourishing, and continuing." It is the heaven of heaven, that its pleasures last forever. Oh, think of this, ye suffering, sorrowing, toiling people of God! A few days of looking up through eyes dimmed with tears and then to be forever where God himself shall wipe all tears from every eye. A few days of sickness, and then to enter into the enjoyment of eternal health. A few days of toil, and then to enter into that rest which remains for the people of God. A few days of exile, and then to enter into that home which Jesus has gone to prepare for us. Yes, only a few more days of

sorrow, and toil, and pain, and storm, and we shall be where all is calm, and peace, and rest, and joy, and sunshine *forever*.

Thus far, I have spoken only in a general way of the bliss of heaven. I will now endeavor to point out, briefly, a few of the specific ingredients of that divine, complete, varied, and everlasting happiness in which the redeemed shall participate in heaven.

I am aware that in the Bible we have but brief descriptions of heaven, and these are mostly given in negative terms. And I would not venture to speak positively on this subject of anything which God has not revealed in his word. But he has even upon these low grounds of sin and sorrow, given us foretastes of the bliss of the heavenly home. We often quote the words, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him," and we stop there; but the apostle says, "*But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit.*"

(a) One element of the bliss of heaven is the absence of sin. The evil fly which spoils the precious ointment at our richest feasts is sin. Even in our hours of most hallowed enjoyment we are made sad by the consciousness of sin that dwelleth in us. Job felt this so keenly that he cried, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." The Psalmist felt so powerfully the working of sin in him that we hear him beseeching God for mercy, saying, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." Paul was so oppressed with a sense of indwelling sin that he compared it to a dead and loathsome body attached to him. In an agony of spirit he exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

The experience of those holy men of olden times has been the experience of God's people all along the ages; and the nearer they have lived to God the keener have been those painful sensations. But in heaven we shall be perfectly free from sin. We shall know it no more, except in the joyful consciousness that it is separated from us forever. Into that holy city there shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth.

(b) Another ingredient in our heavenly happiness will be the consciousness of complete triumph over all our spiritual enemies. On earth the life of a Christian is a warfare. No one can enter the kingdom of heaven without arduous labor. It must be taken by force. We are at present in a world which lieth in wickedness. It is in the hands of the enemy; and if we ever reach the mansions of holiness and peace, it must be through tribulation and strife. Hence we are exhorted to "fight the

good fight of faith," to take to ourselves the whole armour of God, and to stand, having our loins girt about with truth. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, are enemies which make combined and constant efforts to recapture the city of Man-soul from which they have been expelled. And Christians must have on the heavenly armour, and in it defend and hold the fort. Nor can we make an exception of a single hour, even till the very last, when they may put the armour off. The battle is a life-long one; only at death does the warfare end. Then the enemy in vain fires his last arrow at the child of God. Then the heir of heaven lays down his implements of war, and takes up his crown of life and his palm of victory, and wears and waves them in everlasting triumph. Oh, blessed thought, in heaven there is no warfare! No foe shall ever enter in through its gates! Only the crowned victors of Christ's Sacramental host shall be found there.

(c) Another source of happiness in heaven will be society without corruption or imperfection. Our social pleasures are among the sweetest and most highly prized we know of on earth. The fellowship of kindred spirits here, is a foretaste of the fellowship of the redeemed in glory. But society here, even when it is the most select, is not perfect. We all have our infelicities of temperament and habit, for which we have to make mutual allowance. There are little jealousies and misunderstandings, too, which mar the happiness of society here. And there are busybodies and tale-bearers who sometimes separate chief friends. But in heaven there will be none of those weaknesses which here are the results of sin in us. There, there will be no ground for jealousies or suspicions. There will be no gossips to foment disputes among the inhabitants of the new Jerusalem. There shall in no wise enter into it any thing which maketh a lie.

A quaint old writer says, "Themistocles having a piece of ground to sell, appointed the crier to proclaim, that whoever would buy it should have a good neighbor. The saints in heaven shall be always sure of good neighborhood. They shall never want good company. In this world, Abraham and Lot must live asunder; but there they shall always live together. The cynic of old was fain to look for an honest man with a candle, because of the scarcity of them; but heaven shall be always full of such saints as shall always shine as so many stars, yea, as so many suns in glory."

(d.) Another element of the bliss of heaven, will, I think, be an accurate understanding of those providences of God which in this life are so perplexing to us. His dealings with us are often painful and mysterious.

What he does we know not now. We often find it hard to bow in submission, and say, "Thy will be done." But when from the heavenly home we come to look back upon the way by which the Father led us, it will be no grief of heart to us that he did not conduct us over a smoother pathway. As eternity shall roll on its endless ages we shall understand more and more fully that He did not put into our cup of sorrow one drop of bitterness more than was necessary. Here we see but darkly, as through a glass, but there we shall have perfect vision, and it will be seen that by means of all our afflictions, disappointments and trials, God was developing in us a true manhood, and working out for us an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

(e.) Again, in heaven there is activity without toil or weariness. In the Revelation we read, "And his servants shall serve him." The heavenly life will be a life of service. Service will be an important part of its blessedness. And from that service the redeemed cease not day nor night. Here, labour, which should be a blessing, has, by sin, become too often a burden. Besides, a considerable part of our time has to be spent in rest for the necessary recuperation of our system. If we tax either our physical or mental powers beyond certain limits which the Author of our being has fixed, they become impaired, and, finally, if the exhaustive toil be persevered in, break down. There is a constant wear and tear of both body and mind going on here which requires to be counteracted by rest. But in heaven we shall serve God without hindrance or exhaustion. To worship will be the constant and delightful habit of our souls. To comprehend more fully the perfections of his nature, and find out the magnitude and grandeur of his works, will be the delightful occupation of our minds along the ages of eternity. Thus shall we travel onward and upward in the path of eternal progress, becoming constantly more assimilated to that Infinite Being to whose perfections no creature can ever attain. And the consciousness of this growth in the volume of our being, as the result of untiring activity, will constantly enlarge the volume of our bliss in heaven.

(f.) Another factor in our heavenly bliss will be reunion with those we have loved on earth. Among the most painful experiences of this life must be reckoned the partings and separations which here take place between those whom the ties of nature or the accidents of life have endeared to each other. We meet, and learn to love, till the life of one becomes a part of the life of another, and then we are separated from each other, perhaps to meet no more in time. But when we shall meet our sainted friends at the family gathering in heaven, we shall exult in the precious

thought that we shall enjoy each other's society forever. And shall we not recognize each other there? I believe we shall. The laws of mental association, the benevolence of God, and the allusions of Scripture convince me that we shall. It is a sweet thought, that parents and children; brothers and sisters; wives and husbands; lovers and friends, now separated by death shall meet there, never to part again. The only real mitigation of the grief caused by the separations of earth is, that those that love the Lord Jesus shall all meet again, when the angel of death shall carry them over the mystic river which separates time from eternity. The separations which now are the occasion of so much sorrow, are but temporary; the reunion will be for eternity.

(g.) But the chief factor in the bliss of heaven will be, that there we shall be at home with Jesus. In His memorable prayer for his disciples a short time before His crucifixion he said, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." And the earnest desire of all true hearts is to be with him where he now is. And O, what a moment that will be when we shall look upon him who came all the way down from the throne of God to the manger, to the cross, and to the tomb to save us from our sins. But we cannot speak of it now; only let us think of it. How will our hearts then expand with the rapture of the hour, and with gratitude which, even in heaven, words will be insufficient to express.

Brethren I have now given you a brief outline of a few of the elements which will constitute the bliss of heaven; but time will not permit me to speak of them at length. Let us think of them till our hearts shall be so captivated by them that sin shall have no more dominion over us to bind and fetter them down to the earth. Let us think of them, till with holy Job we can say of this world, "I loathe it, I would not live always."

Poetry.

UNITY.

LIFE is not one grand, great act,
Age is not a pulse's beat,
Growth is not a sudden gain,
One lone ship is not a fleet.

Christ's first band of toiling ones
Could not say, His work is done;
Coming ages must pursue—
Must complete what they begun.

So His followers labor on,
Adding theirs to labor past,
God designs they all shall make
One blest workmanship at last.

No true effort can be spared,
Christ our Lord must claim them all,
Lest the beautiful fabric fall,
Lest the massive structure fall.

What disciple has not said,
Have I toiled the best I might?
Have I made the Master's cause
My chief service and delight?

By and by, in His own time,
When this work is fully wrought,
What an honor then to say,
God has used the mite I brought.

—P.E.F.

THANKFULNESS AND MURMURING.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied?
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

—Archbishop Trench.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."
—Dan. xii. 13.

WEARIED and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptur'd sight, a glorious vision rose:
I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance fill'd my room.

A gentle touch awaken'd me—a gentle whisper said:
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and thro' the air we fled.
We left the earth, so far away that like a speck it seem'd,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway stream'd.

Still on we went,—my soul was wrapt in silent ecstasy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journey'd thro' the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and *I was clothed in white.*

We stood before a city's walls most glorious to behold;
We pass'd thro' gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
It need not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music fill'd the air,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns, from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the *g*—*v* His alone."

But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed, he smiled on me with wondrous love and grace,
Lowly I bowed before His throne, u'erjoy'd that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes: that earth at length was past.

And then in solemn tones He said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorn'd with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on me, and life thro' me is thine,
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?"

Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow?
For every soul they led to Me they wear a jewel now!
And such thy bright reward had been if such had been thy *deed*,
If thou hadst sought some wand'ring feet in path of peace to lead.

I did not mean that thou should'st tread the way of life *alone*
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone,
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest.

* * * * *

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I fear'd to break,
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit fell o'erwhelm'd beneath that vision's awful might.

I rose and wept with chasten'd joy that yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be:
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me!"
And graven on my inmost soul, this word of truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars shall shine."

A MOTHER'S FACE.

BY W. POOLE BALFERN.

A MOTHER'S face! it may be plain
And deeply marked by care,
And sorrow may have ploughed her lines
In deep, rude furrows there.

But still more bright than light of day,
Or youth's own bloom and grace,
Beams gently on the true, brave heart,
A mother's homely face.

Time may have changed the locks to gray,
Erst like the raven's wing;
The eyes no more with genius flash,
Or light of love's own spring.

The face once bright is pale and wan,
And oft suffused with tears;
But in the light of love's own eye,
What beauty still it wears!

Oh! silent lines of thought and care,
How eloquent ye preach
Of long, sad vigils, patient love!
Your praise what words can reach?

Oh! may such love ne'er lose its bloom,
Beneath neglect's cold blight;
This love which 'neath grief's cold, dark wing,
Shines like a star at night.

Oh! as with joy the sleepless eye,
The break of day doth trace,
So may our hearts with faithful love,
Dwell on "a mother's face!"

Christian Thought.

[The addresses this summer, to the graduating students of Yale College, Dartmouth College, New York College, Amherst College, and University of Vermont, are all very note-worthy, not only because of the speakers, eminent men all of them, but because of the subjects, and the adaptation of these subjects to the position, prospects and surroundings of the young men going forth from the seminaries of learning to the duties and realities of life.]

THE NECESSITY OF FAITH TO THE SCHOLAR.

BY PRESIDENT PORTER, YALE COLLEGE.



HERETO you have looked out upon this world through the loopholes of this sequestered retreat, not unaware, indeed of the great movements without, and responding to them somewhat with a scholar's sensitive sympathy. But however quick and responsive has been this sympathy, it is one thing to gaze at a conflict from a distant height and another to go single-handed into the contest, man against man. You have also been more occupied with the discipline and excitements of your college life than with the formation of a definite theory of life, and yet each one of you has been maturing such a theory, consciously or unconsciously, and is just going forth to apply it in action. It is at this moment, just as you are awaking to the conviction that you must have a theory, and are asking yourselves what it is, that in almost the last words of counsel and friendship which I shall speak to you, I have endeavoured to indicate the place which intelligent and earnest Christian faith should hold in your theory of manhood and action. It would not be strange, if, in these days of flippant dogmatism in philosophy and Bohemian conceit in literature, the faith of some of you were unsettled, and the high and fervent enthusiasm of some who believe were lowered. Of one thing be assured, that no calamity can befall a scholar so serious as a loss of personal faith in the living God and the Christ who has inspired all that we most value in the sentiment of modern literature and modern life. If a man must struggle with modern doubt, let him struggle alone and with a manly and earnest spirit, as a drowning man struggles for a firm standing place. Avoid, as the breath of the pestilence, the sneering or confident assumption that faith in eternal and sacred verity—nay, rather in living persons and supernatural revelations—must give way before the superior light of modern thinking, and with it must go the cheerful hope of an immortal life. The assertion is false. While

modern thinking in narrow fields may shut up some of its devotees to conclusions as positive as they are narrow, it more certainly than ever, when prosecuted in a liberal spirit, opens the mind to vistas of thought in every direction, which lead the soul to a personal God who is personally interested in man. Avoid, as still more dangerous, the impression that an unsettled faith or cherished dalliance with one's religious convictions is a sign of intellectual courage or strength. Unbelief is quite as often cowardly as it is brave. It hesitates often because its "dare not" waits upon its "would." Nothing can possibly be more injurious to the intellect than a prolonged hesitation to face questions of this sort, and to settle them in a manly spirit. Nothing can be more unmanly than to play hide-and-seek with arguments for and against the most important verities, or more servile than to wait for new revelations from some idolized leader of opinion. Nothing can be worse for the heart of the scholar than the withdrawal from the heavens of the living God, and the banishment from the earth of the Christ who blessed and redeemed it; for when God and Christ depart from the faith of the thinker, his tenderness for man, his hope for man, his faith in man, and his patience with man, are likely to follow sooner or later. Even his sensibility to culture will soon become less and less refined or less and less satisfying. Nothing can be worse for the conscience than that the magnetic presence of God should cease to enforce its often feeble and vacillating commands. Nothing can be more harmful to the life of a man of intellectual consistency than that faith should wholly die out of it and cease to be the spring of its activities, its joys and hopes. And as for the community, one shudders with not unreasonable horror at the very thought of what will come if the atheistic theories with which the thinker of these days beguiles his readers or amuses himself, are once put in practice by the men of labour and of action. The least we can say is that what seems as harmless as the Summer lightning when manipulated in the brilliant experiments of the teacher, may rend and consume the social structure which the faith of generations has reared and sustained.

I exhort you, therefore, to prize most highly and to seek most earnestly a living faith. No man can give it you. Each must find it for himself. No man can impose it on you. We would not, if we could, have dominion over this faith. But God can help you if you prize the gift enough to ask him earnestly and continuously for his blessing in this, the most important interest of your life. Cherish what faith you have, not in a spirit of blindness, or servility, or bigotry, or sectarian narrowness, but with open-eyed candour, with manly self-reliance, with catholic lib-

erality, accept what truth God reveals to you and translate it into your life. Let your faith in truth become fidelity to duty. Let your obedience to conscience become allegiance to God. At a time when to doubt is so much the fashion, and so many men of culture in consequence are

"As sad as night
Only for wantonness,"

do you dare to be what you believe, in purpose, in feeling, and in action. Let this be said of each of you :

"Among the faithless faithful only he,
Among innumerable false unmoved,
Unshaken, unsilenced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal."

BELIEF IN CHRIST.

BY REV. L. D. BEVAN, D.D., COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

There were some few questions which he would have young men in their position think of, not hastily or with excitement, but calmly, quietly, and soberly. He would premise by a word of encouragement—"don't be afraid to think." In old times it was the custom to keep youth away from these pressing questions, and restrict them to a narrow range of thought, of feeling, and of sympathy. But that, he said, would not be his counsel. The first question he asked them to take into consideration was whether their consciousness did not suggest a personality besides their own from which all things arose. One could see all the forces of nature moving in proper harmony, and the question which naturally arose was, "Who does all this?" not "What does all this?" There was a personality which did it, a supreme, almighty Being whom we called God. This answer was given to every one by the interrogation of his own consciousness. Another question for consideration was whether one's consciousness did not reveal a system of obligation suggesting moral relations to this Being. There was not a single person in the world to whom one had not obligations, and everybody had obligations to him in return. If there was a God, the system of obligation existed between Him and man, who was thus brought into relation with the Divine Being. Those relations were what we called His moral government. The next question which arose was whether God would not reveal Himself. If man was related to God by moral ties, there was no reason to doubt that God would reveal Himself to man. There appeared to be nothing more natural than

this, and the next suggestion to consider was whether that revelation would not be made in an order of development. It was well known that everything man learned came of development—the little growing into much, and the much into more. In the same way it was natural to suppose that God's revelation of himself would be also in an order of development. Again, the preacher asked consideration for the question whether it was not natural to suppose that God would make manifestation of Himself to some special people or some particular class, as, for instance, through the priesthood, and lastly, he discussed the suggestion whether the final revelation must not be the manifestation of God and man in the highest and most perfect form. Without touching on theological ground, men, he said, believed in Christ because He was a necessity of their souls.

SELF RENUNCIATION IN LIFE.

BY PRESIDENT BARTLETT, DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

Many a man would pay something, perhaps much, for heaven, who will give nothing to God, much less surrender the control of his heart and life to Christ. Here comes the conflict and the dead-lock, for Christ says: "Let him deny himself, take up his cross, follow me, and be willing to lose his life for my sake." The demand of Christ is thus not merely for certain occasional acts of restraint upon our inclinations, but for a self-renunciation, which involves the unconditional surrender of all to our God and Saviour; and, in other words, consists in the absolute enthronement of obedience, of duty, over the life and all its purposes, interests, schemes, hopes, and loves. Such a self-renunciation lies at the foundation of the highest well-being, alike of blessedness and holiness. The indications of this law of happiness lie along the whole sphere of human life, from the bottom to the top of the scale. Beginning first far below the line of religion, we find that not self-indulgence but self-control is the great settled law of nature—of human nature. We are on every side conditioned and limited and compelled to hold ourselves perpetually in check. Complete self-indulgence becomes ruin and misery. Even the gratification of the senses, the happiness of our sexual relations, all the pleasures of a sound mind in a sound body, and all the pleasures that life holds out, are gained and held in the tenure of perpetual vigilance and restraint. Rising to a higher point, though still below the level of religion, we find, secondly, that self-forgetfulness is in general the condition of the higher emotions

