

THE CANADA
CHRISTIAN MONTHLY:

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT, CHRISTIAN LIFE,
AND
CHRISTIAN WORK.*

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PREFATORY NOTE.

It is with feelings of thankfulness to God the editor writes this note in closing the Fourth Volume of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY. Thus far the work has been hard and self-denying, but pleasant, and to some extent, surely useful. With his readers the relation of the editor has been very much as a pastor to his flock,—and to that flock, scattered throughout the Dominion and other lands, he sends his best wishes and thanks.

It has been a cause of trouble to the editor that the Magazine, owing to causes over which he has little control, is often late in the month of making its appearance. He also regrets that from his being unable to see the proof-sheets before going to press, typographical errors creep in, and that in several instances selections have not been correctly credited to the papers whence they were taken.

The editor asks his readers to continue their interest in this "Monthly," and to assist him as far as they can to increase the number of subscribers for the volume which begins with July and ends with December of this year, which will be sent for Fifty Cents, free of Postage, to those now giving in their names.

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THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1875.

Editorial.

ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE.

The year on which we enter this month is the last year of the third quarter of this century. It is in fact the last year of a remarkable quarter of a remarkable century.

The first quarter of this century was a time of *war* and much misery to the people in almost all the countries of Europe. Napoleon kept the world in such a condition of conflict and unrest that few Christian enterprises of any magnitude were planned or executed for mankind. The second quarter of this century was a time of *peace* and useful reforms in the State; Catholic emancipation was granted, the Reform Bill was passed, and slaves set free in all the British possessions. The third quarter of this century has been a time of *scrutiny* and searching into the foundations of things. The right of the Southern States to extend slavery in the Union was called in question and denied: so also was the right of the Pope to his temporal throne, and the right of France to govern Europe. Under the keen, searching glance of this spirit, science has had anew to examine its inductions, philosophy its axioms, the churches their creeds, and all Christians their Bibles. Much that men cherished fondly as truth in all departments of thought, must needs be given up, and much that men disliked has fought its way to the front as the truth of God.

Indeed, the quarter of century which closes with this year looks very much like what is seen on board a man-of-war when the order has been given to clear the deck for action. It is a scene of bustle, confusion, noise, excitement, hope, and fear; but all this is necessary. Useless weapons must be laid aside, useful ones must be prepared and brought into position, laggards must be stimulated, cowards must be encouraged, and everyone must know his place in the conflict, and what is expected of him. It is something like this that has been going on for the last twenty-five years.

We may therefore expect that the closing quarter of this century on which the world enters next year, will be a time of *action* and fruitful exertion in all

departments of enquiry, thought, and benevolence. The rule in nature is that the speed of a falling body increases as the body approaches its rest. The speed with which things happen, seems to increase with the increasing nearness of the *rest* that God has promised his Church on earth. A great deal, therefore, seems likely to be crowded into the twenty-five years, which (after this year) remain to finish the nineteenth century, and usher in, to all appearance, the sixth working millenium before earth's Sabbatical millenium.

We are, no doubt, on the threshold of such events as these:—

1. Extension of the blessings of *civil and religious liberty* to all the countries of Europe. With few exceptions, these countries have entered on the road to liberty, by shaking themselves free from the gigantic system of error, that for centuries lay like a nightmare on Europe.
2. *Education* of the masses in the knowledge of the common branches, so that they can, if they choose, read their Bibles.
3. Consolidation of Christian efforts, by the *union* of such churches as are similar in doctrine and government, into one organization.
4. All the countries in the world open to Protestant *missions*.
5. The daily, weekly, and monthly *press*, under the guidance of Christian principles and Christian writers, to a larger extent than now.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE IN ROME.

When the Evangelical Alliance closed its sessions in New York, there was an understanding among its leading members, that in all probability its next great meeting would be in the city of Rome. Already its congresses have been held in London, Paris, Berlin, Geneva, and Amsterdam; and now it is felt that the time has come for the Alliance to say, in the words of Paul, "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also."

It is felt, however, as Paul felt, that the visit to Rome (being a delicate and difficult business) must be well considered and well planned before it is attempted. It is not that there is much fear of the meeting being forbidden by the civil authorities, or that there is any fear of the Roman populace rising in angry violence against its presence in their city. There is little danger of either of these things, for Victor Immanuel is very friendly at heart to Protestantism, and the Roman people are a little like the Athenians of old, tolerant and curious, and likely, therefore, to greet the Alliance as the Athenians greeted Paul. *May we know what this new doctrine whereof thou speakest is; for thou bringest certain strange things to our ears: we would know, therefore, what these things mean?* But there is danger that a meeting of the Alliance in

Rome might injure the Evangelical cause in Italy. A meeting held in the wrong spirit, at the wrong time, and by the wrong men, might tend to rouse the prejudices of the Italians, and to shut their ears and their hearts against the message of salvation carried by Evangelical ministers of all denominations.

The General Council of the Alliance, feeling the delicacy of their task, took the precaution to send their Secretary, the Rev. James Davis, into Italy, in order that he might consult with Evangelical pastors there, in regard to the meeting, and feel his way as to future plans. In the report of his visit, submitted to the council last November, Mr. Davis says that he visited Turin, where he met with Pastor Meille, of the Waldensian Church, the biographer of General Beckwith, who expressed himself favorable to the proposed Christian Conference a year or two hence, under such arrangements as would avoid the appearance of a Protestant demonstration or controversial attack. From the Evangelical Churches of Milan, Mr. Davis met encouragement and a promise of active co-operation. In Rome a meeting was held of Christian ministers and others, who might be said fairly to represent the different churches and religious societies in the city. After very mature consideration, the meeting came unanimously to the following resolution, which was recorded, of course, in the Italian language, but of which we give here a translation from "Evangelical Christendom :—"

"At a meeting held in the house of Mr. Bruce, 62, via della Scrofa, Rome, the 14th October, 1874, present the following ministers and laymen :—

Signori G. Ribetti, L. Conti, F. Sciarelli, T. Gay, O. Cocorda, E. Bosio, V. Ravi, L. Cappellini, G. Moreno; Revs. S. Burtchaell, J. Wall, D. Miller, Dr. Vernon, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Philip, W. Van Meter; Dr. Gason, and Mr. Bruce;

Prayer having been offered by Dr. Vernon, Mr. Bruce introduced the Rev. James Davis, Secretary of the British Organization of the Evangelical Alliance, who presented to the meeting the fraternal salutations of the Council of the Alliance in London, and explained the object of his visit to Italy.

The meeting having deliberated on the proposal to hold a Conference in Rome of Christians from different countries, and from various branches, at a suitable period, to be hereafter determined, unanimously adopted the following resolution :—

That this meeting cordially welcomes the honoured Secretary of the British Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, and gratefully responds to the Christian salutations he has presented. They heartily thank the Council of the Alliance for the visit of their brother, and for the interesting communication made to them on the objects and usefulness of the Alliance. That, deeply sensible of the importance of Christian union, and rejoicing in the divine blessing which has very largely rested upon the assemblies of the Alliance, held in various capitals of Europe, and last year in the city of New York, they are persuaded

that the time has arrived when, with the full religious liberty enjoyed in this land, a Conference, under wise arrangements, of Christians from different countries, held in the city of Rome, would be not only expedient and practicable, but of deepest interest, and likely to be largely blessed. The testimony that would be given to the doctrines of Evangelical truth, and to the union of all the followers of our Lord, notwithstanding national and ecclesiastical differences, would, in their judgment, eminently serve the cause of truth in this land, and greatly encourage those who seek the increase of that kingdom which is righteous and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

It would appear, therefore, that the Evangelical Alliance is likely to take a bold and brave step which will do good in Italy and throughout Europe if conducted after a prudent Christian fashion, a step that suggests the words of Bishop Coxe.

"Oh! where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came,
But Lord thy church is praying yet
A thousand years the same."

Living Preachers.

SUCCESS AND HOW TO REACH IT.

FOR YOUNG MEN

And Pharaoh sent and called for Joseph and brought him hastily out of the dungeon, and he shaved himself and changed his raiment, and came in unto Pharaoh; and Pharaoh said unto Joseph I have dreamed a dream and there is none that can interpret it, and I have heard say of thee," etc.—Gen. xli., 14th and 15th verses.

I propose this evening speaking of success in life and the way to attain to it, and I have chosen this text as an appropriate illustration. *Pharaoh sent and called Joseph*, and we all know how this calling ended,—how that the secret of the Lord was with him, and how that he made all things plain to Pharaoh, and gave him suitable counsel in the circumstances, and how he rose, and rose like a star, till he became not only the first man in Egypt, but the first man of his age.

Promotion, we read, cometh neither from the east nor the west, but God set-

teth up one and setteth down another as it seemeth good unto him. That is a great truth, and yet God only helps those that help themselves. Dr. Guthrie tells us of a sailor who had a singular fate. According to the account he was the only survivor of a wreck, and death seemed inevitable; but, caught in the arms of a mountain billow that was dashing in upon the headland, he was flung into a cave, and a barrel of provisions after him. After recovering from the shock, and groping about in the darkness, he came upon this barrel, and with this, and the fresh water dropping from the roof, he subsisted, till one day he heard, mingling with the screams of the seabirds, the cry of a human voice, and saw a man's arm extended to rescue him. Strange Providence, you say, wonderful wave of fortune, which at once saved the man and provided for his wants. But it was no such wave of fortune that lifted Joseph from the prison to the

palace; for though he owed all his success to God, we are not to lose sight of the industry, the wisdom, the piety, and the energy which marked his whole career from beginning to end. God gives the opportunity, and it lies with man to seize it and turn it to good account. God gives the wind to the sailor, but what avails the wind of heaven without the energy of man? Without the skill to catch the favouring breeze and compel it, even when adverse, by dexterous trimming of the yards, setting of the sails, and handling of the helm to carry him forward, the vessel would rise and fall upon the wave, but it would make little or no progress. So was it in Joseph's case, and every case. God gives the opportunity, but success turns upon the use we make of the opportunity, the promptitude with which we seize it, and the weight of character, skill, influence, and other favorable qualifications we bring to bear upon it.

With many it matters not what be the advantages that offer, for there is not only a lack of wisdom to seize them, but of backbone to undergo the necessary self-denial to follow them up. Now and then a little help sets them on their feet, and they commence to work with a will, but oftener results show that there is no use of helping those that will not help themselves. They are poor, and will remain poor do what you may; and yet, in the midst of their poverty, they must have this and that and the other qualifications. You are moved with pity when you see a poor widow and five children sitting and shivering over the last fire, and you send them a little wood, and flour, and tea; but when you hear that the day before they were all at the photographer's for their pictures, and that in going they spent seventy-five cents for trinkets to bedeck themselves withal, your pity is turned into indignation. So with

thousands of young men that can't get on in the world, and a very good test is just to put a little money in their hand and see how they use it. It is not that society or circumstances bear hard upon them, but there is a want of thrift, application, energy, and self-denial. Coarse and carnal, they do not know how to say *no*, or how to grasp an opportunity when it comes within their reach. They have no just appreciation of the value of the half hours, and half days, and half dollars which come to their hand. They are poor, soft things, somewhat mucilaginous in their mental structure, or rather, they remind us of the rash impetuous Esau that can't wait, that must have their present enjoyment, that readily prefer their mess of red pottage to all the glory of the future. Success in such a case is impossible. A high position may be reached through the influence of friends, or the patronage of the government, but what if there be no proper qualification to hold it? What is the value of distinction that comes in such ways as these, and is maintained by such means as these? An ape on the top of a tree is an ape still! What is wanted is not simply a high position, but a high character to hold it and adorn it.

Who are the princely merchants that are now at the top of the tree, and how came they to the positions which they now hold? Was it by some wave of fortune that lifted them at once to honour and affluence, or was it by slow, patient, persevering trial? Go and read the history of those famous *millionnaires*, the Astors; and the Vanderbilts, and Harpers and Appletons, and such men as Thos. Brassy of England, or Wm. Chambers of Edinburgh, and you will find that it was by much patience and perseverance, conscientiousness in the performance of their duty, and an unspotted name, they won their way to honour;

that they had to scale the ladder step by step, and face many a difficulty, and bear up under many a reverse before they reached their present positions. David Mays, the great hammer manufacturer, commenced by making a single hammer to order, and he made it well, and people soon began to find out where they could get a good article. That man now employs 150 workers! Mr. Stewart, the great dry-goods merchant of New York, than whom there is no more liberal or devoted Christian worker in the Presbyterian Church, commenced on a small scale, but he gave himself honestly and earnestly to the work, mastering all its details and bringing high principles to bear on all its management, and now there is no one among all his *employees* that can excel him as a judge in the matter of texture or color. Similar is the reputation which Mr. Chickering, the great piano-forte maker enjoys. Such men have come to honour not by the help of others, or by a wave of fortune that left them nothing to do but sit down and eat the pleasant fruits.

