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Monthly Messenger.

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

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THE DUTIES OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

Those who have been called by the grace of God out of the world, and made partakers of the new life, must not live as the rest of the world. They have taken upon themselves solemn and weighty responsibilities. The Church, and even the men of the world, expect something very different in their entire deportment. Yet how often are they disappointed. Professors of the sacred name of Christ speak and act just as they did before they made any profession of His name. These things should not be. The line that divides the followers of Jesus, and those that follow the vanities of the world, should be broad and clearly defined, and there should be no mistake as to which side we occupy. God's people are called to holiness; therefore, they should be "holy in all manner of conversation." No corrupt words should proceed out of their mouth. No unholy thought should be permitted in their mind. They must be upright, true, and just in all their dealings. They should be willing to bear reproach and shame for the precious name by which they are called. They should devote their means and influence to the promotion of the kingdom of Christ. They must labour faithfully for the conversion of souls to God. By their earnest prayers, counsels, and bright examples, seek to win souls for the Lord Jesus.

Christians should love one another. This would cause them to speak kindly to and of each other. They should bear one another's burdens, sympathise, help, comfort. They should edify one another. Therefore should attend upon the means of grace, and especially those meetings and ordinances that are designed to build up the Church in the faith.

Members of the Church should encourage the pastors by their presence, prayers, and devout attention at all the services of the sanctuary, and by their hearty co-operation in every undertaking for the extension of the kingdom of Christ.

WEEK EVENING SERVICES.

A very small proportion of our congregations attend upon the week evening services. We scarcely expect to see those who have only a form of godliness, who attend a place of worship on the Lord's Day because they do not wish to be singular among a population of church-goers, but who care not for God nor their souls any more than if they were heathens or infidels. But we all look for the professing Christian, the church member. Why so few of these? Can any good reason be assigned, that many are conspicuous by their absence? Too busy; too careless; no love for prayer

or Christian fellowship. These things cannot be. Perhaps some of those who spend the entire week in the pursuit of time's unsatisfying trifles will inform us if they are perfectly satisfied with the course they are pursuing, if they find pure enjoyment in the world during the week, and do they suppose they are disposing of their time and influence in the way that will give them most peace of conscience on a dying bed, and merit the approval of the Judge on the day of final retribution.

Those who do attend the week-day services prize them very highly; if from any cause they are debarred from them, they mourn their loss. We very earnestly request those who are anxious to be saved to avail of every means of instruction, edification, and usefulness. The time is short. The day is at hand. Doom comes at last.

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CAVAN.

Prominent among the noblemen who have devoted their abilities and means to the preaching of the Gospel stands the name of the Earl of Cavan, who for many years has been known as an earnest evangelist and a chairman and speaker at the meetings of religious and benevolent societies.

Lord Cavan is an Irish peer, and was born in 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo, and is, therefore, now sixty one years old. He has, for a long time, had his chief residence near Weston super Mare, in Somersetshire; but recently his family (which consists of four sons and two daughters) has been residing at Shooter's Hill, near London.

It was at the time of the great Irish Revival in Belfast and the neighbourhood, in 1859, that Lord Cavan first came into notice as a preacher of the Gospel. For a nobleman to be a preacher was not so common then as it is now; but happily at the present time we can point to several noblemen who walk in the same path of usefulness; nor can it be doubted that when the balances come to be poised at the rapidly-approaching Judgment-day, it will be found that more enduring renown and lasting honour will be the portion of the peers who have reasoned with their fellow-men of righteousness, and temperance, and of judgment to come, than of those who in the House of Lords may have shone as "Ruperts of Debate," or have electrified the Senate Chamber with brilliant pyrotechnical displays of oratory. The preached word of God will never return unto Him void, and is seed that shall never perish; but the Parliamentary utterances of peers are at the best only ephemeral, and charity itself would sometimes be constrained to affirm of them that they are *vox et preterea nihil*.

Among Lord Cavan's contemporaries in the peerage who have actively engaged in evangelistic preaching are the Marquis of Cholmondeley, who is said to have an income of about £20,000 a year; Lord Farnham, who succeeded to his title at the death of a relative in the Abergele railway accident; Lord Radstock, who is so eminent as a revival preacher; Lord Teynham, who frequently preaches in Baptist chapels; Lord Congleton, who is generally regarded as a leading member of the non-exclusive and liberal section of the "Brethren"; Lord Polwarth, a young Scotch nobleman; Lord Adelbert Cecil, son of the former sporting Marquis of Exeter; Lord Garvagh, &c.

Lord Cavan has frequently spoken in Presbyterian pulpits, and he took a very active part in the revival movement conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. He was with them during their eight weeks' campaign in Edinburgh, in December, 1873, and January, 1874, when, from day to day, scenes of grace and blessing, "surpassing fable, and yet true," were witnessed in the New Assembly Hall in that modern Athens. He also took part in some of their meetings in other places. Among the benevolent societies which he has warmly promoted of late years may be mentioned the London Evangelisation Society and Miss Daniel's Mission Hall for soldiers at Aldershot.

Lord Cavan's religious addresses are largely of an expository character, and he evinces deep and extensive acquaintance with the different parts of the Bible, as the result of many years' study of its pages. As a natural result of a thorough familiarity with its teachings, he believes in the pre-millennial Advent of Christ as an event that is close at hand. It may generally be observed that this doctrine is only disbelieved in by those who never really study the books of Daniel and Revelation.

It only remains for us to ask the prayers of our readers for a continued blessing on Lord Cavan's preaching, so that to the number of souls already converted through his Gospel testimony, during the past fifteen years, there may yet be added many more; and thus he may in a high degree inherit the promise made to those who "turn many to righteousness," that they "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

ALEXANDER CONQUERED.

ALLEXANDER was the conqueror of conquerors, and was finally conquered by an enemy who has gathered laurels everywhere and triumphed in every land.

He was in Babylon, and there was banquet after banquet, entertainment after entertainment. After having spent a whole night in carousing, a second entertainment was proposed to him. They met accordingly, and there were twenty guests at the table. He drank to the health of every person in the company, and then pledged them severally. After this, calling for Hercules' cup, which held six bottles, it was filled, when he poured it all down, drinking to a Macedonian of the company, Proteas by name, and afterwards pledged him again in the same enormous bumper. He had no sooner swallowed it than he fell upon the floor. "Here, then," says Seneca (describing the fatal effects of drunkenness), "is this hero, invincible by all the toils of prodigious marches; by the dangers of sieges and combats; by the most violent extremes of heat and cold—here he lies, conquered by his intemperance, and struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules."

Thus fell the great hero, the mighty conqueror, conquered by wine at the age of thirty-two years.

GOLDEN DAYS.

I will laugh! Ha, ha, ha!
On my happy childhood way:
I will laugh! Ha, ha, ha!
Through my buoyant youthful day:

I will laugh, and be merry while my heart is light and gay,
I'll be gladsome and rejoice, I'll be cheerful while I may.

Childhood's days are golden,
Youthful days are bright,
Manhood is the time for work,
And sweet rest comes at night.

I will sing! I will sing!
Thro' the golden hours of youth:
I will sing! I will sing!
As I gather gems of truth:

I will sing, and be happy—I will read, and think, and pray,
And lay up in the springtime for the future winter day:
Childhood's days, &c.

I will work! I will work!
In my manhood's fruitful prime:
I will work! I will work!
And improve the precious time:

I will work for a blessing to enrich my daily life,
And try to help my brother in the struggle and the strife.
Childhood's days, &c.

I will hope! I will hope!
When I see the setting sun:
I will hope! I will hope!

When my work on earth is done:
I will hope, and be ready—when the autumn fruit is ripe,
Rejoicing in the Saviour, softly enter into life.
Childhood's days, &c.

This song, set to very effective music, may be had of J. Dyson, 39, Bagby-road, Leeds, at one penny per copy.

THE STAR AND THE MOON.

WE have heard a good story, says the *Lynn News*, which occurred at a temperance meeting in a neighbouring town a short time since.

A temperance society had been formed, which commenced under favourable auspices, and which included among its members many who had been intemperate. On occasion of adopting a constitution for the society, the question of including cider, beer, &c., came up for discussion, and excited considerable warm debate. It was urged by some that such articles should not be in the pledge. After an interesting discussion, an amendment was proposed, to the effect that although the pledge should include such liquors, members of the society might, if they chose, use them, and those who did drink either cider or beer were to have a "affixed to their names.

This proposition appeared to be unanimously accepted, and the vote was about to be taken which would adopt it, when it was suddenly killed and abandoned at once and for ever. An old man, who had sat in a corner of the room, and interested in the discussion, rose to speak. He was one who had been very intemperate, and had been looked upon as irrefragable from the vice. His words, which told with so much effect, were as follows:

"Mr. President, if them that drinks beer and cider are to have a star against their names, I guess you may put a moon against mine, and I'll drink rum!"

After a charity sermon in Edinburgh, there was a collection. One of the congregation, by mistake, put in a crown-piece, only intending to give a penny. He asked it back, but the collector said, "In once, in for ever." "Aweel, aweel!" granted the unwilling giver, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said the collector, "ye'll get credit only for the penny."—*Missionary Visitor*.

