

THE CANADA
CHRISTIAN MONTHLY:

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT, CHRISTIAN LIFE,
AND
CHRISTIAN WORK,

EDITED BY REV. JAMES CAMERON.

UNITED CHURCH
ARCHIVES

UNITED CHURCH
ARCHIVES

VOL. VI.

TORONTO:
JAMES BAIN & SON, KING STREET EAST,
1876.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL:	PAGE	CHRISTIAN THOUGHT:	PAGE
"Weak Radically, Weak Throughout" ...	1	The General Expectation	12
Marks of a Work of Grace	3	Protestantism and Romanism contrasted.	13
The Heart of the Home	49	Where are the Old Catholics?	62
The Four Planks	97	Weighed in the Balance	65
God's Rule for Giving	145	The Restoration Theory	114
Our Public Schools:—Or should they be Secular, or Sectarian, or Religious? ..	193	Temperance Legislation or Our New License Bill	160
The Model Church	241	The Necessity for a Divine Rule for Chris- tian Giving	208
The Drying Up of the Euphrates	259	The Pope turned School-Master	255
Evangelical Religion in the United States	337	Luther and Calvin	300
The Present State of a Great Question ..	385	The Bottom Question	300
The Epidemic of Crime	433	Personal Religion: Its Root and Fruit ..	351
Decay and Fall of the Turkish Empire ..	491	The Honour Belonging to Age and Ex- perience	329
The Revivals of the Past Century	529	The Jesuits	445
LIVING PREACHERS:		The Bible in the Public Schools	448
Christian Unity	5	Who is Antichrist?	499
Profitable Business	53	Mohammed and his Religion	545
"Looking Unto Jesus."	103	CHRISTIAN LIFE:	
"Entrances of Pearls."	150	John Berridge	15
Concentration and Diffusion	199	The Rev. Dr. John Wilson, F.R.S.	68
Come and Welcome	246	Life and Adventures of James Hampton ..	118
Modern Missions	291	Christmas Evans	167
The Extent of God's Love	344	Dr. Goodall of Constantinople	217, 261
A Drama in Five Acts	369	Dr. Norman McLeod	302
Christ's Gracious Reception of Sinners ..	438	The Author of "The Students' Manual." ..	355
Watchman, What of the Night?	487	Isaac Watts	403
Seeking and Finding	531	The Home-Life of Savonarola	450
Not Saved	536	Philip Henry's Life and Writings	503
POETRY:		True to God and the King: A Sketch of a Christian Soldier	547
Within the Vail	10	The Rev. John McRae	554
Forgiveness	10	CHRISTIAN WORK:	
The Christian's Walk	11	Christian Work	20
John Jankin's Sermon	59	French Canadian Missionary Society	23
The Man of Macedonia	61	France	25
The Good of It	109	Italy	26
Prophets of Doubt	110	Three Hundred and Fifty Miles in the Fokien Province	29
Philosophy	111	East African Missions	32
The Voices at the Throne	112	Evangelical Armenians in Caucasian Russia	33
The Sabbath Day	113	India	34
Beautiful Things	157	Intellectual and Religious Awakening in Egypt	35
The Dying Christian	158	Christian Missions in Bible Lands	36
Tell Jesus	159	Greenland	37
The Shadow Kiss	206	Christian Work	72
Through the Flood on Foot	250	The Midnight Rescue of Perishing Lads in London	80
Faith and Works	253	Beneath the Surface	125
At Rest	298	Above Ground	126
The Prairie Sunday-School	299	Results in Philadelphia	132
"So He Kringeth Them Unto Their De- sired Haven."	343	Striking Movement in Abyssinia	134
"Aim High."	349	M. Boerresen's Mission among the Santhals	136
Night Thoughts	350	Vernacular Literature for India	137
Jesus, Justice, and the Sinner	396	Character and Condition of the Native Tribes of South Africa	173
"Yea, Let Him Take All."	397	Western Africa	175
Jesus Only	398	Central African Pioneering	175
The Old Friends	398	King Mtesa's Invitation	178
A Temperance Fanatic	443		
"Home of Rest" for Weary Workers	495		
Comforted	497		
Night Thoughts	498		
God is Light	541		
Knocking	542		
There is Work For All	544		

CHRISTIAN WORK—Continued.	PAGE	CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY—Continued.	
The Missionary Bakery.....	179	Secret Prayer.....	283
"Christian Mc Now".....	180	Advice to a Bride.....	283
The Greatest Trials.....	183	Giving.....	284
Mr. Moody's Question Drawer.....	222	Light at Evening Time.....	284
Vineyard Work.....	225	Get the Meaning.....	285
Power of Printed Truth, etc.....	227	"Conversion" Toned Down.....	285
Monthly Survey of Missions.....	267	A Visit from God.....	286
Spain.....	307	For the Bereaved.....	313
The Bible.....	309	Christ's Example of Prayer.....	314
A Plea for China.....	362	Lifting.....	315
Itinerancy, in Relation to Mission Work in China.....	364	Daft Joekie.....	316
Zulu Mission, South-Eastern Africa.....	366	Religion the Great Business.....	316
The Livingstonia Expedition.....	367	The Sorrows of Skepticism.....	317
Missions in Central Africa.....	368	At Home.....	318
Arabia's Desert Rangers.....	370	How to Combat Modern Error.....	318
Fiji.....	371	Pray More—Worry Less.....	318
Chataga S. S. Assembly.....	408	Mike and the Bible.....	319
The Laity and Church Activity.....	412	Hints to Tuttlers.....	319
French Canadian Missionary Society.....	466	One in Language.....	319
Rescuing the Peasibing.....	462	How to Lead Others to the Saviour.....	320
Real Birmingham "Jewels".....	463	Two Points in the Study of the Bible.....	320
"This Great Wickedness".....	465	Going to Church in 1800.....	321
From the Wvnds.to the Woods.....	509	What Has the World Done?.....	321
Visit to the Indian Mission, Spanish River	511	Teaching the Catechism.....	322
The Jews.....	513	The Commercial Value of Sin.....	322
Christian Work.....	556	The Jesuits in China.....	323
		Contrasts.....	324
		God's Mirror.....	326
		Home.....	326
		Work and Wait.....	327
		A Prayer.....	373
		A Little Hero.....	374
		Uncle Tom's Buzzards.....	375
		A Useful Insanity.....	375
		Lessons which we may Learn from Humen	376
		A Lesson from Chromo-Lithography.....	376
		Dew-Drops.....	377
		A Missionary's Boyhood.....	377
		The Sleep of the Disciples in the Garden	378
		Temperance Workers.....	378
		Disrespect at Home.....	379
		The Bible in London Schools.....	379
		What Dr. Chalmers Said to His Students	416
		A Good Old Horse.....	417
		The Working Temperance Church.....	417
		Faith and Morals.....	418
		Shaking Out the Reef.....	418
		"Search the Scriptures".....	419
		"Safe".....	420
		Moses and Christ.....	420
		A Talk in the Inquiry Room.....	420
		Length of Sermons.....	422
		Stonewall Jackson's Deathbed.....	422
		Materials for Thought.....	423
		"You Don't Pray".....	424
		Too Much Caution.....	424
		Sin Propagating Itself.....	425
		Both Sides.....	425
		Art of Reading.....	426
		For Young Ladies.....	426
		The Prize Missionary Hymn.....	470
		Christ's Love.....	471
		Love to Jesus.....	471
		Treatment of Insults.....	472
		A Forgiving Spirit.....	472
		Fruit Unto Holiness.....	472
		An Infidel Reproved.....	473
		Broad Upon the Waters.....	473
		Search the Scriptures.....	475
		A Voice from the Grave.....	476
		Munny.....	476
		Anecdotes of Deak, the Hungarian Patriot	520
		The Poisoned Robe.....	521
		Dr. Edwards and Universalists.....	522
		Modern Culture and Puritanism.....	523
		The Facts of History.....	523
		No Religion in the Schools.....	524
		Skepticism Declining.....	524
		Dr. Moffat's Eightieth Birthday.....	525
		A Distinction Without a Difference.....	525
PRACTICAL PAPERS:			
Words to Preachers.....	34		
The Blue Ribband.....	83		
Lowest Thou Me.....	193		
The Parable of a Pilgrim.....	273		
The Connection Between a Loose Theology and a Loose Morality.....	311		
After Conversion—What Next?.....	414		
Winning Souls.....	466		
About Prayer.....	467		
A Clean Tongue.....	469		
Religious Character-building.....	518		
'Giving as an Act of Worship'.....	561		
FACTS AND OPINIONS.....		39, 66, 185,	232
CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY:			
The Balance Day.....	43		
At the Last.....	44		
Hints on Prayer.....	45		
Wake Up.....	45		
The Love of Christ.....	45		
The Smallest.....	88		
Watch the Lips.....	89		
The Lost Child.....	89		
Early Conversions.....	89		
Confess your Sins to God.....	140		
Sunshine and Cloud.....	140		
"Though I do not go to Church, I Read my Bible at Home".....	187		
Consecrated Gains.....	187		
Trials and Joys.....	189		
The Sinner's Lament.....	235		
Helps on the Journey.....	236		
The Safe Side.....	236		
Genealogy of Good Books.....	236		
The Restoration Theory.....	237		
The Simplicity of Greatness.....	238		
Witherspoon and the Atheist.....	273		
Woman's Power.....	278		
Worry.....	278		
Don't Stay Long.....	279		
The Old Folks at Home.....	279		
Errors in Marriage.....	290		
"I Was Saved at the Bottom of the Sea".....	280		
The Dying Saint.....	281		
A Guilty Conscience.....	282		
Some Deathbed Words of a Converted Priest of Rome.....	282		
No Time for Family Worship.....	282		
Christian Excellence.....	283		

CHILDREN'S TREASURY:	PAGE	CHILDREN'S TREASURY—Continued.	
The Way to Welcome Him.....	46	Be Kind to Everything.....	381
How to Put Away our Faults.....	46	Letter from China.....	381
My Father's Will.....	47	The Temperance Bird.....	484
The True Story of Whittington.....	47	They Didn't Think.....	427
The Object of the Sabbath-School.....	48	Jack and His Meal Bag.....	428
Covering Up.....	90	How Should Little Children Pray.....	430
Stray Arrow.....	141	The African Boy's Journey.....	430
An Exquisite Story by Lamartine.....	141	Picking Berries.....	431
The Sparrow.....	189	Flowers.....	432
How Quarrels Begin.....	190	Sermon for the Boys.....	478
The Old Cap.....	190	The Friend you Need.....	478
Beginning Young.....	191	The Word Hid in the Heart.....	479
Ull Pay You for That.....	191	Help in Time of Need.....	479
Unto Thee.....	238	What is the Bible Like?.....	527
The Boy's Room.....	239	The Chinaman and his Knife.....	527
Honour thy Father and thy Mother.....	239	The True Compass.....	527
Why a Child Wished to Die.....	239	Superstitions of Africa.....	527
Praying and Doing.....	240	Take the other Hand.....	528
Rules for Daily Life.....	286	"God Heard That".....	528
The Handsome Soul.....	287	Let God Rule the Present.....	563
Blue Sky Inside.....	287		
Heaven.....	288	NOTICES OF BOOKS:.....	91, 142, 538
The Snake and the File.....	288		
"Thinking Ourselves Over".....	288	EDITORIAL NOTES:	
Children.....	328	Map of Palestine.....	334
I Grabbed Quick.....	329	Religious Instruction in the Public Schools.....	334
Missionary Turkeys.....	330	The Macdonnell Case.....	335
Spectacles.....	330	The "Christian Monthly" for 1877.....	567
Gleanings, etc.....	330		
Do Thy Little.....	332	CIRCULAR TO MINISTERS.....	92
No Room for Jesus.....	333	PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.....	240

UNITED CHURCH
ARCHIVES

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1876.

Editorial.

**"WEAK RADICALLY, WEAK
THROUGHOUT."**

It has been said, we think by Lord John Russel, that a proverb is the "wisdom of many and the wit of one." It is the "wisdom of many," for, to be worth anything, it must contain the experience for several generations of shrewd, observant men; and it is the "wit of one," for it requires "wit" in its best and highest sense to embody the experience of a host of witnesses in a pointed, pithy sentence that pleases the ear, arrests the imagination, and sticks to the memory. To Dr. Chalmers belonged the "wit" that embodied the "wisdom of many" in the terse words placed as the heading of this article—"Weak radically, weak throughout."

This maxim, fully entitled to take rank among our English proverbs, is capable of varied applications. On every side, and in every form we see illustrations of the truth that a structure is never stronger than its foundation. The tree that is weak in root-energy is weak in all its functions and meagre in its fruit; the house whose foundations are shaky is not saved from wreck by fretted roof, fluted columns, and gilded walls; a soldier of narrow chest and weak vital energy droops and gives out on the march when his comrades of good bottom swings

cheerily along gathering strength from his toil. This proverb holds true of our educational institutions, in which application Dr. Chalmers used the words, for ill-taught common schools impart a character of weakness to the educational frame-work up to the Colleges and Universities. It holds true, (and it is in this application we give prominence here to the words,) especially of the religious life of a people. If the religious life is weak radically it is weak throughout. If personal and family religion are neglected it matters little, as it concerns the great questions ultimately at issue, that our churches have handsome fronts, high steeples and classic music. The roots of the church are in the closet and by the fireside, and if the life there is pinched and parched the whole frame work will suffer and the most lavish expenditure on externals cannot avert the doom of barrenness, and death in the long run, from that Church.