of joy. All the nobler species of happiness come confessedly from actions which are furthest removed from any selfish reference. The periods of our lives most delightful in action and recollection are those in which we have most wholly gone out of ourselves and lived for others. It is what we have done for their welfare—it may be to save their lives at our own cost and even peril—these are the deeds we never forget. There are friends whom it is a greater joy to please than to gratify ourselves. In social intercourse and family life the happy man is he who forgets himself and is interested in others. The man who rises highest in his pursuits is he who seeks excellence itself and not reputation, and the secret of many a low and many a miserable life is the absorption of the man in his own wants, trials, cares, character, and prospects. But thirdly, we find by all experience, as well as from the known laws of our beings, that it is impossible for us to live in permanent peace and actual love, in conflict with the great law of duty. God has so made us that we must be at unrest within ourselves, so long as the passions and the will are contending with the law of reason and conscience and the imperishable claims of the Eternal God. "There is no peace to the wicked." No more is the outward world adjusted to the attempt to live for ourselves. Life, then, must become a scene of growing conflict with men and events till the very elements seem to fight against us. Cæsar and Napoleon must be stranded at last. A thoroughly self-seeking, selfish life must inevitably be filled brimful with chafings, frictions, discontentments, struggles, collisions, bitterness, and disappointments, whereas some of the most blessed lives on record were carried on under circumstances of self-denial which, to the man of the world, would seem to be the grave of all joy. But the theme rises to a still greater height. The spirit of self-renunciation lies at the foundation of true holiness. "Not my will, but Thine, be done" is the language of a child of God. We are Christians only so far as we cease to be self-willed and selfish, and he who rightly takes upon him the vows of God offers himself without reserve, bargain, or condition, to the will of the Master. So it has been from that first call by the Sea of Galilee—"Rise and follow me," when the disciples "immediately left all and followed Him." Profoundly searching and radical as is the claim "whosoever will save his life shall lose it," yet human souls have sounded that depth. Not alone Paul could declare, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself," but many a weaker soul has been enabled to say, "The way before me seems dark and thorny; I cannot see through; but I hear the voice of my Shepherd; I will arise and go whithersoever He leadeth;" and this was the token that the mind

which was in Christ was also in them. Duty will suffer no rival. "Even let the dead bury their dead." See then the fatal folly as well as the guilt of supreme self-seeking. It is the silly child that grasps all and gets none. It chases from flower to flower the beauteous-winged heavenly creature, and forever frightens it away or crushes it with eager clutch. The sublime and unique record of Christ is this, that "He pleased not Himself." Ask not for the path of ease, but for the way of obedience.

RELATION OF CHRISTIANITY TO INDUSTRY.

BY REV. A. J. BEHREND, AMHERST COLLEGE.

"The same human nature is in both the savage and the civilized man, but while the one eats and drinks and sleeps with little more labour and forethought than the brutes around him, the other is subjecting nature everywhere to his use, and fills the earth and covers the sea with the triumphs of his busy industry. What makes the difference? Why, with the same constitutional nature, on the one hand the life of a savage and on the other that of a civilized man? Civilization is not the product, it is the creator of all these wants and industries which mark its progress. These looms and spindles and varied enginery of our invention; these farms and schools and homes of cultivated life; these marts of trade; these palaces of art and temples of worship, do not constitute our culture. They are its creation, and would cease to be if it should cease.

"It is not human wants, therefore, which incite to human industry, nor is it any experience of these wants gratified which can keep the wheels of labour moving after they have once been started. A spiritual life must first penetrate and clothe and crown the natural life in man, or man remains immersed in nature, never rising above it, never gaining any mastery over it, moving in and by its currents, and never seeking to control or change them, with no more progress than the brutes possess, and making no more efforts to improve his state than do the beasts that perish. It is very easy to see that the great industrial activity so characteristic of American and European life at the present time grows out of influences started by the great reformation in the sixteenth century, but this fact is far from being accidental. It has always been true that any wide-reaching religious movement has had direct effects upon the industrial life of the people where it prevailed. Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come.

*KNOWLEDGE AS DISTINGUISHED FROM OPINION
IN RELIGION.*

BY PRESIDENT BUCKHAM, UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.

The nature of man craves knowledge on all subjects which concern him. The promise of it draws crowds to the side of the man reputed wise. In religion, especially, men want something more conclusive than the opinion of any man, or any number of men. Is knowledge, in distinction from opinion, attainable in religion? In some former ages the answer to this question was an undoubting "yes." Our age inclines to say "no." A large part of the religious teaching of the times hesitates between opposite opinions, leaving the two in equipoise, or giving the preference with feeble indecisiveness. But the Scriptures assume to impart knowledge. They do not give evidence on one side, and the other, and leave us to find the truth; they decide all these questions for us. Can God forgive sins? There are reasons for and against this belief. The New Testament does not discuss this question, but tells us with simple conclusiveness that Christ said to a man, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." The Scriptures are a source of knowledge, or they are nothing; a spurious will is of no help in settling disputed claims. If, then, the Scriptures, supplemented by other modes of revelation, afford knowledge, what is the kind and what the extent of the knowledge they afford? The answer—the sufficient answer—is, they communicate the knowledge of God. Obscure and profound in a speculative sense as the knowledge is, it is yet in a practical sense the most universal and accessible of all knowledges. To know God is the birthright of man. If he lose this priceless possession, it is because he does "not like to retain God in his knowledge." All knowledge of things as they are connects them with God, and with this connection all knowledge becomes religious knowledge. "We know all things," said Malebranche, "in God." But we know God not by inference and abstraction, but as a person knows a person, by communion, by sympathy, by love. And we know him best in knowing Jesus Christ, who is the image of the invisible God—God manifest in the flesh. And of all beings Jesus Christ is the most knowable, the easiest to appreciate, the hardest to misconceive. No historic character has an individuality so marked and so easily seized upon. When men complain of the difficulty and uncertainty of religious knowledge, Christ might now address to them that most touching rebuke of Philip: "Have I been so long time with you, and yet have you not known me?" Finally, consider

the effect of this certainty of knowledge on character. It gives, first, Peace. The Apostle was in trouble, but he knew in whom he believed, and his voice rings out in tones of confidence and triumph. Woe unto the man who sees the wave of evil coming on him, and who finds, where religious confidence should be, only a hypothesis, or an honest doubt! Secondly, Power. The world recognizes as its masters the men who speak to them neither with the feeble quaver of doubt, nor with the repellent harshness of dogmatism, but in the resonant and bracing tones of the true Evangelist, who knows in whom he believes. The address to the graduating class was an exhortation to beware of the insidious indifference of the day, and to get that sure and saving knowledge which consists in knowing God through Jesus Christ.

Christian Life.

DR. PHILIP P. CARPENTER.



EW men have lived such useful and influential lives as did the late Dr. Carpenter; and very, very few indeed possessed the secret of accomplishing so much as he without themselves coming prominently before the public. His life was entirely an unselfish one; his aim the accomplishment of good and the securing the greater happiness and usefulness of his fellow-man. Dr. Carpenter was born in Bristol, England, on November 4th, 1819. His father was Dr. Lant Carpenter; his brother Dr. William B. Carpenter, the eminent physiologist; and his sister, Mary Carpenter, the eminent philanthropist, well-known for her efforts to educate women in India. Like them the late Dr. Carpenter possessed in a high degree those qualities which would have enabled him to have made his name an illustrious one, had he not preferred to remain in comparative obscurity, believing that thereby the ends he worked for would be the more surely accomplished. He was educated at Bristol and at the University of Edinburgh, and subsequently studied in a theological institution in the North of England. His first ministerial appointment was at Stand, near Manchester, and his second and last at Warrington. In both of these places he was universally respected for his ability and general character. He was a leader of the people in everything that was good, and his philanthropy knew no

bounds. He was widely known among all classes, having earned the distinction of being popularly designated without title by his simple Christian name, Philip Carpenter. To give employment to, and to teach the youthful poor, he set up a printing press, the products of which would make a most interesting volume. From it were issued in rapid succession tracts with startling headings, and posters calling upon the workmen to unite in some good purpose, others containing startling denunciations of crime and vice, and hand-bills, giving directions how to prevent the ravages of fever, cholera and epidemic diseases, in which cleanliness, ventilation and temperance were set forth. In one of the latter we find the following reference to Montreal: "Out of 12,000 cases of cholera not a drunkard who had been attacked recovered, and all the victims were at least moderate drinkers." Amongst the posters issued at this time is one addressed to the unknown person who robbed his premises, whom he forgives, and invites to call on him. There is no record as to whether his frank kindness was reciprocated by the thief. There are also receipts for cheap bread, and numerous addresses by mythical but very influential personages, such as Messrs. Death & Co., wholesale and retail dealers in intoxicating liquors.

The city politics, or questions involving the welfare of the inhabitants, did not escape his notice, as a circular, from which the following quotation is taken, indicates:—

"FAIR PLAY."

"TO THE PEOPLE OF WARRINGTON."

"MY FRIENDS,—Those who expected you to vote for giving up a footpath have been disappointed, and will not again attempt the course. You confirmed your rights, but you also confirmed the opinion of those who think that working people will not listen to argument. When you would not hear Ald. McMinnis on the one side of the question, I would not speak on the other, though the Mayor courteously gave me an opportunity. Your noise last night was not drunken clamor—it was earnest feeling; but noise is not argument."

The circular then goes on to say that they had much still to do; they would have to meet against Sunday drinking, for ragged schools, and perhaps for a new museum, and concludes: "Let us conquer our own bad passions, as well as those who oppose us." During his residence in Warrington, he attended the Peace Congress, held in Paris about twenty-five years ago, and took an earnest part in all its proceedings.