Sir Isaac Newton was once examining a new and very fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in God, but declared the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked, "Who made it?" "Nobody," answered Sir Isaac, "it happened here." The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

A NOBLE CONVERT.

THE Chinese are widely known as a very stolid and selfish race. When, however, the Gospel of Christ really gets hold of them, it gives them an earnestness and an enthusiasm wonderful to behold. We find an instance of this kind in the *Chronicle* of the London Society. A member of the Avey Mission is a man of culture and standing among the educated classes of his people. He is connected with a wealthy family, but his means have been greatly limited by the aversion which his heathen relatives have to his Christian profession. The scanty income which he has he devotes, as far as possible, to the wants of the unfortunate. He has two schemes of benevolence on foot. The one is the rescue of infant girls cast away by their parents. With the assistance of some of his friends, he has hired several nurses to take care of these children, and he proposes to bring them up with unbound feet, and able to exercise a Christian home-influence. His other plan has been formed in behalf of those Christians who are driven away from their villages by the petty persecutions so common in China. For them he has bought a large plot of ground. About twenty Christians have already taken refuge upon it. When they become able to do so, they are to pay rents, which shall go to the support of the foundlings. Another Christian, a well-to-do rice-seller, is letting them have as much rice as they need, and is willing to wait for payment until they begin to gather in their harvests.

FAMILY PRAYER-MEETINGS.

ALONG other good things and doings to make home a happy place, is, or ought to be, a family prayer-meeting. In almost any Christian family one can be easily begun and, by the grace of God, sustained. If the children of a household will take part in the exercises, they will remember while they live the family prayer-meeting, while other family matters will be readily forgotten. No doubt people might be trained to pray acceptably, as well as to speak. By acceptably we mean in such a way that they would lead the devotions of others, not weary them by repetition or pain them by hesitancy. Young men, we are told, should be encouraged to pray in prayer-meeting. So they should; and yet to hear "O Father!" or "O Lord!" ejaculated twenty times in five minutes is not edifying.

Prayer is a very simple thing. It is asking God for what we need. Children often do it, with sweet, upward-looking faith. If they were allowed to pray aloud in the home circle it might help them to a gift of utterance in older years.

B. M. G.

A GODLY LIFE.

THE wise man who calls himself the Preacher exhorts all young people to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when they will say, "We have no pleasure in them." He bases his exhortation upon

I. The fact that old age with its infirmities is coming upon us, and we will, without religion, be very miserable. If a man neglects to seek God in his youth, he is not likely ever to do so.

II. The exhortation is based secondly upon the fact that death is coming to put an end to all the opportunities and privileges we here enjoy. Our spirits will then return to God who gave them, and all opportunity to repent or believe will have passed away for ever.

III. The third reason upon which the exhortation rests is, that we must go to judgment, and there answer for all we have done, whether it be good, or whether it be evil. God will bring every work into judgment, even all the secret things which are here hidden from the knowledge of men. The conclusion of the exhortation is, "Fear God, and keep His commandments."

No one is fit to be a Sunday-school teacher who has fits—fits of being absent, fits only of punctuality, mere fits of study, fits of visiting his scholars, with long intervals between. The scholars are sure to have fits, also—principally fits of staying away. The most fitting thing that such teachers can do is to resign.

CHEAP KINDNESS.

MR. MOODY told his audience at Greenfield, the other day, a pretty story about his going there for the first time, years ago, a little fatherless boy. Mother and home were thirteen miles away, and thirteen miles to a child is half a continent. Homesick and sorrowful, he walked down the village street, holding fast to the hand of a brother, rather older, who had gone to the village before him. "There," said the brother, "comes the man who gives every new boy a penny."

Approaching them, there walked slowly a tall old gentleman with grey hair. Would he see them? Would he know *this* new boy? One little heart beat fast with doubt and expectation. Sure enough, he did see them, and did observe a new face in the stranger. "Ah!" says the kind voice, "ah! here's a new boy!" and the brand-new penny was given to match the little fellow's novelty; and better still, the soft old hand rested a moment on the round head, and a reverent, solemn blessing was breathed above it, and rose to God.

O, blessing not bestowed in vain! O, tender prayer not suffered to slip unanswered from the Mercy-seat! The thousands whom the magnetism of Moody's earnestness, and the loyalty of Moody's love to the Master, have touched and persuaded, are the witnesses to the truth of this. Other prayers and blessings may have consecrated him too, but this was among those that have left their evidence for everybody to read. The penny and the prayer together made a deep impression on the mind of the new boy.

Many a time, if we wanted to, we could as entirely and as satisfactorily make others happy, if we only would. Nothing is so cheap as courtesy. A little trouble taken for another, a flower sent to a sick friend, a surprise arranged for somebody whose life is monotonous, would not cost us much; but that they would go a great way. How all the boys in town must have worshipped the dear old man who went round with pennies rattling in his pockets for fellows just come to town. His errands never had to wait, one may be certain. There was always a Jim or a Joe ready to bring him his letters, or to rush for his evening paper; and if his garden needed weeding, or his cow strayed away, plenty of brown hands and bare feet were at his disposal to work in the one or reclaim the other.

Fortunate gentleman, too, to have given the bright penny to the bright boy who has everything bright about him still but his name. We do not all find beneficiaries who turn out so well. But that is neither here nor there. In heaven their angels do always behold the face of the Father, and it is work worthy God's fairest angels to make the children glad. Shall we not all hereafter look out for new boys?—*Christian at Work.*

COURTESY.

MANY people are probably apt to overlook the fact that genuine courtesy involves an indwelling sentiment. They fancy that kind feeling must prompt its subject to a ludicrous excess of politeness. But this simply means that kind impulse must be supplemented by other qualities, namely by a fine sense of the seemingly and the ludicrous, and a certain intellectual quickness of mind. Without these a very kindly-disposed person will, no doubt, frequently err. A young man who accidentally brushes against a young woman in the dense crowd of a skating-rink, and makes an apology, is something more than polite. On the other hand, kind feeling must be assisted by intellectual qualities. The lady of fine tact who quickly perceives the sort of treatment best suited to her individual visitors, knows with whom to place them at dinner, and how to modulate the key of her conversation in passing from one to another, may not be a whit kinder at heart than the hostess who takes great pains to entertain, but always manages, through a certain awkwardness, to spoil the discriminating insight. Yet the kindness is essential in the case of the skilful as in that of the awkward lady. The very tact by which the former quickly reads individual minds, interpreting their requirements, involves a lively sympathetic interest in others. The difference is that the estimable feeling exists not as a disturbing emotional excitement, but as a calm controlling motive.

TWO PENCE.

AS I was walking along the Strand in London, late one summer's night, a respectable appearing young man accosted me, and asked for twopence, with which to obtain a lodging for the night. I looked at him, and asked how he came to be in that condition of destitution. He said that he had formerly been a teacher, but had fallen into bad company and disgrace, and had lost his situation; had come to London, and was there friendless, homeless, and penniless. A pointed question or two brought out the facts of his past life, and I solemnly warned him to turn from the error of his ways and seek the Lord. I handed him a shilling, which he declined, saying he only wished for twopence: but I had no change, and I told him he could make use of the money, and invited him to come the following evening to a meeting held in a tent, in Great Arthur-street, Golden-lane. He came, and I there had the privilege of preaching to him Jesus and Him crucified, as the helper and refuge of the needy and the lost.

Months after a letter reached me from a missionary labouring in Clerkenwell, London, who said: "Do you remember meeting and talking with a man upon the Strand one night?" He said that the man was since converted, and was taking part with him in missionary labour. He related a thrilling tale of his experience, and told how that night, friendless and homeless, he was walking the Strand meditating suicide. That timely admonition and invitation turned his mind to better things, and led his feet to walk the heavenward path.

It is a little thing to give a few pennies, a cup of cold water, or a word of earnest counsel to a fellow-pilgrim in need and distress; but the results of such an act cannot be measured in the lapse of earthly years. They pass over into other ages, and lay hold upon eternity. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."—*H. Hastings.*

HEAVY THINGS.

"IRON is heavy," said a friend, as I took hold of a slender bar which he held in his hand. "Yes," was the reply, "but not so heavy as gold, for that sometimes sinks men in destruction and perdition."

There are many people who, notwithstanding this fact, are willing, yea, anxious to load themselves with such a burden. The man who would run a race lays aside every weight. The man who swims for his life, divests himself of every encumbrance; and yet men who feel and admit the necessity of putting forth their utmost efforts to save themselves from this untoward generation, still continue to load and burden themselves with things that perish with the using—with gold, that encumbers us here, and cannot help us hereafter. Our Saviour has declared that the deceitfulness of riches chokes the Word of God; that it is easier for the camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; that the rich are in especial danger; and an apostle has taught us that "the love of money is a root of all evil," and yet, in spite of all these warnings, persons persist in loading themselves with worldly possessions which must hinder their spiritual progress, and possibly imperil their eternal interests.

Let us "take heed and beware of covetousness," lest at the last, we weep and howl with the rich, for the miseries which shall come upon us, when our gold is cankered, our garments moth-eaten, and the treasures which we have amassed, shall perish in the flames of the burning day.