It is, therefore, a question that may be asked with relevancy and great propriety, if Christians a few generations ago were not, at least in one particular point, wiser than are we of this generation. Our forefathers, in the times immediately succeeding the Reformation, were content with plain, inexpensive buildings in which to worship God; but they were jealous

with a godly jealousy over family religion and the training of the young. Their Churches might be compared to barns, but their firesides were Bethels. There was little thought given to carving stone and painting windows, but there was much thought given to maintaining the family altar and adorning the youthful character. On the contrary do not we lavish money liberally on stone and lime, on painted glass, and frescoed roofs, while the family altar is falling too frequently into ruins under the shadow of these magnificent church edifices? It is good to see handsome churches, and tall steeples pointing to heaven, but better a thousand times if we must choose between the two, which, however, is not necessary, better a thousand times all the ugliness of the old meeting-house could we only have the sweetness of domestic piety, that flourished in their connection and got nourishment under their squat roofs.

From an experience of over twenty years in missionary and ministerial work, and from opportunities recently had in examining the minutes and reports of all the Presbyterian Churches on this continent (some fifteen volumes of statistics, reports, and estimates of state of religion), the writer is convinced that the Presbyterian Churches of America are weak in the department of family religion and catechetical instruction, where Presbyterianism used to be strong, and sadly fallen from the high position of olden times. It would be well did the Supreme Courts of these Churches call the attention of "Heads of Families" to *Directions* issued in 1647 by the Westminster Assembly of Divines "Concerning secret and private worship and mutual edification." The men that composed this document and issued the same as their *Directory for Family Worship*, understood where the strength of a Church lies, and gave directions in regard to

the business which it would be wise in us to take off the shelf, clear of dust, read, ponder and practice.

"Besides the public worship in congregations," say these eminent Divines of England and Scotland, "it is expedient and necessary that secret worship of each person alone, and private worship of families be pressed and set up; that with national reformation, the profession and power of godliness, both personal and domestic be advanced.

I. And first, for *secret* worship, it is most necessary that every one apart, and by themselves, be given to prayer, and meditation, the unspeakable benefit of which is best known to them who are most exercised therein. * * * * *

II. The ordinary duties comprehended under the exercise of piety which should be in *families*, when they are convened to that effect are these: First, *Prayer and praises* performed with a special reference, as well to the public condition of the Church of God in this kingdom, as to the present case of the family and every member thereof. Second, Reading of the Scriptures with *catechising* in a plain way, that the understanding of the simpler may be the better enabled to profit under the public ordinances, and they made more capable to understand the Scriptures when they are read, together with *godly conferences* tending to the edification of all the members in the most holy faith; as also *admonition and rebuke*, upon just reasons, from those who have authority in the family."

History tells the kind of structure that arose in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, and in New England on the foundation laid in these two paragraphs. From these families where each person had his place and time for private prayer and meditation, and where the work of *Prayer, Catechising, Conference and Discipline*, moved on systematically and noiselessly as the sun in his daily rounds, went forth the men who freed Britain from the tyranny of the Stuarts, and laid on this continent the foundation of the United States. It is within the province and the power of every parent who reads these two paragraphs given above, to set to work and put them into practice in one house, at least, of this Dominion. In order to strengthen the foundations of the Christian Church

among us in Canada, and to spread abroad over the land a deep, fervent, scriptural piety, it is not necessary to wait till the log church be replaced with a handsome brick edifice, nor to fold the hands till some revival meetings are held in one's neighbourhood. The true church is the church in the house, and the best of all revivals is that which begins in the closet, and burns every day in the week on the family altar.

MARKS OF A WORK OF GRACE.

In every department of life the true and the spurious, the reality and the counterfeit, are found side by side. It has been, is, and will be, for a while to come, pre-eminently so in matters of religion. "Beloved, believe not every spirit; but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world." 1 John iv. 1.

It is, therefore, well for us at this time, when we see around us so many signs of a revived religious life, to study, with our Bibles in our hands, the marks of a true work of grace given in that Book. In this enquiry we could not follow a safer helper than one of the old New England divines, who was himself associated with Whitefield in the great American revival of the middle of last century. He gives us *five* marks by which he was anxious that the work in his day should be tested. They are all of them taken from the fourth chapter of the first epistle of John, as our readers can see by opening their Bibles and following for themselves:

That is a true work of grace which (1) EXALTS THE PERSON AND WORK OF CHRIST. This sign or mark we find in the 2nd and 3rd verses of the chapter. "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God; every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that confesseth not

that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God." The word "confess" here signifies more than mere allowing; it implies a joyful declaration of the fact with affection and esteem. If the spirit that is a work among us to-day is a spirit that leads to Christ, that settles men's hearts on Christ; if it begets in men higher and more honourable thoughts of Christ, than they used to have, it is a sure sign that it is the true and right spirit. The spirit of error is the very opposite of this.

That is a true work of grace (2) WHICH OPERATES AGAINST THE INTERESTS OF SATAN'S KINGDOM. This sign we have in the 4th and 5th verses: "Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them; because greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world. They are of the world, therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them." So that from the antithesis here stated between the spirit of the true believer and the spirit of the world, we may safely conclude that when we see people *drawn off* from the world, weaned from its follies and its vanities, and drawn to a deeper concern about a future state, this change in them is from the spirit of God, and not from the spirit of the world, who would not thus fight against the interests of his own kingdom.

That is a true work of grace (3) WHICH INCLINES MEN TO STRONGER FAITH IN THE BIBLE AND DEEPER STUDY OF ITS CONTENTS. This rule we find in the 6th verse: "We are of God; he that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us; hereby know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error." "We are of God," that is the Apostles, who were inspired for their work, and who have left behind them their writings. The devil has done all in his power to extinguish the light of the Scriptures, and to draw men away from them, because he knows that it is this light

that is to overthrow his kingdom of darkness. It is never the case, therefore, that his agents give prominence to the Bible as one and undivided. They may choose portions of it to suit themselves; but a calm, liberal, unbiassed study of the whole book in the spirit of Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," is never a mark of the spirit of error.

That is a true work of grace (4) WHICH MAKES MEN TRUTHFUL AND LOVERS OF WHAT IS TRUE. This mark is suggested by the last words of the 6th verse: "The spirit of truth and the spirit of error." When we see the spirit that is at work among a people making them more sensible than they used to be that there is a God, that He hates sin, that life is short and uncertain, that they must give an account of themselves before the judgment seat of God, when we find these convictions influencing men's conduct, giving consistency and seriousness to all their actions, and moulding their lives after a higher model, then may we safely conclude that the spirit that produces such effects is the spirit of God. Satan is a liar, and the father of lies, and his kingdom a kingdom of darkness, which is upheld by causing men to see things, not as they are, but as he paints them. When the mist begins to disperse, though men were still seen like trees walking, it is a sign of the coming of the day.

That is a true work of grace (5) WHICH OPERATES AS A SPIRIT OF LOVE TO GOD AND MAN. This we learn from the 6th verse to the end of the chapter: "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth

God." But under this head we quote the very words of our author;

"When the spirit that is at work amongst the people brings them to high and exalting thoughts of the Divine Being and His glorious perfections, and works in them an admiring, delightful sense of the excellency of Jesus. . . . The spirit that excites to love on these motives, and makes the attributes of God as revealed in His gospel and manifested in Christ delightful objects of contemplation; and makes the soul to long after God and Christ, after their presence and communion, acquaintance with them and conformity to them, and to live so as to please and honour them; the spirit that quells contentions among men, and gives a spirit of peace and good-will, excites to acts of outward kindness and earnest desires of the salvation of souls, and causes a delight in those that appear as the children of God and followers of Christ: I say when a spirit operates after this manner among a people, there is the highest kind of evidence of the influence of a true and divine spirit."

These are plain, scriptural tests of revivals of religion. It is not to be expected that these marks can be present in the same manner and to the same degree in every instance of revival that comes under our notice. Neither can we hope to see such work altogether free from irregularities. The fruits of the earth are first green before they are ripe. But a revival that cannot to a reasonable degree stand the test of the Word of God as stated in the above five marks, given by the Apostle John by which to try the spirits, ought not to be accepted as a genuine work of God.

Living Brethren.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

A SERMON BY H. L. HASTINGS, PREACHED
IN THE FOUNDRY CHURCH, WASHINGTON,
U.S.A., FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 1,
1875.

[Mr. H. L. Hastings is well known as the editor of the *Christian*, Boston. His monthly is among the most welcome of our exchanges, always plain, pointed, faithful. He has uniformly acted kindly towards the *Canada Christian Monthly*, and we thank him here for his courtesy, and for sending us for our use the sermon on Christian Unity which we publish this month. We have been obliged to omit some paragraphs for want of space, but the substance of this excellent sermon is given here unbroken.]

TEXT.—“That they may all be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.”—*John xvii. 21.*

The union for which the Saviour prayed is in this world. It is very well to talk of union hereafter, but the Saviour said, “I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil.” The Church of Christ is placed here as a living protest against the sin, the war, the selfishness, and the hate that fills this world, and it is no part of our Saviour’s desire to take them away to bowers of peace, nor to give them wings like a dove that they may fly away and be at rest; but rather to keep them here in the world, in spite of all the rage and wrath of wicked men and devils; a light and blessing to mankind.

It had been a marvel to men how the Church has lived so long. It is a marvel still. When a heroic French nobleman went to his King to plead that he might spare his persecuted

brethren, and was repulsed and told that his plea was rejected, “Sire,” said he, “God’s Church is an anvil that has worn out a great many hammers.” That Church has been hammered for eighteen hundred years. I don’t know how many hammers have been spoiled, but the anvil is in a very good condition yet. The church lives because the life of God is in it. “It is kept by the power of God.” Not by the power of learning, of eloquence, of liberal institutions and beneficent laws, but through scenes of oppression, persecution, poverty, affliction, and distress, the Church is “kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.”

So long, then, as the people of God stand in the world in substantial unity, so long the Church presents a glorious and convincing argument that God sent Jesus Christ into the world, and that His Church are chosen and beloved of him. It is true that infidels make great capital of the dissensions and quarrels among Christian people. But for every quarreling sectarian you can find who *professes* Christianity, I will find you two loving believers who *possess* it. For every disputing, captious grumbler that disgraces the name of Christ by his bitterness and rancour, I will find you half a dozen lamb-like, sweet-spirited disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. So infidels who prefer bones to meat, and briars to berries, can hunt up their hypocrites and bigots, and make the most of them.

Christ prayed that His people might be one, but what is this unity which He desired?

1. It is not a local unity of all Christians in one place or in one house

of worship, for there is no place of worship that would contain them all. Some think there is union if people will come to their meeting, and a strange union it is, sometimes! Such know very little of the true unity of the Church of God! Christ sent His disciples unto all the world, and when they lingered yet at Jerusalem, He allowed the storm of persecution to burst upon them, till they were scattered abroad, and "went everywhere, preaching the word." They have never met again, and they never will till the King of glory sends His angels to gather His elect from the four winds on the great Judgment Day.

2. This unity is not national. The Jewish nation is scattered, and the people of God are called out of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. All climes, and colours, and classes are included in the Divine family, in the Church of the first-born, whose names are written in Heaven.

3. Nor is this unity a unity of external garb, of clothes and colour, of broad brimmed hats and sober-coloured garments; for while the Bible gives general directions as to modest apparel, it gives no specific rules to which we must conform. How could an Esquimaux, in his eternal snows, wear the paper garb of a South-Sea Islander? The unity of God's people is not a penitentiary lock-step, where all act alike because they cannot help themselves, for the gospel takes in men of every nation and of varied customs, manners, and garbs. The dweller beneath the palm-groves of the tropics may come in his light attire, and greet the Christian from the Orient in his turban, or from the Arctic snows in his furs and bear skins. If the unity was in garments, some would freeze to death, and others would melt with heat for it.

4. The union desired is not a social uniformity. The gospel comes to kings and beggars, to rich and poor, to

servants and masters, to men of every rank and class. The brother of low degree is in the church, for he is to rejoice in that, he is exalted; and the rich man is there, for he is to rejoice in that he is made low (though he hates to do it). The Gospel only levels as it levels up, but it does not efface social distinctions, nor blot out differences of condition.

5. This unity is not a unity of forms. The early Christians were not united in all things. One man esteemed one day above another; another man esteemed every day alike. Paul said circumcision was nothing, nor uncircumcision; and yet he circumcised Timothy in deference to the Jews in those quarters. To the Jews he became as a Jew, and thus became all things to all men, that he might thereby save some.

Let us notice some points in which the people of God are one:

1. They are of one fallen race. There is no aristocracy here; all are the children of Him who was of the earth, earthy; are full of sin and prone to evil.

2. They are one in actual transgression, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. All were rebels; all ruined; all lost.

3. They were one in guilt and condemnation. The wages of sin is death, and the law of God condemned, and the sword of wrath waited to destroy them all. None were free from the guilt; none exempt from the common doom that overhung a guilty race.

4. They are one by a common redemption, through the blood of Him who died for them on the cross. One ransom price was paid for them all, for they were not redeemed by corruptible things, as silver and gold, but by the precious love of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot. A common ruin involved them, a common redemption delivers them.

5. They are one in the conviction of sin by the power of the Holy Ghost. It convicts the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. Every Christian has felt its power, and has seen himself sinful, guilty, lost, under the preaching of God's Word, and the illumination of His Spirit.

6. They are one in conversion to God; in being born again to a new and better life; in being made new creatures in Christ Jesus, from whom all things are passed away, and to whom all things have become new; in hating the things they once loved, in loving the things they once despised.

7. They are one in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit. Because they are sons God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into their hearts, whereby they cry, "Abba Father." This Spirit is one Spirit in all the Church, and if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His; and in all the children of God it bears the same blessed fruits of love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance, against which there is no law. "I believe in the Holy Ghost," is the voice of every Christian, and this is not merely the repetition of an ancient creed, but the testimony to a present and universal experience among the people of God. For by one spirit have they all been baptized into one body, and are all one in Christ Jesus.