Such an amount of work as he accomplished could not have been done without earnest application and untiring industry. It was said of him that his work was that of four ordinary men. His own view was that he did what one ordinary man should do, while the four would do but one quarter what they could. He says:

“ ‘There’s time enough yet,’ says the sluggard, as he opens one eye, and shuts it again at once. He finishes his dream; and then is hurried for the rest of the day.

God gives time enough for all persons to do all the work he requires; just as he gives fresh air for us to breathe. Only he does not give us any time to spare. Time to use in abundance; but none to lose, or waste. Time to save, but none to lay by.

Man spoils God’s fresh air, and then it poisons us. So we spoil God’s useful time, by mixing it with poisonous thoughts and deeds. Then our souls lose their energy, sicken and perish.

Some people hate time so much that they want to *kill* their unoffending companion. They are like the great drunken Alexander, who killed his best friend. They are intoxicated with the spirit of *business*, and murder the very opportunities of life and happiness.

When a man spends money we ask him what he has got for it; and if he has nothing good to show we call him a spendthrift. So when we spend time we should have something good to show for it.”

In his mode of imparting instruction he appears to have closely followed the plan of Benjamin Franklin, with this very great difference, that the thoughts of the latter did not extend far beyond making money, while Dr. Carpenter began where Franklin left off; he made money conduce to the elevation of character, and endeavoured to make every one more worthy of himself and more fit for eternity.

Amongst his other subjects of thought and study in Warrington was natural history, especially of the Molluscs, and he prepared an elaborate report on the “Mollusca of the West coast of North America” for the British Association, and a catalogue of the “Mazatlan Shells,” in 500 pages, for the British Museum, and presented to the latter his magnificent collection of these shells (consisting of 8,873 specimens, mounted on 2,590 tablets), all determined and many of them described by himself.

He visited America in 1859, and for some time was engaged in arranging and determining collections of shells presented to the Smithsonian Institute and other public institutions. The following year he married Miss Mirna Meyer, of Hamburg, a lady who has proved a help-meet in all the work of his life, and who survives him.

While in America he appears to have resolved to reside there, and decided on Montreal, whose natural beauty he was never tired of praising. Notwithstanding this, he recognized its need of sanitary reform, discovering that character for which it has since established an unenviable reputation, being one of the most unnecessarily unhealthy cities in the civilized world; and determined to devote the principal portion of his remaining life to its service, and to the promotion of the system of half-day schools. In 1865 he removed to Montreal. His departure from England

was much regretted, and he was the recipient of many testimonials of warm regard from various philanthropic and reform societies.

Shortly after his arrival here, by the failure of an English bank, to which his moderate competence had been entrusted, he felt himself necessitated to devote a portion of his time to remunerative work, and selected the teaching of boys, for which he was in a remarkable manner adapted.

Several institutions urged him to abandon his teaching, and enter on some line of scientific work, which they considered more suitable to his powers, but he always refused them. His scientific work was ever a labor of love. Several years ago he presented his general collection of shells to McGill University, stipulating that it should be preserved as a separate collection; should be always, under proper conditions, accessible to students; should be arranged by himself, and should be preserved in a fire-proof room. These conditions the University has carried out on its part, though the arrangement of the collection, to which a vast amount of time and labour has been given by Dr. Carpenter within the last ten years, is not yet completed.

With the highest scientific work, with the general work of prohibition and temperance reform, with unceasing and untiring efforts to move the uncomplaining and long suffering people of Montreal to accomplish sanitary ameliorations, with his irrepressible urgency in the line of temperance reform, with private and wide extended philanthropic work, with his school limited to twenty-one boys, whose education was a matter of conscience, with his Sunday School, with numberless minor duties which he carried to their legitimate results and never left at "loose ends," he was always busy; but he ever had time to spend in social intercourse and his home duties. It may have been from the abnormal excitement caused by an overworked brain, or from the sharp manner of one always in earnest, that those who knew him little regarded him as harsh or impracticable; but many have lost in him not only a dear friend but one whose companionship was a constant lesson on the high destiny of the human soul. It is said of him that "he could not meet a boy in the street without giving him a loving look," and one now in an honourable and responsible position, who was raised, and made a man by his efforts, writes of him after his death: "Our Father has been called away, it seems to us, before his work was finished; but it never would have been finished so long as sin and misery dwell on earth." His death was peaceful and triumphant. The name of the Lord Jesus was his constant delight. The heavens seemed to open to him, and he pointed to a scene of glory which appeared to be

already present to him. Passionate affection was manifested towards those who surrounded him. His life-long enmity to alcohol, was illustrated when the physician commanded him to take a carefully measured and minute dose of wine, "not as a drink, but as a poison." When the glass was put into his hand, he held it before him and solemnly said: "Behold we bend our proud wills to Thy decree," and then drank it.

His end was very peaceful; almost his closing words were a warm farewell to the minister who prayed with him, after uniting with those who around his bed, besought God on his behalf.—*Witness.*

Christian Work.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

BY THE EDITOR.



HERE is, perhaps, no country in the world, not excepting Spain, where the Church of Rome possesses such wealth, power, and influence, as in the Province of Quebec. After one has travelled through that province, visited its cities and rural districts, seen its churches, colleges, convents and schools, he is quite ready to concur in the conclusion announced by Mr. Court of Montreal, in the General Assembly at Halifax, as the result of thirty years' experience, viz., this conclusion, that it is not by human might or power that this church is to be driven from its stronghold, but by the Spirit of God. So much the more is there cause of hope.

Were the countries of Europe not in as hopeless a condition of darkness, confusion, and bondage before the Reformation, as is Quebec to-day? Yet the Spirit of God moved on the face of the land, and suddenly there came light and gladsome liberty to northern and western Europe. In his cradle there may lie to-day, in some obscure township, listening to the sweet Christian lullaby of his pious mother, the future Luther of Canada. But these are secret matters that belong to God; to us belongs present and pressing duty. In what direction therefore does duty point?

1. Let there be schools opened in the villages of Quebec, giving the very best secular and religious education in French and English that can be got anywhere. This was the way Dr. Duff began his attack on Hindooism in India; and we know what these Christian Schools have done

to revolutionize the rising race in the various Indian presidencies. Schools such as that at Pointe aux Trembles should be multiplied a hundred fold. The young French Canadians are beginning to see that a good English education is necessary for a man to get along on this continent. Let that feeling be encouraged, and let the want be supplied, and the flower of the Canadian youth would crowd into first-class English schools, were they to be found cheap and convenient, in spite of the bann of the priesthood. Let the French youth learn to read and speak English, and the present absolute dominion of the priest will be shaken to its foundation. But, let a good religious education be conjoined with the secular education and the triumph of truth in the Province of Quebec will be secured, humanly speaking, in another generation.

2. Let the Colporteur scatter persistently the printed page, and let him incessantly batter by single and repeated strokes the fabric of superstition, by talking to men and women one by one. There must be an advantage in thus making the attack individually; for, I have read somewhere in the directions given by a large American publishing firm to its canvassing agents this direction—"Never canvass where there is a lot of people together; but always take men individually." The rapid spread of Christianity in its early stages was owing largely to a species of colportage, wherein men and women carried from ear to ear the wonderful story of the cross, and from house to house copies of Christian books.

3. Let pastors, speaking English and French, be settled over English congregations, and thus let each English Protestant congregation be a nucleus for French work. When a minister settles in a French village as a pastor, say even of half a dozen families of English Protestants, he arrives there and settles down with certain rights, and dignities, which even the priesthood cannot deny. He has a fulcrum for his lever in his English congregation, and by it he could if gifted, in the French tongue, work with power on the French people. Thus the pastor would gather into unity, organization, and safety, the result of the work both of the teacher and colporteur, and congregations, centres of light, might be formed at almost every station on the Intercolonial Railway, and every village on the St. Lawrence River.

4. It might be necessary at this present juncture to appoint French ministers as superintendents of groups of counties very much after the manner of the superintendents appointed by the Scotch Church in the days of John Knox. In the meantime, till our own young French pastors have gained experience it might be wise to send to the Free Reformed Church of France for one of its best and most experienced pastors, (say

one of the Monods), or to send to Switzerland (say for pastor Godet), to take office as the first superintendent, a kind of temporary French bishop with limited power, to give all his time to organizing and supervising French, or French-English congregations and mission stations.

It is only by a broad view of the whole field, and the forces at work therein, by thorough-going agencies, from the colporteur up to the bishop (Scriptural not prelatie), by zeal, by money, by watchfulness, by self-denial—it is only thus the work of converting to Christ the Province of Quebec can go on. To be content with any thingless is only trifling with one of the gravest problems that ever come up for solution in this North American continent since Jacques Cartier erected on its shore the Latin cross bearing on top the lily of France.