DIED FROM NEGLECT.

DIED—In Laodicea, the prayer-meeting, aged one year. The health of this meeting was poor, most of the year, and its life was despaired of. But anxious friends kept it alive, and sometimes it would so revive as to encourage them. Discouragement, however, at last prevailed, and the prayer-meeting is dead. It died from neglect. Not a Christian was present when it died. Over forty are living within a mile of it, and not one was there. Had two only been there, its life might have been saved, for where two are agreed as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them. Two-thirds of the forty might have been there, had they been so disposed, but they were not, and the prayer-meeting died.—*Selected.*

THE HOME PART OF SUNDAY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

VERY much of Sunday is spent by religious people in church and Sunday-school, and therefore in public. In a certain way there is a sort of insulated seclusion in the pew, and as the service progresses the devout worshipper can lose the sense of neighbourhood, and commune alone with God, helped, indeed, to the highest spiritual delight by the feeling of the communion of saints. In God's house everything tends to quieting and subduing the soul, and to resting it from the cares of the world. The voice of prayer, the solemn chords of the organ, the grand uprising of the psalm, and the persuasive force of the sermon, all help to carry the hearer into an upper realm of peace.

The Sunday-school, on the other hand, awakens and enlivens quite another set of faculties. It is the place of places for natures which are gregarious, social, sympathetic. It is lively, bustling, brisk, mirthful through all its solemnity of purpose, as birds are when they carol to the morning. The singing-birds from many nests are gathered there, and what else can there be but a jubilee? What with the bright eyes and the dimpled cheeks, the scarfs and the sashes, and the eager, alert faces, and mingling of ages and stations, the Sunday-school is like a great garden full of all manner of flowers in the flush and glory of summer.

But the church service passes, and we go home; the Sunday-school pours its hundreds out into the street, and to go home. What is the home part of Sunday to multitudes of church-going folk?

To tell the truth, it is very stupid. They rise late in the morning, scramble through breakfast, dash with hurry and fret through the business of dressing, and set out for the sanctuary when the second bells are ringing, with a sigh of relief that the house-door is shut behind them. Lucy usually puts her room in order on week-days before she walks abroad; but Sunday morning is the one exception. She condones her lack of order with her conscience by the rather comforting thought that she must neither work nor play, because it is the holy day. Yet coming in at noon to find a dusty mantel-shelf, laden chairs, and a bed covered with odds and ends, is vexing and disturbing. It detracts from the Sunday tranquillity which ought to be predominant. Joe generally finds plenty to do on Monday or Tuesday, but his Sunday hours at home are endured, not enjoyed. It is a real boon to him to have somebody ill, so that he can relieve himself of his surplus vitality by rushing for the doctor or flying full speed to the apothecary's shop.

The sweet, soft twilight time ought to be almost heavenly in its balm and gentleness; but it is, in many houses, dulled of all. Music is forbidden, pious books only are permitted, laughing is frowned upon, and conversation is limited to what is fit for the day. Now, religious conversation of set purpose is apt to be dry and formal. If it grow out of the genuine experience of any human being, and is a real utterance and expression, it may well be helpful and interesting. But mere pious platitudes lack the savouring salt of heartfelt conviction. Even children see through them, and learn to despise them for the shams they are.

Our Sundays are far too precious to be treated so lightly as they are. They often give to the father his one weekly opportunity for gathering his whole family around him and having a pleasant time. They bring the one season when the busy mother's needle lies quietly in her basket, when the sewing-machine is closed, and the provident maternal hands are allowed to cross themselves in the luxury of inaction. They are, to the young men and women, the pause in life which comes to this restless generation only once in every seven days. Here is the silver cord of union for the household, shining with the glory which the angels leave on whatever they touch. Shall we drop it, or take it up to tie our hearts the closer together?

Mothers can usually give tone if they try to the home part of Sunday. But it is not mothers' duty only. It is anybody's duty who loves Christ, to set in motion by word, or silent example, or song, or pleasant book, the better way of spending the Sabbath hours, which shall consecrate them all, those in the household as well as those in the congregation.—*Christian at Work.*

FAIRY WORK, AND HOW TO DO IT.

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

A LITTLE fairy sat alone in a garden one bright morning in June. The flowers waved to and fro around her and the air was full of their sweet scent, while the leaves, as they rustled in the summer breeze, whispered all sorts of loving messages to her. Yet she wept! Wept as only fairies can weep! and her tears as they fell, left dull dirty marks on her white dress.

The leaves as they whispered brought her no comfort, for she knew that the wind which stirred them came directly from the fairy queen's palace, and just then she wanted to forget all about her queen and the lovely place where she lived. Would you like to know why she was unhappy? Well, I will tell you. It was because she had not done her duty. Neither fairies, children, nor grown-up people, can be happy when such is the case, however they may laugh and try at all times to forget the very sound of the word.

Sometimes Ina would be very merry—at least outwardly so—but at the same time her heart was heavy, very heavy, and that day in spite of the lovely weather and summer skies, she fairly gave way to tears. You would have thought, to have seen her tiny figure swaying to and fro, on the top of one of the white stones, piled in one corner of the garden, that if the wind grew rough she would be blown away by it, as easily as a withered leaf from a tree. But if you had looked well at her you would have seen something very like a blue ribbon on each shoulder, and that was the little fairy's wings, given her by her queen; so that should she find herself in an open place with no shelter near, when the wind became rough and boisterous, she would at least be able to fly along with it till an opportunity was given her of stopping to rest, and creep away into some hollow.

Last May night, when all the little people had had their tasks given them for the year, the queen had sent Ina to where she was, to drive away all insects and reptiles—such as spiders, earwigs, frogs, and toads—from among the flowers, because the widow lady and her little girl who lived in the house adjoining to the gardens were particularly afraid of such things.

Many of her friends had envied her the work, because it was so grand to do something directly for the good of the fair gentle mother and lonely child they had watched so often walking about on the common. But one and all resolved, that if not permitted to tend the widow's garden, they would water the wild flowers, paint the butterflies, teach the wild bees to hum, and the crickets to chirp, so that the common should be a pleasant place to them, when they wandered there in the bright summer days. Nothing grand or noble could they do, like Ina, but they tried to do their best, and then when night came and the moon shone lovingly upon them as they gambolled and played, its gentle beams seemed to their little hearts to be like the reflection of the widow's smile, which they felt they had fairly earned.

At first Ina was happy in the garden; there were so many pretty flowers to look at, so many gentle messages from her queen, and lastly, so much to observe and love, in the mother and child. So she passed away her time, never thinking of diving under the pile of stones, or the leaves nearest to the ground, for, like her mistress, she had a dislike to creeping things in general, and to frogs and toads in particular. She kept carefully away from the places where they were likely to be, and looking on the lovely flowers, and admiring their gorgeous hues, she dreamed her little life away for several weeks.

Once or twice, when her daughter was at school, the lady had tried to do a little gardening, in order to make the time pass more quickly, till her darling should return, but after a few minutes she would give a faint scream and hurry away. Then on the very morning of which I am writing, Ina had heard the mother's voice calling to her little girl, who lingered a moment in the garden, to pluck a few flowers on her way to school.

"Lottie, Lottie, take care my love! There are so many toads under the flowers. I must send John to weed the garden, and hunt them out."

John was a big boy, kept by the lady to go errands, and do all he could to help her one maid-servant. At this speech

Ina trembled, for would not she, as well as the toads, be at the mercy of this great giant of a boy. She did not dare to leave her work, or she would have at once fluttered her little wings, and flown high over the garden wall, but the fairy queen had expressly charged her to stay there till next May night, and on no account to leave it, unless—which was scarcely likely to be the case—the wind was so rough as to oblige her to fly over the wall.

The thought never entered her mind to disobey her queen, and yet she had been doing it all the time she had been in the garden. She had known it, too, in her heart, and been miserable, although she had kept up her spirits, and danced about here and there, looking at the smiling that, and admiring something else, so as to have no time for serious thought. Now, however, she could laugh and enjoy herself no longer. All her faults and failings stared her in the face. They were not so much wrong things done as right things left undone, and the little fairy sobbed aloud at the thought of her wasted life.

It did seem like a lifetime to her, for after their winter's sleep, a fairy's life seems to begin anew, and although they remember the doings of the last summer, yet they seem to belong to other fairies' lives, not theirs. So the weeks spent by Ina in the garden were to her like the best years of a lifetime, spent in idleness and folly.

"What can I do? What can I do?" she moaned over and over again.

A rose-bush grew by her side, and one branch kept whispering, whispering, whispering; but she did not heed, and again the little bird-like voice cried out, "Oh, what shall I do?"

At length the branch bent down a little lower, and one leaf touched her cheek. She looked up, and the thought came into her mind, "The Queen knows everything, so perhaps she has sent to tell me what I must do, and the rose-leaves are even now waiting to speak." So she listened attentively, and as the leaves rustled once more she distinctly heard the words—

"The Fairy Queen is your friend,
'Tis never too late to mend."