8. They are one in labour. People speak of the rivalries and the quarrels of Christians, but often these are simply the result of honest zeal, modified by circumstances around them. Set two men to hoeing on a small plot of ground, and they will interfere with each other. On the New England hills, where stones are so plenty and soil is so scarce, boys will sometimes steal earth from the next row to make their own corn hills respectable in soil. But you set each of those boys out in the middle of an Illinois prairie, where

he can have all the soil he wants to dig, and there is no quarrel then. So churches sometimes get too close to each other, and there is friction. But their work is one. Let them scatter and find room to labour freely. Let there be twenty hands in a shop, all busy as they can be, and there is peace; but let half of them have nothing to do but to talk politics and trade jack-knives, and they will probably quarrel before noon. Set the machinery in motion, and let the work drive them, and all is harmony again. So the work of the Church is one work. In preaching the Gospel, in feeding the hungry, in clothing the naked, in enlightening the ignorant, and lifting up the lowly, Christians labour unitedly. Infidelity never built a hospital or an asylum. Christianity has founded them all, and the schools and charities that bless the world to-day are but illustrations of the united labour of God's people, who are one.

9. The people of God are one in essential faith. They differ in opinions, in thoughts, in guesses, in whims, but in their confidence in the living God, the living Saviour, and the abiding word, they are one. On this bed-rack of "faith that worketh by love," they stand together. Men say, "we believe differently on certain points." You do not believe at all on most of them. Your confidence never rises to the dignity of faith—the faith that saves, the faith that purifies the heart. You agree in ten things that you know about, and believe you disagree in about five things which you guess at. Are you not one?

10. We are one in prayer. When Christians argue, they differ; when they pray, they unite. Around one common altar they lift united cries to God; and, no matter whose voice leads the worship, all the people say amen. One spirit inspires the petitions of those who pray always in the Holy Ghost; and with one heart and one

mind they supplicate the mercy of the Most-High.

11. They are one in praise and song. Differ as they may, they all unite here. Taplady had one class of opinions, and Wesley another; and they wrote some harsh and bitter things, it may be, but now their friends get together, and over their graves one sings:

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,”

and all join the strain with united voices; and another strikes up:

“Jesus, lover of my soul,”

and every voice blends gloriously in the song. I stood the other day by the grave of John Wesley, in City Road Chapel yard, and plucked the foliage growing there; and just across the way, in Bunhill fields, I stood beside the grave of Watts, and sung his hymn:

“How long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just?”

and I thought that his faith, so sweetly sung, was my faith, and the faith of all the Church of the living God.

12. The people of God are one in sorrow, in suffering, in persecution, in affliction, in death. When one member suffers, all suffer; when one rejoices, all rejoice. One shepherd leads through the dark valley, and one voice from Heaven whispers over their pallid forms and silent tombs, “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.” Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their deaths they are not divided.

13. They are one in hope and expectation. They may see now as in a glass, darkly, and their eyes may fail to pierce some of the mists that hang around them, but in the grand realities of eternity they are one. They look for one kingdom, one crown, one glory, one reward, in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming. And finally, they are one in resurrection and eternal life. They shall put on immortality together; they shall be

like Christ, their living Lord; they shall be victorious over death and hell, and shall sing one song of endless triumph in the paradise of God.

And with all these great, grand, glorious elements of unity and strength, shall we be told that Christians differ about tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee? Shall we listen to Christians who say we cannot be united? Why, you are united, and how are you going to help yourselves? Our union is a fact; Christ prayed and bled for it; the Holy Spirit sealed it; and we rejoice in it. Do you separate yourself? How can you? If the foot or the hand say, “I am not of the body, is it therefore not of the body?” It is of the body, and I would like to know how it is going to get away.

Let us then accept the fact of our unity. It is not a union through each other with Christ, but it is a union with each other through Christ. My hands are not united because they clasp each other—I may clasp a dead man's hand—but they are united because they are joined to one central head, and heart, and soul, and pervaded by one spirit of life. The branches of a tree are not one because they interlace above, nor are they separate, because when they are swayed by the wind, they clash and chafe against each other. Their union is in the central root to which each branch is joined—by which they live and from which their life is fed. So the people of God are one in their head, and Lord; one in His love, His grace, His peace, His power, His suffering, His death, His resurrection, and His glory.

And many of the differences and dissensions that disturb the unity of God's people are purely imaginary, or are the result of mere misapprehension. You have heard of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Stewart, who once met in the streets of Edinburgh, and fell in an argument about something or other, and for a long discussion about some-

thing that nobody understands, give me two wiry Scotchmen! Well, they argued, and argued, and could not agree, till their time being exhausted, Dr. Chalmers said:

"You will find my views on the subject very well put in a little tract entitled, 'Difficulties in the Way of Believing.'"

"Why," said Dr. Stewart, with amazement, "I wrote that tract myself!"

Half of our differences will disappear when things are once stated as they should be. While in the heat of street debate, we neither understand the faith of others or correctly express our own.

It is time to put away these childish things, and come down to the plain, sober truths of the gospel. Said Luther, "I preach in plain language, that the common people can understand, and if I know Hebrew and Greek, I reserve them for our learned meetings where we discuss such subtilities and such profundities that God himself, I know, must marvel at us!"

The way of life is plain, and while we walk this way, and point others to it, we shall be one, as Christ desired. But when we strive about words, we do the devil's work, and hinder those for whom the Saviour died.

The Duke of Wellington once stood by a battery that was hurling shot and death into a thicket where a body of soldiers were posted.

"Pretty well aimed, Captain," said he, "but no more of it; that is our own Fort-yard." Ah, is not the

eye of the Captain of Salvation to-day on many a battery which is doing just the same deadly work on men that He has posted to hold the fort till He shall come? Let us save our powder and shot to fight the devil—close up the ranks, and advance the whole line in battle array.

I think it is Dr. Hamilton who speaks of walking by the seaside, and watching the little fishes that darted to and fro in the little pools left by the receding tide. A gallon of water is their ocean—it is all they know. By-and-by, we see in the distance the gleam and shimmer of the incoming tide. It rolls on until at length a wave dashes over the lower range of pools, and the fish are out at sea; another wave rolls in, and another range of pools is overwhelmed. Another, and another wave comes in, till the swelling tide brims the encircling shore, and all the pools are one. So in times of drouth and coldness, Christians huddle in little hollows, and think their shallow pools are all the sea there is; but let the incoming tide flood the strand, and they are one. Brethren, if we dwell in pools, let us see to it that they are near the low water mark, so that the first wave of the incoming tide shall make us all one.

You desire a revival of God's work; join, then, your forces, and unite your labours and your prayers, and God will bless and help in time of need.

And you who know not God, will you not come and enter into this sacred ministry of the people of the Lord? God help you and save you. Amen.

Poetry.

WITHIN THE VEIL.

Oh, to stand within the veil !
 Past the fret of tear and sigh,
 Where no eager spirits fail,
 Where no hopes are born to die ;
 Where unlovely death no more
 Plants his sting within the breast,
 And no boisterous tempest-roar
 Breaks on the eternal rest.

Oh, to see the hidden things,
 Never viewed by mortal eyes !
 Oh, to hear the song that rings
 Through the halls of Paradise !
 Song of thankfulness and praise,
 Song of reverence and of love,
 Song that Jew and Gentile raise
 To the Lord who reigns above.

Oh, to shake the dust of earth
 From our tired feet and go,
 Children of a holier birth
 Than the sons of Adam know.
 Go where Christ, the Healer, waits
 To sooth the grief and hush the wail
 Pass beyond the pearly gates,
 Oh, to stand within the veil !

B. P. N.—*Jewish Herald*.

FORGIVENESS.

[The following is from a volume of poems by William Cameron, a working Shoemaker, of Glasgow, who seems fully entitled to take his place beside Bloomfield and Gifford, the two Shoemaker Poets of England.

“Forgiveness is a simple word,
 Yet eloquent, though brief ;
 It gently falls into my heart
 Like dew upon a leaf.

“Forgiveness is a loving word,
That bids all tumults cease;
A well-spring in a desert world,
An olive-branch of peace.

“Forgiveness is an angel word,
A flower of sweet perfume,
A pillow for a dying bed,
And gilds with light the tomb.

“O! let us then forgive each one
Ere life's frail scene is riven;
Forgive me, Lord, and then I'll find
Forgiveness brings me heaven.”

THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK.

Christian! walk carefully—danger is near,
Work out thy journey with trembling and fear;
Snares from without and temptation within
Seek to entice thee again into sin.

Christian! walk humbly, exult not in pride,
All that thou hast is by Jesus supplied;
He holdeth thee up, he directeth thy ways,
To Him be the glory, to Him be the praise!

Christian! walk cheerfully—though the dark storm
Fill the bright sky with the clouds of alarm
Soon will the clouds and the tempest be past,
And thou shalt dwell safely with Jesus at last.

Christian! walk steadfastly while it is light;
Swift are approaching the shades of the night;
All that thy Master hath bidden thee do,
Haste to perform, for the moments are few.

Christian! walk prayerfully—oft wilt thou fall
If thou forget on thy Saviour to call;
Safe shalt thou walk through each trial and care,
If thou art clad in the armour of prayer.

Christian! walk joyfully—trouble and pain
Cease when the haven of rest thou dost gain;
This thy bright glory and this thy reward,
“Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Christian Thought.

THE GENERAL EXPECTATION.

There is unquestionably, in the wakeful Christian mind, at this time, an expectation of a revival of religion throughout the land. Whether or not it is traceable to any specific cause, is not material,—the fact is too manifest to be doubted. In the recent religious and ecclesiastical gatherings, the indications of the presence of the Divine Spirit have been so marked, and the fruits of the Spirit seen in the humiliation of the ministry and the elders of the churches, in view of the spiritual leanness which has prevailed, and in the longing desires breathed forth in every prayer for the grace that shall bring salvation, this expectation finds strong support. The cry, "O Lord, revive thy work!" comes up from thousands of hearts. In not a few instances the prayer is already heard, and salvation is coming to those who are lost in sin. In these circumstances, what is demanded of the Christian ministry?

1. A state of heart suited to an earnest co-operation with the spirit of God in the work of arousing the stupid and careless to a sense of their own sinfulness and lost condition, and of leading them to Christ for pardon, for regeneration and life. A new consecration is called for—one that shall make them earnest in their work not only, but which shall inspire to them a love for the work. Said the Psalmist, I delight to do thy will O God. And said the Divine Exemplar, My meat is to do the will of Him that hath sent me. His ministers will not accomplish much in His kingdom

without the spirit of consecration to his work.

2. The preaching of the ministry must be suited to the accomplishment of the work. It is a sad fact that a large amount of our preaching has not fitness to produce conviction of sin, or to show a man the plague of his own heart. Too many sermons are mere essays which have not the thought of Christ in them; or mere dissertation on some abstract point, and as heartless as a problem in mathematics. This will not do; and however eloquent such discourses may be, and however much they may please the fancy of the hearer, the sooner they are abandoned the better. Ministers must come back to the old truths of the Gospel of Christ and Him crucified, as the only way of life to man, lost to holiness and to heaven. And this preaching must be direct, definite, pointed and earnest. Faithful ministers are now demanded. Stupidity, or sycophancy in the pulpit is worse than a vacancy. The tolling bell, and the silent steeple pointing heavenward, will do more to lead souls to Christ. Sinners must be made to see themselves to be sinful, guilty, condemned and lost, and God has appointed the living preacher to this work.

3. This preaching must be in the spirit of faith. We must expect success. We labour in vain if we do not. When Christ was on earth, His work was hindered by unbelief. It will be so now. He who cannot go into the pulpit fully believing in his soul, that the Gospel is the wisdom of God, and the power of God unto salvation, and preach it in a manner to indicate his

faith, had better stay out of it; especially at this time. There is such a thing as being in the way of the progress of God's work. Let ministers see to it, that this is not true of them.

4. This present time demands thorough work. The bane of revivals has been their superficial work. Multitudes have been encouraged to hope for mercy without having felt the plague of their own hearts—the vile-ness and wickedness of their sin, and hence are not born of the spirit. And though often taken into the church, they are like the seed in the stony ground—having no root in themselves they wither away. This explains why there are so many dead weights in the Church—so many fashionable, worldly, covetous, and inactive members. Let us have no more of them; but let ministers insist on the broken heart and the contrite spirit, and the consecration of the life to the duties we owe to God and His Kingdom.

5. There must be personal work. Paul preached the Gospel from house to house, and he ceased not to warn the ungodly with tears, to flee from the wrath to come. This is the primitive method of leading men to Christ, and of all methods it is the most effective. And in this work, not only the ministry but the church should be heartily enlisted. It is a simple duty, and by the earnest Christian worker, is deemed a blessed privilege, and the enjoyment of which he is not willing to be denied. None need plead a want of talent in this work. He who has talent to say good morning to his neighbour, has enough to invite him to come to Christ. A broken heart, an obedient will is the talent we need.

Finally, in order to meet these responsibilities, we must be much in prayer to God. We shall fail without it. He will be enquired of to do these things for us. Without Him we can do nothing, but in His strength we

can do all things needful in this glorious work. Brethren of the ministry and of the church, let us arise and build, and our expectation of the coming time will not be disappointed.—*Rev. F. A. Spencer in Interior*

PROTESTANTISM AND ROMANISM CONTRASTED.

BY THE REV. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.

It is impossible to reduce the fundamental difference between Protestantism and Romanism to a single formula without doing injustice to the one or the other. Nor should we forget that there are Evangelical elements in Romanism, as there are legalistic and Romanizing tendencies in certain schools of Protestantism. But, if we look at the prevailing character and the most prominent aspects of the two systems, we may draw the following contrasts.

Protestantism is modern Christianity in motion; Romanism is mediæval Christianity in conflict with modern progress; while the Greek Church represents corrupted Christianity in repose of stagnation.

Protestantism is the religion of free and intelligent submission of the individual to the Holy Scriptures; Romanism the religion of enslaved and unquestioning submission to the decrees of the Church. The former makes religion a personal concern; the latter sinks the individual in the body of the Church.