That our readers may see the beginning that has been made, and the difficulties to be encountered, let them ponder well one section (that bearing on Quebec), from the Report of the Board of French Evangelization now lying on our table:—

“It is gratifying to be able to report that there is now a French congregation in connection with our own Church in this stronghold of Romanism. The congregation was formerly connected with the “*Synod des Eglises Evangeliques.*” In the end of last summer the people, along with their minister—Rev. L. Langel—applied to be taken under the care of the Board. The application was granted, and the chairman visited Quebec in October and completed arrangements for the transfer of the mission. The English friends in Quebec have organized a local committee, and guaranteed the salary of the missionary to the amount of \$600 per annum, the balance (\$400) being met by the funds of the Board. A beautiful and commodious church edifice, erected at a cost of upwards of \$8,000, was completed in the early part of the winter, and opened under encouraging circumstances in the month of November. The entire expense of the building has thus far been defrayed by the Quebec friends, there only remaining a debt of about \$1,300 upon it. The site selected is most advantageous, and the opening of the church—the *first and only French Protestant Church in the city*—marks an epoch in the history of French Evangelization in the ancient capital of Quebec. Mr. Langel having received and accepted a call to Switzerland, his place has been supplied by the appointment temporarily, of the Rev. B. Ouriere, a gentleman thoroughly qualified in every respect for so important a field. Mr. Ouriere entered upon his duties there in the beginning of May. He reports a membership of thirty. Services are held regularly in the morning and evening of every Lord’s Day, the attendance varying from forty to seventy, including a few Roman Catholics at nearly every service. The city is almost wholly under the control of the priests, the entire Protestant population numbering in 1871 but 7,000, whereas there are upwards of 52,000 Roman Catholics. In such a field, the work necessarily is uphill, requiring strong faith on the part of the missionary and his little band of devoted followers. To the eyes of sense it would seem utterly futile to labor with any hope of success among a people so fanatic and priest-ridden, but there is nothing too hard for the Lord, and with all its discouragements, there are not wanting indications of better days to come in this Popish stronghold. The organization of a Protestant Defence Alliance, or some similar society, for the protection of con-

verts from the power of Romanism, would probably tend to advance the interests of the work, and the establishment of a good primary and high school for French Protestants would prove of decided advantage—a boon which it is hoped will soon be supplied.”

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE IN CANADA.

Vice-Chancellor Blake, recently in Toronto, at the annual meeting of the “Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society,” gave utterance to honest and weighty counsel on the subject of Christian literature, which ought to be well pondered by our readers, both on account of the position of the speaker, and the importance of the subject.

“He would like to suggest one reason why it was peculiarly their duty to aid this Society. It appeared to him that at no time had the printing press been so busy as at the present, and it was teeming with publications issued for the promotion of infidelity and licentiousness; and in our own city one had only to walk down Yonge and Queen streets and notice the class of literature shown in the shop windows, and the eager way in which it was scanned by our young men and women, to judge of the terrible results that must ensue unless the attention of the people could be diverted from this class of literature to another. The whole country referred with pride to its educational establishments, but it was to be marked that as we gave our young people a thirst for reading, the great responsibility devolved upon us to satisfy this thirst by supplying a pure kind of literature. A large proportion of the reading matter found in the drawing room was of a character that could not be given as a public piece of reading without bringing the flush of shame to the face. So far as this class of literature was concerned, the moral conveyed was bad, the plot was bad, and the 6th, 7th, and 8th commandments seemed to be held forth as rules which this world was perfectly justified in breaking. This pernicious food was supplied to our young people, and also to our older friends. The object of this society was to provide a means of counteracting this influence. The taste for reading has been aroused, and it must be satisfied or diverted. The parent Society at home brought into existence a class of literature which resulted in many valuable books for the young and afforded as cheerful and pleasant reading as it was possible to give any person, unless the taste had become vitiated and destroyed by the abominable garbage which was served up to professed Christians. Thanks to the Tract Society, there was now a large amount of first-class literature in existence, and that was one reason why they should endeavour to do all they could to further its work.”

As a specimen of the “abominable garbage,” of which the Vice-Chancellor speaks above, I give here the opening sentences of a story called “*Helen Eyre*,” contained in a pretty volume which I found on the centre-table of a sitting room in a Christian household containing several young readers.

“In a beautiful town in the south of Scotland, etc., etc., resided for one year an English officer of cavalry, and a young and lovely woman who was—not his wife. He was the youngest son of a noble family, and, with some of the vices, possessed many of the virtues of his profession. That he

was of weak principles, he showed by having attached to him, by the tenderest ties, one who, till she had known him, had been innocent, happy, and respected. That he was not a man of bad principles, he showed by an attention to her as gentle, refined, and constant as ever husband paid to wife. She was his mistress, conscious of her own affection, fidelity, and, but for him, innocence, . . . and while she prayed to God for forgiveness, she also prayed, that when she died, her head might be lying on his guilty, but affectionate bosom."

The hero of the story is, we see, an English officer, who has succeeded in seducing and degrading to the position of a "mistress" a lovely young woman who, till she knew him, was "innocent, happy, and respected." It is surely bad enough to have such a man for a hero, but what shall we think, for a Christian household, of a book that tells us that this seducer was "*not a man of bad principles.*" And, again, what a horrible caricature of evangelical religion, to tell us that while this guilty woman prayed to God for forgiveness, she prayed that "*when she died her head might be lying on his guilty, but affectionate bosom.*" That is simply a specimen of the book, its first page. What must the rest be?

Richard Baxter tells us that for his conversion he was indebted to good books. How many, treading the paths of licentiousness and crime, could tell us that their ruin was caused by bad books. Parents bar their doors against the robber; they look after drainage; they keep at bay by cleanliness the armies of insects that threaten our homes in summer; they would speedily extirpate a snake found lurking under the sofa in the sitting-room; but they allow books, such as the above, containing poison for the immortal spirit, to enter their homes and lie openly on tables; their children are bitten, they backslide from the ways of God, they fall into bad company and bad ways, and the parents do not consider how far the books that were openly and secretly read, have contributed to woeful issues that hasten parental heads prematurely grey with sorrow to the grave.

Christian Miscellany.

"FIX YOUR EYE ON THE STAR."



SOME years ago, a mechanic, who was working on a slave plantation, told one of the slaves that if he would travel in the direction of the north star, he would get away from slavery and be free. The star was pointed out to him, and as soon as a favourable opportunity presented itself, he left the home of bondage and fled in the direction of the star. In doing so, he could travel only by night, not only because the star was not visible by day, but also for fear of being taken and led back to his oppressor.

No one can tell what he endured, both from hunger and from fear; and well might he fear; the pursuers were after him; he was taken and led back again; and for attempting to steal himself, he received six hundred lashes on his bare body. From his feet to his head, he was full of wounds and bruises. Yet he did not forget the star, nor the direction given, and, after a while, though crippled for life by the flogging, he again ran and this time successfully. He reached a free State, and for several years has been a worthy member of a colored church in the city of Racine, Winconsin. Here were slavery, galling bondage, and a way of escape made known. The directions given were believed and acted upon; at first a failure and increased suffering. But faith laid hold on the word that had been spoken. Hope became as an anchor to the soul. Another effort was made and crowned with success. Sinner, do you long to be free from sin,—its curse, its consequence, its corruptions? We tell you of a land of freedom. Do you ask the way thither? We point you to Jesus, the bright and Morning Star—the sinner's Friend—the Saviour of all who come unto him.

In your attempts to go to him, you may at first fail or be apparently repulsed, as was the woman who came to Jesus in behalf of her daughter; or like the poor maniac, of whom it is said, "as he was coming, the devil threw him down and tare him so that many said he is dead;" but hold on; believe the record which God has given of his Son, that in him is life, and that life is for as many as believe in him. See how faith leads to action, to obedience; and obedience to success.

Oh, then come to Jesus; flee for your life; tarry not in all the plain. It may be night, dark night, around you; but let the eye be fixed on that Morning Star,—“the star, the star of Bethlehem.”—*Tract Journal*.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

Mrs. Elliott was a busy woman, but she was never too busy to put her darlings to bed herself, and to hear them their evening prayers. No matter how many engagements were pressing on her time and care, she always gave the little ones their own happy hour after tea.

"Do you think, mamma dear," said Jessie one evening, "that Jesus hears my prayer, when so many other children are praying to Him at the same time? I should think He would grow confused, and not know which little voice was talking to Him."

What answer did Mrs. Elliot make to Jessie's question? Does anybody wonder? Well, she said this:

"Dear little Jessie, when you call me in the night, even if I am half asleep, I know which one it is who is in want of mamma. Though I may be tired or sick, it is not a trouble to me to rise and go to the bed, and find what it is that my child wants. Jesus is more tender than any mother can be. And He is never weary, and there is no little lamb in all His flock whom He does not know from every other. He calleth His own sheep by name and leadeth them out. And He loves to listen to every real prayer, and He always has time enough to hear it. When you have any trouble, or have done wrong and are sorry, or when you do not know what to do or which way to go, then always tell Jesus."

"Yes," said Jessie, "I like to hear Aunt Nancy sing

'Nobody knows de trouble I see,
Nobody knows but Jesus.'

"I," said Roy, "prefer the hymn mamma loves,

'One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me.'

"I like them both," Clara said; "but better than all is the old hymn which papa so often gives out in church,

'Jesus, lover of my soul.'

There are days when the Elliot children are naughty, when they lose their tempers, or say impatient words, or forget to perform their tasks well. But when evening comes the ravelled threads of the day are all knit up, and as they pray they learn how sweet and comforting it is to tell every thing to Jesus, to confess sin, to thank Him for His love, and to trust to His care. May we all know for ourselves the same blessedness.

HOW TO DO MORE.

More "doing" for Christ is the universal demand of all the churches. It is the one point on which all are agreed. All desire to see among Christians more good works, more self-denial, more practical obedience to Christ's commands. But what will produce these things? Nothing, nothing but love. There never will be more done for Christ till there is more hearty love to Christ himself. The fear of punishment, the desire of reward, the sense of duty, are all useful arguments in their way, to persuade men to holiness; but they are all weak and powerless till a man loves Christ. Once let that mighty principle get hold of a man, and you will see his whole life changed.