So with Joseph. He was eminent-ly successful, but he did not owe his success to Pharaoh, or Potiphar, or the butler, or any man. The butler, indeed, bethought himself of his promise, and told the king what had happened in the prison,—how Joseph had interpreted the dream which he and his companions had dreamed, but the butler did not do so to serve Joseph but to serve his master. He simply reported the circumstances, and suggested the propriety of sending for Joseph in the emergency. Joseph owed nothing to favouritism, but under God, everything to himself—his dignity—patience—piety—purity. All this is plain, whether you look at him as a boy running messages for his father to the sheepfolds of Hebron, or as a slave in the house of Potiphar rising to influence in spite of his captive state,

or as a prisoner submitting quietly to his doom, *waiting till the word of the Lord came*. Let a young man resolutely fulfil the duty of the day, do his work thoroughly and well, acquire knowledge, skill, and character, prove himself honest, earnest, conscientious, and he will soon find out that a good name is better than choice silver; that his character will swell into reputation, and that reputation will spread and spread in spite of reverses and reproaches and disappointments, till it reaches the ear of some Pharaoh, when perhaps he is low down, and that *his Pharaoh* will send for him and say: *I have heard of thee*. There is a position to be filled, a duty to be discharged, and you are the man for it. And when the right man turns up, especially in great emergencies, those that need him are not careful to enquire about his origin—his parentage—his history. Such was the case with the man who now sits in the highest place in the neighbouring Republic. A common shoemaker some years ago, he rose by his enterprise and industry to a proud place in the army, and when that army lay battered and broken in the field, by reason of the failure of one general after another, he rose to the surface and proved adequate to the occasion, and from thence to the seat of power which he now holds. So with the poor tinker that once lay in Bedford jail—that wonderful dreamer—whose *Pilgrim's Progress* has lighted up the path of so many pilgrims since his day. When that book came forth, men did not care to inquire about its origin, its history, but all hailed its advent and rejoiced in its light. Or to take from modern science an illustration, the science pertaining to the rocks. Men were perplexed with the appearances which some of those rocks presented, and were totally unable to reduce them to anything like a system. There were great scholars, and doctors and di-

vines writing about them and divided about them; but amongst the jangle of voices there arose a stone-mason in the North of Scotland, who had learned to make good use of his half-hours, and of his eyes, and when his time came he opened his mouth, and solved the mystery that had been hid for ages; and when he did so, all recognized the justness of his interpretation; all united, doctors, divines, statesmen, philosophers, to do him honor. It was nothing to the world that Hugh Miller was only a stone-mason, son of a sailor, a truant boy at school; the thing wanted was the solution of the riddle, pertaining to the red sandstones, and the thing wanted in Joseph's case was a solution of the dream of Pharaoh; and what we say is this,—be content to work away in secret till your time comes; make yourself ready, acquire knowledge, skill, power, a good name, and in due time you will be sent for, and this will be the burden of the message: *Come up higher*. What would Joseph have been in that new position to which he was called but for the long preparation, the discipline and drill, the patience and wisdom, the experience of God's dealings with him in the past, and the conviction of his presence and power, deepened by those eventful years through which he had passed? The position to which he was called was a grand position, but the qualifications which he brought to bear upon it were also grand, and but for these he would have been a failure. Moreover, the position was only temporary, but those qualifications were eternal, fitting him for a yet nobler elevation.

II. And now, having spoken of the success of Joseph, let us look in the second place and enquire what were those special qualifications in Joseph which contributed so much to his success. Evidently he was no idler, but one that made a good use of his time, faithfully and conscientiously discharg-

ing his duty; and this itself will go far to make a man prosperous, as we have seen in some of the famous cases stated. *Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before Kings*. All around we see what industry and thrift can do, and how true these words are. In this country there is no reason why any one should remain poor. There is employment for all, opportunities for all, good wages for all, plenty to eat and drink for all. Long sickness, sudden calamity may come. Against such visitations all efforts may be powerless, but in ordinary circumstances there is nothing to prevent any young man from rising, I would not say to wealth, but to competence. And here let me give you the experience of one who has earned the right to speak on such a subject.

I have been very fortunate in worldly matters, many have worked much harder and have not succeeded half so well, but I never could have done what I have done without the habits of punctuality, order, and diligence, without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels. My meaning is, that whatever I have tried to do in life I have tried to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to I have done so completely; that in great matters and in small I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain in the end. There is no such success. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunities may form the two sides of the ladder, on which some men mount, but the rungs of that ladder must be made to stand wear and tear. In short, there is no substitute for thorough-going, hard and earnest, conscientious work. Joseph was industrious; and still

more, Joseph was patient,—*waiting till the word of the Lord came*, or long before now he would have managed to make his way back to his father's house: and what we say is this: Don't haste to be rich. Wait God's time; learn to bear with reverses and disappointments, and to work away in obscurity if that be your lot, and the God that was with Joseph in the dungeon for years will be with you also. This does not mean that there is to be no longing aspiration, or effort to climb the ladder; but it means that you are not to lose heart when driven back, and see others preferred before you. God's time is better than yours; His wisdom is higher than yours. Joseph longed for freedom and besought the butler to intercede for him at court, but suppose the butler had done so, suppose Joseph had obtained his freedom, what then? Where was Joseph to go? Home to his father in Hebron? Very likely, but that were to lose all the prospective advantages that God had in store for him. This does not exculpate the butler, but it shows that the fulfilment of our own wishes would be the worst thing that could happen us; that the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord. God led Joseph by a way he did not know, and made all things work together for his good,—reproaches and wrongs and bitter disappointments, not only towards his elevation, but what was of far more consequence, the perfection of his manhood. There are many young persons that say, "Oh! too slow; too slow this place for me; if I were only in California or Colorado, India or Patagonia, I could do something! What is the use of working away here! I see young fellows going away for a couple of years, then coming back with lots of money, gold chains about their necks, and beautiful vests!" My dear young friends, bear in mind that all is not gold that glitters—all is not prosperity that wears its appearance.

Often beneath all that kind of thing there is a rotten heart and a ruined character. Have faith in God, and "bide his time," and remember that *he that believeth will not make haste*. What I very much admire in Joseph was, that while he longed for freedom he patiently *waited till the word of the Lord came*.

I call your attention, also, to Joseph's truthfulness—self forgetfulness in the presence of Pharaoh—the utter absence of anything like art or intrigue in his demeanor. Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile! Having shaved himself and changed his raiment, in accordance with the etiquette of an Egyptian court, he is introduced into the presence of Pharaoh, and the question is, How will he act? He has won the notice of a king, he has been found worthy of consultation in a grave emergency, and there is vouchsafed to him a golden opportunity to recover his liberty; what a temptation to speak only those things that are likely to please, and to avoid everything of an opposite tendency! And yet the very first word almost which he utters is the mention of Jehovah, thus casting a reflection on all the Gods of Egypt. "I have dreamed a dream," said Pharaoh, and there is none that can interpret it, and I have heard it said of thee that thou canst; and Joseph said:—*It is not in me, Jehovah shall give Pharaoh an answer in peace*. In other words, "It is not my talent, cleverness, or scholarship that enables me to interpret dreams, but the God in whose hand is the length of my days, the God of my fathers Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. I am only an instrument in His hand, and the word which he puts into my mouth, that only I know, and that only I can express." How beautiful is that! What humility, and yet what dignity; and so all through his address. It is plain that though he gives good council in the circumstances as to what should

be done, that he has no eye on his own promotion, or that he would be the man of Pharaoh's choice. There is no anxiety, or tripping, or trepidation, or watching the effect of his words on the king's face, and adapting them accordingly; no effort to ingratiate himself, nothing of the kind, for he felt that God was near, and that in that same hour it should be given him what to say.

And now that he has been raised to honour, and a seat near to the throne, wearing the royal purple, and receiving the homage and the huzzas of the multitude, ever as he rides forth in that grand chariot of his, how does he act? Is he learning the arts and incinerities of a soft voluptuous court? Is he catching the world's ways, and settling down into the world's sins? Is he becoming hard and imperious, governing with a high hand, and closing his ear against the cry of the wretched? Not at all. The same simplicity, purity, truth and tenderness for which he was distinguished in obscurity adorn him still. Amid all the splendors of Egypt he bore a simple unsophisticated heart. He contracted a grand alliance, and rode in state amid the bowing down of a grateful population, and yet his heart was upon that far off land where he had kept his father's flocks, and where the only grandeur which he knew was the coat of many colors which his father had given him; and when that aged man came to see his son, the plain old shepherd, whose profession the Egyptians despised, the son far from being ashamed of him, like some of our artificial upstarts that shine upon \$300 per year, went far to meet him, and, meeting him, hung long upon his neck, and wept like a child. Now it seems to me that the simplicity, the candor, and honest truthfulness of Joseph—transparent as a crystal stream—his singleness of aim to do what was right, and speak what was true, contributed

not a little to his elevation, and must have touched the heart of Pharaoh upon the present occasion.

But the crowning excellence of Joseph was his piety. All through he evidently carried with him the sense of the presence, and the power of the Almighty; the feeling that God was his Witness, and soon to be his Judge. It was this that made him such a servant in the house of Potiphar, and shrink back from the great transgression, saying, *how can I do this great wickedness and sin against God!* And it was this that made him such a wonderful prisoner, and the dungeon such a holy place where they "laid him in fetters and hurt his foot with iron;" and it was this which gave him such commanding influence over the jailer, and the butler and baker, and all with whom he came in contact. Moreover it was this that made him calm, self-possessed, in the presence of Pharaoh on the present occasion. He hastens to obey the summons, though not careless about his appearance. He shaves himself, and changes his raiment, but there is no sign of trepidation or alarm, and the simple reason was that his heart was in communion with the Eternal Spirit, and his eye upon a far off home, and I have no doubt that he often felt as David felt when he said: "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove that I might fly away and be at rest," from the windy storm and tempest. Nothing so calms the spirit and cools the fever, and lifts one above all fear of man, as a sense of the divine presence. I remember in Scotland lately, how excited, nervous, troubled I was, when called upon to preach before the great and grand congregations that assembled there—to mount those old historic pulpits that are still so nobly filled from Sabbath to Sabbath. I would shake with fear at the very thought of standing in such places and looking upon such congregations; but when I thought again of

the presence of the God of the whole earth, before whom the small and the great are soon to stand for judgment—I felt calm, self-possessed and solemnised, and was enabled to lay before them the solemn truth of God. You can see this deep feeling all through in the life of Joseph from the beginning to the close. It is touching to hear him speaking to his brethren when their fears were raised at their father's death, lest peradventure Joseph should now seek to be revenged for the wrongs he had endured at their hand. Hear how he speaks: "*Fear not, am I in the place of God?*"—"As for you, you thought evil against me, but God meant it for good to bring you into this country and save much people alive. It was this feeling that sweetened his life, and made him brave and cheerful amid all the wrongs and sufferings he had to endure through long years. No one had greater reason to complain of the providence of God and the cruelty of man, but you find nothing like petulance or peevishness. There is no charging of God foolishly. And though conversant with treachery and falsehood on every hand, no expression of bitterness escapes his lips—there is no sentimental wailing over the hollowness of friendship or the in-

gratitude of the world. On the contrary there is a growing sweetness—a profounder conviction of the presence of God down to the last when he made mention concerning his bones, and closed his eyes on the magnificence of Egypt, and opened them on the glories of eternity. There was a vision of earthly glory that hung before his imagination from his boyhood, but that vision had no glory by reason of the glory that excelleth. It was this higher vision and wider horizon that gave him dignity, strength, and real greatness, and wonderful as were his wisdom, energy and industry, they were nothing to his piety. This was the crowning excellence of his character and the secret of his success. This was that vital spring which held him up in dark days and lent such a charm to his life whether in the palace or in the prison. But for this he would have been weak as another man; but for this the world should have been his *all in all*, and his splendid talents bound down to its degrading service, would have shrunk into insignificance, and his name long ere now passed away into obscurity like the great multitude since his day that lived and died without God and without hope in the world.

Poetry.

WHY ARE YE TROUBLED ?

Luke xxiv. 38, 39; Deut. xxxiii. 25; Ps. xxiii. 4; Isa. xliii. 2; John xiv. 3; 2 Cor. xii. 9.

Why are ye troubled? Is thy soul
 Conscious of guilt, with fears oppress?
 Think on thy risen Saviour's wounds,
 Believe His word and be at rest.
 Behold by faith his hands and feet,
 Remember all the pangs he bore;
 He thus for thee atonement made—
 Receive this truth, and fear no more.

Why are ye troubled? Is thy mind
 Perplexed about thy future lot?
 Confide in him who for thee cares,
 The faithful God who changes not.
 Hath He not promised to His own
 Their bread and water to supply?
 And shall these mercies fail from Him
 Who for us gave His Son to die?

Why are ye troubled? Does thy heart
 Sink at the thought of death's dark day,
 When, loved ones leaving, thou must through
 The gloomy valley take thy way?
 Do not despond, for Jesus then,
 Who walked the same dark vale before,
 Will come and bear thy spirit up,
 And take thee to the heavenly shore.

Why are ye troubled? God will give
 Due strength proportion'd to thy case—
 For life, he gives us grace to live;
 For death bestows the needed grace.
 He death disarms, the grave illumines;
 Declaring, in His word divine,
 Body and soul shall reunite,
 And in immortal beauty shine.

GLASGOW.

WM. T. MAUSLANE.

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I was sitting alone in the twilight,
 With spirit troubled and vexed,
 With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
 And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing,
 For the child of my love and care,
 Some stitches half wearily setting,
 In the endless need of repair;—

But my thoughts were about the building,
 The work some day to be tried,
 And how only the gold and the silver
 And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts—
 The wretched work I had done,
 And, even when trying most truly,
 The meagre success I had won.

“It is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble,”
 I said; it will all be burned—
 This useless fruit of the talents
 One day to be returned:

“Yet I have so longed to serve Him,
 And sometimes, I know, I’ve tried;
 But I’m sure when He sees such building,
 He will never let it abide.”

Just then, as I turned the garment,
 That no rent should be left behind,
 My eye caught an odd little bungle
 Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
 And something blinded my eyes
 With one of those sweet intuitions
 That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! she wanted to help me:
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
 But O, what a funny botch she had made—
 The gray mis-matching the blue:

And yet—can you understand it?—
 With a tender smile and a tear,
 And a half-compassionate yearning,
 I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
 And the dear Lord said to me,
 “Art thou tenderer for the little child,
 Than I am tender for thee?”

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
 So full of compassion and love,
 And my faith came back to its refuge,
 Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought, when the Master Builder
 Comes down His temple to view;
 To see what rents must be mended,
 And what must be builded anew;

Perhaps, as He looks on the building,
 He will bring my work to the light,
 And seeing the marring and bungling,
 And how far it is all from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
 And will say as I said for her;
 Dear child ! she wanted to help me,
 And love for me was the spur ;

And for the real love that is in it,
 The work shall seem perfect as mine ;
 And because it was willing service,
 I will crown it with plaudit divine.

And then in the deepening twilight
 I seemed to be clasping a hand,
 And to feel a great love constraining—
 Greater than any command.

Then I knew, by the thrill of sweetness,
 'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
 Which would tenderly guide and hold me
 Till all the labour is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
 My faith no longer is dim ;
 But my heart is strong and restful,
 And my eyes are up to Him.

ANONYMOUS.

TO-MORROW.

" As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

There is a land where grief shall sleep,
 And joy and peace awaken,
 Where moments shall too swiftly sweep
 To be by care o'ertaken.
 There pleasure, drest in fadeless flowers,
 Smiles at departed sorrow,
 And hope rests in contentment's bowers—
 We'll reach that land to-morrow.