New life seemed given to her in a moment, and rising, she set about hunting spiders and earwigs in good earnest. For some time, however, she could do but little, for, in spite of all her efforts to keep them back, the tears would come and blind her eyes; only now they were tears of love and thankfulness to the Queen for her kind message.

Just as she was rejoicing in the fact that she was doing right, the sun went in behind a cloud, and when Ina looked up she saw that there was not one cloud but many, and that the sky was almost black with them. She knew what they meant, as they frowned upon her, for she remembered a thunderstorm which had frightened all the fairies last summer, and she knew that just such another was in store for them now. She was only a fairy, and neither knew why thunderstorms came nor who sent them; therefore it is not to be wondered at that she trembled and was very much afraid. All work was over for her now till fine weather should come again, and, when the first big drops of rain fell, she ran up to the pile of stones, and crept into a hollow between two for shelter. She was so small that what was only a mere crevice was to her a grotto, and a patch of green moss on one of the stones was a nice couch for her, so she stretched her little tired limbs upon it and fell asleep.

It was the first time since last May Night that she had been really tired, and her sleep was very sweet.

She dreamt that next May Night was come, and that the Queen, being pleased with her work, had taken her back with her to her palace to live. Oh, it was so beautiful there! The floor was all shining, and of many different hues, just as if it had been paved with beetles' wings. There was a fountain too, and the cool, bright water plashed and sparkled as it fell. Some of the bright drops actually washed her arms, as she stood off at a little distance and admired.

Suddenly she awoke. The palace faded away; but what was it made the fairy scream and tremble—what was lying cold against her, making her dream of fountains with cool water? Nothing more or less than a toad. There it was, staring at her; and Ina tried to creep closer to the side of her grotto. But alas, poor little creature! the toad moved too. She could not get out into the garden without touching it, so there she lay, almost fearing to breathe.

She knew she ought to drive it away; but how could she

do it? And again the cry arose, "Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

She looked out at the flowers. The storm was over, the sun shining again, and eve ything looked sparkling and pretty with raindrops. How cool and pleasant it appeared! She wished she were there—anywhere than where she was—anywhere so long as she could be rid of her companion. She could have no message from the queen while in the grotto, she thought, for the leaves could not whisper loud enough to be heard in there; but a wish—an earnest wish—arose in her heart to do right, even if it were expected of her to send the hated reptile away.

Just then a bird sang out loudly and clearly, and although to a little boy or girl it would have been but a bird's song—nothing more—the little fairy, as she listened, heard the words—

"To the brave and true
Strength comes anew."

New strength and the desire to be brave and true came to her as she listened, and moving boldly forward, she actually had the courage to touch the toad with her foot. It did not move, so she touched it again. Then she fluttered her wings; but it was no good; there it was, and there, to all appearance, it intended to stay. Nay, it even turned towards her, and opened its terrible mouth, and Ina shivered, and hid her face in her hands. But with this dreadful trial came a new thought, and putting her hand in her bosom, she drew forth something so small that our eyes would scarcely have seen it; yet, tiny as it was, it was a casket made of precious stones. Breathing upon it, the lid flew open, and a strange, sweet perfume filled the air. Instantly the toad waddled away, and the little fairy, casket in hand, walked round the garden, looking carefully under the dripping leaves, and wherever any of her adversaries were, she boldly held out her casket, and they vanished.

When the moon rose there she was still, and so bravely did she pursue the insects and toads that by morning they had all disappeared—crept away under the garden gate, and taken refuge by the roadsides, and in the pond at the edge of the common.

Dear children, who is it has given you a work to do, and appointed a day of reckoning? Who is it speaks to your hearts when you look at the flowers and listen to the whispering of the summer breeze, the thunderstorms, and the songs of birds? Who is your enemy, and how are you to overcome him? Not in your own strength. God has given you His Son to be your refuge and strength. Pray to Him, and you will be a conqueror in this life, and much, much more in the next. Remember, the crown of glory awaits you there.

A CHILD'S SIMPLICITY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

DURING the autumn of 1799, the war between France and Austria had penetrated as far into Switzerland as Canton Schwyz, and many families had to escape into the mountains for fear of the fierce soldiery. Among these fugitive families was that of Anton Ulrich, of Steinen, who was himself with his flocks on the higher pastures, on a part of the mountains so invested with Austrian troops that he was unable to get to his wife and children. Elizabeth—such was the name of his wife—was with her sister and her two children at their home, village of Steinen, and they determined to escape to the Urniberg (a part of the Rhigi range), so as at least to secure their lives from the enemy. The two women packed one basket with such of their clothes and other worldly possessions as they could manage to bring away with them, and filled another with provisions for their journey. The elder child, Franz Anton, a spirited little fellow of four years old, insisted on being allowed to carry a smaller basket, which contained the clothes of his little sister, who was scarcely a year old. The poor mother took her infant up in her arms, and placed one of the baskets on her head. The other basket was carried by her sister, who at the same time led her little nephew by the hand.

In this way the sorrowful party of fugitives set out on their melancholy journey, leaving their beloved home at the mercy of the enemy, and passing through the well-known village-street without knowing when they would behold it again.

But Elizabeth said to her sister, "The good God can help us and ours in some way we know not of."

At the end of about an hour's time they reached the foot of the mountain, and clambered up the steep path until they came to a pleasant spot of level ground under the shade of beech trees, where tall rocks on either side formed a sort of natural grotto. Here the two poor women hoped to be able to rest for a short time, but scarcely had they seated themselves on the soft green grass ere a couple of French soldiers came upon them from a neighbouring wood. One of them (apparently an Alsatian), and who was able to speak German, addressed the poor women in that language, and demanded the two baskets of them with the most violent threats. With bitter tears Elizabeth and her sister acceded to this rude request, but the little boy, seating himself upon the basket, declared sturdily that he would not part with it, because it held his little sister's clothes.

The soldiers laughed at the boy's defiant manner, but only pushed him from his seat, and was preparing to carry away the basket; but when the little fellow saw that resistance availed nothing, and that the treasure he had so carefully guarded was about to be carried off, he threw himself at the soldiers' feet, clasped his knees, and exclaimed eagerly—

"Oh, do leave my poor little sister her clothes; take my own clothes, and take me myself, only do leave my poor little sister here."

This went to the soldier's heart, hard as it was. He explained to his comrade the nature of the child's request, and having obtained a promise that he should be uninjured, he turned to Elizabeth, and said,—

"My woman, for the sake of that spirited little lad of yours we'll do you no harm, and will not meddle with your things. Come back with us into the village, we'll protect you there; don't be afraid. I promise you no harm shall happen to you."

The whole party then descended the hill, and took the path which led to the village of Steinen, and Elizabeth and her family returned to their own house. The soldiers kept their promise faithfully, not a hair of their heads was injured, and while all the other houses in the village were broken into and plundered, theirs was carefully protected.

"There," said Elizabeth to her sister, "Didn't I tell you that God would protect us and our little property in some way we knew not of?"

JANET.

HOW TO UNDERSTAND POETRY.

SOMETIMES a boy or a girl says, "I should like to understand poetry; I do like to read it and repeat it, but I cannot always tell what it means."

Dear children, some things go under the title of poetry which are incomprehensible to young and old, to wise and foolish alike. But the way to understand true poetry—that of nature, at least—is to love the beauty of which it is the picture and the song. The best poetry is simple and natural as life itself; and by listening to the sweet voices which are always floating unheeded on the air, you will feel what it is, through all your being. Only keep eye and heart open, and never let it be possible for you to scorn and neglect the least thing that God has made.

Look for poetry and you will find it everywhere—in the fairy-cup moss under your feet in the woodland footpaths, in the song of the robin at your window in the morning, in the patter of the rain on the roof, in the first rosy cloud on the horizon at dawn, and the last that fades out in the west at sunset. For poetry is written all over the earth by a Divine hand, before it can get into books.

The Creator is the great poet. All that is beautiful to eye, or ear, or heart, is His handwriting. Wherever a bud opens, a rivulet slips along its pebbly path, or a leaf-shadow dances in the sunshine, there He has written a poem which He meant should be read with delight by every passer-by.

It is best not to dispute where there is no probability of convincing.

The Christian falls not asleep in the fire or in the water, but in the sunshine.

Providence has a thousand keys to open a thousand doors for the deliverance of his own.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

BY SANE HOLM.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
 Silent, peaceful, grand and free,
 Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
 On the little face below—
 Hangs the green earth swaying, turning,
 Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,
 Falls the light of God's face, branding
 Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that sate,
 Toss and cry, and will not rest,
 Are the ones the tender mother
 Holds the closest, loves the best;
 So when we are weak and wretched,
 By our sins weighed down, distressed,
 Then it is that God's great patience
 Holds us closest, loves us best.

O Great Heart of God! whose loving
 Cannot hindered be nor crossed,
 Will not weary, will not even
 In our death itself be lost—
 Love divine! of such great loving
 Only mothers know the cost—
 Cost of love—which all love passing,
 Gave a son to save the lost.

THE HEROES OF THE COVENANT.