Protestantism is the religion of Evangelism and spiritual simplicity; Romanism the religion of legalism, asceticism, sacerdotalism, and ceremonialism. The one appeals to the intellect and conscience; the other to the senses and the imagination.

Protestantism is the Christianity of the Bible; Romanism the Christianity

of tradition. The one directs the people to the fountain-head of divine revelation; the other to the teaching-priesthood. The former freely circulates the Bible as a book for the people; the latter keeps it for the use of the clergy, and overrules it by its traditions.

Protestantism is the religion of immediate communion of the soul with Christ, through personal faith; Romanism is the religion of mediate communion through the Church, and obstructs the intercourse of the believer with his Saviour, by interposing an army of subordinate mediators and advocates. The Protestant prays directly to Christ; the other usually approaches Him only through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the saints.

Protestantism puts Christ before the Church, and makes Christliness the standard of sound churchliness. Romanism virtually puts the Church before Christ, and makes churchliness the condition and measure of piety. This is, no doubt, the meaning of Schleiermacher's famous formula, "Der Christliche Glaube," vol. i., sec. 26): "Protestantism makes the relation of the individual to the Church dependent on his relation to Christ. Catholicism, *vice versa*, makes the relation of the individual to Christ dependant on his relation to the Church." His pupil and successor, Dr. Twisten, puts the distinction in this way: "Catholicism emphasizes the first, Protestantism the second clause of the passage of Irenæus: 'Where the Church is, there is the Spirit of God; and where the Spirit of God is, there is the Church and all grace.'"

Protestantism claims to be only one but the most advanced portion of the Church of Christ; Romanism identifies the whole Catholic Church with itself, and the Church with Christianity. The former claims to be the safest, the latter the only way to salvation.

Protestantism is the Church of the Christian people; Romanism the Church of priests. The former teaches, with Peter, the general priesthood of believers; the latter the exclusive priesthood of a class who are as widely as possible separated from the laity.

Protestantism is the Christianity of personal conviction and inward experience; Romanism the Christianity of outward institutions, sacramental observances, and obedience to authority. The one lays the main stress on living faith, as the principle of a holy life; the other on good works, not only as the evidence of faith, but also as the condition of justification.

Protestantism proceeds from the invisible Church to the visible; *vice versa*, from the visible to the invisible. This is the distinction made by Dr. Mohler, in his famous work on "Symbolics," who thereby inconsistently admits the essential truth of the Protestant distinction between the visible and invisible Church, which Bellarmin denies as an empty abstraction.

Protestantism is progressive and independent; Romanism conservative and traditional. The one is centrifugal; the other centripetal. The one is exposed to the danger of radicalism and endless division; the other to the opposite danger of stagnation and mechanical and tyrannical uniformity.

UNITED CHURCH
ARCHIVES**Christian Life.****JOHN BERRIDGE.***

One day, in the course of December, 1776, two old friends met in the vicarage of a parish in Bedfordshire, not having seen each other for sixteen years. One was a tall man, lusty, but well-formed, and of good bearing, agreeable, and somewhat majestic, with a face in which gravity, thoughtfulness, kindness, jolity, and fun were curiously blended into consistent unison; while in his address there was a mingling of solemnity, ease and tenderness. The other had something more of the ethereal about him. His person was striking. He was evidently one whose looks were often

Commercing with the skies,
His rapt soul sitting in his eyes.

Deep thought, language, philosophy, divinity and holy imagination seemed to speak in his features; while his face appeared to give forth the reflection of a spiritual world. There was a sweetness even in his manifest languor; and, indeed, to see him and to hear his voice was to receive an impression which disposed the soul to divine pursuits. The last time these two friends met, they were alike in their theological views; now they came together knowing that they had become dissimilar. But doctrinal notions were as nothing before the warmth of their mutual love. Each saluted the other as brother; and they embraced with tears of brotherly affection. "We left them together," says an eye witness, "for two hours, and when we returned we found them still consulting how they might be useful to the

Church of Christ. They were now to part. The worn and languid one showed tokens of decay, and as he did not expect to see the other again it was the more solemn. They invited us who were present, and also called in the servants, to join them in a parting address to the throne of grace. The invalid prayed fervently and affectionately, and having concluded, all were about to rise from their knees, when the other began to pray in language equally warm and loving with that of his dear brother. Their parting was such as might be expected after such a meeting. Their conduct reminds me of the saying of the persecutors of the primitive Christians—'See how these Christians love one another!'"

This parting scene was in the vicarage of Everton, and the two friends were the vicar himself, John Berridge, and John Fletcher of Madeley. When the loving vicar saw his saintly friend depart, never, probably, to enter that house of prayer again, he might have had thoughts and feelings like those which he threw into devout verse on the final departure of Whitfield, another of his evangelical co-workers. His hymn was founded on the Psalmist's prayer, "Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

Send help, O Lord, we pray,
And thy own gospel bless;
For godly men decay
And faithful pastors cease;
The righteous are removed from home,
And scorners rise up in their room.

While Satan's troops are bold,
And thrive in number too,
The flocks in Jesu's fold
Are growing lank and few.
Old sheep are moving off each year,
And few lambs in the fold appear.

*Extracted from "Poets of Methodism," London: Haughton & Co., 10 Paternoster Row, 1875.

Old shepherds, too, retire,
 Who gather'd flocks below,
 And young ones catch no fire,
 Or worldly prudent grow;
 Few run with trumpets in their hand,
 To sound alarms by sea and land.

O Lord, stir up thy power,
 To make the gospel spread;
 And thrust out preachers more,
 With voice to raise the dead,
 With feet to run where thou dost call,
 With faith to fight and conquer all.

The flocks that long have dwelt
 Around fair Zion's hill,
 And thy sweet grace have felt,
 Uphold and feed them still;
 But fresh folds built up everywhere,
 And plenteously thy truth declare.

As one Elijah dies,
 True prophet of the Lord,
 Let some Elisha rise
 To blaze the gospel word;
 And fast as sheep to Jesus go
 May lambs recruit his folds below.

The Wesleys and their Oxford companions had gone out from college, and were in their various positions, working out their Christian plans, when Berridge, at the age of nineteen, began his course of preparation for his great-lifetask at Clare Hall, Cambridge. Born at Kingston, in Nottinghamshire, the son of a farmer, he was destined by his father to succeed him on the soil. But John had no capacity for calculating the worth of bullocks, and the disappointed parents declared he should go to college "to be a light to the Gentiles." The example of a pious boy neighbour, and the religious influence of a tailor, sometimes employed in the house, led him to take a religious turn. With a mind well trained and largely furnished, he served as a curate for some years, and in 1755 was admitted to the vicarage of Everton. After a year or two of unsatisfactory labour, he was led to a clear discovery of the way of salvation by faith; and his ministry at once became living and fruitful. The first fruits were characteristic. One of his flock came to inquire for him. "Well,

Sarah?" "Well!" was the reply: "well, not so well, I fear!" "Why, what's the matter, Sarah!" "Matter? why, I don't know what's the matter. These *new sermons*! I find we are all to be lost now; I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep; I don't know what's to become of me!" The number of such inquirers rapidly increased. Mr. Hicks, a neighbouring clergyman, was one of his converts.

At length Wesley and the vicar met; and an alliance was formed.

"I was informed," says John Wesley, in November, 1758, "that Mr. Berridge desired I would come to him as soon as possible. I set out for Everton. Mr. B. was just taking horse; I rode on with him, and in the evening preached at Wrestlingworth, in a large church well-filled with serious hearers. We lodged at Mr. Hicks's, the vicar, a witness of the faith which once he persecuted. . . . But a few months ago Mr. Berridge was thoroughly convinced that 'by grace' we are 'saved, through faith.' Immediately he began to proclaim aloud the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; and God confirmed his own word exactly as he did at Bristol, in the beginning, by working repentance and faith in the hearers, and with the same violent outward symptoms." The wonderful effect of Berridge's preaching are described by Wesley, who was an eye-witness. On Saturday, 14th July, 1749, he says: "While Mr. B. preached in the church, I stood with many in the churchyard to make room for those who came from afar; therefore I saw little, but heard the agonizing of many panting and gasping after eternal life. In the afternoon Mr. B. was constrained, by the multitude of people, to come out of the church, and preach in his own close. Some of those who were here pricked to the heart were affected in an astonishing manner. The first man I saw wounded would have

dropped, but others, catching him in their arms, did, indeed, prop him up, but were so far from keeping him still that he caused all of them to totter and tremble. His own shaking exceeded that of a cloth in the wind. It seemed as if the Lord came upon him like a giant, taking him by the neck, and shaking all his bones in pieces. One woman tore up the ground with her hands, filling them with dust, and with the hard trodden grass on which I saw her lie, with her hands clenched, as one dead, when the multitude dispersed. I omitted the rejoicing of believers, because of their number and the frequency thereof, though the manner was strange; some of them being quite overpowered with divine love, and only showing enough of natural life to let us know they were overwhelmed with joy and life eternal."

Scenes like these opened everywhere in rapid succession. Under the ministry of Berridge's neighbour, Hicks, and himself, about four thousand souls were aroused in the space of twelve months. He entered now on a course of itinerancy. He went through all the surrounding counties; preached ten or twelve sermons every week, travelling on horseback in that time about one hundred miles. In the spirit of this missionary work he wrote his hymn on "Thy kingdom come:"—

O Father, let Thy kingdom come,
Thy kingdom built on love and grace;
In every province give it room,
In every heart afford it place;
The earth is Thine, set up Thy throne,
And claim the kingdoms as Thine own.

Still nature's horrid darkness reigns,
And sinner's scorn the check of fear,
Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
Where Jesu's messengers appear;
We pray that Christ may rise and bless
The world with truth and righteousness.

Bid war and wild ambition cease,
And man no more a monster prove;
Fill up his breast with heavenly peace,
And warm it well with heavenly love;
To Jesus bid the people go,
And Satan's kingdom overthrow.

More labourers in the vineyard send,
And pour Thine unction on them all;
Give them a voice to shake and bend
The mountains high and cedars tall;
That flocks of sinners, young and old,
May shelter seek in Jesu's fold.

Berridge was thoroughly adapted for his work. Robust in form and constitution, firm and undaunted in spirit, fearless of men, unwavering in faith, with a mind well furnished, a heart glowing with zeal, a voice loud and strong, and perfectly under command, with never-failing power of expression, he was verily a "son of thunder." At times, when he spoke, Sinai seemed to thunder and flash; while that same voice would become tremulous and melting while he wept over those to whom he preached a Saviour. Persecution of no kind checked him; though, for nearly thirty years, the enemies of truth would know him by no other title than the "The Old Devil." His humility was deep and pure. The expression of his feelings respecting himself as an itinerant was sometimes in amusing accordance with his character. In a letter to the Countess of Huntingdon, he says, "I am one of those strange folks who set up for journey-men without knowing their business, and offer many precious wares to sale without understanding their full value. I have got a Master, too, a most extraordinary person, whom I am supposed to be well acquainted with, because he employs me as a riding pedlar to serve nearly forty shops in the country, besides my own parish; yet I know much less of my Master than I do of His wares." He was once on his way to a visitation when a strange clergyman joined him. After some chat, the stranger said, "Do you know one Berridge in these parts? he is a very troublesome good-for-nothing fellow, they tell me." "Yes, I know him," said Berridge, "and I assure you that one half his wickedness has not been told you."

The stranger was surprised, and begged, to have the wicked fellow pointed out to him when they came to the church. Other talk followed, until they arrived at the place of meeting. Berridge's companion then reminded him of his promise to show him this Berridge. "My dear sir," said he, "I am John Berridge." "Is it possible?" cried the other; "and can you forgive me? Will you honour me with your acquaintance? Will you admit me to your house?" "Yes," was the old man's reply, "and to my heart."

The true simplicity of the hymnist's character, and the genuine lowliness of mind, are put forth in his best hymn style in his verses on "My Soul is even as a Weaned Child."

Dear Jesus cast a look on me,
I come with simplest prayer to Thee,
And ask to be a child;
Weary of what belongs to man,
I long to be as I began,
Infantly meek and mild.

No wild ambition I would have,
Nor worldly grandeur I would crave,
But sit me down content:
Content with what I do receive,
And cheerful praises learn to give,
For all things freely sent.

Well weaned from the world below,
Its pining cars and gewgaw show,
Its joy and hope forlorn;
My soul would step a stranger forth,
And, smit with Jesu's grace and worth,
Repose on Him alone.

I would love *Him* with all my heart,
And all my secret thought impart,
My grief, and joy, and fear;
And while the pilgrim life shall last,
My soul would on the Lord be cast,
In sweet believing prayer.

His presence I would have each day,
And hear Him talking by the way
Of love, and truth, and grace;
And when He speaks and gives a smile,
My soul shall listen all the while,
And every accent bless.

He first learned the lesson of his Lord's active service, and then was called to the suffering which was necessary to complete his character.

He was for a time laid aside from work; and it was during this trial that he composed the hymns contained in his volume of "Sion's Songs." He had previously compiled and issued a collection of divine songs designed chiefly for the religious societies of churchmen in the neighbourhood of Everton. It contained some originals; "but," says he, "I was not wholly satisfied with it. The bells indeed had been chiefly cast in a celebrated foundry, and in ringing were tuneable enough, none more so; but a clear gospel tone was not found in them all." He alludes to the hymns of the Wesleys, from whose doctrinal notions, once his own, he had now somewhat swerved. "Sion's Songs," however, were Berridge's own. "Ill health some years past having kept me from travelling or preaching, I took up the trade of hymn-making, a handicraft much followed of late, but a business I was not born or bred to, and undertaken chiefly to keep a long sickness from praying on my spirits, and to make tedious nights pass over smoothly. Some tinkling employment was wanted, which might amuse and not fatigue me." He wanted "tinkling employment," and some of his hymns are certainly curious tinkling productions; but others are more worthy of a man who, on the testimony of those who knew him best, "possessed a strength of understanding, a quickness of perception, a depth of penetration, a brilliancy of fancy, and a fund of prompt wit, beyond most men." The peculiar balance of humour and gravity in his character is seen in the prayer with which he closes the preface to his hymn-book: "My Saviour and my God, accept this mite of love, which is cast into thy treasury. Give it a blessing, and it shall be blessed. What is water in the hymns turn into wine; by giving them a charge to enliven the hearts of thy children, and stir up the wills of aliens to seek thy

salvation. Only attend them with an unction of thy Spirit, and whatever be the hymns, thy glory shall be promoted by them. Amen."