We leave behind a pathway strew'd
 With many a bitter token
 Of faults and follies unsubdued,
 And resolutions broken ;
 Bright expectations rainbow built
 Melting in showers of sorrow ;
 But this dark course of pain and guilt
 We'll cease to tread to-morrow.

To-day, and every day we've passed,
 Has brought its toil and trouble ;
 We ever meet an envious blast
 To break the glittering bubble.
 Our labour yet is but in vain,
 Our pleasures end in sorrow ;
 Our dearest hopes we never gain—
 'Twill not be so to-morrow.

We'll throw away the present hours ;
 We'll scorn the present pleasure ;
 To-morrow's promises are ours
 Of happiness and leisure.
 The promises we now delay,
 The hopes that now we borrow,
 The joys we dimly now survey,
 Shall be fulfilled to-morrow.

You tell us that the setting sun
 May be the last we number ;
 And ere the morrow is begun
 We with the dead may slumber.
 Shall gloomy certainties bear sway
 While we a hope may borrow ?
 No, if we meet with death to-day,
 We'll welcome life to-morrow.

Christian Thought.

EDIFICATION.

BY HENRY A. NELSON, D. D.

This is Paul's word. John does not use it, nor Peter, nor any other Apostle. Luke once wrote that, "the churches throughout all Judea and Galilee and Samaria had rest, and

were edified." He is the only New Testament writer besides Paul, who uses this word or any of its derivatives. Did Luke take the word from Paul, with whom he conversed so much ? Inspired men doubtless wrote their communications "in words which the Holy Ghost taught." For it is not

inconsistent with this to believe that the same divine inspiration of John and Paul, making them both infallible, and securing that both should use only words which the Divine Spirit approved and sanctioned, did not cause them both to use the same words, but moved each to express thoughts in words natural to him, according to his mental constitution, and taste, and culture. There might then be words, and phrases, and turns of expression distinctly and characteristically Pauline, and others as distinctly and characteristically Petrine or Johannic, just as well when they wrote under plenary divine inspiration, as if they had been subject to no such supernatural influence.

Edification is a Pauline word. It is primarily a term of architecture. To edify is to build up. It is to perform those actions the result of which is an edifice. How significant is this of planning, and of wise and thoughtful care, and of patient and painstaking labor, and of a solid and enduring work! Paul would have results of character planned for, and cared for, and labored for, as thoughtfully and as patiently as the wise architect plans and cares, and labors to make his building erect and strong and of comely proportions. He would have us labor for results which are solid and lasting. He desired not puffing up, but building up.

So he discountenanced all needless display of gifts (even of those supernatural gifts which were enjoyed in his time), on the ground that it did not edify.—1 Cor. xiv. 17. He preferred prophesying (*i. e.*, declaring divine truth intelligibly) to "speaking in an unknown tongue," because the former edified the Church, while the latter would edify none but the speaker.—1 Cor. xiv. 4. In Rom. xiv. 19, he exhorts us to "follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another. Peace is very necessary to

safe and prosperous building. They do not build up cities when hostile cannon are threatening them, nor when a turbulent populace are building barricades across the streets. Neither are Churches edified when quarrelling, so much as when they have rest.

Paul did not think it best to indulge even in "lawful" things which "edify not."—1 Cor. x. 29. He exhorted the Thessalonians to *comfort* and *edify* one another.—1 Thes. v. 11. He valued neither knowledge nor zeal nor eloquence, neither admonition nor instruction nor exhortation, unless they would *edify*—unless they would build up Christians and churches in solid, reliable Christian character. He deemed that all the royal gifts of ascending Messiah to His people—"apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers"—were "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the *edifying* of the body of Christ."—Eph. iv. 12.

Do we value as we ought that which inspired Paul expressed by this significant word? Are we as thoughtful, as painstaking, as patient, as we should be to secure our own edification, to edify one another, to edify the Church, "the body of Christ?" Let us ever remember that not all increase is edifying. Sudden puffing up and careless heaping up are very different from true building up. In order to edify ourselves, or others, or the Church, we must be thoughtful, studious, diligent, faithful, above all *charitable*. "Charity edifyeth." All true edification is a "labor of love," watchful, patient, forbearing, unselfish love.—*Evangelist*.

"HOURS OF HEALTHY THOUGHT."

We are indebted for this expression to Professor Tyndal. It occurs in a statement which he has published for

the purpose of vindicating his recent address before the British Association—that by which he has so shocked every Christian mind. The vindication appears to us utterly inadequate. At the same time the explanation which he gives of his mental position is in one respect very touching. He states, in substance, that he is no confirmed atheist; and, appealing to the fact that Christians are proved by their writings to have their weaker hours as well as their stronger ones, their seasons of doubt as well as their seasons of faith, he informs us that he too has his own “variations of mood and tense,” seasons of weakness as well as seasons of strength. He then acknowledges that it is *not* in his hours of stronger and healthier thought that the doctrine of materialistic atheism commends itself to his mind.

Considered as a defence of his address, this statement is not merely impotent, but evidently makes that address more indefensible morally than before. For no man has a right to give forth to the world as his sober conclusions the thoughts of what he himself knows to be his weaker and unhealthier hours; and when those thoughts are on subjects so all-important as the being of God and the immortality of man, the guilt attaching to the light utterance of them is to our minds incalculable; for it is like the act of the fool who “scattereth fire-brands, arrows, and death, and saith, Am I not in sport?”

Would that the eminent professor had either kept his imaginations wholly to himself, or at the very least, given us along with them the thoughts also of his healthy hours! A humble man would have done so. A wise man, impressed with the magnitude of the interests at stake, would surely have done so. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it partially relieves us to learn from him, even now, that he is not a confirmed atheist, and that his healthier thoughts are in the opposite direction. Who knows then but by God's grace he may yet be brought back from the dark abyss of universal scepticism on whose border he stands; and what child of God will not pray for him that he may?

For the sake of our thoughtful readers, we should like to draw one lesson from Mr. Tyndall's self-revelation. We all have our hours of less healthy as well as of healthier thought. Now we speak to the experience of many when we say that it is in their worst seasons, when sin most prevails, that they are most unbelieving; while on the other hand, their hours of simplest faith are in all respects their best, strongest, and holiest. How strong the testimony of this fact to our holy religion! How ought we to cherish the impulses of God's Spirit drawing us Godward through Christ—of that Spirit who thus experimentally proves himself to be the Spirit of holiness and power, and of a sound mind!—*British Messenger.*

Christian Life.

A GOOD BISHOP.

[The following sketch we take from the pages of "*The day of Rest.*" The Editor has read it with all the more interest for happening to have in his library the Irish Bible translated by Bishop Bedell. When we consider that the Celtic tongue was acquired by him after his settlement in Ireland, and that so much opposition was made to his undertaking, it will be readily granted that his translation of the old Testament entitles the good bishop to a place beside Tyndale and other men who laboured amid discouragement to make the common people acquainted with the word of God.]

The life of Bishop Bedell was not remarkable for any great variety of incident. Its chief interest is in the character of the man, with his liberal and charitable views, which were altogether unusual in his day. It was a life passed in comparative retirement, but it shone with a lustre that gilded the surrounding darkness. There are many names among the bishops of the Church of England which are more famous for learning or for the part they took in public affairs at some great historical crisis, but there are few who have left behind them a better reputation for piety and exemplary life than William Bedell, Bishop of Kilmore and Ardagh.

Bedell was born in 1570. His birth-place was Black-Notely, in the county of Essex. He belonged to an old and respectable family, which had a considerable estate in that county. At an early age he was sent to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he was placed under the care of Dr. Chadderton, Master of Emmanuel, and afterwards famous as one of the leading Puritans at the Hampton Court Conference. At Cambridge, Bedell was soon noticed for his devout life, and his diligence in learning. He was ordained by the Suffragan Bishop of

Colchester, and was soon after made a fellow of his college. During his residence at Cambridge he united with two other fellows of colleges in establishing a society to supply preaching for the parishes in the vicinity of Cambridge.

We know but little of Bedell's college life, and not much more of the period passed in his first parish. He left Cambridge for Bury St. Edmunds, where he preached for several years. There is nothing recorded of his preaching except that it was remarkable for simplicity, and that he never ended without a direct practical application to the consciences of the hearers.

In 1606, "William Bedell, a man of choyce learning and sanctified wisdom," was appointed Chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, Ambassador to the Court of Venice. He arrived at the time of the quarrel between the Pope and the Venetian Government. The Pope had just excommunicated the Doge and the whole of his dominions. This event was naturally, at the time, a subject of great interest to a clergyman of the English Church. There was every hope of a reformation in Venice similar to what had taken place in England half a century before. The Pope, however, probably remembering the results of the obstinacy of previous Popes, thought prudence the better part of valour. He gave in when he saw the determination of the Venetians. In Venice, Bedell became intimate with Father Sarpi, the ecclesiastical leader on the side of the government. They helped each other in their studies, and generally when they met read together out of the Greek New Testament. Bedell translated into Latin, for the benefit of the Venetians, the English Prayer

Book, which would have been used by them as a model for a service of their own, if their quarrel, as was then expected, had ended in a disruption with the Romish Church. Father Sarpi wished to accompany Bedell on his return to England, but the Senate decreed that they could not spare his services. He committed to Bedell portions of his "History of the Council of Trent," in manuscript. These Bedell translated into English and Latin, and had them printed in England.

After an absence of eight years, Bedell returned to Bury St. Edmunds, where he was received 'with wonderful expressions of joy by all sorts of people as an angel of God.' In 1615 he was presented by Sir Thomas Jermyn to the Rectory of Horningsheath, a parish about two miles from Bury.

Bedell kept so close to his parish, and was so little heard of in the great world, that when the famous Diodati of Geneva visited England, no one could tell him where Bedell lived. Diodati wondered much at this. He had met Bedell in foreign countries, and marvelled that so learned a man should be so little known in his own country. After some weeks' searching, Diodati met Bedell by accident in Cheapside. He took him to the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Morton, and gave him such a good character that he was soon drawn from his obscurity.

It is supposed that this introduction led to his acquaintance with Archbishop Ussher. Soon after this, the fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, elected Bedell for their Provost, and petitioned Sir Henry Wotton to use his influence with King Charles to get the royal sanction to their election. Sir Henry wrote to the King concerning Bedell, "I am bound, in all conscience and truth, to affirm of him, that I think hardly a fitter man could have been propounded to your Majesty in your whole kingdom for singular eru-

dition and piety, conformity to the rites of the Church, and zeal to advance the cause of God. May it please your Majesty to know that this is the man whom Padre Paulo took (I may say) into his very soul, with whom he did communicate the inwardest thoughts of his heart; for he professed to have received more knowledge in all divinity, both scholastical and positive, than from any that ever practised in his days." Bedell did not accept the appointment without considerable regret. He had been twelve years in his parish, and was satisfied with his simple, quiet life as a country clergyman. He said, in a letter to the gentleman who had been appointed to communicate with him, "I am married and have three children, therefore if the place requires a single man, the business is at an end. I have no want, thank God, of anything necessary for this life; I have a competent living of above a hundred pounds a year, in a good air and situation, with a very convenient house, near to my friends, a little parish, and not exceeding the compass of my weak voice." He adds, however, "If I may be of any better use to my country, to God's Church, or of any better service to our common Master, I must close mine eyes against all private respects; for if God call me I must answer, *Here I am*. For my part, therefore, I will not stir a foot, or lift up my finger for or against this motion."

Before two years were passed as Provost of Trinity, Bedell was appointed Bishop of Kilmore and Ardagh. He was now in his fifty-ninth year, but enjoying good physical strength. The office was in many respects not a desirable one. The revenue of the see was scarcely sufficient for maintenance. The Cathedral of Ardagh was in ruins. The few Irish clergy in the diocese were not very promising men, and the seven or eight from England did not under-

stand the Irish language. The parish churches were mostly without roofs, and almost in ruins. The people, except those who had been imported from Britain, were Roman Catholics. In addition to these things, there was an ecclesiastical court, independent of the bishop, which was a source of great oppression to the people. Each of the seven or eight English clergymen who did not understand the language of the people, held four or five livings. Bedell called a meeting of his clergy, and set before them the great evils of pluralities. He advised them to resign all their benefices, except one, and such was his influence that they all cried with a loud voice, "As thou hast said, so will we do." There was only one clergyman who refused. Bedell, that he might teach by example as well as precept, resigned the see of Ardagh, retaining only that of Kilmore.

To do his work efficiently among the people, Bishop Bedell learned the Irish language, and caused the service to be conducted in it in his cathedral once every Sunday. He also translated a Catechism, containing short prayers and graces, with Scripture texts, which he intended as a substitute for the counting of beads and the mumbling of Ave Marias. His next great work was the translation of the Bible into the Irish language. He called to his assistance an old man named Murtach King, whom he ordained, and presented to a living that he might be able to devote his time to the work. Some ill-disposed persons represented to the Court that this King was an unworthy person. He was ejected from the living, fined, and imprisoned without any reason being assigned. The Irish Bible was not printed in Bedell's lifetime, but this translation was finished, and long after it was published at the expense of the excellent Sir Robert Boyle. In the Convocation at Dublin in 1634 there was a great

debate about giving the Bible and the Prayer-Book to the people in their own language. The opposition was led by Bishop Bramhall, who advocated the policy instituted by Henry VIII., which was to compel the natives to learn English. The Convocation, however, made canons in favour of Bedell's side, which encouraged him to go on with the translation of the Scripture.