BY FULTON SMITH.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Marquis of Argyle, figures as one of the noble characters which adorn the page of Scottish history, during that eventful time when the social and religious privileges of the people were endangered through Popish aggression. He early identified himself with the reforming party in ecclesiastical affairs, and we see him regular in his attendance at the meetings of General Assembly—and especially at the famous Glasgow Assembly of 1638, mention is made by the moderator "of the noble marquis who has countenanced our meetings, and by his sagacious counsel strengthened and encouraged us in our good work of maintaining the true doctrine and discipline of the Church of Christ."

The Marquis had the high honour of placing the crown on the head of Charles II. at Scone, and proclaiming him King of Scotland. On this occasion he delivered a long address to the assembled multitude, impressing upon the king the duty which he owed to the nation as well as to God, in maintaining the purity of His worship. The address was concluded with the following pertinent remark, quite becoming the man who was to be so active in the Reformation later on: "Sire, I certify you before all these people most solemnly and before God Almighty, that if you or they conspire against the kingdom of Jesus Christ, both supporters and supported will fall together." Ere long troubles so surrounded the king he had to flee to Normandy for safety, the country was thrown into confusion, and "how to act" was a question difficult of solution. Laws enacted by Charles were adjudged null and void by Cromwell. The Commonwealth of England only added to the complication of affairs, and the country was undergoing a revolution, the results of which were quite beyond the prevision of those who were the chief actors. The loyalty of Argyle to the king was unshaken, but the position he assumed with Cromwell was made use of against him when Charles was restored, and formed the basis of his indictment for treason. No king, no law—it was truly an equivocal time. The marquis deemed the interests and safety of the people as the supreme law, but we find the services which he rendered the country during this critical period were subsequently construed and interpreted as violations of law and order. In due time Charles was reinstated in his throne, and once there, he was eager to secure the allegiance of the most powerful and influential of his subjects. The men he rallied round him were those who had viewed the recent actions of Argyle suspiciously, and were jealous of the favour bestowed upon him by his royal

master. The king permitted himself to be swayed by the counsels of these advisers, and was unscrupulous enough to ignore a letter which he wrote the marquis in 1650, promising to confer upon him the title of duke and other honours, "Whenever it shall please God to restore me to my just rights in England," said he "all which I promise to make good upon the word of a king."

We need not wonder, then, at the alarm of the marquis when confronted with that long ditty (in indictment), with its fourteen "counts," shortly after Charles's restoration to power. He was now a State prisoner, and little or no time was afforded for drawing up defences to the indictment. The trial was hurried through with unseemly haste. The charges of treason were met by a calm and dignified deliberation which amazed his accusers, and although the evidence produced did not bear out the charges in the indictment, he was declared guilty and condemned to death. The hero and martyr met his doom with a holy self-possession—the outcome of a heart at peace with God. Some who saw him after receiving sentence of death, and were shortly to share the same fate, were encouraged by the happy resignation which he evinced while awaiting execution. A letter is still preserved which was written by a godly minister at this time, and although it was intended to encourage the prisoner in his strait, it contains abundant testimony to the thoroughgoing Christianity of this noble martyr. "We reckon it was a great mercy to the cause and to many friends of it that God has brought your lordship upon the stage. He hath vindicated his reproached work in spite of reproach, so that it will be advantageous to the nation. Neither do I doubt but it was a singular mercy to yourself, and shall be a relief to your oppressed name, which this day is visibly come above water. We enjoy the sweet fruits of what you now sweat for, and your lordship may reckon your labours and sufferings sold at a good rate when you consider how many souls have been refreshed these twenty-three years bygone, the reward of which we wish may now richly return to your bosom." He was executed on May 27, 1661, submitting to the dreadful ordeal with a composure and serenity well befitting a witness of the Truth. His headless body was conveyed by his friends from the Tolbooth, Edinburgh, to Old Kilpatrick, placed in a boat, and carried to Kilmuir, on the Clyde, and buried in the church there. The defender of "Christ's crown and covenant" has been exalted beside his Lord and Master, the King of Kings, in "the bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem above."

NOT WILLING TO BE MEAN.

A GENTLEMAN of wealth, who had been much addicted to frolic and sports, was converted, and became a member of one of our churches. This congregation had adopted the *ad valorem* principle, as a means of defraying its expenses. In a few months after this gentleman's conversion, the deacons waited on him in order to make their assessment; and knowing that he was rich, and his proportion of the expenses would amount to a pretty handsome sum, they feared that he would not be willing to bear it, and also that their demand might give him serious offence, and prove an injury to him. At first he was at a loss to ascertain the reason of their apparent diffidence. The deacons, perceiving this, became, of course, more explicit. The gentleman was surprised. "What on earth do you mean?" said he. "Did you suppose that I would be unwilling to pay my full proportion? When I was a man of the world, and united with others in a scheme of pleasure, I would have deemed myself a mean man had I not paid the full proportion of the expense. Go to the assessor's book, and put me down for my full proportion of the expenses of the church. Do you think that I intend to be a meaner man now since I have become a servant of God, than I was when a servant of the devil?"—*Bible Standard*.

There is room in the church, and need, for all manner of workers. The poorest and least recognized are as much needed as any. Open your watch, your eye falls on jewels there; but the sparkling jewels cannot say to the modest coil of steel beside them, "We have no need of thee," for that is the mainspring; and the mainspring cannot say to the timest cog-wheel, "We have no need of thee," for without it the works stand still. It is just so in the Church of Christ: one little worker can mar the whole by failing to fulfil its office. There is a place for each.



THE LATE REV. DAVID THOMAS, B.A.
(Engraved from the Photograph in Messrs. Hodder and
Stoughton's book.)

THE DIVINE CONSTANCY.

A SERMON

BY THE LATE REV. DAVID THOMAS, B.A.

"For He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee"—
HEBREWS xiii 5

A FEW words, first of all, on the promise itself. How great are its contents! For it is not, obviously, though we think it is, a promise of the mere presence of God with His people; that need not be a subject of promise. God surely, from the necessity of His nature, must be always present with His people—must be always present with all men. The promises of a gracious presence are not of a gracious presence only, but of a gracious activity of presence. It is a promise of the continuous care of His providence—a promise of the continual supply of His grace in illuminating, in sanctifying, and saving His people: it is, in fact, the promise of Jesus Christ, primarily addressed to the Apostles, but extended to all His disciples: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." This is the promise: Christ, God in Christ, is saying that he will never withdraw His gracious presence, never withdraw His holy influence from His servants. To every one of them He is saying, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Just look for a moment upon the contrast which this promise furnishes between the Divine good and all merely created and earthly good. All God's outward and earthly gifts are temporal; they are all subject to the law of change. They are changing by their own character, and they are ever changing in the owners of them, even when they themselves to a large extent remain the same. The persons and things we value, and which are dear to us, and which, as we think, are necessary to us in this life, all leave us and forsake us. If we could look forward a little way into the future we should see ourselves abandoned by them all; and even now we can see that many of them are on the wing. The beauty, is it not really fading? The health, is it not failing? The strength, is it not declining? The life, is it not sensibly ebbing away? The friends whom we have, are they not, one after another, either changing in their feeling towards us, or in relation to us, or, by a change of the world, going away from us? When we look at them on their sick bed, or when we observe them in their daily life, and mark the change that is taking place in look or form and action, is it not that they are going away from us, leaving us and forsaking us? All that is lovely and grand in this outward world, everything, is leaving us. If indeed we could only give a voice to all God's outward and earthly gifts, and suppose that voice to be uttering their very nature to us, this is what they would be saying—this is what we should hear them all saying—"I will leave thee, and forsake thee." The silver and the gold saying, "I will leave thee, and forsake thee." The beauty in face and form, the strength in the arm, the life in the frame, saying, "I will leave thee, and forsake thee." The friend most dear saying, "I will leave thee, and forsake thee." Every light in the heaven, every flower on the earth, saying, "I will leave thee, and forsake thee." It is no great effort of fancy, just to suppose that every outward gift has become vocal, and is just giving utterance to what is in its own nature; and if we do but just imagine this, this is what we hear—every person and every thing saying to us, "I will leave thee, I will forsake thee." But the nature of God is quite other from that of His external gifts. If His nature were to give utterance in voice, this is what it would say: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." God has indeed spoken; He has spoken by holy men, He has spoken by the lips of Jesus. He is speaking still by the ever-living Spirit of Jesus: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Just consider for a little while how faith—the faith that corresponds with this providence—should operate, and must operate, according to its reality and strength within us. Believing that in Christ we hear God speaking to us (for it is the same thing), that we hear God speaking to us, and see him dealing with us in Christ; believing that God in Christ will never leave us nor forsake us—will always remain to guide and strengthen, and comfort and sanctify and save, according to our need, what should follow in our experience from that faith? There should follow from it first of all, I observe, peace and confidence when we look forward to

the troubles that may be before us in this life. We do not know what our sorrows will be in their character, or in their number, or in their weight. We do not know into what darkness this path along which we are going may lead, into what depths of sorrow it may descend; and sometimes, when we look forward, it is with some fear and sadness, as our imagination conjures up the possibilities of loss and bereavement, and pain and sorrow, in the future. But, if we believe that Christ will be with us always, that he will never leave us nor forsake us, we are relieved, according to the measure of that faith, from our fear and sadness. What can it matter what the sorrows may be in their nature, or in their number, or in their magnitude? His light with us will be sufficient in every darkness; His consolation will be equal to any time of sorrow; His strength will be sufficient under every burden. If we have this faith in Him, and in the measure that we have this faith, we must be calm and tranquil, and peaceful and hopeful in our anticipation of the future.