His humour, and what may be called his grave waggery, often found vent in his letters and in his intercourse with friends. He was never married, and it is very curious to find him most free to joke and be serious by turns on the question of wedlock in his epistles to the Countess of Huntingdon.

MY LADY,—Before I parted with honest Glascott, I cautioned him much against petticoat snares. He had burnt his wings already; sure he will not imitate a foolish gnat, and hover again about the candle. If he should fall into a sleeping-lap, he will soon need a flannel night-cap, and a rusty chain to fix him down like a church Bible to the reading-desk. No trap so mischievous to the field preacher as wedlock, and it is laid for him at every corner. Matrimony has quite maimed poor Charles, and might have spoiled John and George, if a wise Master had not graciously sent them a brace of ferrets. Dear George has now got his liberty again, and he will escape well if he is not caught by another tenter-hook. Eight or nine years ago, having been grievously tormented with housekeepers, I truly had thought of looking out for a Jezebel for myself. But it seemed needful to ask advice of the Lord; so falling down on my knees before a table, with a Bible between my hands, I besought the Lord to give me a direction.

The first sign he tells us was not satisfactory. Another trial brought up the passage, "Thou shalt not take thee a wife," etc. These words he took, as he says, not only as a rule of direction, but as a promise of security. "Thou shalt not take a wife, that is, I will keep thee from taking one.

In his sitting room at Everton he had several portraits of pious men hanging on the walls in small frames; and over the mantel piece there was a looking-glass of the same size in a similar frame. A clergyman who paid him a visit for the first time looked at the pictures one after the other. "That," said Berridge, "is Calvin, and that Luther; and that," pointing to a glass over the fireplace, "is the

Devil!" The visitor stepped quickly to look at it, and saw his own face. "Is it not," cried Berridge, "a striking likeness of his Satanic majesty?"

Probably he sometimes felt that he was treading on snares when indulging this waggish mood, and might seem to be giving himself a caution and a check in his hymn on "I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?"

But oh, thou man of God,
This empty mirth beware;
March off, and quit this giggling road;
No food for pilgrims there.

It checks the Spirit's aid,
And leaves the heart forlorn,
And makes them look as Samson did,
When all his locks were shorn.

May Jesus be my peace,
And make up all my joy;
His love can yield me serious bliss,
And bliss that will not cloy.

But the way in which he uses his faculty of merry quaintness in giving sharp point to moral and religious truth in his "Christian World Unmasked," and in his epistolary recommendation of "Cheerful Piety," gives a pleasant impression of consistency, and finely balanced intellect and affections. The closing verses of one of his best hymns breathe the spirit in which he waited for his Lord's coming—

Leaning on thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God,
Flowing from thy precious blood,

In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry.

One who was near him at the last, said, "The Lord has enabled you to fight a good fight." "Blessed be His name for it," was the response. "Jesus will soon call you up higher," it was said again; "Ay, ay, ay," he cried, "higher! higher! higher! Yes, and my children, too, will shout and sing, 'Here comes our father!'" This was his last voice on earth. He "fell asleep in Christ," January 22, 1798.

Christian Work.

[We give more than the usual space this month to *Christian Work*, as we believe it ought to be pleasant and profitable reading, what men are doing for Christ here and elsewhere. With great pleasure we make room for two letters descriptive of such work. The letter of "Swiss" and his suggestions are welcome. The *Christian Monthly* is open to communications such as we now insert from the pen of "Swiss." It would be a noble mission for our *Monthly* to be an instrument, however humble, of helping to do something of the work here that such periodicals as the *British Messenger* and *Christian* are doing elsewhere. The letter from Miss Haines has been addressed to Miss Bilbrough, who has sent it kindly, that our readers may get from the pen of a Canadian lady a glimpse of woman's work for Christ in woman's sphere.]

DEAR SIR,—The Lord, who has been so wonderfully blessing His word in the old countries, is now working in great power in many parts of our own Dominion.

The precious work of His Spirit at Quebec has ceased from the sheer exhaustion of His honoured instruments; but it is proposed to resume the services thus interrupted after the January week of prayer. In the meantime one of the workers so owned of God in the ancient city, has, after a little rest, gone to unfurl the Banner of the Cross at Simcoe. A telegram, dated 13th inst., from Simcoe, to the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at Toronto, says: "Hall packed last night. Many could not get in. Glorious meeting. Keep us up by prayer. The whole community seems moved."

In many places in Canada the gracious Lord is working in a similar manner, but I observed no notice in your magazine for November of these things, so calculated to cheer the hearts and stimulate the efforts of

believers, by bringing home to them the practical exhibition of the truth of 1 Cor. xv. 58.

I know that many Christians are earnestly desiring to see some Canadian periodical, in whose columns such intelligence may be looked for—something of the character of *The Christian*, published by Morgan & Scott, London, England. Would it be inconsistent with the object of your paper to invite such communications as would gratify the wish I have referred to?

It is true that when spiritual life is overflowing the banks of its ordinarily recognized channels, it will sometimes make itself apparent in modes we may think to be regretted, and sometimes give more promise than is fulfilled in the result. But would we deny the blessing of God's salvation to the many—nay, were it only to the few—because of some eccentricities and failures in the life-giving stream? Would we refuse to recognize and welcome the beauties and blessings of nature's spring-tide, because weeds will start up with the flowers, and many a bud which gives promise of bloom and fragrance disappoints the hopes and expectations formed of it?

Surely we want to see our doctrines verified, and not only made words of life to some, but words of living life, that out of their bellies may flow rivers of living water.

The Young Men's Christian Association at Toronto is doing work for the Lord. The noon prayer meeting is a time of spiritual refreshment. It is gratifying and encouraging to see from time to time how it is regarded as a valued means of presenting individual need before a prayer-hearing and

prayer-answering God. There are frequent, almost daily requests for prayer on behalf of objects within the city; but those at a distance sometimes write for an interest in our supplications. A day or two ago a telegram was received from a distance: "The prayers of Christians assembling at Shaftesbury Hall are immediately requested by a mother for a son, alarmingly ill." But I must close.

Yours, in Christ,

SWISS.

LETTER FROM A CANADIAN WORKER IN LONDON.

DEAREST MISS BILBROUGH,—Some inward, indescribable spirit this morning inspires me to give you a tiny screed, and waft an echo of Old England's doings over to your fair shores. The prospects outside are not of the most cheery nature, either morally or physically, though the weather, until now, has merited no complaint, much pleasanter than my pleasantest anticipations. To-day the scene has changed, the pretty snowflakes are falling thickly, though only discernible close to the window pane, for the fog and rising smoke of hundreds of chimneys. Soon after they are lost in the dirty streets, trodden under by the careless, hurried feet of the never ceasing passers-by. Hard and sad to believe, but they are a fair sample of many lives in this great crowded city. Well may a sympathizing heart rejoice in seeing these tiny rescued ones, for it is they who need pity, resting in happy homes on Canadian soil.

It is impossible to describe with what feelings these sights and sounds impress a new spectator, and especially a Canadian, so multiplied and varied; the beautiful and loathsome, the happy and miserable, so rapidly passing before one, they seem like a strange panorama, a dream from which, I

fear, I shall not awake till back again in a totally different atmosphere.

Well I am enjoying it immensely; yesterday's routine was something like this: Being flower mission day, your dear sister made her appearance, and with her, four baskets of beautiful flowers. As "Little Canada" had not shared in the pleasure of visiting the places cheered by these bright messengers and life-giving words attached, she ventured to hint a desire in that direction, and your warm-hearted sister chimed in, "Come along with me." So off we went in company with four others. Walking to Bishopsgate Station, taking a third-class carriage, alighting at Cambridge Heath, we, with rapid steps, being rather later than usual, hurried on till we reached Bethnal Green Infirmary; gaining admittance, we here divided into two parties. Your sister, a German lady, and myself taking the men's side, and the other three ladies the women's. Each, with our basket of flowers on our arm, ascended flights of stairs, wending our way through long corridors, until arriving at the spot where we were to commence distributing. I was put into a separate ward, the other two keeping together.

Such a sight; the long rows of iron bedsteads on either side of a clean, neat apartment, warmed by a coal fire in the grate at one end; the occupants, some seated around, others lying. On first entering, one could hardly recognize a need for sympathy; but enter into conversation, enquire a little into their history, and we find some have been lying ten, others twelve years in unceasing pain or utter helplessness, wasted to a shadow—the once strong man helpless as an infant. Poor fellows! But their eyes brighten when we tell them our errand, and hold up the little bouquets, and eager ears try to comprehend the meaning of our words, or rather God's words. Others, wearied of life, impatient through long

suffering, no hope for the glories of a better world, reply to our question, "Will you have a sweet flower to-day?" "No, we don't want y'r flowers; don't speak to us; too ill; don't want anything," and with a groan turn over. To these we could but breathe a word of comfort, telling of God's love, praying that He would send a ray of light to interpret His own word. Others received flowers and words with such joy, and the earnest "Oh, thank you, thank you, Miss!" repaid us. We met with several dear old saints, just waiting for the Master's call, and I thought, ah, what a change from the weary watching, year after year, to the bright mansions above.

Little do we in health and strength know the gratitude due to our loving Father for His goodness to us. He is no respecter of persons; then why should our circumstances differ? He knows—to Him be all glory.

But time passes, and I must keep pace. Again we glide out of this, after dispersing five hundred of these silent messengers; retrace our steps, and arrive at the Refuge in time for a cup of tea, previous to a "tea-meeting" at the Lodging House, to which Miss McPherson has invited two hundred and fifty of our poor sunken fellow creatures. Here the scene differs vastly. Cleanliness and order, which reign at the Workhouse, are exchanged for dirt and disagreeableness; illness and weary watching, for health and strength; the air laden with fumes of tobacco smoke and whiskey. Judging from appearances, anything but bright prospects.

Miss McPherson's cheery "Good evening, my friends," wins a hearty response from all; while some eight or ten ladies and gentlemen hand around mugs, trays of bread and butter, and cakes, others follow on with kettles of hot tea.

After a hymn or two, Miss McPherson offers a few words of prayer, and

all commence to partake of this evening meal. When this is dispatched, she again steps forward, and in a lively, racy, original strain, relates facts, describes scenes, bringing each to bear down upon the mode of life of her hearers, seeking by some home thrust, wisely dealt, to rouse them to aim in life for something above their present surroundings and circumstances, and giving them the glad tidings of God's loving condescension, which goes down to the deepest depths. Mr. Jones, a gentleman who gave a similar tea to seven hundred of this class of humanity in Moorgate Hall a week past, explains to them how this tea has been provided by the Lord, inclining the hearts of many to send the money, and so they must accept it from Him. After a few words of prayer, more hymns from Mr. Sankey's "Additional," we bid "farewell," pass out, and on, distributing tracts by the wayside till we enter the Home of George Holland. Time forbids us remaining here but a few moments, just to peep at the little fellows gathered around the desks for evening school, and to give Mr. Holland a word of sympathy as co-workers; then back to the Refuge. This is but a poor sketch of many days in this busy, bustling place, as you know full well.

To-morrow we go to the Stockport Orphanage, and to-night a tea-party at Helmsley House.

Daily little rescues are coming in. Some most interesting cases, one especially, a little three-year old girl, brought in after many prayers under difficult circumstances; but He un'rtaketh, and we rest. This case will probably be in print.

There have been some most interesting meetings—"farewells" for young missionaries going to China, Africa, Madagascar, India, and other places. The most delightful was at Dr. Bannardo's, Edinburgh Castle, for five gentlemen and two ladies; one of the lat-

ter was dear Daisy Goodman. She sails for China, 1st December. The power of God to fulfil His promises in giving "perfect peace" is evident in her, so calm, trusting, and willing, she goes forward, leaving home and many dear friends, believing the Lord has called her, and expecting His presence and blessing in carrying the gospel message, life through His death, to the poor benighted heathen. May the prayers of our dear Canadian sisters follow her during the long voyage and its many perils.

We are all remembering you in prayer in your shanty, and trust some of the warmth and hospitality of friends is being extended to you, for you must surely be perishing with cold. It seems so strange here to see green shrubs, trees, and flowers, when thinking of your snow-clad regions. Dear Miss McPherson is well, uniting in loving remembrance, as also Miss Reavell, to yourself. Suppose Mr. Thom is contending with old Jack Frost in his explorations; wish him, with kind regards, "all sufficiency in all things." His brother looks well and bright in privilege of training the little ones for Canada.

I did not intend such a lengthy effusion; trust you will forgive. Please give my home friends a read, as there is no time for a repetition, and they like to follow me in spirit.

If you can spare a few moments of your valuable time, you know how grateful I shall feel.

Yours affectionately,

ALICE M. HAINES.

Commercial Street, Spitalfields, London, Nov. 25th, 1875.

[We are glad to see at length a Protestant Alliance started in Montreal to unite all good citizens to oppose the encroachment of Rome on our civil rights. That is a good step; but such efforts for our defence must not lead us to forget that our main weapon

in the battle with Rome is the Word of God. We follow, therefore, with deep interest the progress of the French Canadian Missionary Society.]

FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The journals of the colporteurs read at the monthly committee meetings, furnish many interesting details of their evangelistic work among the French Canadians. An abstract of this intelligence cannot fail to be acceptable to the friends of the cause. It makes evident that many Romanists, in spite of the desperate efforts of their priests to keep them in ignorance, are seeking after the truth. At a recent meeting an interesting case was stated of a wealthy farmer, who has decided to leave the Church of Rome. Such men as he are much more valuable than those who may be impelled to give in their names either from hatred to the priests, or, as not unfrequently, from temporal motives. The progress of the truth in such cases is always slow but solid, and the experience of the Society's work in past years show that the great hope of the cause is from the conversion of the more thinking classes. His demission has since appeared in *L'Aurore*. Of him the report of the missionary says:

"I have mentioned in my reports at different times, during several years, a farmer who could only read his Bible in the barn, as his wife was very much opposed. Now he reads it to her, and she finds it beautiful, although she still goes occasionally to mass. This man lately called, saying he had come to confer with me about the Gospel, and to ask me to write his demission to the priest of his parish, giving him the reasons why he left. He is wealthy, having several farms, and is without children. He is very intelligent and reads the Bible much. Having lived several years in the United States he speaks English, and

has been in the habit of visiting several families of converts. The Lord be praised for another brand plucked from the fire. For certain he is one in whom a work of grace is manifested."

A city colporteur states the encouraging results of his visits not only to French Canadians but to French and Italian emigrants:

"I have remarked in my visits much attention and seriousness on the part of several persons, and some young people give me hope they are not far from the Kingdom of Heaven. I went last week to call on a family who seem to desire to walk according to the Gospel, and when I was there several of their friends and neighbours came to hear. All seemed impressed, especially one young man, whose countenance evidenced the joy with which he listened. There are three young Frenchmen, one of them married, who seem to love the truth, and receive my visits with much pleasure. At their request, I gave them the address of the Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, to give him their names to be published, as renouncing the errors of the Romish Church to follow the Gospel. I have been much encouraged by several Italians, one of whom, although a Protestant, has not hitherto been spiritually awakened. I lately spent a long evening with them reading the Bible. I closed with prayer, and when I left them they wept with joy. I bless God for this evening past in such communion. I am convinced a movement is taking place in Montreal greater than imagined, among the people, many of whom are much excited."

A report from below Quebec, says: "I lately made the acquaintance of a Roman Catholic family near this, and spent two days with them, one of them Sunday. There are many members of it, and they seemed to have much respect for Protestantism, and

even admitted that its professors were more honest and reliable than Roman Catholics. I read and expounded the Scriptures, and on parting they thankfully accepted a Bible, which I offered in return for my board. One of the family had already left Romanism, and was a zealous preacher of the Gospel."

Another report gives some instances of a desire after the truth, and a characteristic trait showing that Romanism is truly "a religion of money." "A young man said he had read the book and tracts I had lent him, and that his sister also liked to read them. He stated his eyes had been opened to see the errors of Rome by reading a Bible I had given him four years ago, and that he would soon be one of my hearers." Mrs. B. said to me: "My brother, the other day, to my great joy, asked me for a Testament, and said he and his wife wanted to read it without letting any one know." An old drunkard was lately taken out of the canal, and was refused burial in the cemetery. A relative said to the priest, "If you will not give us a burial we will go to the Protestants with our dead." The priest said, "Give me seven dollars and I will give you the rite;" so they got a burial for that sum. Money, in the Church of Rome, is still current through all its teachings. The parents of the pupils at one school have subscribed thirty-five dollars towards the teacher's board, also the necessary fuel, and besides making important repairs in the school-room, have undertaken to put up a good fence around the burying ground, which will cost thirty-five more. I had the opportunity of preaching Christ to an old man, a great drunkard. He said "I am eighty-five years old and life is now a burden. I hope God will come for me and take me to himself. I am longing to be buried beside my wife. I said, "Are you prepared to

die?" He replied, "I confess to the priest and go to Church." "But," I said, "confession and the church can never save a sinner. Christ alone can save you, for he died on the cross to save poor sinners like you and me." He thanked me for my remarks.

Another says: "I have been very much encouraged in my visits at St. E.; I think it an encouraging field as there are a number of Roman Catholics who always listen attentively to the Gospel. I think it would be well to arrange for a regular service. It is almost impossible to sell the Scriptures in these parts; the priests are so bitter against us that it is difficult to get into the houses. Since the burial of Guibord the priests have endeavoured to embitter the minds of the people against Protestants in general, but especially against the missionaries. Let us pray that the Lord may have mercy on this poor people and turn them from darkness to the light."

Mr. J. Bourgoïn, the Director of the boys' school at Point-aux-Trembles, in his report for October, writes:—"We opened our school on the 15th of this month with praise, reading of the Scripture and prayer. We never had as large a number of pupils present at the opening of the session as this year. So far the pupils seem well disposed and give us great satisfaction. Last Sabbath they asked to have a prayer-meeting among themselves; the request was granted and the meeting was well attended. On Sabbath at 9 a.m. we have family prayer, at 11 a.m. public service, at 3 p.m. Sabbath School, and at 7 p.m. another public service. The pupils in the girl's school attend these services. Every Wednesday we hold a prayer-meeting, and every day we have a Bible class, in which all the pupils take great interest. May God bless the good seed which is sown in their young hearts. Madame Des Islets

continues to give instruction in vocal music, besides having charge of the house." Miss Cairns, Directress of the girls' school furnishes a similar report for the same month.

FRANCE.

THE FRENCH REFORMED CHURCH AND THE RATIONALISTS.

PARIS, NOV. 17, 1875.

A development is taking place in the Rationalistic party which excites considerable interest in the Reformed Church of France. The firm and moderate bearing of the Government on the subject of obedience to the Synod, and the more careful study of the Protestant population, whose real sympathies are with what they consider the Church of their fathers rather than with any party, are convincing them that separation would be fatal to their cause. The moderate among them are met by moderation, and there is a prospect of their accepting the Synod and settling down under its declaration of faith, after all, reserving their liberty of interpretation. And the Orthodox are beginning to rejoice in the prospect of no schism. M. Sayous, M. Maurice Vernes, on the Liberal, and M. Gout, on the Orthodox side, are the champions of concord. The question of the expediency of such concord remains open. Were the two camps strongly entrenched behind a categorical and positive confession of faith, there would be no doubt of the propriety of amicable separation; but each party shakes off imperceptibly into the other, and with the strange "liberty of interpretation" of its profession of faith as taken by Rationalists, the National Reformed Church seems destined still to embrace and hold fast friends and foes together!

PASTORAL CONFERENCES.

The National Church Conferences took place this year at Alais (Gard) immediately after the intensely interesting consecration meetings, and the spiritual riches of the one flowed out over the other. Theologians were more simple, and spoke from the heart. Pastor de Molines, of Montpellier, read a paper on "The Theory of the Church in the new Testament," and concluded that (1) the Church has a divine origin, inasmuch as it was chosen by Jesus Christ; (2) the Church may remain faithful while it is clothed in very diversified forms; but (3) there is no Church where faith in Jesus Christ is not the immovable basis of the religious society. Pastor Durand, of Montauban, read a paper on the necessity, amid the divisions of the present time, of evangelizing the Protestants. He endeavoured to fix the ever-vanishing doctrines taught by Rationalism, deeming this to be necessary before they can be answered. An association of Evangelical pastors has commenced to evangelize the Lozere, where all the Established pastors are Rationalistic. The conference fixed Montauban for its next meeting, and for subjects chose "Sanctification through faith" and "Legal defence of religious liberty."—*Cor. of Evang. Christendom.*

ITALY.

NOTES ON PARIS, EN ROUTE.

Having had occasion to spend a week or two lately in the French capital, permit me to say an earnest word with regard to the flourishing Christian work going on there, without encroaching on the domain of your excellent Parisian correspondent. The Episcopal Church has a living ministry in Mr. Forbes, whose sphere

is a most influential one, owing to the large audiences whom he addresses. Mr. Baron Hart, in his most centrally situated Congregational Chapel, throws himself enthusiastically into every form of well-doing on behalf of English and French people. The American and Scotch pulpits are occupied by energetic workmen. M. Bersier's Church is crowded with native and foreign admirers, and to us the small liturgical element which has separated this eloquent preacher from his brethren of the Free Church of France, was the only tame part of the service. De Pressense and Fisch, and other French pastors, are full of zeal and activity. The efforts of Miss De Broen and Miss Leigh, and Mr. and Mrs. Pearse, are kindly spoken of on all hands. Many other sympathizing hearts have been lately stirred of God on behalf of the people of Paris. But perhaps the most remarkable of all the movements is that so quietly begun by Mr. M'All a few years ago, and which has grown now to so great a size through the favour of the working classes, for whose benefit it was started. Some fifteen or sixteen suitable halls in various parts of the city are crowded on Sundays and week-days by the very artisan class in the midst of whom these services have been begun. It is happily the crowning and harmonizing mission of Paris at present, for Mr. M'All has had the happy knack of enlisting all the able and willing Christians of different nationalities residing in the city, and sharing with them the responsible management of these various centres of usefulness. We had the pleasure of attending the *locale* under the care of Miss Blundell, and nothing could be more scriptural or popular than the happy blending of the best hymns with short and pithy addresses, never exceeding ten minutes, from three or four Christian ministers and laymen and ladies. The Bible has been really commended, and has found

an entrance into the homes of the poor *ouvriers* of Paris. I could not but congratulate our fellow-labourers in the Parisian field on the united and cordial front they present to the common foe. Every one we spoke to had a kind word to say of every other, toiling away with various gifts, and in different localities and circumstances. I thanked God for this, and urged them to be continually grateful to God for such harmony, which is the truest token, to my thinking, that the Lord is really working in and by His servants of every name and denomination in this necessitous field. I never saw any Christian worker more to be envied than Mr. M'All at the opening of a larger place of meeting in Belleville, the cradle of the whole mission, when not only 500 common people turned out to cheer his heart and that of his indefatigable wife, but when he found himself surrounded by noble Christian men and women of all the churches, ready to help him forward to yet greater achievements. Nowhere can money be used to greater advantage in the field of missions than in aiding Mr. M'All and his large staff of assistants.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT TO THE KING OF ITALY,

at Milan, has given unmixed pleasure to the people on both sides of the Alps. No incident happened to mar the effect of this portentous interview, beyond the bad weather, and the absence, through ill-health, of Prince Bismarck. French jealousies started all possible explanations but the right one of the German Chancellor's absence, and the mortified policy of the Vatican pooh-poohs the great event; but the truly magnificent reception given to the northern monarch at Milan, and the crowds of notable Italians from all parts present at the fetes, show the deep significance attached here to what is everywhere reckoned as

much more than an interchange of courtesies. All the friends of Italy must reckon this as the best alliance for her, while the lovers of peace cannot but regard this friendship as a further pledge for the quiet of the continent of Europe. The Emperor was most gracious to the Waldenses, and the other Evangelicals of Italy, who specially addressed him, and his visit cannot but enlarge the sympathies of the Italians still more, and practically in favour of liberty of conscience and worship.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL POLICY OF ITALY

has of late been under public discussion. Some leading German papers have followed in the wake of Mr. Gladstone in accusing Italy of too great tenderness towards the Papacy, and too great indifference in the death-struggle between the Vatican on the one side, and the humbler of the clergy and the masses of the common people on the other. The Italian Premier has delivered a remarkable address to his electors on financial and ecclesiastical affairs, and although he has for the first time shown that by next year Italy will be able to pay her own way, there are many who regard his calm and statesmanlike statement touching the attitude of Italy towards the Court of Rome as by far the more important declaration. He thinks that foreigners, hampered in their ideas as to Church and State connection, cannot rightly judge the policy of Italy, which is based on the separation of the two co-ordinate powers. He promises a law which shall guard the liberties of people and parish priests against the domination of the Pope, and everywhere draws the distinction between the Roman Catholic religion and the Papal Court, which we abroad regard as one and the same thing. He would leave the former free in a free State, but the latter must be dealt with firmly by the State, and he affirms

that it has been so dealt with, and so wisely dealt with that little or no disturbance has ensued, whereas in Germany great commotion has been caused by somewhat similar legislation.

The Italians generally applaud Signor Minghetti's declaration, and feel that every country must initiate and carry out a line of action of its own, suited to its special circumstances, and that a gradual change is preferable to a violent one. He did not say, what he well might, that the march of God's providence has been on the side of the Italians, and enabled them to develop their liberties peacefully; and that, with all sympathy for Prince Bismarck's position, there is a feeling that he has not only rebutted the dangerous encroachments of the Church in civil affairs, but made reprisals on the ecclesiastical domain inconsistent with British and Italian notions of toleration and freedom.

Another member of Parliament, Signor De Zerbi, has pressed forward the argument of Signor Minghetti to a challenge, and shows in detail that all the successive steps taken by Germany have been already and effectively taken by Italy, such as the maintenance of excommunicated persons in high offices of trust, the punishment of treasonable language in the pulpit, lay inspection of schools, the expulsion of the Jesuits, and the suppression of religious corporations.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN NAPLES.

I had the pleasure lately of visiting Naples, where hitherto so excellent a work has been done by the schools presided over by a large unsectarian committee. The Rev. Mr. Gray, who has lately been settled in the Scotch Church in Naples, was able to remove a heavy deficit which oppressed the work last spring, and will take the active place which Mr. Buscarlet used to occupy on the committee. All the different branches of native mission

work will shortly be represented in the capital of the South. The Rev. Mr. Jones, in the Wesleyan interest, has built up a strong cause. I had the pleasure of worshipping in his splendid new church, in the very centre of Neapolitan bustle and stir, and of hearing therein the eloquent monk Raggi-anti, the Gavazzi of Southern Italy. Like Gavazzi, he is a large-hearted and patriotic man, and so has incurred the accusation of preaching politics; but on the best authority I was assured that he was an earnest preacher of the Cross. What I myself heard on the difficult subject of the Trinity was full of beauty and thought and expression, as well as of spiritual unction, and was delivered with all the grace of the finished orator. I am told that Raggi-anti's influence on the educated classes of Naples, particularly the young men, is great and wholesome, and that his week evening lectures and discussions are thronged.