Bishop Bedell was a practical man, and eminent both for his talents and his learning; but he was, above all things, a saint. He prayed with his family three times a day—first in the early morning, then when the cloth was laid for dinner, and once more after supper. It is recorded, too, that "he never rose from dinner or supper without having a chapter read, which he often expounded." He was very strict in his observance of the Sabbath day, when he always preached twice, catechized the children publicly, and then, in the evening, reviewed with his family the subjects on which he had been discoursing. He was a diligent student of the Scriptures, and became, it is said, as familiar with the Greek Septuagint and the original Hebrew as he was with the English version. Bishop Bedell avoided all appearance of state, and when he entered Dublin it was either walking or on horseback. He kept constantly in mind his own infirmities, and strove always after greater purity of heart. In accordance with this he chose for his motto a singular device—"Take from me all my tin" (Isa. i. 25). The point of this is that the Hebrew word for tin is Bedil. The Bishop's last days were spent in sorrow. The Irish chieftains, in 1641, seized on the opportunity given by the troubles in England to exterminate the English. The Roman Catholic population united for a general massacre of the Protestants. The province of Ulster, which contains the diocese of Kilmore,

was the chief scene of their barbarity. The general cry, says one writer, was heard throughout the district, "Spare neither woman nor child; the English are meat for dogs. Let not one drop of English blood be left within the kingdom." The number of the slain is estimated generally at 200,000. But one Protestant dwelling in the country of Cavan was allowed to remain untouched, and that was the house of Bishop Bedell. His holy life and benevolent charity had made a deep impression even on this rude multitude that came armed with swords and staves. Many persons fled to the palace, and a demand was made for the Bishop to deliver them up into the hands of the rebels. He refused. They assured him of their respect towards himself; but when he would not be persuaded to

send away those who came to his palace for refuge, they took him prisoner to an island in Lochwater. He was soon after liberated, in consequence of an exchange of prisoners, and took refuge in the house of a clergyman, who belonged to an old Irish family, and on that account found some favor with the rebels. In this house the aged bishop spent his last days, and, like Augustine of Hippo, died in the midst of siege, rapine, and murder. His decease took place at midnight, Feb. 7, 1642. His last words were, "I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to His trust against that day." At his funeral a Roman Catholic priest, who had been intimate with him, was heard to breathe the prayer, "Let my soul rest with the soul of Bedell."

C. L. TRENCH.

Christian Work.

MISS McPHERSON'S WORK AMONG THE LITTLE ONES.

RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR 1874, FROM
THE MARCHMONT HOME, BELLEVILLE.

The following communication from Miss Billbrough, in regard to the Home, Belleville, is very welcome. We commend the work of that Institution to the sympathies of our readers in Ontario.—ED. C. C. M.]

On looking back over the past year, our song is one of continual thanksgiving and praise to Him who has so richly blessed us in our work for these little ones. Truly, God is good. Of all the children brought out this year by Miss McPherson from the old country, or returned from places, we have but a handful left.

God has, in his own good time and way, provided homes for all, and our

hearts constantly rejoice at the open doors ready to receive every fresh arrival. And this reminds me that perhaps the most encouraging feature in our work is its power in befriending those who are utterly helpless, by taking them so early from the haunts of sin that they are yet uninjured by the grosser forms and expressions of it, and therefore so much the more hopeful.

The Lord sends his harvesters, and gathers many such out of the courts and dens abounding in our great cities. It may seem almost like a fable to some over whose lives poverty and want never flung their shadow to realise that there are "Little Maggie's" at their very doors meeting earthly and heavenly salvation. Ay! and others still more needy. Had you seen as I did, when in Edinburgh this last

year, the puny, starved infant brought from a low lodging house, (his bright black eyes the only redeeming feature in his little pinched face), and heard the sad tale of his suffering, and the earnest pleading that he might be one of those taken to Canada, you too would have been unable to resist the plea. So with the unspoken thought that he might as well die under loving care, as unknown and uncared for—Billy came out—delicate, ailing for months; then improvement took place, eagerly noticed and watched over, so that Billy became the petted inmate of the Home.

During the summer a young lady and her parents called—she saw and loved the child, and in the Lord's own time wrote how he had made the way clear.

"Mother has just consented for us to have little Billy, in answer to prayer. Please write and send us word when you are coming, and we will meet you, *D.V.* Kiss Billy for me; remember we are to keep him. Miss A. will be surprised when she hears it, but the Lord knows all about it, and you will when you come.

"Oh, I am so thankful to the Lord for giving me the privilege to work for him in this way.

"Your sister in the Lord.—A. C."

I took Billy to his new friends, finding it hard to part with the little one who had wound so closely round all our hearts.

On my return journey I stopped a night to call and see him. Though only a few days had passed, he had forgotten me!

With a shy frightened look he clung to his new mother, till across the dinner-table, where he was seated beside her in his high arm-chair, we made friends again.

Listen to what his "Auntie" writes this Christmas tide.

.... "You will see a great differ-

ence in him we all think; he is about a quarter as large again as he was when he came here.

"He can take three or four steps alone. You would laugh if you saw him standing alone like a man, and calling to the doves to look at him. He says some words quite plainly, and tries to say *everything* we say. He seems more attached to mother than any of the rest; I really think he calls mamma a hundred times a day. No matter what is going on, mamma has to know all about it. Papa thinks 'he's a rich Christmas box.' We thank 'our Father' every day for sending us such a little darling. We had a letter from our sisters in Chicago; they are delighted about our taking the baby, and want his photograph immediately. We have had him christened Charlie. He is getting prettier every day, and loves to be petted. I often tell mother she spends half her time playing with him. You must just come and see him as soon as possible; I'm sure you will be delighted.

"Yours in the bonds of the Gospel.

A. C."

Who can estimate the value of one such little life, and we know "not one of them is forgotten before God."

Humanly speaking, more hopeless even than little Billy was Willie M. Younger still, he had the greatest curse a child can have this side the grave—a drunken mother! One so utterly lost to all human feeling that she cared for nothing but the cruel drink; and Willie, a fine handsome little fellow, made shift the best way he could; cared for by the two older ones, Mary and Johnnie. Space fails me to tell of the happy home in which he is now the cherished inmate, so I will close with a few extracts from R. M's letter. He is fifteen, and there are four younger brothers and sisters in Homes near him. "If you will send me

Miss Newton's address, I will write to her at once. I don't forget the talk she had with me in a little room overhead, in the Home in England. . . . I would like to come to Belleville very much, to see you and all the people there.

"I am getting \$100 a year and my board, but it costs so much for clothes, and you have to keep up in a store. I wish my mother was here, I could get on twice as well; but mind I am not grumbling, because you know that I am a great deal better off here than I was in England. I am looking forward to the time when I shall have a store of my own, and I think I am on a fair

way to get one. My master trusts me with anything he has, and I keep all his books for him, and I have the key of his safe very often. I remain, yours gratefully. R. M."

This letter is well written and spelled. The lad is in his first place, and I am sure my readers will join in the wish that he may "soon have a store of his own." This wintertime has been one of especial spiritual blessing among some of our older children, and asking your prayers that seed sown in tears may be reaped abundantly with joy,

Yours in the Master's service,

ELLEN AGNES BILBROUGH.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

[This poem, by Miss Geldart, falls in appropriately here.]

An orphan sat in his new found home,
His home beyond the sea,
It was strange to see the sad look come
On that face of child-like glee.

There were dancing leaves on the maple bough,
The bees and the birds were glad;
Then whence the shade on that smooth young brow,
Of thought that was almost sad?

His new friends watched him a little while
And wondered what made him grave;
Till he spoke the words with a sudden smile:
"What a pleasant home I have."

"It seems so strange you would bring me here,
To live in your loving care;
But I know what won me a home so dear—
It was just my mother's prayer.

"It was only March when my mother died,
And I know I heard her pray
That God would a home for her boy provide,
And guard him along the way.

“ And well I know He heard her prayer,
For I mind when she and I
Sat close one night in the fearful glare
Of a blazing house hard by.

“ And the flames kept rising higher and higher,
And none were there to aid ;
But then in the light of that fearful fire,
My mother knelt and prayed.

“ He heard her then, and stopped the flame,
And it never came too near ;
He kept me as over the sea we came,
His hand has brought me here.

“ Yes ; God who the widow's stay had been,
Had been her orphan's guide,
To that pleasant home and the pastures green,
By the Cannistoga's side.

“ Oh friends, who have to the orphan given,
An earthly home so fair,
Only guide him safe to a home in Heaven,
And his mother will thank you there.

“ And the Lord Himself will say well done,
And give you a welcome sweet,
When you have led that little one
To rest at his blessed feet.”

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY JUBILEE.

At the meeting commemorating the Jubilee meeting of the American Tract Society, in the Brick church on Sabbath evening, Dec. 13th, the Hon. William E. Dodge presided, and made an address, setting forth the wide and blessed influence of the Society.

Rev. Dr. Tyng traced its origin as connected with the revivals in the decade preceding 1825, and in this view claimed that its primogenitor was the Holy Ghost. On those whose names appeared as officers elected or members present during the first five years

of the Society, only Rev. Dr. Hallock, Moses Allen, Howard Malcolm, and himself remained in the flesh, and only ten names remained from the first ten years.

Rev. G. L. Shearer, Financial Secretary, stated that the average number of copies of publications in fifty years was 50,000,000 annually, the total being 507,000,000 copies, of which over 26,000,000 are volumes. The total pages printed the first year was about 9,000,000 ; in the last year it was 141,000,000, exclusive of over 7,000,000 copies of periodicals. The cash receipts the first year were \$10,000, last year \$550,000.

The business of the Society is self-sustaining. Donations are needed only for its benevolent missionary work, which includes (1) Grants of Publications, (2) Colportage, and (3) Appropriations in aid of the mission press abroad. The benevolent receipts during the last year show donations \$69,674.94, and legacies \$78,921.87, a total of \$140,801.10.

Grants of publications are made at the rate of nearly \$1000 per week. During the year 220 colporters have been employed, making over 200,000 family visits. In addition to grants of publications and electrotypes, the Committee have sent in cash for printing at foreign mission stations, over \$600,000. The Committee have approved for publication abroad, in whole or in part by Society's funds, 4055 publications, of which 599 are volumes. The Society and the institutions it thus aids prints in 148 languages or dialects.

The Rev. Dr. Clapp, Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, spoke of the part that tracts have borne in the great revivals on the mission field of the West, and the present facilities that the Society's issues afford Home missionaries.

The Rev. Dr. Bliss, President of the Protestant College, Beirut, Syria, gave his observations of the work of the Society in printing the common salvation in foreign tongues, particularly in Arabic, of which 11,000,000 pages had been issued from the press of the Beirut mission during the past year. The 120,000,000 Arabic speaking people there must be reached mainly by this instrumentality.

Dr. Prime made a brief address on the necessity and adaptation of tracts, and offered a resolution of thanks for the signal success of the past, and commending the Society to the churches and individuals for enlarged benevolences, especially in this Jubilee year. It was adopted. The Rev.

William R. Williams, D.D., and Rev. J. O. Murray, D.D., also participated in the exercises.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY IN ENGLAND.

These lay workers have been, or are being, duly prepared for in Manchester and London. In the former city at the regular meeting of the Presbytery of Manchester, the Rev. Mr. McCaw, after remarks, moved as follows:

"The Presbytery hail the arrival in Manchester of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, evangelists from America; rejoice in the large amount of blessing that has attended their labours in the various cities that they have visited; trust that a similar amount of blessing may attend their work in this city; and earnestly recommend the ministers and elders of the Presbytery heartily to co-operate with their brethren in their efforts to promote the Lord's cause in our midst."

Mr. Charles Moinet seconded the motion, which was unanimously carried. At the request of the Moderator, Messrs. McCaw and Reid sought the Divine blessing upon the labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

On the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 1st, there was a good meeting of ministers of all denominations in the large room of the Canon-street Hotel, to hear from the Revs. Scott Moncrieff, of Edinburgh; F. Downing, of Dublin; and H. M. Williamson, of Belfast, reports on recent religious movements in Scotland and Ireland. The first speaker referred to the gradual giving way of his strong prejudices, and to the steadfastness of the converts. The Rev. H. M. Williamson had heard all Mr. Moody's addresses, and the three R's were present in every one—Ruin by the Fall, Redemption by the blood of Christ, and Regeneration by the

work of the Holy Ghost. At Belfast the most marvellous work was among the young men. He added, the work was still going on. Just now there were more souls awakened than when Messrs. Moody and Sankey were there. His experience was that men who were brought to God in revivals were better Christians than those who came into the kingdom in ordinary times. The Rev. Mr. Downing concluded this part of the evening programme by stating what he had seen in Dublin. Of all portions of the work, the inquiry meeting was the most solemn and interesting. He was sure that those ministers who adopted it would gain tenfold power. As to Messrs. Moody and Sankey, he felt sure that they were men of faith and prayer. He was also much struck by the way in which Mr. Moody unfolded the Scriptures. Experienced clergymen from all parts of Ireland were thankful that they had heard Mr. Moody preach. He was satisfied it was a mighty work of the Holy Spirit.

Mr. Baxter then stated that the committee had taken the Agricultural Hall for nine weeks for Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and that the rest of the time of their visit of four months would be devoted to laboring in different parts of the metropolis. They would be glad to have halls and churches placed at their disposal. Resolutions were then carried to the effect that the meeting would encourage the existing prayer-meetings, that it would give a hearty welcome to Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and that it pledged the ministers and Christian friends present to help each other on all suitable occasions.

PROGRESS IN ORISSA.

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH REPORT OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY gives a very pleasing impression of

the progress of the Gospel in Orissa. One of their Missionaries, Mr. Hill, gives the following account of a six weeks' tour in the district of Goomsoor:—

“Eighteen years before I made my first tour as far as Russell Condah, and the material changes and improvements which have taken place since that time were very pleasing to witness. Then there was scarcely a properly constructed road throughout the Goomsoor district; now, there are scores of miles all metalled and bridged. Another thing that struck me was the improved condition of the people, as seen in their dress, their ornaments, and their houses. In the towns and centres of trade this improvement is very striking. Here, coarse cloth has been superseded by fine calicoes or scarlet blankets; necklaces and earrings of glass or brass have been replaced by ornaments of silver or gold; while in the stead of dilapidated huts, well-built houses with brick walls and tiled roofs are rapidly springing into existence. The people themselves admit the advantages they enjoy under British rule; and amid their present security can afford to smile at allusions to former days. With the quotation of a verse of Oriya rhyme, descriptive of former days, the people are now very much amused, as it serves to show the state of insecurity which existed then as contrasted with the security which exists now. Turned into English it would be somewhat as follows;—

‘Your food must always be eaten at dawn,
Your garments must ever be dirty and torn;
With your houses in ruins, seem wretched and
poor,
And then you may dwell in the state of
Goomsoor.’

‘True, true, it had used to be so,’
is the response of the people; and then
addressing each other they would say,
‘Could we wear clothes, put on orna-
ments, or build houses, as we do now?’