And also when we look forward to the possible moral conflicts that may be lying before us. There may be harder duties before us than any we have yet known; there may be temptations stronger than any we have contended with; there may be battles—moral battles—fiercer than any in which we have yet been engaged. But we need not be alarmed: we shall not be alarmed, if we have faith in Christ that He will be with us. It will be enough in the face of the hardest duties; it will suffice in the midst of the most fiery temptations; it will be sufficient in the most terrible strifes; we shall be carried safely through, we shall be conquerors at last, if He is with us to minister to our necessities; and we must cease from alarm; we must have peace and confidence as we look forward to the possible conflicts, just according as we put faith in Him, that He will be with us with His light and consolation and power.

And this faith is also fitted to give us hope and confidence, when we look forward to the moral progress which is required of us in the future. How to become wiser and wiser ever; how to get ever purer, how to get ever juster, how to be getting more and more rid of this evil that is cleaving to us; how to be cleansed from every spot that is defiling our nature; how to get more and more in our nature like Christ and like God, so that, at length, we shall attain perfection, and be in our nature and life like the nature and life of God; how, when we have been advancing towards this at so slow a rate through life in the past—and when the way of progress is so uphill and rugged, and there is so much against us, and we are so very weak, how, notwithstanding, to make way onward in this path of progress, which is the path to God and heaven; how to get up to God and heaven, if we are to get there by a way of moral progress;—we may well despair as we think of it, and suppose ourselves to have to effect this progress in any strength of our own. But God can help us onward—God can lift us upward, to that heavenly perfection; Christ can give us more and more light; He can make us more and more pure; He can inspire us with more and more love; He can impress us with His image more and more, "from glory to glory"; "He who hath begun the good work within us" can carry it on even unto perfection. And if we believe this, and believe that He will never leave us nor forsake us, that He will remain within us to effect this progress in our nature and life until we attain to perfection, then we cease to despair or despond; we have peace as we think of the great work to be wrought yet within us, and which is altogether out of our own power; we have peace and hope and assurance in view of all the possible sorrows of the future, in view of all the possible moral strifes in the future, in view of that great progress heavenward which remains to be made. Believing in Christ, trusting ourselves to Him, looking upon the support in sorrow, and the security in the strife, and the great progress to be effected, as His work, as the great business which He has commenced, which He has undertaken, and trusting in Him, putting this faith in Him, we have peace and confidence, and are happy, and are better than happy, we are blessed, as we look forward.

Most of us here this morning need a deeper experience of this peace which comes through faith, of this rest profound which comes from the surrender of ourselves to Christ's care and keeping, of this happiness which is the portion of a Christian man in this life; we all of us need it far more than we have experienced. "Ah! that is our great need," some say, "that is our only need, to have this faith in Christ, that He will always abide with us, and always meet every necessity of our condition and experience; that is all we need."

It is not all; it is not nearly all. Faith has something to effect within us besides inspiring us with peace and confidence as we look forward.

I observe, in the next place, that this faith in Christ should operate so as to quicken us to a deeper sense of our responsibility, and stimulate us more than ever to the duties of a Christian life.

I wish especially to have your attention for a little time to this matter, for this is a part of my subject which, I think, is very often overlooked—which is being very much, I think, overlooked in the present day in the representations made by Christian men whom all we must respect and admire and love. They represent this faith in Christ as being the sum of all Christian duty. Everything that is required of us may be summed up in this one need, the surrender of ourselves by faith to God and Christ. We have nothing to do but to trust; we have not to trouble ourselves about work, and difficulties, and temptations in the future; we have but to trust, and be at rest, be at peace, be happy. We have to believe, only to believe. We are to leave everything in the hands of Christ, to leave it all with Jesus. We are to have done with ourselves altogether; we are to have done with our own will, and to give ourselves up to the will of Christ; we are to have faith, that is the sum of all that we have to do; we are to have faith, and then leave all the rest to Christ—to have faith and be peaceful, be restful, be happy, having faith. Now this has been uttered by really devout Christian disciples, and there is a great deal of it in print. And I can safely say, concerning that language, with the deepest respect for those who use it, I say it is true, and I say that it is not true. It is quite true that we are to have done with ourselves in the sense of having any confidence in ourselves. It is not true that we are to have done with ourselves in the sense that we are no longer, because we trust in Christ, to take heed to ourselves, to watch and pray and labour for our moral and spiritual welfare and progress. That is not true; and it is not safe, I think, for any man to go about in this world believing that that is true; that he is, in that sense, to have done with himself. It is true that we are not—we Christian men, who give ourselves up to Christ—it is true that we are not to have any longer any will of our own; that we are to give up our will to Christ. It is true in the sense that we are not to have any will that is contrary to the will of Christ; it is true in the sense that our will is to be the same, in its judgments and decisions, as the will of Christ. But it is not true that we are to have no will at all. That is quite impossible. If it were possible, it would be to reduce us to mere machines, it would be to de-humanise us. It is not true that we are not to have our own will, and that we are not to use our own will, because we have surrendered ourselves to Christ. Our will we must have, we must use, we always shall be using. It is of the very essence of our personality, of the very essence of our agency as men, that we should have a will and use it. We cease to be men when we cease to have a will of our own in that sense, as we cease to be Christian men when we cease to use that will in harmony with Christ's own will.

Again, it is true that we should give ourselves up to Christ's care; it is true that we should "leave all with Jesus," as the language, so often employed, is; but not "leave all with Jesus" so as not to care about our responsibilities to Him, about the service which He requires from us—as not to care for prayer, and vigilance, and Christian volition.

It is all in His hands, and He must do it all; but He does it all in and through our desires and aspirations, and volitions and prayers and activities. It is all with Him; but He carries it all on in us, and through us, without destroying our personality, without subverting our agency. It is true that we are to have faith in Christ; but it is not true that, after we have had that faith, and feel very peaceful and very restful, there is nothing more to do but trust again, and be happy and blessed for evermore. That is not true. The true faith in Jesus Christ, whilst it gives peace and confidence, does also deepen the sense of responsibility to Christ. It does not release us from any obligation whatever to our duties, under which we were lying before; it only deepens these very obligations. The true faith in Christ, when it acts according to its real nature, quickens us to what we have to do, makes us more eager than we ever were to do it, and makes us stronger than we ever were to do it. So far from its being true that we have to trust only, to leave all in the hands of Jesus, so as not to be attempting anything ourselves—we should, having left it in the hands of Jesus, having committed

ourselves to Him, having put our faith in Him, we should now care more for His commandments than ever; we should feel more responsible than ever; we should feel that our obligations are heavier; and that, more than ever, we should be giving ourselves to the great work involved in the duties of the Christian life.

Take one or two human analogies, which, I think, aptly illustrate the case.

A sick man calls in a physician, in whom he has the most entire confidence. He believes that the physician can heal him. He commits himself into his hands. He tells him, "I leave it all with you; I am leaving it all with you." Well, is that all the sick man does? Does he, because he has left it all with the physician, does he do nothing more? Does not he listen to what the physician prescribes? Does he not take heed to follow the prescriptions? Does not he, just because he has such faith in the physician, does he not take care what he does, is he not careful about the medicines, is he not careful about the food he takes, is he not careful about the exercise prescribed to him, is he not more careful than ever he was, just because he has such a very strong faith in this physician? If he were to say: "Now, I couldn't cure myself. I have tried many, and they couldn't cure me; and here is a physician at last who inspires me with entire confidence. He can, and will, cure me. I will give myself up to him; I will leave myself altogether with this physician, and do nothing at all"—he could never get well—never of course. But he never would do that. The more he trusted the physician the more attentive he would be to his prescriptions, the more careful he would be in his application, the more he would do, just because he had such a strong trust.

Or, a soldier is in the battle-field, and on the eve of battle, and his commander passes him by, and tells him to be of good courage and to trust in him, and he will go with him and before him; he will carry him safely through, and give him the victory. And his words fire the soldier. He is full of confidence, cool and courageous in the front of the battle, because of his faith in the commander. But does that faith preclude his doing anything more? Should he not do all the more because he trusts the commander? Does he not fight the more strenuously? Does he not go now as if everything depended on him, just because of the faith he has in his commander?

Christ is the Healer of our diseases; and when we give our souls to His care and keeping, and "leave it all with Jesus," that faith should lead us to be careful that we watch the directions which he gives, take the spiritual medicine, eat of the spiritual food, go into the healthy moral atmosphere, take the right moral exercise. Just the measure of our faith in this great spiritual Physician should be the measure of what we do in conformity to His will and direction.