PROTESTANTISM IN ROME.

In Rome I found the brethren rather desponding. Things are not moving forward so successfully as they had hoped. Complaints are heard that they are overlapping each other's work, and drawing away each other's people. Mrs. Gould had died, and her school work finds no successor. The handsome American Episcopal Church of Dr. Nevin will be opened in the spring, and Dr. Vernon is building a church for Italian Evangelicals near the fountain of Trevi. The old discussion continues as to the reality and worth of several missions, and the different labourers do not dwell in unity. This is deeply to be regretted, for there is field enough for double the workmen at present labouring in Rome. I think it was a great pity that such a rush took place on the city. Only those denominations which were working in the wide field of Italy had a prescriptive right to occupy Rome as head-

quarters, when the city became the State capital. Had the tried representatives of these denominations alone gone to Rome—experienced evangelists of the Waldensian, Wesleyan, and Free Italian Churches—I am sure that a far better state of things would now prevail in evangelical circles in the imperial city.

But while I firmly hold and freely express this conviction, even to the parties concerned, who planted themselves in Rome because of its transcendent spell on Christian hearts, and tried their apprentice hand at evangelization there before even they could speak the language, and have thus thrown back the good work for half a century, I equally and as frankly admit the liberty of all and sundry who feel the call in their conscience to go and labour where and as they will in the name of Christ; and in the interests of Christian charity, I would wish to see the conscientious convictions and liberties of all Christian labourers most fully respected. We can earnestly implore a rich blessing upon one and all of them, and look forward to days of union and cordial brotherly feeling. The three sections of Baptists in Rome from England and the Northern and Southern States of America are working together as friends. The English and American Methodists—although the latter are Episcopal—will probably run their forces together, indeed ought never to have been separate. There is much comment on a proposed alliance between the Baptists and the Plymouthists, the adherents of Count Guicciardini, whose work is maintained by M. Muller, of Bristol; and many are of opinion that the Waldensian and Free Italian Churches will yet join hands, when personal feeling and prejudice have run their course.—*Cor. of Evang. Christendom.*

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES IN THE FOKIEN PROVINCE.

A most interesting article under the above title has appeared in the pages of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*. It gives not only a more cheering impression of the success attending missionary work in China than any other paper with which we have met, but it is so graphic in description as to enable every reader to realize the nature of that work, and the kind of lives led by our missionaries there. We regret that space forbids more than a few brief extracts. The Province of Fokien is, it seems, dotted over with thriving, happy little Christian communities, small and poor, it is true, but possessing a degree of vitality that would probably preserve them, and cause them to be self-propagating, even were foreign missionaries withdrawn.

* * * * *

“*Sunday, October 18th.*—The day's services began soon after ten, with the examination of seventeen candidates for baptism, fifteen men and two women. Whilst this was going on, one could not but observe the difficulties of a decent and orderly service in an ordinary Chinese house. The mud floor, of course, can never be washed, and is very rarely swept; fowls were running about under the seats, pecking here and there; dogs sniff round; in rear was the cooking stove, and a half-prepared fowl; and other requirements for mid-day meal were hung up in full view. Of course the congregation would not mind these things, but then they have to be taught the concomitants of reverence. They themselves wish for a church; they say the doctrine is worthy of the finest. Roman Catholics, of whom there are many in the vicinity, have had fine churches for 300 years; and idolators

have grand temples; we ought to show our feelings of reverence by setting apart our best for the Saviour. About sixty men and a few women formed our congregation, most with marks of hard toil on their seamed and wrinkled weather-beaten faces; young men were there also, with fine, frank faces, and in somewhat smarter clothes, but most of them are agricultural labourers, and but few can read. We could but notice the same patient care in the individual examination of the candidates, two of whom were put back for a time. Besides these there were five from the Ni Too station, who will be baptized there on the next visit. One of the accepted candidates was a dwarf, with a very large head. One young man being asked, 'Do you love the Saviour?' replied, humbly and earnestly, 'I do; I cling to Him; I am very, very close to Him.' Those already baptized having signified their hearty assent to the admission of the new brethren into the Church, the service proceeded. We observed, in the case of women, the taking by the hand is omitted in deference to Chinese ideas of morality. After the sermon it was our privilege to unite with twelve Chinese brethren in receiving the Lord's Supper, administered for the first time in this city. We had enjoyed a very happy service under rather difficult circumstances. Noticed the landlord reproving a man for praying with his queue rolled up, it being as irreverent in Chinese eyes as wearing the hat would be in ours. Entered a monastery, commanding a lovely view of city and bay. Found three lazy priests, ignorant and conceited. Like the monks of old, these Buddhist monks have a keen eye for the prettiest spot in choosing a location.

Passed through the city to a Christian's house outside north gate. Wolfe preached, also the catechist, to a large audience. The catechist used a pecu-

liarly Chinese illustration: 'You say there is a spirit inside the idol; well, are there not very often rats living inside the idol?' 'Yes.' 'Now, if I die, the spirit leaves my body, and living things soon swarm inside; that is a proof there is no spirit in me?' 'Yes.' 'Well, then, the rats in the idol show there is no spirit within either!' The people laughed heartily. Back into city to visit, by invitation, the gentleman owning the property for sale. After tea his wives and children came to see us. Poor things! they screamed with delight at seeing a watch and its works, and hearing it tick. The catechist here, Ting Sing Ti, is a noble-looking fellow; tall, with aquiline nose, and fine frank countenance—a man calculated at once to impress a stranger favourably. Wolfe speaks highly of him.

* * * * *

Evening was now coming on, and the rain came down steadily. More landslips delayed us; the paths were increasingly slippery; climbing was slow work; till, at last, as daylight was fading, we found ourselves at the summit of a mountain pass, and no sign of habitation near. Presently a light appeared, brought by one of the catechists, and half an hour afterwards we were safely housed from rain, cold and darkness.

It was a strange scene. The building was a mere cowshed, built against the rock, with a sloping roof, and an upper story, reached by steps cut out of the rock. The one apartment down stairs held us all. A roaring fire lighted up the gloom, and supplied also the hot water, into which all were plunging their feet—catechists, coolies, pigs, dogs, fowls, all were mixed together—whilst our chairs, brought in for shelter, still further narrowed the space. However, we managed to make a good supper, notwithstanding the personal inspection of our fare by the landlord, who smelt curiously at a

sausage until informed that that was not according to our notion of the rites. A perfect Babel of sounds was only quieted by the retirement of the coolies to the upper room for their night's rest; but for a long time after they still continued shouting and talking, and quarreling, repeatedly kicking the pigs away from under the dining-table; and being weary of the smoke, which, as there was no chimney, diffused itself impartially on all sides, we ascended the steps, and found a narrow space reserved for us in the midst of a thin mat partition, separating us from six or eight coolies on one side, and ten or twelve on the other. We found next morning, on comparing notes, that we had accomplished thirty-three miles of travelling; and, as we looked back up the ravine which we had descended in the dark, were truly thankful that no accident had befallen us."

The Committee of the Church Missionary Society have just issued a paper, copies of which can be had on application in Salisbury Square, in which specific information is given regarding several posts and spheres of labour at which the services of additional missionaries are now urgently required.

"MOTHER'S NOT TO GO TO HEAVEN."

One woman's case is very touching. Her husband has a situation at a mandarin's, and is much away from Ningpo; besides this woman he has two other wives, one at Fou-Chou, another in the south part of Ningpo city, but this woman is the first and proper wife. She has one little boy about five years of age, who lives with her, not very far from our house. My Bible woman, Mrs. Li, has spoken to her several times about Jesus, and at last persuaded her to come to a woman's meeting I have every Friday afternoon in our schoolhouse behind. She came frequently, and at last seemed

so interested she came almost every day for instruction, bringing with her her little boy; and we hoped, after the Chinese new year, she might be received into the Church.

About a week before the new year a letter was received, saying her husband would be home for the new year, and she must be in readiness for him. She told me that she would be unable to come for some little time, as she must not be out of the way when he arrived. The husband came back to Ningpo, but she saw nothing of him; at last she was obliged to go to the second wife's abode to ask him for money. She was then asked if she had entered the foreign religion. On her replying, " " she was again asked why she came here so much, and for what wicked purpose. She replied, Christianity was the only true doctrine, and she wished to be a Christian. She was told she should be sent to Hangchow so as to prevent her coming to us. She said, even there she would be a Christian. Finally they abused her, and the woman beat and scratched her; she was sent home with a sad heart. Providentially, our sick catechist, Ah-ling, with his wife, are living within the same boundary. We all, and Mrs. Ah-ling, in the morning spoke comfortable words to her, reminding her of what Jesus had suffered for us. Her husband came the next day to make up the quarrel; he told her she might go to theatricals, idolatrous ceremonies, or amuse herself how she liked, but not to go to foreigners' houses, or hear anything about their religion. His father also sent her a present of money, telling her the same. Her little boy met my daughter a day or two since, and, after greeting her, said, "My grandfather says my mother is not to go to heaven!" What a touching speech! The poor woman told the catechist's wife she would like to get a divorce from her husband; but was told that would not be according

to Scripture; and then she replied, she must wait then till her husband left Ningpo, which would be very soon, and then she would come again for instruction, for she *must* be a Christian.

May God Himself guide her to do what is best! How these poor people are bound by Satan in one way and another!

EAST AFRICAN MISSIONS.

Nine months have now elapsed since the East African Mission of the C.M.S. reached Mombasa. They have been months of much sickness, suffering and toil, and have severely tested the faith and endurance of the whole party.

Mr. Price first went down to Zanzibar to see the Sultan, and to present him with an album of European celebrities and a writing-desk. He was graciously received, and all the protection in the Sultan's power was promised. For this the C.M.S. tendered their thanks to his highness, on the occasion of his late visit to London. In his reply he said:

"We are aware that your Society is zealously engaged in spreading the light of godly knowledge among the ignorant in Africa. That is a praise-worthy object, and such as will meet with a recompense from God. As regards what you have mentioned of the aid we have been able to afford to the missionaries of your Society settled in our parts, your thanks exceed our deserts. What we have done we have done for God's sake, and, God willing, we shall continue to do so by the strength of Him who is the bountiful supplier of all wants, to whom alone be glory and worship for ever and ever. Amen. Written in the preserved city of London, &c., the 25th of June, 1875."

After spending a week amid indescribable discomforts at Mombasa, Mr.

Price proceeded with some of his party to Kinsilidini, where patient old Mr. Rebman, who has since come home, had long resided, exposed to great privations. At this place Mr. Price hopes to establish something worthy of the name of a Christian settlement. There he was met by many of the Christian African boys and girls rescued from slavery, and brought up under his own care at Nasik. They received him with delight, and will be his best helpers. The Wanika tribe in the neighbourhood met them in the most friendly way, and their chief took them under his protection. They are mere savages; go almost naked, and are disgustingly dirty in person and habits. Never did Christianity seek to bless and elevate a people more degraded and oppressed. Mr. Price has already lost two of the party who accompanied him from England, so that faith and endurance are severely tested. One of the young missionaries had to return in broken health immediately after landing, and at the end of April Mr. D. S. Remington, another of the four, died after only two days' illness of fever and jaundice. Mr. Price, in conveying this painful intelligence, writes with faith, and hope, and holy courage.

But few if any young soldiers of the Cross are inclined to offer themselves for active service in East Africa? What will they say when they hear that, in six months from the time our little party left England, two have been cut down—one having been left in such a helpless, prostrate condition that it is very doubtful if he has survived the journey to his native land; and the other, after a day's sickness, having found a grave in East Africa? Will their courage fail? and will they discover that, after all, there is plenty of missionary work to be done at home, without exposing themselves to such risk of life? Well, if it be so, they had much better remain where they

are; the Lord has no need of the faint-hearted. Let no man come here who is not prepared to take his life in his hand for the Lord's sake. Let it be well understood that it is a serious matter to enlist for service in East Africa; and then they only will join us who, having counted the cost, are prepared to do so at all risks. All others would only be a burden and a drag on the mission. God uses means, but He is not bound to them, and the falling away of a few fearful ones will not delay for a moment the fulfilment of His promise to the Everlasting Son, "I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession." I do not yet believe that the martyr spirit has died out of the Church, and feel sure that, if the matter is fairly and honestly put to them, some will be found ready to come forward and be baptized for the dead.

We are thankful to say that a valuable reinforcement will soon reach Mr. Price. Dr. E. W. Forster, a medical man, and Mr. W. Harris, a naval engineer accustomed to surveying, are on their way to join him. But he needs a schoolmaster, and the Society wish also to send him a clerical fellow-labourer.

He has been enabled to secure a piece of land for the intended settlement, and the purchase has been ratified by the Seyid of Zanzibar.

Let the love and sympathy which should be elicited by the deep trials and heroic endurance of this little band of Christian pioneers lead to constant and earnest intercession on their behalf.

EVANGELICAL ARMENIANS IN CAUCASIAN RUSSIA.

The following important letter is from Dr. Davis, Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance:—

August 26, 1875.