No! no! the rajah's soldiers would come and carry all our wealth away.'

"When asked what has made the difference between the past and present, the people will sometimes reply, 'There is justice and mercy *now*, but there was not *then*'—that now they are under the rule of the great Queen instead of the native king. But where has the great Queen learnt justice and mercy, we sometimes ask? And this enables us to show that she has learnt it from the holy Book; that as a child may receive protection and support from its parents without knowing their source, so they, through the Queen, are receiving the blessings of Christianity without knowing whence those blessings come. 'You may curse the sun,' said Tama, 'but it will still give you light; you may curse the ground, and it will still afford you food; so you may despise and denounce the religion of Jesus, though you enjoy its benefits notwithstanding.'

"A common form of objection is, '*the way in which our forefathers have gone for fourteen generations we must go.*' Of course it is easy to meet this by showing that, in many respects, their conduct is different from that of their forefathers,—that they wear different clothing, live in different houses, and travel on different roads, and that the thing for them to consider was, not what was done by their forefathers ages ago, but what was the best for them to-day. If you had to take a long journey, the question is sometimes asked, Would you go in the dark, dirty, dangerous, jungly tracks of your forefathers, or along the new, clean, open highway? Though the answer is generally in favour of the latter, a Brahmin declared in favour of the former, for the following reasons: 'Beforetime,' he said, 'we could put just a bit of cloth on, and pass through the jungle unperceived, but to appear on the high, public way in this manner, we are ashamed, and obliged to dress respect-

ably.' To this it was replied that, though the dark, winding paths of the jungle might suit a few Brahmins, still, for the people generally, the high road was far preferable. Hindooism was then compared to the mazes of a jungle, and Christianity to the plain, straight highway leading to holiness, happiness, and heaven. As the people are rapidly forsaking the old paths as regards trade, education, and custom, and adapting themselves to the changing and altered state of the times, so there is reason to believe that they are being gradually prepared to walk in the way of the Lord."

The Orissa of to-day is very different from the Orissa of December 1823; and we cannot say that the former days were better than these. Widows were then burnt with their deceased husbands. The atrocious Meriah rite, now happily suppressed, was not at the time of which we write disclosed to the civilized world. Education was neglected, and was regarded by many as dangerous to our rule. Earnest fidelity to our holy faith was ridiculed as bigotry and fanaticism. Orissa's ugly idol was unblushingly upheld by British authority; and there were public officers who thought Herod and Pontius Pilate model governors of a subject race, because they sought "to please the people," truth, righteousness, and the fear of God notwithstanding.

PROGRESS AT TALAS NEAR CESAREA.

Mr. Bartlett, of the Cesarea station (376 miles E.S.E. of Constantinople), wrote, July 16:—

"On reading, in the last *Herald*, a communication from my associate, Mr. Farnsworth, in regard to Talas, our place of residence, I am prompted to write you, and report again the state of things among us now, after the lapse of nearly six months from

the date of his letter. On my return from Marash, two months ago, after an absence of six months, I was surprised and delighted to find so encouraging evidence of progress in everything pertaining to the work of the Lord here. I found the Sabbath Congregation transferred from our own house, where we had held worship for about three years, to the large and pleasant audience-room in the new school building, and increased from 125 to more than 200 regular listeners. The school, also, had been removed from its former close and inconvenient quarters to the new building, and transformed from a girl's school of from twenty-five to thirty pupils, with one teacher, into a mixed school of nearly 100 boys and girls, organized in two grades, with two competent teachers, and occupying both the large school-room and the audience-room above it; these rooms having been partially furnished with seats and desks.

During my absence, eleven new members had been received to the Church, and were witnessing a good confession. The prejudice and open opposition which had been so often manifested from the first, and especially in connection with the new building, seemed to have died away, and a very marked change was visible throughout the community.

There is at present, in Talas, a spirit of *wakeful inquiry* heretofore unknown, from which we hope still greater results at no distant day. The day school now numbers upwards of 130, and is receiving additions every week, so that we have been obliged to employ two additional teachers, four in all, while Mrs. Bartlett still continues a daily and careful superintendence.

The Sabbath congregation, the Sunday and week day schools, all furnish a very happy illustration of the influence of the truth in removing prejudice between the different nationali-

ties. Greeks and Armenians sit side by side and listen to the same Gospel, and at the Lord's supper partake of the same emblems of a Saviour's dying love. Greek and Armenian children, in the same class, receive the same lessons from the word of God, and sing the same sweet hymns of love, and hope, and praise. In the day school Greek and Armenian teachers co-operate in plans and efforts for the instruction of Greek and Armenian pupils, pursuing the same studies, and subject to the same rules of discipline. This is something entirely new in Turkey, and is already producing a marked influence upon the community at large. These schools are the means of enlightenment in many homes, for the hymns and Scripture lessons learned in school are sung and repeated at home, and the monthly pictorial child's paper finds its way into more than a hundred families every month. The pupils of the day school are all required to attend the Sunday school, and also the Sabbath morning religious services, this condition being clearly stated when they enter the school. Profanity and falsehood, which are almost universal among the children, as well as among adults, are strictly forbidden, and moral and religious instruction are freely imparted.

It should not be forgotten that whatever of good fruit appears in Talas is the result of a cultivation of only six years, and in view of this fact we are constrained to exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' He has so ordered, that from the first the most bitter opposition of bishop, priest, and people has contributed to the awakening of the masses and the increased circulation of the Word, and hence to the defeat of the very ends they had sought. Talas is a large town, of some 15,000 inhabitants, containing five Greek and three Armenian churches, and five Mohammedan mosques, and may we not hope for the

day when, in all these places of assembly, the Gospel of Christ may be freely preached? In the small Greek town of Stephana, only a half hour from us, an encouraging work seems to be just opening, and there are hopeful indications in other places. Indeed the fields are all inviting us to the harvest, and our great want now, as ever, is twofold,—more native labourers, and the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon the seed sown.

One great sorrow oppresses us day and night. We see the *famine* slowly but surely approaching, and unless aid comes, through the Government, or otherwise, within a few months more it must count its scores, if not hundreds of victims, at our very doors, even as it already counts its thousands within 100 miles of our quiet home."

THE PAPUANS OF NEW GUINEA.

New Guinea is 1,400 miles in length, and contains 200,000 geographical square miles. It has never been explored, and it is therefore impossible to guess its population. The inhabitants are fine specimens of savage humanity; tall, well shaped and powerful. Their hair and beards grow in patches or tufts, each about the size of a pea. They are very fond of this natural ornament, and seldom cut it off; sometimes they dress it so as to make it stick out at right angles to the head, but more often they screw up the hair of each patch separately into a ringlet. Their color is a very dark chocolate, their features large and tolerably well made. Their agility is remarkable. Along the water's edge about Dourga Straits there run wide belts of mangroves, which extend often for miles in length, with scarcely a break. The ground is thick, deep, soft mud, from which the mangroves spring in

such numbers, that no one could pass through them even at low water without the constant use of an axe, while at high water all passage is utterly impossible. As the natives have to cross this belt several times a day, they prefer doing so by means of the upper branches, among which they run and leap, by constant practice from childhood, *as easily as monkeys*. The London Missionary Society has since planted a Mission on some adjacent island, by placing native Christian Teachers from the South Sea Islands among the Papuans. We have noted from time to time the progress of this Mission, which has already extended itself to the mainland. The last accounts show that it is prospering delightfully, and calls for thanksgiving to God. Everything is still of course in embryo; pioneering work only can at present be done, but it is evident that the people of this great island are ready and willing to receive the Gospel message. Mr. Murray sailed again from Cape York in March, to visit Annapata and Elevera, the spots where he had left native teachers from the South Seas as an experiment. Very anxious he was naturally to see what the result of the experiment would be. "With intense anxiety, therefore, every movement on shore was watched as we drew near. The teachers acted with great promptitude, so we were not long kept in suspense. Before we got to anchor they were on their way to meet us, and, as one and another was recognized, our anxieties were lessened; and when we were satisfied that all were in the boat, and they were within hail, and we learned that the women also were all right—oh! what a relief was felt! The burden was gone, and joy and gratitude had taken the place of fear and anxiety. Seldom have I experienced more intense satisfaction. All the high hopes which I had ventured to enter-

tain and express respecting Port Moresby were realized to the full, and, considering the interests involved, that was a matter of the highest moment as regards the future of the New Guinea Mission. It was now proved that there are parts of the island free from what has hitherto been regarded with so much apprehension—fever and ague; and that to one such place we had been guided in the providence of God. All the time the teachers were at Cape York they were subject to slight attacks of that disease; one of them had three returns at Port Moresby, after which he was entirely free; and none of the others, men or women, have had any return of it since they left Cape York . . . The Natives have acted in full accordance with the promises they made when the teachers were landed. They have behaved kindly to them—many of them sharing with them what food they have, and all paying considerable attention to their instructors. They refrain from work on the Sabbath, and all, young and old, with the exception of those who belong to the part of Elevera which stands in the sea, attend the services."

The people are wonderfully interested in the doctrine of the resurrection. Family affection is strong among them; they are not polygamists, and love their children with remarkable fervour; so the hope of resurrection seemed peculiarly welcome to them.

COLPORTAGE IN INDIA.

A Colportage Association for the distribution and the sale of the Scriptures has existed in Madras for the last sixteen years. About 5,000 copies of God's Word, in whole or in part, have been sold during the past year; more than 250,000 houses were visited in 6500 villages. One of the colporteurs mentions an interesting case, il-

lustrative of the power and sufficiency of the written Word. He found in a village in the Bellary district a small congregation, unbaptized, but thoroughly well instructed in the historical as well as the doctrinal portions of the Bible, and bearing testimony for Christ in the midst of the heathen. They are in the habit of meeting every Sabbath for the purpose of prayer and Bible reading. He was present at one of these gatherings in his own tent and declares: "We had one of the most interesting, soul-stirring, and to me at least, happy meetings, I have ever had." This good work is ascribed to the efforts of a respectable goldsmith, since deceased, who had received some Scripture portions from a Christian, (*supposed to be one of the Colporteurs,*) and who, through an honest perusal, had become convinced of the truth of Christianity, and had preached the truth to all around him with zeal and success.

A CONTRAST.

The excellent Native Pastor of the Church at Ahmednugger, the Rev. R. V. Modak, in speaking of a visit he paid to Northern India says:—

"At the close of 1872 I enjoyed the great privilege of attending the Missionary Conference at Allahabad as a delegate from this Mission. Thirty-eight years ago I visited this place as a Hindu, in company with my father, to obtain merit by the ceremonies there performed. Now I came to the same place again a Christian minister, a witness that there is no merit in bathing in the Ganges and other sacred rivers, but that salvation is only by faith in Jesus Christ crucified. I came to meet with other ministers of Christ at that place of pilgrimage, to consult for the extension of Christ's kingdom, and to receive new light as to the means of extending that king-

dom. Most wonderful and impressive to my heart seemed that providence of God which brought me there again so changed! After the conference I went on to the N.E. and visited Bithur, where forty years before as a boy I played with Nana Saheb. In the mutiny of 1857 he cruelly and treacherously slaughtered at Cawnpoor the defenceless Europeans, not men only, but weak women and innocent children. Seeing the memorial garden and pillar at that place, brought before me, as it were, the picture of Nana Saheb and his deeds. And again I thought, how wonderful that, of us who were playmates in boyhood, one should have perpetrated such cruel

deeds, and the other should weep over the memorials of his cruelty! Further on, at Lucknow, Delhi, Agra, Lodiana, and other places, many Christians lost their lives as witnesses for Christ. But their blood seems to have been like a fertilizing manure applied to the soil of men's hearts, and it made ready for cultivation and fruitfulness the garden of the Church. Seeing how the Missions in those provinces have prospered since that time, cause for praise was found, and the sorrow of Cawnpoor was in a measure compensated. O God, how wonderful are Thy purposes, and Thy providential ways of fulfilling them.

Practical Papers.

THE LITTLE SUFFERER.*

FOR THE YOUNG.

Would you like to hear a story told by a good kind doctor about a little girl he used to go and see? I will use his own words:—

"R— was a little child only ten years of age, a bright little creature, and she was brought to me suffering from typhoid fever. I visited her at her own home. Never will that home be erased from my memory. She was in an empty cottage, and there was literally nothing in the shape of furniture. She lay upon the cold flag floor, upon a little straw covered with a few filthy rags. Her pulse was beating 140 per minute, tongue brown and cracked, with a terrible thirst upon her. My heart bled for this dear little lamb. Here, on a bitter cold day, without bed, blankets, or sheets, was one of the dearest children of the Lord Jesus I have ever met with. On my second

visit, she lifted up her fever-stricken face, and said, 'Doctor, doctor, will you please read to me?' I said, 'Do you, dear child, love the Lord Jesus?' 'Yes, doctor, I do,' and the heavenly, peaceful smile of that little child I hope never to forget. I spoke a few words to her from John, 14th chapter, and then knelt in prayer by her side, her hand clasped in mine. All thought of catching fever—if any there were—passed away as the dear little thing lisped after me the Lord's Prayer. Her knowledge of spiritual things was beyond her years. Day by day I visited her, and received quite as much spiritual life from this dear dying child in exchange for what little God enabled me to impart. The last struggle came; there was no repining, no sorrow, except that produced by the drinking habits of both parents. She asked the mother in my presence to promise her one thing before she went to be with Jesus, and that was, that the mother would take no more strong drink. . . . A few weeks afterwards she went where there would be no more sorrow,

* We extract this from "Little Sufferers and Little Workers," by A. E. Butler (Bristol: W. Mack). Written and well fitted to interest children in medical mission work.

nor tears, nor cruelty. The loving help of friends enabled me to cover her from the cold, and minister to her dying wants."

CHRIST'S WILLINGNESS TO RECEIVE SINNERS.

"This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.—Luke xv. 2.

Though aspersed and condemned by the self-righteous Scribes and Pharisees, Jesus, in the calm dignity of spotless purity and conscious rectitude, pursued the work His Father gave Him to do in seeking and saving the lost publicans and sinners. The vilest and most degraded thronged to hear His gracious words, and instead of repelling those outcast ones by an austere manner and speech of stern reproof, the gentle Saviour condescended to become as one of them, sin only excepted, that He might rescue their souls "from the dark terrors of a hopeless grave."