Let us never forget this. However much the world may sneer at "feelings" in religion, and however false or unhealthy religious feelings may sometimes be, the great truth still remains behind, that *feeling* is the secret of doing. The heart must be engaged for Christ, or the hands will soon hang down. The affections must be enlisted into his service, or our obedience will soon stand still. It will always be the loving workman who will do most in the Lord's vineyard.—*Ryle.*

FRANKLIN AND HIS PAPER.

Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was offered a piece for publication in his newspaper. Being very busy, he begged the gentleman would leave it for consideration. The next day the author called and asked his opinion of it. "Why, sir," replied Franklin, "I am sorry to say I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory; but being at a loss, on account of my poverty, whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue:—at night, when my work was done, I bought a two-penny loaf on which I supped heartily, and then wrapping myself in my great-coat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning, when another loaf and mug of water afforded a pleasant breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live very comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or passion for a more luxurious living?" One cannot read this anecdote of our American sage, without thinking of Socrates' reply to King Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid court. "Meal, please your majesty, is a half-penny a peck at Athens, and water I get for nothing."

SIMPLY TRUSTING.

My God, I do not fear
To yield myself to Thee;
However strange Thy will appear,
It must be good for me.
O Father, kind, and wise, and strong,
Thy will can do no creature wrong.

The little babe at rest
Becomes my minister;
It lies upon its mother's breast,
And leaves itself to her.
Ah, foolish babe if it should dread
The heart that throbs beneath its head!

I do not fear to trust
My little all to Thee;
Thy very motion must be just
To all the world and me.
Will as Thou wilt—my joy be still
To kiss Thy sweet and sacred will!

WALKING WITH CHRIST.

As a child walking by its mother's side,
Letting her loving hand its footsteps guide,
Oft stumbles and perchance would fall at last,
Did not her tightening fingers hold him fast;
So would I walk along this world of strife,
Holding my Saviour's hand through all my life;
And should my own grow feeble in its grasp,
How sweet to feel that stronger is His clasp,
As with each fall I come myself to doubt,
Clinging the firmer to that hand stretched out,
And learning soon its tender touch to know,
Tightening my hold and never letting go.—*Julia M. Pott.*

A GOOD EXPERIENCE.—A stranger entering a prayer meeting made some remarks, in the course of which he said, "If you don't believe I've got religion go and ask my wife, she'll tell you." The expression came out so bluntly as almost to cause an explosion of laughter. But is it not a good reference? Many a man's estimate of his own religion might be proved all vanity by just asking his wife, and getting an honest answer from her. How does his religion make him act at home? That is the grand test.

WHAT need a child fear, though the whole house be full of rods, seeing not one of them can move without the father's hand.—*Dodd.*

INDIVIDUALIZING.

There are two modes of planting among farmers. One is sowing broadcast, wheat, rye, oats, and so forth. The other is dropping the seed grain by grain into the hill. In like manner, in spiritual husbandry, the seed of the word is sometimes thrown broadcast. The minister in the pulpit thus dispenses it. The religious newspaper scatters it to tens of thousands at once. The agency which comes nearest to planting corn in the hill, is the Sabbath School work. Teachers should remember this. No workers enjoy equally favourable opportunities for bringing the truth directly home to individuals. The relation between the Sabbath School teacher and his flock is peculiarly confidential. The little ones look up to him instinctively with trust. At the same time, there is not that excessive familiarity, growing out of daily intercourse, which often makes it difficult for those in the same household to approach each other on the subject of personal religion. A teacher may often address a scholar on this subject with a freedom of access denied to a father or mother. The teachers charge is so small, compared with that of the preacher, that every member may become the object of individual attention and effort. The more thoroughly the work is prosecuted with this constant, special reference to individuals, the more efficient it will be. The teacher who tries to do his work by mere haranguing and preaching, is like the man who attempts to raise corn by throwing it broadcast over his acres.—*S. S. Times.*

THE TEN WORDS.

The Jews call the Ten Commandments by the name of "The Decalogue," which signifies the "Ten Words." As these precepts cannot be learned in too many ways, we here give *the substance* of them in ten lines, which will help the memory to recollect them in *full*, as read aloud in church every Sunday:—

1. I am the Lord thy God—serve only Me;
2. Before no image bow thy impious knee;
3. Use not My name in trifles, nor in jest;
4. Dare not profane my sacred day of rest;
5. Ever to parents due obedience pay;
6. Thy fellow-creature, man, thou shalt not slay;
7. In no licentious conduct bear a part;
8. From stealing keep with care thy hand and heart;
9. All false reports against thy neighbour hate;
10. And ne'er indulge a wish for his estate.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD.

Certainly the greatest, the noblest pleasure of intelligent creatures must result from their acquaintance with the blessed God, and with their own rational and immortal souls. And oh, how divinely pleasant and entertaining it is to look into our own souls, when we can find all our powers and passions united and engaged in pursuit after God, our whole soul longing and passionately breathing after a conformity to him, and the full enjoyment of him! Verily, no hours pass away with so much divine pleasure, as those that are spent in communing with God and our own hearts. How sweet is a spirit of devotion, of seriousness and solemnity; a spirit of gospel simplicity, love, and tenderness! Oh, how desirable and profitable is a spirit of holy watchfulness and godly jealousy over ourselves; when our souls are afraid of nothing so much as that we shall grieve and offend the blessed God, whom at such times we apprehend, or at least hope, to be a father and friend; whom we then love and long to please, rather than to be happy ourselves, or at least we delight to derive our happiness from pleasing and glorifying him. Surely this is a pious temper, worthy of the highest ambition and closest pursuit of intelligent creatures. Oh, how vastly superior is the pleasure, peace, and satisfaction derived from these divine frames, to that which we sometimes seek in things impertinent and trifling!—*Brainerd.*

THE HABIT OF LIFE.

It was a trying hour. All was still save the low sobbings of stricken ones, as they bent to impress the farewell kiss upon lips soon to be sealed in the silence of the tomb. A husband's spirit was crushed, while daughters in their maiden freshness were passing through their first deep grief. The dying mother, whose heart was swelling with an intense love, looked calmly on her weeping family, and said affectionately, "Do not feel afflicted while the Lord deals so mercifully with me." Again there was silence. To the living the world was dim and dreary. The light of life and hope and home was expiring. The world's gold seemed dross. All earthly things were valueless, human ties were perishing, desolation reigned. But was Jesus near and precious in those gloomy hours? "O yes! O yes!" was the dying one's emphatic answer. With trembling lips the husband whispered in the ear of his expiring wife, "You must trust in God." For a moment she awoke from her death stupor, her languid eyes looked lovingly upon him, and immediately she replied, "*That has been the habit of my life.*"

ENTHUSIASM.

“ We want something more. We want enthusiasm in God’s work. We find it in the world. Men are desperately in earnest in business circles. Hell is in earnest. Why should we not be? We talk about infidelity, and all the isms that are creeping over the world; I am more afraid of cold formalism than anything else. Let the children of God but see eye to eye, and Christianity will overcome all the hosts of hell and death. There is as much power in the Gospel to day as ever. Man has been as bad as he can be. Man was bad in Eden, he was bad for two thousand years under the law, and he has been bad these eighteen centuries under grace; but, my friends, there is power in the gospel to save. When men are willing to give their lives to work for God, then he takes these men and uses them. One thing I admire about Garibaldi—is enthusiasm. In 1867, when he was on his way to Rome, he was told that if he got there he would be imprisoned. Said he, ‘ If fifty Garibaldis are imprisoned let Rome be free!’ And when the cause of Christ is buried so deep in our hearts that we do not think of ourselves, and are willing to die, then we will reach our fellow-men. Five years ago I went to Edinburgh, and stopped a week to hear one man speak—Dr. Duff, the returned missionary. A friend told me a few things about him, and I went to light my torch with his burning words. My friend said that the year before he had spoken for some time and had fainted in the midst of his speech. When he recovered he said, ‘ I was speaking for India was I not? And they said he was. ‘ Take me back, that I may finish my speech.’ And notwithstanding the entreaties of those around, he insisted on returning, and they brought him back. He then said, ‘ Is it true we have been sending appeal after appeal for young men to go to India, and none of our sons have gone? Is it true, Mr. Moderator, that Scotland has no more sons to give to the Lord Jesus? If true, although I have spent twenty-five years there, and lost my constitution—if it is true that Scotland has no more sons to give, I will be off to-morrow, and go to the Ganges, and there be a witness for Christ.’ That is what we want. A little more, a great deal more, of that enthusiasm, and Christianity will begin to move, and go through the world, and will reach men by hundreds and by thousands.”

If a Pharisee can but get a few husks of outer duties to feed upon, and muster up a few rags of self-righteousness to throw over his back, he is presently as proud as Lucifer.—*Gill.*

PULPIT DELINQUENCIES.

The *Chronicle* quotes and comments as follows under the head of "Pulpit Delinquencies:—"

In an article on "Honoring God's Word," the Christian Secretary holds the following language:—

"A Christian pastor recently remarked that for some reason there appeared to be in our day comparatively few conversions as the direct result of the preaching of the word. We think this will correspond with the observation of others. Even where numbers are apparently turned to religion, the conversions are in large proportions of a more indirect type, as we may say, and less decidedly Scriptural than in former years. The Bible, the truth as it is in Jesus, does not stand in the foreground as it should. Other agencies, other motives, other considerations are relatively, and we fear unduly, 'magnified.'"