Or, He is the Captain of our salvation, leading us to the battle, saying: "Follow Me, fight with Me; I will carry you safely through the strife, and make you conquerors;"—and you trust Him. Ah! if you trust Him, you surely must follow Him; you surely must fight with Him; not say, "I trust Thee, will leave all the battle with Thee, and just be peaceful and happy." This is His voice throughout the Bible. Read Christ's own words. He tells men to come to Him, and to trust Him, to put entire faith in Him; and we see men going to Him, and trusting Him—Peter, James, John, and the eleven, putting themselves completely in His power, putting an entire faith in Him. But does He tell them to trust, and nothing else? Does he say that all duty is comprehended in trusting Him? Does He tell them, "You leave it all with Me?" No. He does not tell them that. He tells Peter and James and John that they must watch, that they must pray; that they must be occupied with their work; that they must take care what use they make of their talents; that they must lay up for themselves treasures in heaven. This is what He says. They must continue in His words. He says they must keep His commandments; He says, "He that *endureth* to the end shall be saved." This is what I find through all the apostolic writings: they inculcate faith, the most entire confidence in Christ; but never say *this* all through their writings, that the believers whom they are addressing have nothing to do but to trust and be happy and peaceful. They never say that they have nothing at all to do with a view to their personal security and salvation; that they have nothing to do but to put faith in Christ. They are ever exhorting men to the duties of the Christian life; parents, children, masters, servants, husbands, wives—all have their common duties urged upon them, and their

special duties arising out of their special relations. The apostles never say, "Trust, and all else will come as a matter of course;" "Leave yourselves in the hands of Christ, and He will set you right about your duties." That is not the way. But they repeat the duties, and they urge men to study them, and to give themselves to the discharge of them, to be earnest in their Christian work. They tell men that God is working in them to will and to do; but they do not say, "Just rejoice in that, and be happy." No; they say, "Because God is working in you—work out—work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

You remember Paul's words in the language I read at the commencement of the service: "Be strong," he says to the Christian soldier, "be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." He begins with that—have faith in Christ; do not go to this battle in your own strength; put no confidence in yourselves; be strong, courageous, but in the Lord, and in the power of His might. But does he stop there? Does he say that if they are only full of faith in the great Captain all will go right, and he need say no more? Oh, no; he has a great deal more to urge upon them. Just as that great English commander—I believe it was Cromwell—addressing his soldiers in the prospect of some battle, said, "Trust in the Lord"—that was his first word—"trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry;" so Paul in much higher language, says, "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might;" go into the great battle of life, leaving the great strife in the hands of Jesus; but mind to take the helmet and the shield, and the breastplate and the sword, and mind to be always praying. You are to be trusting, but you are to be praying and fighting still.

And how was it with Paul himself? Just look at him when he was in declining life; when he wrote that second Epistle to the Corinthians: when he was so full of his labours and his triumphs, and his honours as an apostle; when he was so full of faith in Christ, after he had been for long years in union and communion with Him. He had, times without number, left everything to His keeping; he put an unbounded trust in Him, and felt sure that he would be carried securely through all life's trials, and be more than conqueror at last. He was quite sure of it that his Master would never leave him, never forsake him. Well, then, he was happy and did nothing more. Not that. Only after expressing his longing to be absent from the body and to be with the Lord, he says: "I labour; I labour, that whether present or absent, I may be accepted of Him; for we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ." Ay, the old man, the old Christian, the old apostle, so crowned with honours, so full of faith, he was looking at the judgment-seat before which he was to stand, and he was, in his old age, labouring that he might be approved of the Master.

So, dear Christian brethren, I say, seek more peace, more confidence, more of the joy of faith; we all need more of it; but it is not the best thing of all. Now, I hear, and you hear, men speaking of consolation, peace, and blessedness in the experience, as though that were the very best thing. No; righteousness is better than that: to do your duty, to fight, to conquer, is a better thing than simply to rejoice; and a better peace and a better joy will come at last out of the faith and the trust.

Be sure that the highest function of faith in Christ is not to make people very happy in the present life. Be not contented to be only happy in the present life. The highest function of the Christian life is not to make men peaceful and happy; it makes them peaceful and happy that they may be thereby the stronger, the stronger in their love and gratitude, for doing the will of God.

May that faith be ours which will give us peace, and giving us peace, will inspire us with love, and so strengthen us for the Christian work!

[We have reprinted this sermon, by the kind permission of Messrs. Helder and Staughton, from their most interesting volume, "Memorials of David Thomas, B.A." By his son. It is a loving tribute to the many excellences of a truly noble character, and we trust many of our readers will possess themselves of these recollections of so great a faithful minister to man.—Ed.]

As the rays come from the sun, and yet are not the sun, even so our love and pity, though they are not God, but merely a poor, weak image and reflection of Him, yet from Him alone they come. If there is mercy in our hearts, it comes from the fountain of mercy; if there is the light of love in us, it is a ray from the full sun of love.—Charles Kingsley.

CHURCHLY CHURLISHNESS.

IF there is any place under heaven where good manners should be practised, that place is the church. But, in many instances, it is the very home of churlishness and boishness. A stranger, dropping in, finds himself in an atmosphere of such Arctic chilliness and freezing rigidity that his first thought is that he has suddenly intruded into a spiriferator. There he stands, uncertain whether to advance or to back out. No one shows him a paw, or speaks a kind word to him, or gives him the slightest look of encouragement or welcome. He feels that he is a stranger, an intruder, that he is not welcome, that to stay is only to be tolerated. What wonder the service has no effect on that man? or, if any, that he retires after the benediction more hardened than softened? He went to gather strength for the grand purpose of a new life; he leaves feeling that there is no strength nor grace to be extracted from this frosty selfishness which has built itself a temple in the name of Christianity.

Now had some kind-hearted Christian stepped up to this diffident new-comer, and, frank in speech and warm and sympathetic in heart, grasped him by the hand and bade him welcome, and given him some understanding that the church wanted him, and had work for him to do, how different the result. Ah! when will the church be as wise as the devil? When at her doors will the stranger meet a welcome as bright and cheery, as hearty and warm, as he finds those doors which open on death and hell? Fill the Church with an atmosphere of radiant kindness, of genial welcome. Let there be exhibited the courtesy, not of outward deportment and etiquette only, but that also of the heart. Be civil. Be cordial. Be pleasant. Keep back your antipathies; but show your good-will. Be hospitable, for there is nothing like Church hospitality. Thereby you entertain angels, who will come again. Then every flower of Christian grace will bloom in richest colours, and every stranger that enters will be conscious of an attractiveness and a warmth that will irresistibly bind him to it as his home.—*Chil. Cur. at Well.*

ONLY.

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell,
The bucket would soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys; they were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments;
They were all I had to spare;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy;
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What oath He think of His children
When they never give at all?

GOD AS A FATHER.—A king is sitting with his council deliberating on high affairs of state involving the destiny of nations, when suddenly he hears the sorrowful cry of his little child, who has fallen down, or been frightened by a wasp; he rises and runs to his relief, assuages his sorrows and relieves his fears. Is there anything unkingly here? Is it not most natural? Does it not elevate the monarch in your esteem? Why, then, do we think it dishonourable to the King of Kings, our heavenly Father, to consider the small matters of His children? His minutely condescending, but is it not also superlatively natural that being a father He should act as such?—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

Just as I am ! I dare not tarry longer,
Striving to wash the deep, dark stains away,
Striving to make my faltering spirit stronger,
Striving to teach these dumb lips how to pray.

Just as I am—though every past endeavour
But mocks me with the stormy battles lost ;
Though like the heaving of a troubled river
In tempest's wrath my weary soul is tossed.

Just as I am—with the old idols broken,
The old ambitions buried in the dust ;
The old proud hopes—once all too madly spoken—
Dead as the youth that gave them all their trust.

Just as I am—not in the bounding gladness
That touched with beauty the fair morn of life,
But scourged by memories that are blest with madness—
Fleeing for shelter from the noonday strife.

Just as I am—footsore, and worn, and weary—
Faint from the rugged paths I long have trod ;
With pallid lips I cry out, "*Misereere!*"
And at Thy footstool lay me down, O God !

Just as I am—the crimson stains upon me,
But Thou canst wash me whiter than the snow ;
With the dark regions that had well-nigh won me,
Thro'ging my path to mock me as I go.

Just as I am—never again to falter,
Never again, O world, to dread Thy frown ;
But clasping close the Cross—our blood-stained altar—
To bear it onward till I grasp the crown.

FLORENCE HARTLAND.

CHRIST THE KING.