With a delicacy and tenderness all His own, He did receive sinners, He did eat with them, and by His courtesy and kindness multitudes were encouraged to approach their Lord, and found in Him the very friend and Saviour they needed. Had He treated them with the same haughty coldness wherewith they were treated by others, they might have continued sin's slaves to the end of their days; but "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ was exceeding abundant." He never spurned one sinner who came to sue for mercy, or refused to grant the boon he craved. Nay, He drew those guilty ones to Himself with the bands of a man, and with the cords of His own unspeakable love, saying to this one and that, "Come unto me;" "Thy sins are forgiven;" "Go, and sin no more;" and denouncing the cavils of the arrogant and uncharitable with the unanswerable declaration, "I am not come to call

the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Having satisfied to the full the demands of God's law, He could, without any impeachment of His holiness or truth, exercise His mercy and grace to the chief of sinners; and He disdained not the nearest alliance with these in order to win them over to goodness and to God.

Ah! how unlike to Him in this are many of His professed followers, who so often exalt themselves into reprovers and judges, condemning and taunting when they ought to pity and forgive. Reader, mark how tenderly the immaculate Saviour dealt with the erring, and learn of Him to show mercy to any and every child of sin whom providence may cast in your way. Grace can change the coarsest natures, and re-create them into the divine-likeness after which they were formed: therefore, foster with a loving hand the smallest indications of repentance; and never, oh! never act towards the fallen as if thou wert holier than they; for "with opportunity on the one hand, and Satan at the other, and the grace of God at neither, where should you and I be?"

Happy for us and for the world that the God-man still receives sinners. There are "depths of mercy; for the vilest of the vile. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and His pierced heart yearns over the guilty. From His glory-throne He calls, "Come, for all things are now ready." The feast, the love, the pardon, the welcome, all are ready; but why are there so few that hear when He speaks, or answer when He calls?

Come to this pitiful Saviour, ye poor despised ones, for whoever else may spurn you, He will in nowise cast out. He will not terrify you with displays of His avenging power, neither will He denounce vengeance for your past life of disobedience. No; He will receive you graciously and love you freely. He will fan the feeble flame of

penitence, and blot out as a thick cloud
your transgressions.

See, Jesus stands with open arms!
He calls: He bids you come.
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms—
But see, there yet is room!

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

In Him the Father reconciled,
Invites your souls to come;
There he shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

GRACE ROSS.

FOR MINISTERS,

AN OLD MINISTER'S ADVICE.

Never attempt to preach without due, deliberate, careful preparation, or unless you really have something to say to the people: and never begin preparation until you have on your bended knees, and with an humbled soul, prayed earnestly to God to guide you in the selection of a subject (such as your hearers need), the choice of a suitable text, and the ability to exhibit the truth in a clear and striking manner. It is said of one of the most eminent commentators, that he never pretended, or even thought of commenting on a single verse until he had engaged in special prayer for Divine assistance.

Always go from your knees to the pulpit, and from the pulpit to your knees—humbled before God.

Never think of yourself while preaching, but of the great God in whose presence you stand, and of your bar-bound congregation. Save, oh! save some in every sermon if you can, and think of your reward.

Always make the reflection when you rise to preach—let the thought enter your mind, "This may be my

last sermon on earth; from this effort I may go to the judgment."

Remember your responsibility,—that from a single expression some soul present may make the decision for eternity, either *for* or *against* God and eternal happiness; then throw your whole soul into your subject; preach Jesus and Him crucified, risen, exalted, and coming again.

Remember also that *manner* is something to all; and while it may be something to a few, it may be much to others, and utterly prevent you from doing the good that God would have done by you. Be humble, yet dignified.

Endeavour to feel that you are weakness itself—inadequate to the task; then *lean hard* upon the arm of Him whom you preach; it is everlasting strength, and He will never fail you.

Carefully avoid public discussion or disputation; it is generally unprofitable, and tends to strife, confusion, and almost every evil work.

In every sermon, hymn, prayer, remark, address, or communication, labour to be as short as possible, yet pointed.

Descend to familiarity with but few, and those of choicest spirits.

In the presence of the impenitent especially, always maintain the dignity of your calling as an ambassador of heaven.

Receive advice with meekness and patience, though you know it is wrong and out of place. Give advice when asked: but let it always be done humbly, cautiously, and prayerfully.

Seldom, if ever, visit your people except in your official capacity; and let those visits be frequent, faithful, and as short as possible, or as circumstances will justify.

Reprove mildly, deal gently, counsel cautiously and tenderly.

In dress be plain, neat, clean, particular, but avoid foppishness.

In discourse with mankind, be sedate, sober, dignified, but not arrogant.

Pay marked attention to the young under twelve years, and to the old over sixty. Your attention will be noticed.

Always be retired. Nothing is gained by pushing yourself into notice. "Stand back" and you will be noticed soon enough, and favorably too. but few can bear applause or caressing.

Beware of spiritual pride and vain-glory on the one hand, and of an undue depression upon the other. Sermons, discourses, public acts, &c., have often two sides to them. What may seem the good, beautiful side towards you, may appear the opposite

in the eyes of the people; but when the ill-performed discoursing-side is towards you, and you wish to hide from it, the people may duly estimate your labor and sacrifice. Therefore do your duty faithfully, and leave all with your final Judge.

Never give even a hint that would lessen the estimation which an individual may have for a brother minister, much less "speak a word" to his injury. The people will attribute it to an envious, jealous feeling on your part.

Loathe and discourage flattery and commendation. With all the discouragement you can bestow, you will have more of it than you deserve, or will be good for you in the end.—
D. H. in Messiah's Herald.

Christian Miscellany.

GEMS FROM AUGUSTINE.

BORN 354, DIED 430.

1. No one can be robbed of his delights whose joy is Christ. Eternal is his gladness who rejoices in an eternal good.

2. Be not alarmed, O Christian, because the things believed are deferred; although the promise has not come to light, let prayer persevere in hope. Press on in works, increase in holiness; so shall the steadfastness of thy faith be proved, and the glory of the recompense be increased.

3. God is said to remember when He does a thing, to forget when He does it not. For in God there can be no forgetfulness, seeing He changes not; neither can there be remembrance, because He forgets nothing.

4. When thou doest good, do it cheerfully; for whatever good thou doest sadly, it may be said to be done by thee, but thou doest it not.

5. Faith opens a way for the understanding, unbelief closes it.

6. God counts that free service, which not necessity but love dictates.

7. Night does not extinguish the stars, so this world's iniquity does not obscure the minds of believers clinging to the firmament of holy Scripture.

8. The anger of God is no furious agitation, but the judgment which awards punishment to the sin.

9. Let not man complain when suffering adversity; for by the bitterness of the lower he is taught the love of the higher. Let not the traveller going to his native land prefer the stable to his home.

10. When shall I see that city whose streets are paved with pure gold, in which shall be sung the song of gladness, and through all the streets of which the hallelujah shall be uttered by all. O, holy city! O, beautiful city! from afar I salute thee, I cry for thee, I entreat for thee, I long to see thee,

and to rest in thee; but, kept still in the flesh, I am not permitted. O city to be longed for; thy walls one gem, thy keeper God himself, thy citizens always rejoicing, for they exult in the vision of God. In thee there is no corruptibility, nor defect, no old age, nor age, but perennial peace and festal glory: joy everlasting, festival unbroken. In thee there is no yesterday nor to-morrow, but an unchanging to-day. To-morrow is as yesterday, and the long ago is eternally the same. To thee belong salvation, life, and endless peace. To thee God is all. In thee there is no fear, no sadness; each desire passes at once into joy; all that is wished for is at hand, and all that is longed for abounds.

11. Sigh for the eternal Jerusalem! whither your hope has gone before, let your life follow. There we shall be with Christ.

12. If you would be armed against temptation in the world, let the longing for the eternal Jerusalem grow and be strengthened in your hearts. Our captivity shall pass away, our felicity shall come, the last enemy shall be destroyed, and beyond death we shall triumph with our King.

13. O fire, that art always burning and never quenched, kindle me! O light, always shining and never darkened, enlighten me!

BUT DO THEY SEPARATE?

The motto of the Peninsula and Oriental Steamship Company is *Quis separabit?*—Who shall separate?—implying that neither distance nor oceans can effectually separate the great East and the great West from mutual intercourse and friendship, whilst constantly connected by a powerful fleet of excellent, commanded and punctually sailing mail steamers. In like manner, the apostle Paul also triumphantly exclaims, *Quis separabit?*—

“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?” Many afflicted Christians, in all ages, have as triumphantly made the same satisfactory confession, having felt that no trials, nor poverty, nor illness, nor distress, have been able to separate them from their Lord, who loved them and gave Himself for them. But are there not also many Christians, especially in these days, who would have gravely to pause before replying satisfactorily to the self-examining query, “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?” Shall health and vigor, worldly activity, a good business, a round of pleasant social engagements, travel, visits, absorption in science or secular literature, or the snares of the pursuit of money? Are not these pleasant things much more perilous, oftentimes, to the Christian, than the painful list enumerated by the apostle? And the Christian has not merely to ask, *Shall* these things separate us; but, *Do they already* separate? Is it a matter of fact that such attractive things really *are* occupying our time and attention to such an extent as to prevent us from giving to Christ's service that amount of devotedness which His Spirit and His Word teach us ought to be given by us? If our consciences do not enable us to return a peaceful reply to this needful self-interrogation, may we earnestly seek, in prayer, for the assistance of the Holy Spirit to “help our infirmities,” and enable us to keep nearer to Christ henceforth.

A RELIGION OF FOUR LETTERS

“There is a wide difference between your religion and mine,” said a Christian woman to one in whose spiritual condition she had long been interested. “Indeed,” said he; “how is that?” “Your religion,” she replied, “is

only two letters in it, and mine has four."

This man was one of that numerous class who are seeking acceptance with God, and eternal salvation, by their doings—by that attention to outward observances and legal requirements which can never make the "comers thereunto perfect."

"What do you mean," said he, "by two letters and four?"

"Why, your religion," said the lady, "is d-o, do; whereas mine is d-o-n-e, done." This is all that passed. The lady took her leave for an absence of some length, but her words remained, and did their work in the soul of her friend. The entire current of his thoughts was changed. "Do" is one thing; "done" is quite another. "The former is legalism, the latter is Christianity. It was a novel and very original mode of putting the Gospel; but it was just the mode for a legalist, and the Spirit of God used it in the conversion of this gentleman.

WHAT IS CHRIST TO US?

He is our way: we walk in Him.

He is our truth: we embrace Him.

He is our life: we live in Him.

He is our Lord: we choose Him to rule over us.

He is our master: we serve Him.

He is our teacher: instructing us in the way of salvation.

He is our prophet: pointing out the future.

He is our priest: having atoned for us.

He is our advocate: ever living to make intercession for us.

He is our Saviour: saving to the uttermost.

He is our root: we grow from Him.

He is our bread: we feed upon Him.

He is our fold: we enter it by Him.

He is our shepherd: leading us into green pastures.

He is the true vine: we abide in Him.

He is the water of life: we slake our thirst in Him.

He is the fairest among ten thousand: we admire Him above every thing.

He is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person: we strive to reflect His likeness.

He is the upholder of all things: we rest upon Him.

He is our wisdom: we are guided by Him.

He is our righteousness: we cast all our imperfections upon Him.

He is our sanctification: we draw all the sources of life from Him.

He is our redemption: redeeming us from all iniquity.

He is our healer: healing all our diseases.

He is our friend: relieving us from all our necessities.

And then when we need Him no longer on earth, He is the Lamb in the midst of the throne above, the light of heaven, leading us to living fountains of water.—*N. Bishop.*

FAITH.

It is said that one day, when Bonaparte was reviewing some troops, the bridle of his horse slipped from his hand, and the horse galloped off. A common soldier ran, and laying hold of the bridle, brought the horse to the Emperor's hand, when he said to the man:

"Well done, captain."

"Of what regiment, sire?" inquired the soldier.

"Of the Guards," answered Napoleon, pleased with his instant belief in his word.

The Emperor rode off, the soldier threw down his musket, and though he had no epaulets on his shoulders,

no sword by his side, nor any other mark of advancement, he ran and joined the staff of the commanding officers. They laughed at him, and said:

"What have you to do here?"

"I am the Captain of the Guards," he replied.

They were amazed, but he said: "The Emperor has said so, and therefore, I am."

In like manner through the word of God: "He that believeth hath everlasting life," is not confirmed by the feeling of the believer. He ought to take the word of God as true, because He said it, and thus honor Him as a God of truth, and rejoice with joy unspeakable.

A COMFORTABLE DOCTRINE.

"Every one must act according to his own opinion," is the first sentence in the creed of the carnal, "modern Christian." It is his rule, and religion becomes easy and pleasing. He lives in conformity to the world, or is strict, careful, austere, according to his taste; his heart is in the broad church, and he is a zealous, popular member, an orthodox, or unorthodox, Unitarian, Universalist, Romanist, anything, "according to his own opinion." His creed, a brief one, is comforting, cheerful, and makes anything, everything right to him, as he, of course, in "his own opinion," is a thinker and conscientious. There is one objection to his creed; it is not true. Every one must act according to the opinion of our Lord God, and a want of conformity to this is sin.

A man's creed is a power over him, and it would be well for some to remodel the first sentence. Perhaps repentance and a great change in the heart and life would be the result. There is some meaning in the expression, "As a man thinketh, so is he."

M.

PROSPECTS OF ROMANISM.

The probabilities amount almost to certainty that the Roman Church will be worsted in her struggles to retain political power in Germany, England, Italy, Brazil, etc. It has been her policy for three centuries to seek the alliance of kings, and these alliances have conferred many advantages upon her, of which the most permanently valuable was the control of education. This gone, what will her policy be? The effect of secular education is always to undermine religious prejudice—and there are a great many things in and out of the Catholic church based upon unthinking prejudice which, when that goes down, must go down with it. The inevitable result must be to force the Catholic church and all similar churches to abandon their wood, hay and stubble, and rely upon the simplicity and power of the pure gospel, or cease to exist. The churches which rely upon politics, upon prejudice or upon money, cannot long survive the keen intellectual light and activity of this age. The rationalistic spirit which is abroad is not without its compensations.—*Interior.*

"BETTER TAKE A SHEEP TOO."