There is, we are sorry to fear, too much truth in these remarks; and it is owing very greatly to the extent of effort in the pulpit to reason out the truths of the Gospel to the intellect, instead of urging them with authority upon the moral feelings of mankind. From many years' experience in preaching, we are able to make this record; the reasoning periods were barren of conversions; but the periods of appeal under a strong sense of the truths delivered, have always been fruitful in them. We never remember to have had our "spirit stirred within us" to testify what we knew and felt, when somebody was not converted. Christ's sermons lacked the reasoning element, but are full of truths to the moral self-consciousness. He contents Himself with saying things that commend themselves to the spiritual convictions, and there leaves them. "He spake as one having authority," and so we must speak if we convert men.

SINCE the knowledge imparted by the Spirit, respecting what is in God, is as eternal and unchanging as the Spirit of God himself, the conviction thus obtained that "God is love" becomes also the deepest and most reliable truth of our existence.

THERE is many a soul trudging along life's pathway with weary, uncertain steps, sad and downhearted, who would, if there was a kind hand reached out to help them, walk erect and step lightly, and even sing while passing over the rough places.

BETTER is the poor that walketh in his integrity, than he that is perverse in his lips and is a fool.

HINTS ABOUT HOUSES OF WORSHIP.

A house of worship should be *kept in first-rate repair*, Broken windows, crazy steps, and delapidated fences, are a shame to a church, and never should be suffered—no, not for a month.

A house of worship should be *kept clean*. Every one who goes into the Lord's house should clean the mud off his shoes; and, if he uses the weed, dispense with it entirely until he leaves the sacred place. Dirt enough will accumulate in such a place, after these precautions have been observed; and no house will long be a fit place of worship, which is not carefully swept and dusted at least once a week. This must be done by some one; and where a sexton is not hired to do it, it must be done by volunteers.

Everything about a house of worship should be *neat and in good taste*. We are not an advocate for expensive churches. No, we prefer to see plain houses rising up in every community, all over the world, where the rich and the poor may together meet. But then, a little paint, a bucket of white-wash, a few loads of gravel, and a dozen trees and shrubs, may add greatly to the neatness and beauty of a plain and cheap house of worship.—*Rel. Telescope*.

GROWING OLD.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half-enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling; it is the sensation of half-sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feeble shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first grey hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children, we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on, and not look back.—*F. W. Robertson*.

THE FORGIVEN FORGIVING

A TRAVELLER in Burmah, after fording a certain river, found his body covered all over by a swarm of leeches, busily sucking his blood. His first impulse was to tear the tormentors from his flesh; but his servant warned him that to pull them off by mechanical violence would expose his life to danger. They must not be torn off, lest portions remain in the wounds and become a poison; they must drop off spontaneously, and so they will be harmless. The native forthwith prepared a bath for his master, by the decoction of some herbs, and directed him to lie down in it. As soon as he had bathed in the balsam the leeches dropped off. This illustrates the fact that every unforgiven injury in the heart is like a leech sucking the life blood. Mere human determination to have done with it will not cast the evil thing away. You must bathe your whole being in God's pardoning mercy, and those venomous creatures will instantly let go their hold.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

HAVE a special care to sanctify the Lord's Day. Make it the market for thy soul; let the whole day be spent in prayer or meditation; lay aside the affairs of the other parts of the week; let the sermon thou hast heard be converted into prayer.

A SHEEP may slip into a slough as well as a swine; the difference is, that the sheep dreads a fall, and speedily rises from it, while it is a habit with the swine to be unclean, and to love the same condition the other abhors.

GREAT as the wickedness of the world appears, it is like an iceberg, but partly seen above the surface; for evil-doers are inclined to hide their sins.

I WOULD not give one moment of heaven for all the joy and riches of the world, even if it lasted for thousands and thousands of years.

Children's Treasury.

THE LYDIA OF LYONS.



NOT long ago their lived, in Lyons, a poor widow, who on the death of her husband was left almost penniless, with broken health, alone and friendless. She had to break up house, and, with little more than a bed and a few chairs, to betake herself to a wretched garret, there to spend the few years of life left to her. She was not however quite destitute of trust in God, who "careth for the widow and the orphan:" yet after all, her knowledge of him was very partial; and she knew even less of the way of salvation in the work of Christ.

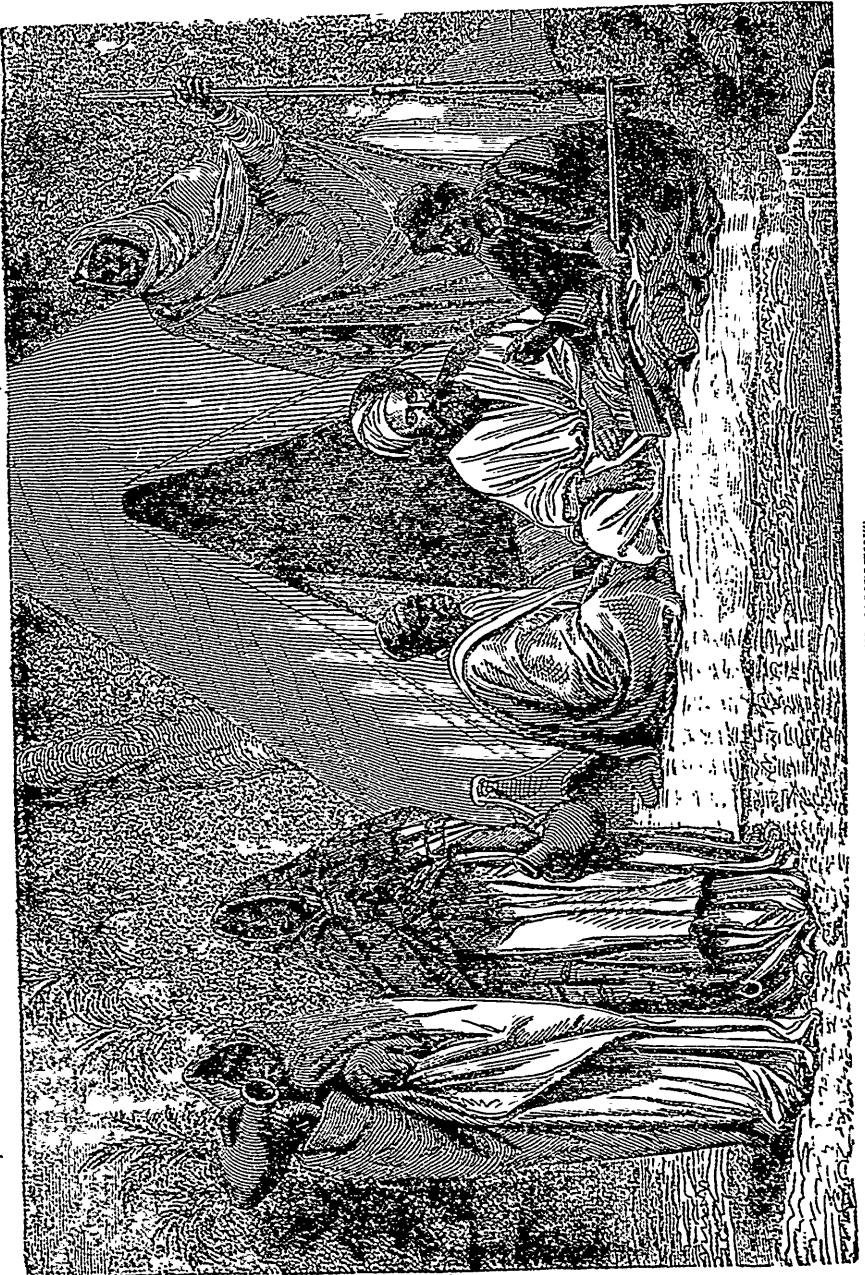
One day, as she sat in her poor room, bemoaning her sad fate, and looking with vacant eyes upon the blank white wall opposite to her, her attention was arrested by a sort of projection jutting out in the white-washed wall, which looked as if there was some secret door behind. She crossed the room to consider it more attentively, and all at once the thought flashed across her mind that perhaps some one had hidden a treasure in the wall. Her youth had been passed during the troubled times of the French Revolution, when neither life nor property was secure; and it was often the case that people, obliged to fly from the infuriated insurgents, concealed their money in this way when unable to take it with them. "Who knows," thought she, "but that some rich man may have hidden his gold here to save it from the hands of the sans culottes, and have died before he had opportunity to take it away again." She knocked upon the wall, and her heart beat fast when she heard a hollow sound within. With trembling fingers she tore away the stones and mortar, and found that indeed a hollow space had been scooped out in the wall, but, alas! nothing was lying there but an old, mouldy, worn-out book!—nothing else.

Full of bitter disappointment, she was preparing to replace the stones and bricks in the wall, when a feeling of curiosity prompted her to look once more, and to see if perhaps some bank notes or valuable papers might not be concealed between the leaves of the book. Alas, no! it was nothing but a shabby old book. She began soon to wonder what could have induced any one to take such pains to hide away a book. "Surely," thought she, "there must be something very precious in the writing."