PERHAPS the greatest hindrance to the reception of Christ in the case of thousands is their unwillingness to receive Him as a King. They have no great objection to receive Him simply as a friend, if that were possible ; they would like well enough to enjoy the advantages of His friendship—the enjoyment and happiness which it can give here and the glories which it would bestow hereafter ; they have no great objection to receive Him as a Saviour ; they do think it desirable to be freed from suffering and made now and for ever secure, and if these things were attainable without conditions they would gladly receive them : but to have Christ for their King, to submit to His authority, to consult His will in all things, to make His law their rule, His life their pattern, His glory their aim, to be bound by His requirements, to obey the stern precepts of His word, to make the costly sacrifice and exercise the painful self-denial which he enjoins on His disciples, to be ready to part with all for His sake—ah, that is so much against the grain of their nature, so counter to their wishes and inclinations that they would rather not. You young men, you young women would rather not be subject to the Lord in all things ; you would rather be gay, and light-hearted, and merry, and thoughtless, and frivolous, and foolish. Give you salvation ! Certainly, you will have that. Give you peace here, joy here, and heaven hereafter ! You would be glad of that, all of us would ; but, unfortunately for such desires, Christ must be received as a King, or He cannot be received at all. Wherever He comes now He comes to reign. His friendship cannot be enjoyed by those who persist in rebelling against Him. He cannot extend His protection to those who will not submit to His control. If men will wander into the devil's territory, they must fall at last into the devil's hand. If they retain a place in their heart for Satan, who is the enemy of God and man, they must endure the suffering which he inflicts. The shepherd will gladly bring back the wandering sheep, but that sheep, if it is to enjoy the shepherd's care, must not renew its wanderings, but rest within the fold, and walk in the footsteps of the flock. The son, prodigal as he has been, is welcome when he returns home ; but if he is to enjoy the son's privileges, he must keep the son's place and obey the parental rule. The Great Physician is prepared to heal the most aggravated disease, but He will not heal those who refuse to do and to receive what the Physician prescribes. The soul's rescue

means the Saviour's rule. The heart through which He diffuses His peace and joy, and the blessed fruits of His love, is the heart which becomes His temple and His throne. Our friendship with Him is only equal to the extent of His dominion over us. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Now, think it not strange that our salvation should thus demand our submission. Say not that if Christ desired to save us, He might save us whether we became submissive or not. Not only would such a procedure be derogatory to His authority, not only do His own glory and the welfare of the universe demand that they should be punished who will not obey Him, not only would He, in a certain sense, sin and dishonour the law, if He protected rebels from the consequences of their rebellion, but the thing is impossible. The very supposition of such a thing, when you think of it is absurd. Our complete subjection to His will is our salvation. The discordant elements of our nature, which are the cause of our misery, cannot be rendered harmonious except by being brought under His control. Gusts of anger will sweep across the soul ; passion will rise in tumultuous waves ; clouds of fear and remorse will darken it, until the Master appears there and speaks that authoritative voice ; and then the raging winds are hushed, the tumultuous waves subside ; the black clouds are dispersed, because His presence makes the darkness light, and His voice to all the unruly elements says, "Peace, be still." Rebellion against Christ is disorder, wretchedness, ruin, death. The soul that will not submit to Him has in itself the elements of hell. Continued resistance to His authority, continued insubmission to the attraction of His love, are proof of the soul's sinful and lost condition. When such is its state, its alienation is its damnation. Its wickedness is its woe.—*Dr. Landels.*

WE ALL HAVE FAULTS.

I HAVE been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until two Sundays come together. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough ; stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I have not seen the fool's cap, I have, nevertheless, heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadow, so is all human good mixed up with more or less evil ; even poor law guardians have their little failings, and parish beaules are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it's quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims ; yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some sort nestle in every man's bosom. There is no telling when a man's sins may show themselves, for hares pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may not stumble for a mile or two, but it's in him, and the rider had better hold him up well. The tabby-cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we shall see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks ; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.—*Spurgeon.*

LIVING—PASSAGE.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why ? None were blessed by them ; none could point to them as the means of their redemption ; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished ; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die ? Oh, man immortal, live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands ; you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

SABBATH-SCHOOL WORKERS.

THE present generation is very nearly a failure. 'Tis given up to money-making and indulgence. Our chief hope is in the redemption for both worlds of the coming generation. They are as splendid a collection of boys and girls as ever skipped and romped, trundled hoop and played ball. But they will go right along in the footsteps of their predecessors unless a strong tide shall set in from the Sabbath-schools. The churches do not reach the young to a very great degree. We ministers have to be learned and profound and mysterious in order to keep our reputation, and get the anticipated doctorate. Consequently, the children sleep in church, or kick the footstool, or tear the hymn-book, or snicker right out in uncontrollable mischief. To the Sabbath-schools we look for the redemption of the children. Light them up with song and anecdote and good cheer. Let not the male teachers spend the hour of Sabbath-school in stroking their whiskers, nor the female teachers in arranging their back hair, nor the librarian in casting languishing glances at the young ladies who take half-an-hour to find a book that they do not want, nor the superintendents in violent ringing of the bell and scolding for order, themselves most needing to be called to order. When teachers or superintendents lose patience till they are red in the face, and are snappish about the Lord's work, they had better go home. Let us have our Sabbath-schools aflame with love and zeal. Let us garner these young souls for God before Satan comes along with his sickle. Get the chickens under warm sheltering wing, for there are hawks in the sky.—*Talmage.*

THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time when we grow old,
And, like a sunset down the sea,
Slope gradual, and the night wind cold
Comes whispering, sad and chilling;
And locks are gray
As winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all weary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say,
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leap'd as leap'd the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoner in his dungeon chain,
And dawn of day
Hath passed away,
The moon hath into darkness rolled:
And by the embers warm and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say,
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is shrouded in the mist of years,
And beauty, fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent tears:
And then, how dark!
But O! the spark
That kindled youth to hues of gold,
Still burns with clear and steady ray,
And fond affections, lingering, say,
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when laughing Spring,
And Golden Summer cease to be,
And we put on the Autumn robe,
To tread the last declivity;
But now the slope,
With rosy hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold—
Another dawn, with fairer light,
While watchers whisper through the night,
"There comes a time when we grow old."

A DREAM.

The whole story of life has been compressed into this dainty little poem by Jean Ingelow:—

Sweet is childhood—childhood's over,
Kiss and part.
Sweet is youth; but youth's a rover—
So's my heart.
Sweet is rest; but all by showing
Toil is nigh.
We must go. Alas! the going,
Say, "Good-bye."

SUNDAY SCHOOLS: PAST AND PRESENT.

BY DR. REASER.

WE purpose briefly to compare the schools of the past with those of the present, and set forth a few of the salient points of Sunday-schools.

1. There has been a modification of the original application and design of the application.

It was devised mainly for the good of those that seemed to be deprived of other facilities for instruction.

At the present time it seems to be taken for granted that it is for all; the rich, the poor, the learned, the ignorant, the refined and the degraded; the children of the church as well as the children of the world are welcome to its fold, and pressed to avail themselves of its advantages. Indeed, the danger to-day is that the less needy crowd out the more needy.

Moreover, in the beginning of Sunday-school work its direct and expressed object was the instruction in reading and elevation in morals of the class for which the Sunday-school was established. Accordingly the scholars were taught spelling and reading, and sometimes also writing, and even arithmetic; and until about 1816 teachers both in England and America were paid for their services. Very early, however, an advance was made and religious instruction was insisted on.

At present the grand object of Sabbath-school effort is, by universal consent, the *salvation of the children*, and that school in which there are no conversions is to a very alarming degree a failure.

2. An advance has also been made in the matter of song in the Sabbath-school. We have distinct recollection of Sabbath-schools in which there was no singing, of others in which the teachers had it of necessity almost all to themselves, since neither the hymns nor the tunes were adapted to the children. At present the songs of the Sabbath-school are a power not only in the schools, but in the world outside. Most of the hymns of the immediate present are sweet *gospelles*, borne to millions of hearts with inspiring, comforting, saving efficacy, upon the wings of beautiful song. Many of these will need but little change to be sung with rapture by the triumphant hosts whose "feet shall stand upon the banks of eternal deliverance."

"Rest, rest, blessed Jesus! O sweet rest at last!
Like calm on the ocean when tempest is past!
The morning light breaketh in joy from above,
And illumines my soul with his rainbow of love."

This flood of song brought many impurities with it, but we thank God that our Sunday-school hymnology is hourly becoming purer and sweeter, and breathing more of the preciousness of Jesus and the redolence of heaven.

3. We hasten to add what in our opinion marks the greatest advance in the schools of the present over those of the past. We refer to the universally adopted system of "International Lessons."

Until within a few years there was no concert of study among the Sabbath-schools of even a single city. Nay, we recall instances in which classes in the same school were studying different portions of Scripture, and pursuing different methods of instruction. Of course teachers' meetings for preparation were unknown.

It is an inspiring thought, that so many millions throughout the whole earth are each Sabbath engaged in studying the same portion of the Word of God. It is impossible to estimate

the effective force of a grand truth simultaneously taking possession of the minds and hearts of all Christendom. When a marching host crosses a bridge they must "break step," lest their heavy, measured tramp, tramp, may jar the structure to pieces. When the militant host of God keep time to the music of these lessons, their march will shake the world.

Workers in this grand cause, take courage. You are identified with an institution more potent than armies and navies, than kingdoms and empires. For when armies shall moulder in the dust, and proud keels rot at the bottom of the sea, when kingdoms and empires shall be buried in oblivion, you "faithful workers for God" "shall shine forth as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

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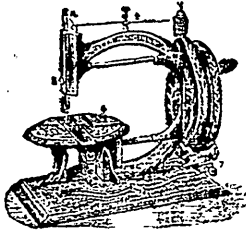
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