A valued friend and able farmer, about the time temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence, said to his newly hired man,

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you that I shall try and have my work done this year without rum. How much must I give you to do without it?"

"O," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it. You may give what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "in the Fall I will give you a sheep if you do without rum."

"Agreed."

"Father, will you give me a sheep,

too if I do without rum?" asked the elder son.

"Yes, you shall have a sheep if you do without."

The youngest son then said, "if I do without, father, will you give me a sheep?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep, too."

Presently Chandler speaks once more. "Father hadn't you better take a sheep too?"

The farmer shook his head; he hardly thought that he could give up the "critter" yet; but the appeal came from a source not easily to be disregarded, and the result was that the demon rum was thenceforth banished from the premises, to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned.—
Richmond Christian Advocate.

PARTY SPIRIT.

There is a great deal of energy thrown away in many religious communities on the errors or shortcomings of other religious denominations. This wasteful and unworthy manifestation of party spirit, as unchristian as it is mischievous, not unfrequently finds its expression in a virulent denunciation, which quite overlooks the fact that the persons against whom their peevish and petulant tirades are levelled, and who could alone be benefited by them—if their were any benefit to be derived from them at all—are precisely those who would be the last to place themselves under their influence.

REMOVE STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

A merchant in one of our cities said to a friend, "I wonder why none of my clerks have been converted?" His friend replied, "Are you aware that you have a hasty temper, and often

find unnecessary fault with your clerks, and manifest a wrong spirit in your business?" The merchant was conscious that he was verily guilty; retired to his closet, confessed his sin, and deeply humbled himself before God. The next morning he called his eleven or twelve clerks together in his counting-room, told them of the agony of mind, asked their forgiveness, knelt down and prayed. Two of those clerks were converted in that counting-room before they left.

BORROWED TEMPLE GOLD.

Eusebius and others of the ancient fathers prove that Plato borrowed largely from the Hebrew Scriptures. And when it is considered that the Latin philosophers had frequent opportunities of conversing with the Jews of Alexandria and of consulting the Sacred Writings in the Ptolomæan Library; and that the later Platonists, as Porphyry, Plotinus, Jamblicus and Hierocles, were the hearers of a Christian teacher, it is not to be wondered at that some of their notions approximated to the truth.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYING WIFE.

She was travelling with her two little children. She was so poor that she could not pay for a night's lodging. So she begged of a farmer the privilege of sleeping in his barn for the night. Though she had no money she had a kind heavenly Father, whom she loved with all her heart. She loved to pray to Him. So after she had got her little children provided for, with a sleeping place in the barn, she knelt down with them to pour out her heart to her heavenly Father, in thankfulness for His care in providing her and her little ones a shelter for the night. The farmer and his wife overheard her prayer, and were so impress-

ed by it, that they found no peace till they found it in believing in Christ Jesus. Thus the prayer of this poor woman, poured forth, as she supposed, where there was no ear to hear but God's, was made the means of the salvation of two immortal souls.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN ?

In *faith*, a *believer*. "He that believeth shall be saved." Mark 16 : 16.

In *knowledge*, a *disciple*. "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed." John 8 : 31.

In *character*, a *saint*, "Beloved of God, called to be saints." Rom. 1 : 7.

In *influence*, a *light*. "Ye are the light of the world." Matt 5 : 14.

In *conflict*, a *soldier*. "Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." 2 Tim. 2 : 3.

In *communion*, a *friend*. "Henceforth I call you not servants, but I have called you friends." John 15 : 15.

In *progress*, a *pilgrim*. These all "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Heb. 11 : 13.

In *relationship*, a *child*. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Rom. 8 : 16.

In *expectation*, an *heir*. "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." Rom. 8 : 17.

In actual *inheritance* and *possession*, soon to be *glorified* in heaven. "Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate; and whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." Rom. 8 : 29, 30.

"What shall we say, then, to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor

things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. 8 : 31, 38, 39

EXCITEMENT.

Puff, puff, went the bellows.

Up went the flame.

Puff, puff, puff, went the bellows.

The flame rose stronger and higher.

"Am I not bright, noble, genial?" cried the fire.

"Burn away," said the bellows, and stopped blowing. The flame faded, and the ruddy light grew pale.

"So," said the bellows, "I don't think much of your brightness; you can only burn while I blow. Give me the steady flame that keeps strong and clear without the help of puffing.—*Original parables by Mrs. Prosser.*

THE MISSION OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

The following extract from a private letter to the editors of the *Christian Observer*, from one who is personally an entire stranger, illustrates the usefulness of the religious press:—

I would thank you for the beautiful selection, "Is Your Lamp Burning, My Brother."

Like a ray of light it showed me that there were still darksome corners in my heart and life over which the shadow of sin lay heavy, and sent me in all haste to the fountain of light for more oil to keep my lamp steadily burning.

Your paper comes to us every week, like the bright face of a dearly beloved friend, with a cheering and encouraging word for each and all. I assure you that there is quite a stir in our usually quiet household if the *Observer* fails to make its usual call.

WHAT IS BELIEVING ?

"I believe in Eddie Morse," Mrs. Eaton heard her little son say to his companions, as he bade them "good evening," when his mother opened the door to admit him, on his return from school.

"Do you know what is meant by the words you have just spoken, my son?" said Mrs. Eaton.

"Oh! yes, mother," was the ready reply: "I meant that I could trust him every time, and feel sure that he would stick to me."

"But why, my boy, do you place so much confidence in Eddie Morse? Are you sure he deserves it?" again asked the lady.

"Why, mother, if you knew Eddie you would never ask such a question. He is just the grandest boy in the school; and when a fellow once takes Eddie for his cium, he may feel sure of him through thick and thin. He'll never desert his friends, nor fail of the least thing that he promises. Everybody believes in Eddy."

"I am truly glad, my son, that you can give such an account of your friend; but do you know that in praising him you have unconsciously been dwelling on the very traits for which I commended to you our dear Saviour; and how you answered me that you did not understand what believing in Jesus meant—it all seemed so strange and mysterious? Now just apply to the loving Redeemer what you have been saying of your friend; only remember that it is all true in a far higher and nobler sense of the Lord Jesus than it can possibly be of any mere human being. Our dear Lord is just the 'grandest' being in heaven or on earth, and when one once receives him for a friend, he may feel sure of him in every possible emergency. He never was known to desert a friend, or fail in the fulfillment of a single promise. You understand what it is to

believe in Eddie; can't you in the same way believe in Jesus; place all your alliance on his finished sacrifice for sin; and love, and cleave to, and obey him now and evermore, feeling assured that in sickness or health, life or death, time or eternity, he will never leave nor forsake those that put their trust in Him? This is believing in Jesus, and it is just as simple an act as that expressed by your assertion that you believe in Eddie Morse."

SUGGESTIVE PARAGRAPHS.

CULTURE of head and heart is greatly to be desired: we need both in life. But how easy it is to go into one extreme or the other. Cold intellectualism is chilly indeed. We need more and more of the heart power. Some poor unlettered soul may touch more heart-cords than the adept, cultured and educated to play on the instrument, human nature. A man may have an ornate and pictorial style, may be brilliant in the extreme, yet seldom wring a tear from his auditors. Some will say, "We don't want too much feeling and sentiment, but give us culture, give us worded sentences and well-selected words." Truly, that may be, but the heart power must be at the bottom too, be a lever to move the community.

COMPARATIVELY few are destroyed by outrageous and flaming vices, such as blasphemy, theft, drunkenness or uncleanness; but crowds are perishing by that deadly smoke of indifference which casts its stifling clouds of carelessness around them, and sends them asleep into everlasting destruction.

MANY people offer their prayers just as poor, shipwrecked voyagers send off their messages. They never look for an answer. They are in great doubt whether they will ever be received. And it would seem a wonderful thing, indeed, if such prayers were answered.

A LADY had just parted with some friends who had been her guests for a few days, and with a feeling of loneliness sat down in her own deserted drawing-room. Looking around for some books, her eyes fell upon a Bible. She opened it and read the words (Isaiah 31. 4), "What have they seen in thine house?" Strange words! What do they mean? She glanced through the preceding chapter, and learned how graciously the Lord had delivered Hezekiah, first from the dangers of battle, and then from sickness. She then read how visitors came with presents from the king of Babylon, and how Hezekiah entertained them. What

did he show them? "Not the Lord's doings," said the lady to herself, with a raising feeling of self-reproach.

God is to be feared if we are sinful, not man. We are not to be judged by a man, except it be the man, Christ Jesus. Fear God enough to do right, and not be too sensitive or abject as to public opinion, unless the opinion is a righteous one.

THE sacrifice of the Lamb of God takes away all opportunity of self-glorying in the path of the Christian, but in no sense does it relieve from service. Of course the cross must then be an offence to many.

Children's Treasury.

FLOWERS BLOOM TO FADE—WE FADE TO BLOOM.

See the lilly clothed in rplendour,
Such as Soloman had not;
See the rose whose petals tender
Are with richest odors fraught.
Soon beneath the sickle's blade
All their loveliness shall fade.

See the tender infant sleeping
In his mother's warm embrace;
Into youth and manhood creeping,
Gladness beaming in his face.
Soon he's laid within the tomb;
Here we fade—in heaven we bloom.

Fade we? No! The word is given
By the Majesty on high;
All shall enter hell or heaven,
And the soul shall never die.
As the Lord hath burst the tomb,
Saints in glory ever bloom.

Selected.

A LIE STICKS.

A little newsboy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in the Sabbath School.

"Would you tell a lie for three cents?" asked a teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick, very decidedly.

"For ten cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a dollar?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked big. Oh! would it not buy lots of things? While he thought, another boy behind him cried out:

"No, ma'am."

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because, when the thousand dollars are gone, and the things you've got with them are gone too, the lie is there just the same," answered Dick.

Ah, yes! That is so. A lie sticks. Everything else may go, but that will stay, and you will have to carry it round with you, whether you will or not, a hard and heavy load.—*Post*.

BLESSED TO GIVE.

"Fifty cents to do just what you please with!" exclaimed little Allie Flint, her cheeks glowing, and her bright eyes beaming joyfully. "O, what shall I get with it? O, how splendid! I'll get me a picture book. Just think! Mother, can't I go to the store this afternoon, and get something with my fifty cents?"

"Yes, if you will be a good girl."

"I will, I will! What shall I get?"

"I would get something useful," said her mother.

"Well, I will try."

So after dinner Allie put on her cloak and hat, and started off.

As she was walking along, happening to look over on the other side of

the street, she saw a poor, ragged girl. She did not stop, but kept looking at the girl, as if she was thinking about her, until she turned a corner, which hid her from sight.

"I guess I know what I will get."

She soon arrived at the store, and inquired how much print she could get for fifty cents.

"Five yards," said the merchant.

"Well, I will take five yards of that," said she, pointing to a pretty piece of calico.

As soon as she had received the calico and paid for it, she ran back to the little girl on the sidewalk.

"This is for you," said she, putting the calico into her hands, and running away before the little girl had time to thank her.

The next Sunday, what was her joy to see her young friend come into the Sunday school in her nice new dress. O, young readers, is it not more blessed to give than to receive? O, what blessedness there is in giving to the poor! —*Young Pilgrim*.

A PARABLE.

I held in my hand a little dry tree, an infant hemlock. Had it lived a century it might have towered up above all the forest, and held up its head in majesty. But it grew on a sort of a bog, and a muskrat, digging its hole under it, bit off its roots, and it was dead. It was full of limbs and knots and gnarls, and I felt curious to know how it happened that it was so.

"Poor fellow! If you had all these limbs and knots to support, I don't wonder you died."

"And with my roots, which were my mouths with which to feed, all cut off, too!"

"Yes; but where do all these ugly limbs come from?" said I.

"Just where all ugly things come from," said he. "I am pretty much like you men! Find out where my

limbs come from, and you will find where all human sins come from."

"I'll take you at your word, sir."

So I took out my knife and peeled off all the bark. But the limbs and the knots were left.

"You must go deeper than that, sir."

So I began to split and take off layer of wood after layer. But all the knots were there.

"Deeper still," said the dried stick.

Then I split it all down to the heart, taking it all off and separating it. The heart was laid bare. It looked like a small rod, about six feet long, and perhaps an inch through at the large end. Ah! and I was now surprised to see that every limb and knot and gnarl started in the heart! Every one was there, and every one grew out of the heart. The germ of the starting-point of each one was the centre of the heart.—*Selected.*

BAD BOYS MAKE BAD MEN.

An aged sea captain, who had spent a long life upon the ocean, said to a lady, "On ship-board I can tell in a very short time what any sailor was in his boyhood." It was because "the boy was father to the man." He added, "I find invariably that a bad sailor is made out of a bad boy." When he saw a reckless, profane, vicious "son of the deep," he at once concluded that he was little better when a lad. Now this is just what might be expected. It is just what is seen in other things. Poor wool or cotton makes poor cloth. Poor cloth makes a poor coat. Poor farms produce poor crops. Poor timber makes a poor house. And so wicked children make wicked men and women.

It is said that the Emperor Nero of Rome, when a little boy, delighted to torture and kill flies, and would pursue the little creatures hour after hour to pierce them and see them flutter

and die in agony. As he grew older he exhibited the same cruel disposition towards men. When made Emperor he advanced in cruelty at a fearful rate; killed his own wife, and ordered his mother to be assassinated. Nor was this all. He finally ordered the city to be set on fire just to see how it would look. And when it was burning he seated himself upon a high tower, and played upon his lyre. Was this strange? Is not a cruel boy likely to become a cruel man? Killing men in manhood is only a further development of killing flies in childhood.

WILL YOU HAVE A GLASS OF WINE?

No!

Why not!

For a number of reasons:

1. If I take one, I may desire another.
2. If I continue drinking, I shall get drunk.
3. If I get drunk once, I may do so again.
4. If I continue getting drunk, I shall become a drunkard.
5. If I become a drunkard, I shall be a plague to myself and a pest to others.
6. Even if I do not drink enough to make me drunk, my example may be the means of getting some one else to drink who cannot stop short of drunkenness. I do not wish to help any body else to ruin.