She wiped away the dust, which lay thick upon the cover, and began to read. The first words she met were these:—"Take therefore no thought for your life, saying, What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? Is not the life more than meat? and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" Matt. vi. 25. The words sounded strangely sweet and comforting to the poor old widow, so that she sat on still reading until the light had faded away in her little room. All night the words she had read remained in her mind, and next morning, as soon as she could see, she began again at the old book, and deeper and deeper became the impression it made upon her. As she read, the grace of God which opened the heart of Lydia, opened hers in the same way. Her little room no longer seemed so dreary; her bread, which she had before watered with her tears, now seemed to her the daily gift of her heavenly Father; and she was no longer lonely, for the great God himself, in his word, was her daily companion. She spared enough from her scanty store to get her precious book neatly bound. It was consolation to her in all her need, and all her pain, until the hour when the gates of the city of peace unfolded to her. On her dying bed she related this story to her minister; and her precious book is now in his possession. It is a New Testament, and dates from the time of the persecution of the Huguenots in France.

AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT.

You see in this picture, dear children, the habitation of the Bedouin Arab. Does it not realize to you scenes in the Old Testament, such as the following?—"And Abraham sat in the tent door in the heat of the day, and he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo! three men stood beside him. And when he saw them he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground:" Gen. xviii. 12. You might well ask the question, why do men choose such a mode of life? You would not like to leave your comfortable house of wood, or stone, or brick, to take up your home, summer or winter, under a camel-hair roof like that. Such dwelling-places men choose in the East because of their flocks. Their wealth consists of sheep, cattle, asses and camels, as in the days of Job. These large flocks soon eat up the pasture, and the shepherd and his family must move on to new fields and pastures green for the sake of the cattle. This explains the character of the good shep-



AN ARAH ENGAGEMENT.

herd. Now it is on account of their moving about in this fashion that they choose to live in cloth houses, which can easily be taken down, easily put up, and easily carried about.

And is not this like our life, children? "Here we have no continuing city." We may pitch our earthly homes and hopes in some sweet spot which we like well: But God in his providence comes to us and says to us, "Arise, depart, this is not your rest. As Christians, however, we look for a building (not a tent), a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home,
A day's march nearer home,
A day's march nearer home.

THE WISHING GATE.

In the vale of Grassmere, in Westmoreland, by the side of the old high way leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called "The Wishing Gate," from a belief that wishes expressed there would some day or other be gratified. Many a mark and notch tell of those who have been at that gate; and not a few perhaps, may have thought that there was some truth in the vain tradition.

But, idle as this superstition is, a blessed reality is thus suggested to us. There is a Wishing Gate to which we may go. There is the Gate of Prayer to which we are invited. Jesus stands by the gate and hearkens to every petition and every desire. Wherever we may be, whatever we may want, to this we may go, and we shall never be sent empty away.

It is written, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

With the single limitation, that the gift desired shall be for the glory of God, and our true welfare, there is nothing too good or too great for God to bestow on His people in answer to their prayers.

A RECENT RUN THROUGH BIBLE LANDS.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you have the kindness to permit me to relate in your interesting journal, what a young man largely educated in the county of Grey, Ontario, sees in Egypt? I need not detain you at present with an account of my voyage from America—the youngest—to Egypt, the oldest of earth's nations. I will simply say in passing, that I had a very pleasant passage of ten days across the Atlantic, from New York to Glasgow. In a short time I passed to London, then crossed the channel, continued my way up the Rhine, through Switzerland, and the North of Italy till I reached Genoa. Here I took a steamship for Alexandria, Egypt; and after a few days of the most delightful sailing on the Mediterranean, I was in the sight of the land of the Pharaoh's. As we approached Alexandria, the first thing that attracted my attention was the extreme flatness of the African coast. No mountain or even hill could be seen anywhere in the back ground, such as can be seen along the shores of all our Canadian lakes, and along every other shore which I have seen except Africa; the only thing that you see here, is a greyish streak skirting the horizon, which looks more like a cloud than land. As we draw nearer, however, an elevated object breaks in upon our vision; It is Pompey's pillar. We are now approaching the harbour, and I can never attempt to describe with what thrilling emotions I gazed around at the minarets and towers of this renowned city, founded by the great conqueror of the world. The day was delightful; the sky was of the loveliest blue, and there was air enough around us from the balmy Mediterranean to make our approach to this historic land, and the mysterious banks of the Nile, of the most enjoyable character. Here, however, a circumstance occurred which I must notice. Our ship did not draw up to a wharf to land the passengers, but cast anchor a little way out in the bay; and this done, a novel scene of the liveliest character ensued. Small boats with porters came out to meet us; and presently our deck was swarming with natives of all colours and costumes: they came climbing up the side of our ship with bare feet, like so many cats, and literally besieged our baggage, and would have almost taken it by force; but the ship's officers came to our rescue, and by using a rope's end, drove off these intolerable pests. Soon after this we landed, and were walking the streets of Alexandria, although it was hard to realize the fact; indeed it seemed like a waking dream that we were in Egypt at all. But a little reflection on the stirring scenes around us, brought home to us the practical truth that we were actually in the historic land where

the Pharaoh's once ruled, where Abraham sojourned, where Jacob died, and where Moses was born; and as we gaze around strange scenes present themselves. We are now in what is called the old world, and when speaking of Egypt that means something; but really it does not look old to us, but new, quite new. The houses look new; even the people look new; indeed all, all everywhere look new and strange, and so strange that I scarcely know how to speak of the novelties. Here for example is a long row of camels swinging along with great burdens on their backs. Then there is such a multitude of little donkeys tripping by with big bundles, much larger at times than themselves, or it may be bearing a large man whose feet almost touch the ground. But look! here comes a majestic looking Turk in a full flowing dress. And following him is an almost naked Arab or Nubian. Then comes a group of women, with heavy burdens on their heads: others pass with their faces closely veiled, though their feet are bare; and so the scene changes; giving us a remarkable picture of oriental life. Our second day in Alexandria was a Sabbath, and we found our way, with a good deal of trouble, to a Christian place of worship, and had the pleasure of listening to an excellent sermon by Dr. Yule a minister of the Kirk of Scotland. Monday was spent exploring the sights of the city. We visited Pompey's pillar. This is a beautiful shaft of polished granite, 98 feet and 9 inches high, and 30 feet in circumference, placed, it is supposed where it now stands, in the reign of Diocletian. We also visited Cleopatra's needle, a fine obelisk of red granite 70 feet high and 8 feet square at the base. Another obelisk partly buried in the sand lies beside Cleopatra's Needle. This was given to the English, and we believe is now about to be removed to the banks of the Thames. We also visited the beautiful gardens of the city. These were exquisitely kept, and richly adorned with tropical and semi-tropical plants, flowers, and fruits. But not the least interesting to me were the Catacombs. These could not of course compare with those which we afterwards saw at Rome. Still they had their interest; because they were doubtless the resting place of many of the early Christians, who fled hither, and sought a refuge in this city of the dead from the persecutors of their times. And it is not saying too much when we add that they may have heard the Gospel from the lips of the evangelist Mark. So much for the sights of Alexandria. There is nothing of particular interest about the buildings of this city, and we are now preparing to leave for Cairo, the capital of Egypt. We left Alexandria on Tuesday morning at 8 a.m. by the train, and got to Cairo about 2.30 p.m. We had to run the whole length of the Delta. It is a remarkable flat country, just as flat as

a pan-cake, but rich in an agricultural point of view. But the novelty of the scenery by the way has beguiled us, and we are in Cairo; and really it is beautiful—truly a splendid specimen of an oriental city. I find after a day or two's stay here that time would fail me to describe the sights and scenes of Cairo. In the first place the city is thoroughly oriental. All varieties of eastern people, and phases of eastern life may be seen and studied here, from the wizard, or snake charmer, amusing crowds on the street, to the proud turbaned Turk passing by in state. Then there is an endless variety of Bazaars dealing in all sorts of nick-knacks and trinkets. Some of these are crowded in dark narrow streets which scarcely ever see the light of the sun, and that too in a land where there is so much sun-light. And in passing through these you may be crowded against the wall by a train of donkeys, for you meet this creature in every corner of the land. But Cairo has also its wide and magnificent streets; and as you turn into one of these, you meet a stately carriage, and running in advance of the horses, are two fine looking muscular Arabs, with a graceful costume; white trowsers, gathered below the knee, a black velvet vest trimmed with silver lace, a white turban on the head, and a gay silken sash round the waist. These run in advance with a roud in their hand shouting "Riggolett," get out of the way. We never wearied of watching these brave runners; and as they went rushing by with their ringing notes, we could not but think of the forerunner of the Saviour exclaiming "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." Here too you meet the water man, shouting "Maya, Maya," reminding us again of the sweeter words of the prophet, "Ho every one that thirsteth." Here again we meet these closely veiled women, and as we gaze at them, we cannot but feel that Arabia's daughters were "born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air." But I must close. I would like to speak of the Mosques of Cairo, of its gardens and palm groves, and especially of its museum, but I must desist. Near Cairo, just on the west of the Nile are the pyramids; these I must also omit. As we cross the river on the way to the pyramids we see the island on which Moses was found. All these are objects of the deepest interest but we must pass them, as well as a trip up the Nile of 700 miles; all necessarily omitted for the want of time. But enough; I am sure I have sufficiently tried your patience at present. In my next I will describe Jerusalem. Yours sincerely,

JAMES FRASER.

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