So, if you please kind friend, excuse me from taking a glass of wine. I must refuse it, even though a lady offers it.

Boys and girls, let the wine alone. It will never make you drunk if you do not drink it, and it will do you no good if you do drink it. Keep away from it. Let people laugh at you for this if they will, or even get angry with you, but DO RIGHT, and God will bless you.

ALONE WITH GOD.

Alone with God, alone, we bow'd before His throne,
 And crave of Him His pardon for sins of the past day!
 Alone with God, alone, we bow before His throne,
 And pray that for the love of Christ our sins be washed away.

Alone with God, alone, we bow before His throne,
 For the spirit craves shrine where to worship and to pray.

Alone with God, alone, rings the mighty anthem tone,
 The vesper-chant of nations at the closing of the day.

Alone with God, alone, sounds the voice of ages flown,
 As the sun in march sublime keeps upon his onward way.

Alone with night, alone! Yet, with God upon his throne,
 The evening turns to morning! the night into the day!

Dublin University Magazine.

TEACH ME TO LIVE.

Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
 Gently and silently to pass away—
 On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
 To waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that painful lesson—how to live
 To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
 Arm me for conflict, and fresh vigor give,
 And make me more than conquerer in the strife.

Teach me to live for self, and sin no more;
 But use the time remaining to me yet,
 Not mine own pleasure seeking, but before—
 Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live!—No idler let me be,
 But in Thy service hand and heart employ;
 Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
 Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live!—my daily cross to bear;
 Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load.
 Only be with me. Let me feel Thee near;
 Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live!—and find my life in Thee—
 Looking from earth and earthly things away;
 Let me not falter, but untiringly
 Press on; and gain new strength and power each day.

Teach me to live!—with kindly words for all—
 Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom;
 Waiting, with cheerful patience, till Thy call
 Summons me to thy heavenly rest and home.

A Fortnight in Galilee.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE HIGHLANDS OF PALESTINE.

The common impression among people is that when one has seen Judea and Samaria (the two Provinces that represent the two kingdoms of Israel and Judah), they have seen all that is worth seeing in Palestine. This, however, is a great mistake. The truth is that the Province of Galilee, is inferior in no respect to the other two Provinces, save in its distance from the capital and centre of the national life, while in many respects it is of superior interest to both Judea and Samaria.

It has an interest of its own from its connection with the youth and early ministry of our blessed Lord. For nearly thirty years our Lord lived in Galilee, walked its roads, climbed its hills, and contemplated, no doubt, with admiring eye, its magnificent scenery. The impress of Galilee we find on His parables and sermons when preaching in the cities of Judah and in the courts of the Temple. "The smell of His garments was like the smell of Lebanon." Song iv. 11. Here Jesus began his ministry, and here wrought His first and last miracles. And does it not seem that His native Province was to Him dear and near to the last, when we find Him appointing Galilee as the place of meeting with His disciples after He rose from the dead? No place could, indeed, be more fitting in the early summer than a mountain in Galilee for that great gathering to which all His disciples were summoned ("into Galilee, to a mountain that Jesus had appointed them"), when, there

is little doubt, He appeared to five hundred at once.

Galilee, further, has an interest of its own from its soil, scenery, climate, and natural productions. It is a popular mistake, as has been remarked, to think of Galilee as barren, backward Highlands, whence needy and ignorant mountaineers descended to find beauty and wealth in the low countries. "We feel justified in saying," remarks a recent writer, "that Galilee at the time of Christ was one of the finest and most fertile portions of the earth. Stretching from the Mediterranean on the west to the Jordan and the sweet-watered Merom and Gennesareth on the east; abounding in springs, rivers, and lakes—among which its once hallowed sea was the gem and pride of the whole country, as it is for ever dear to Christian hearts; possessing a rare and delightful climate, and scenery of great variety and beauty; its surface never dull or monotonous, but infinitely varied by plains and valleys, gentle slopes and terraced hills, deep ravines and bold peaks, naturally fortified eminences, and giant mountains; its soil naturally fertile, but forced by skilful husbandry to the highest state of productiveness, until this province was noted for the perfection and abundance of its fruit. Galilee thus possessed features of richness and beauty rarely if ever combined in so small a country in all the world besides. The surface of the country was covered with wealthy cities and flourishing towns, and crossed in many directions by 'her way of the sea' and other great thoroughfares which were thronged with the cara-

vans of commerce. Its agriculture and fisheries, wine and oil trade, and other industries, were in the most flourishing condition. . . Its synagogues and other public buildings were built often in splendid style and at great expence. . . Here all matters pertaining to the synagogal service and to the instruction of children were faithfully attended to, and here were found teachers, learned men, missionaries, poets and patriots of the highest order."

For this long extract I cordially make room here, because it expresses, in better language than I could find, my impressions and opinions of Galilee, and because it is very desirable that the error, so long current about this noble Province, should be corrected by those who have occasion to write of it. There is a sovereignty in God's choice of men and means, but in this sovereignty there is a fitness which, when discovered, challenges our adoring wonder. And it is not difficult to discover the fitness of Galilee—healthy of climate, cheerful of sky, meet nurse of patriotic and poetic children, of whom Mary our Lord's mother was one,—to be the home and the school of men whose mission was "to go into all the world" on business that demanded strong limbs, cheerful minds, as well as eloquent lips and sanctified hearts. The conquerors of the world as a general thing, descend to their work from the mountains, which seem to lie nearer heaven than the luxurious plains.

CHAPTER II.

NAZARETH.

It was towards evening when we drew near Nazareth, on a beautiful evening in summer. Early that morning we left Genin, a town on the southern edge of lower Galilee. Nearly all day we had been riding wearily across

the plain of Jezreel, not without some fear of Bedouin Arabs, who infest the low lands of Palestine as pirates infest the friths and estuaries of some peaceful land. We crossed that plain in safety, and began early in the afternoon our ascent of the hills that constitute the south ridges of Lebanon, just before they slope down into the valley of Jezreel.

We were so accustomed to see the towns and villages of Palestine perched on the tops of hills, that we kept watching as we ascended, expecting at every new turn of our road to catch a glimpse of Nazareth on some eminence above us. The afternoon wore on, and yet no town was in sight. We sat down for lunch, very wearied, for we had been upwards of eight hours that day in the saddle. Again we began the ascent, passing under the shade of oak and terebinth trees, and passing now and again patches of our familiar hollyhock, which grows wild there. All of a sudden we found ourselves close to the place of our search. There is Nazareth! It is not on the top of a hill, like Hebron, Jerusalem, and Samaria, but nestling low in a valley. That valley is, in shape, not unlike a cup; and Nazareth is clinging to the inside of the cup, about half-way between the bottom and the rim.

Nazareth is not mentioned in the Old Testament, nor in Josephus, and would be for ever nameless in history but for its connection with Jesus. This was the home of Joseph and Mary (Luke ii. 9.). Here the angel announced to the Virgin the birth of the Messiah (Luke i. 26, 28). To this secluded dell retired the infant heir of the kingdom of David to escape the sword of the usurper that sat on David's throne (Matthew ii. 23). He grew up here from infancy, and (according to the fashion of that country till this day) he was known, by his home, as the *Nazarene*. Here he went to Sabbath school; for by that name

we might well call the schools for instruction in the Scriptures attached to each synagogue. Here he preached that sermon which gave such offence that he was dragged—a rehearsal of Calvary—by his hearers up the hill that overhangs the town, and on the side of which the town is built, that they might cast down and kill him in sight of all (Matt. xiii. 54; Luke iv. 16). It was the name of this place that appeared over his cross, “Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews,” and by it he chose to name himself (Jesus of Nazareth) when he appeared to Saul on the way to Damascus. And to this day among the Mahomedans, from Syria to India, the followers of Christ are named (after this mountain town), as Nazarenes.

It was pleasant to exchange the sun and the saddle for the shade and the sofa of the Franciscan Convent, where we took up our abode for some days, the guests of the Italian and Spanish monks, who treated us with great kindness, asking no questions as to country or religion. This convent, which Lord Lindsay found in ruins, after the fearful earthquake which laid Galilee waste in 1837, was rebuilt on a scale of huge dimensions, and is fitted up like a European hotel, with common comfort for travellers.

During our stay in Nazareth we took a passing look of the traditional sites, such as the fountain of the virgin Mary, the site of her house; but a visit two of us paid to one of the German Protestant Missionaries impressed me more than the scenes of these Monkish traditions. One of the missionaries we had met a few weeks before, in the house of Bishop Gobat, in Jerusalem, whose son-in-law he became afterwards, to settle down with his young wife to his mission work in this remote place; but another of these devoted young men from the Basle Institution was lying seriously ill. His dwelling was mean, his bedroom was

poorly furnished, and his comforts seemed small indeed. He knew no English, but he spoke French. The mission he told us was not successful; but they were labouring in hope amid many discouragements. The population of the village was then about 4000, among which there was not a single Jew, for the Jews abhor the very name of Nazareth, the home of the crucified one. There are a few Mahomedans, but the bulk of the people are Latin, Greek and Maronite Christians, who are very ignorant and very bigoted. The German Mission has been, we believe, kept up in Nazareth, where it is telling, as it is all over Palestine, powerfully on the young through the schools and books.

It was our privilege to see, while in Nazareth, an eastern marriage. Young people went out to meet the bridegroom, not with lamps but torches, and they brought him through the streets of the town in the dark night with flaming torches and shouts of mirth: but the custom has been so often described in connection with the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, that we refer to it here simply to show how deeply Galilee and its customs entered into the teaching of our blessed Lord.

CHAPTER III.

NEBY ISMAIL.

No traveller visiting Nazareth should omit to visit the hill above the town, whence, according to a recent theory, Nazareth has been named—the *watch-hill*. After leaving the convent, in the early morning, I climbed the steep hill that rises above the town to the west. Passing over barren ground with the bare limestone rock cropping out here and there, we reach a small white building, said to be the tomb of some Mahomedan saint—whence the name *Nebý Ismail*. It is agreed generally

that one of the most remarkable views in Palestine is to be obtained from this spot. The spot is remarkable for the extent of its prospect. To the south the eye skins the tops of the mountains of Ephraim, looking over Ebal and Gerizin, till it embraces within its field of vision the mountains that are round about Jerusalem. To the west the Mediteranean lies sparkling in the sun, with here and there a white sail, and yonder one of the French steamers on its way to Beyrout from Joppa. To the east one sees the top of Tabor, the hollow in which lies the sea of Galilee (but not its waters), and beyond the chasm of the Jordan valley, the hills of Gilead, which slope away into the pathless plains of the Hauran. To the north there rises a wild sea of hills and mountains, with Sped on the top of one of the billows, which culminate in the majestic Hermon wearing summer and winter his icy crown. The view is remarkable also from "the ruins famed in story," that lie near. There at our feet is Jezreel, the field of many battles, with Nain and Endor, yonder is Carmel. Here is Tabor. Quite close, rise on the top of a hill the ruins of Sepphoris, the ancient capital of Galilee, while Nazareth hides from view at our very feet.

These are the words, the finest he ever wrote, in which Dr. Robinson meditates on the top of Neby Ismail: "Seating myself in the shade of the

Neby, I remained for some hours upon this spot, lost in the contemplation of the wide prospect, and of the events connected with the scenes around. In the village below, the Saviour of the world had passed his childhood; and although we have few particulars of his life during these early years, yet there are certain features of nature which meet our eyes now, just as they met his. He must often have visited the fountain near which we had pitched our tent: his feet must frequently have wandered over the adjacent hills, and his eyes doubtless have gazed upon the splendid prospect from this very spot. Here the Prince of Peace looked down on the great plain, where the din of battles so oft had rolled, and the garments of the warrior been dyed in blood, and he looked out too upon that sea, over which the swift ships were to bear the tidings of his salvation to nations and continents then unknown. How has the moral aspects of things been changed! Battles and bloodshed have not indeed ceased to desolate this unhappy country, and gross darkness now covers the people, but from this region a light went forth which has enlightened the world, and unveiled new climes; and now the rays of that light begin to be reflected back from distant isles and continents to illuminate anew the darkened land where it first sprung up."

Editorial Notes.

"ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY."

We are glad to find this excellent paper begin the new year with new attractions, in type, in woodcuts, and in matter. We refer with special pleasure to the following features for 1875:—

1. "Tract Societies and Tract Work at Home and Abroad," which will illustrate the history and methods of this work, with occasional illustrations,

including a fully illustrated account of the mechanical process of book-making, and, among others, will be contributed to by Rev. Wm. R. Williams, D.D., Rev. Wm. A. Hallock, D.D., Rev. Charles Peabody.

2. A series of practical papers on "Success in Sabbath School Teaching," by Rev. Thomas Street, whose experience as former Secretary of the Sunday School Union will commend his papers to all interested in Sunday School work.

Rev. Dr. Robinson will continue to give occasional papers on "Life in the Holy Land," and Dr. Hall will treat on "Health Topics." Mrs. Beers, Mrs. Sangster, Olive Thorne, C. A. G., Annette L. Noble, and other popular writers, will enrich our story department.

On each month during 1875 will be given to subscribers an "Illustrated Monthly Supplement," containing a commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons, of which the "Christian Union" says, "The fruits of scholarship, good judgment, and original thought put in very clear and simple language; an exceptionally useful and good work."

"The News" of the week, secular and religious, will be brought down to within three days of the date of publication.

The "Art Department" will continue to be enriched by the designs of Darley, Herrick, Beard, Cary, Havendon, and others. Among our specialties in this department will be our portraits of prominent men, and pictures of remarkable American scenery, both of which features have been characteristic of this paper.

It will be our aim to spare no pains nor expense to make it the Best and Cheapest Illustrated Journal, Family Newspaper, Udenominational Religious Weekly, Sabbath School Helper.

Subscription \$2 50 per year, postpaid, may be sent to "ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY," 150 Nassau Street, New York.

CORRECTION.

Our readers must have noticed that in our last number there was a great discrepancy between the editorial introductory note to "Darkness and Light" and the chapter that followed the note. The explanation is this. There was lost some thirty pages of MS. to which the Editor called attention, but in the hurry of business the form was sent to press before the Editor's correction came to hand, and nearly the whole of the last chapter of this autobiography was thus lost to the readers of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.