Dear Sir,—In accordance with your suggestion, I give you below the prin-

cipal facts in regard to the Evangelical Armenian brethren in Caucasian Russia. Their home is in Etchmiadzin, the time-honoured residence of the Armenian Catholics, the chief seat of Armenian power. Here, under the shadow of Mount Ararat, congregated a great number of monks and bishops, and hither tend multitudes of Armenian pilgrims annually. A small town, mainly of agricultural people, lies by the old convent and cathedral. Some twenty years ago, an Armenian of this place brought back from his travels in Turkey a Bible. It proved a seed in good soil; it grew, and gradually multiplied. A small company of believers gathered together, and by life and speech protested against the superstitious rites and teachings with which their ecclesiastics had hid the true Gospel. Resisted by these, they held on their new way, and though persecuted, they continued slowly to increase. They met together for prayer and worship in as unostentatious ways as possible, and yet were closely watched. Four or five years since, while about one hundred were thus assembled, a party of officers and bishops came suddenly upon them, seized their Bibles and hymn-books, and interdicted them from further assembling for religious purposes, threatening them severely. Some of them went back, but the most of them did not flinch from their protesting ground, holding fast to the word of the Lord. Right boldly did they declare their determination to suffer the worst rather than give up Christ as He had been revealed to them by the Holy Spirit. They appealed to the higher authorities at the provincial capital for liberty, but got no help. Again and again they forwarded petitions to the Emperor, but the Armenian ecclesiastics were always able to suggest to the governors, commonly themselves bigoted Armenians, expedients for keeping back the petitions. Still they held on.

The missionaries at Erzeroum and Boorniah had often heard of these brethren, and had desired to visit them, but Russian law barred the way. Evangelical books, however, reached them, and gave them comfort and instruction. They received frequent visits from our Nestorian brethren, who passed through their town on their way from Persia to Tiflis in search of work. In this way we were able to correspond with them, and give them encouragement.

Three years ago, on my way to America, I was permitted to pass through Russia—until recently a difficult matter for a Protestant clergyman to do. But even in Russia there is a manifest increase of religious toleration. Spending a Sabbath at Erivan, deeming it inexpedient to go to Etchmiadzin, three of the leading men of the brethren there came over and paid me a visit. Their intelligence and earnest manly bearing pleased me much. I was the first Evangelical minister of the Gospel they had met with. They greeted me with a kiss of affectionate welcome, and took great pleasure in talking of the truths so dear to them.

I was surprised to find the degree of their knowledge of practical Christian truth; among other things, I discovered that they were in the habit of family prayer. I asked them who had suggested this practice to them; they replied they had found the practice taught in "Doddridge's Rise and Progress." I left them with urgent requests on their part that I would enlist the sympathies and prayers of Christian brethren everywhere in their behalf.

INDIA.

Dr. J. Chamberlain, missionary from Southern India, relates the following incident. He had delivered a lecture in an Indian village, which was atten-

tively listened to by an audience of one hundred and eighty, composed of Brahmins, merchants, artisans, officials and students. "As I took my hat to come away," says the Doctor in narrating the occurrences, "a Brahmin, one of the best-educated in the place, arose and politely asked permission to say a word. I, of course, politely assented, without the slightest idea what his purpose was. In a neat address of ten or fifteen minutes, couched in choice and ornate language, and with apt illustrations, he urged upon his fellow-citizens to second in every way the efforts I was making for their intellectual and moral advancement. I will give you briefly the substance of one part:—

"Behold that mango-tree on yonder roadside. Its fruit is fast approaching to ripeness. Bears it that fruit for itself or its own profit? From the moment the first ripe fruits turn their yellow sides towards the morning sun, until the last mango is pelted off, it is assailed with showers of sticks and stones from boys and men, and every passer-by, until it stands bereft of leaves, with branches knocked of, and bleeding from many a broken twig. Piles of stones underneath, and clubs and sticks lodged in its boughs, are the only trophies of its joyous crop of fruit. Is it discouraged? Does it cease to bear fruit? Does it say, "If I am barren, nobody will pelt me, and I shall live in peace?" Not at all; the next season the budding leaves, the beautiful flowers, the tender fruit, again appear. Again it is pelted, and broken, and wounded; but it goes on bearing, and children's children pelt its branches and enjoy its fruit.

"That is a type of these missionaries. I have watched them well, and seen what they are. What do they come to this country for? What tempts them to leave their parents, friends, and country, and come to this, to them, unhealthy climate? Is it for gain or

profit? Some of us country clerks in Government offices receive more salary than they! Is it for the sake of an easy life? See how they work, and then tell me. No! They seek, like the mango-tree, to bear fruit for the benefit of others, and that though treated with contumely and abuse from those they are benefiting.

"Now look at the missionary. He came here a few years ago, leaving all and seeking only our good. He was met with cold looks and suspicious glances, and shunned, and avoided, and maligned. He sought to talk with us of what he told us was the matter of most importance in heaven or earth, and we would not listen. Was he discouraged; He started a dispensary, and we said, "Let the Pariahs take his medicines, we won't," but in the times of sickness and distress we had to go to him, and he healed us. We complained if he walked through our Brahmin streets; but when our wives and daughters were sick and in anguish, we went and begged him to come into our inner apartments, and he came, and our daughters and wives now smile upon us in health. Has he made any money by it! Even the cost of the medicines has not been returned to him! And now, in spite of our opposition, he has bought this site and built this beautiful room, and furnished it with the choicest lore in many languages, and put into it newspapers and periodicals which were inaccessible to us before; he has placed here tables to write on, chairs to sit on, and lamps for us to read by. And what does he get for all this? Does he make money by it? Why, we don't even pay for the lamp-oil consumed by night as we read. Now, what is it that makes him do all this for us? It is his Bible. I have looked into it a good deal, at one time and another, in different languages I know; it is just the same in all languages. The Bible—there is noth-

ing to compare with it in all our sacred books, for goodness and purity, and holiness and love, and for motives of actions. Where did the English-speaking people get all their intelligence and energy, and cleverness and power? It is their Bible that gives it to them. And now they bring it to us and say, "This is what raised us; take it, and raise yourselves." They do not force it upon us, as the Mohammedans did with their Koran, but they bring it in love, and translate it into our language, and lay it before us and say, "Look at it, read it, and examine it, and see if it is not good." Of one thing I am convinced: do what we will, oppose it as we may, it is the Christian Bible that will sooner or later work the regeneration of this land."—*Missionary Link*.

INTELLECTUAL AND RELIGIOUS AWAKENING IN EGYPT.

The following testimony from *Sir Bartle Frere* respecting the effects of Missions in Cairo and other parts of Egypt will be read with interest. It is an extract from a recent communication addressed by him to the Secretary of the Turkish Missions' Aid Society, read at its annual meeting:—

"I was greatly struck by what I saw of the work of the American Presbyterian Mission in Egypt. I knew Egypt some years before the American Mission was planted there; and I recollect hearing the lament of some of the early Protestant Missionaries over the obstinate indifference of the Copts. But when I was in Egypt two years ago I found all this changed, and on every side there was evidence of a great intellectual and religious awakening. I saw large and well-taught Mission Schools attended by multitudes of Coptic and Moslem, as well as Christian scholars, some of whom had been

baptized by the Missionaries. The truths of Christianity, as taught by the Protestant Churches, appeared to be a subject of study in many houses of educated Egyptians, which a few years ago would have been quite closed to any teaching of the kind. What I heard from Dr. and Mrs. Lansing and their fellow-workers, and what I saw myself, convinced me that their teaching has produced a profound and extensive impression, not only in Cairo, but in many large country towns and rural districts.

Let me note that their labours seem to have been greatly aided by the system of popular education commenced under Mahomet Ali. When I was first in Egypt in 1834, with the exception of a few Coptic Scribes and Moslem Moolahs, very few of the common people, especially in Upper Egypt, could read or write. The Government scheme of popular education was then in its infancy. Now, I am told by the Missionaries, they rarely meet any number of country people, without finding several of the middle-aged and younger ones who read and write their own Arabic, and are glad to receive and make good use of printed tracts and portions of Scripture. This, of course, carries the Mission work into thousands of families which the Missionary himself could never visit.

I see that your Society has aided Miss Whately's schools at Cairo. They are noble examples of what may be effected by even one devoted lady; though, of course, it is not always easy to meet with such energy and ability as Miss Whately devotes to her work, which is likely to prove of great value to the upper and middle classes in Cairo."

The Hon. W. E. Baxter, M.P., also testifies to "The fact that the one bright spot in these dark realms is the impulse given to education by the well-directed, carefully-conducted and most successful efforts of the American Mis-

sionaries. The influence of their institutions at Cairo, Ossiout (up the Nile), and other centres is slowly but surely extending throughout all the land of Egypt, and is even felt in Nubia and the Soudan."

THE ARABIC BIBLE.

Concerning this, *Sir Bartle Frere* says:

"I see that your Society has aided the Syrian Mission Printing Presses, and the Bible House at Constantinople; and, so far as you may have aided the American Missionaries in the revised edition of the Arabic Bible, printed at Beyrout, I feel sure you have helped a work most important to all who preach the Gospel to Moslems in the East.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN BIBLE LANDS.

The Rev. H. H. Jessup, D.D., at Beirut, gives as an interesting account of various things, which connect themselves with missionary work in Syria; some of them are of no little moment:—

We have received thus far, this year, to the Beirut church eight members. About as many have been received in the Tripoli field, and several in the other stations. We have now in Beirut about sixteen candidates for church membership. Quite a number of new Protestants are reported at Beino and Mount Hardec in the northern field.

CESSATION OF PERSECUTION.

The recent violent persecutions against the Protestants in the Merj Aiyum district have ceased, and the enemies of the Gospel have become more pacific in their attitude. There are signs of greater friendliness on the part of the Turkish authorities both here and in Constantinople.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF CHRISTIAN DRAGOONS.

The Nusairy converts in the Turkish Dragoons, in Beirut, have been treated

in such an unreasonable and unfair manner, that two of them have again run away. We hope they will return soon, but they think their wrongs are intolerable. They receive no pay, have cast-off clothing assigned them, receive no instruction in military drill, are kept at menial work, and finally, after being promised a furlough, it was denied them. Then they ran away. This is their own statement. It palliates, but does not justify, desertion. After all the efforts of the Christian public, the Turks are determined to insist on the right to draft into the army every Mohammedan convert to Christianity.

SYRIAN POSTAGES.

Syria has received a new Imperial benediction in the shape of a *stamp act*. Revenue stamps have now to be affixed to every business paper written in the Empire, and to every newspaper published. Scientific journals are exempted, so that Dr. Post's Medical Journal escapes the tax, and we hope to have our Child's Paper exempted, as it is in no sense a newspaper. Taxation is coming down hot and heavy on the subjects of the Sultan, as the funds must be raised to carry on the Empire. The new grand Vizier, Assaad Pasha, is spoken well of by all, and there is hope that he may do something to better the condition of affairs.

LEBANON AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Dr. Thomson and Mr. Calhoun have returned from their extended tours through Palestine, and both testify to the luxuriance of the vegetation on every hand, the magnificence of the coming crops, and the apparently increasing degradation and oppression of the farming population. Mr. Calhoun says that there is wild grass enough growing in the vicinity of the Sea of Galilee to supply, if cut and cured, all the hay needed for the Turkish army, yet it is all left to run to waste. The

same is true in all parts of the land, outside of the Pashalic of Mount Lebanon. Ristum Pasha, Governor of Lebanon, has returned from a long absence, and is labouring to improve the Government schools of Lebanon, as well as the administration of justice.

STREAMS FROM LEBANON FOR BEIRUT.

The long-expected celebration of the introduction of the Dog River water into Beirut took place recently in an immense canopy erected on the top of the upper reservoir. . . . This living volume of streams from Lebanon is a glorious boon to this ancient city. The name *Beeroth* (*Beirut*), "City of Wells" will remain, but the wells, from which water has been drawn for thousands of years, will soon go into disuse. Public hydrants are opened in the different quarters of the city, fountains are beginning to play in private gardens; dwellings, schools, churches, khans, mosques, shops, and coffee houses are being rapidly supplied with the delicious water, and Beirut is receiving fresh vitality. Editors and poets are vying with each other in singing and writing the praise of Dog River water, and Damascus is no longer suffered to boast over its rival, Beirut.

What a type water is of the blessings of the Gospel! May the life-giving streams of gospel truth soon flow in every house and every heart, not only in Beirut, but in all Syria! Then shall the desert blossom as the rose! May we ever be able to tell you of new Gospel fruits, and new trophies won for Christ.

GREENLAND.

The tidings of the Moravian missions in Greenland are in general of a more pleasing character than they have been of late years. "Winter," say the *Periodical Accounts*, "even at New Herrnhut and Lichtenfels, in North

Greenland, has been milder than usual, and there has been abundance of all animals which are hunted by the natives; of polar bears quite an unusual number has been killed. It has been, as to externals, a very prosperous year for the Greenlanders. Brother Schneider, from New Herrnhut, has been compelled, by failing health, to return to Europe—it is hoped only for a time—to obtain rest and medical treatment. The congregation at New

Herrnhut, which was established in the year 1733, and is therefore the oldest in Greenland, is dwindling down in numbers, owing to the removal of several to other places. Of the spiritual work nothing particular is given in our letters beyond the usual chequered statement; the general impression conveyed is, that the past year has been one of the most gratifying and satisfactory as regards the internal condition and progress of the mission."

Practical Paper.

WORDS TO PREACHERS.

Make no apologies. If you have the Lord's message, declare it; if not, hold your peace. Have short prefaces and introductions. Say your best things first, and stop before you get prosy. Do not spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup. Leave self out of the pulpit, and take Jesus in. Defend the Gospel, and let the Lord defend you and your character. If you are lied about, thank the devil for putting you on your guard, and take care that the story shall never come true. Let your beard grow. Throw away your cravat. If you do not want to "break down," make your shirt collar an inch larger, and give your blood a chance to flow back to the heart. Do not get excited too soon. Do not run away from your hearers. Engine driving wheels whirl fast on an icy track, but when they draw anything they go slower. It takes a cold hammer to bend a hot iron. Heat up the people, but keep the hammer wet and cool. Do not bawl and scream. Too much water stops mill wheels, and too much noise

drowns sense. Empty vessels ring the loudest. Powder isn't shot. Thunder is harmless. Lightning kills. If you have lightning you can afford to thunder. Do not scold the people. Do not abuse the faithful souls who come to meeting on rainy days, because others are too lazy to attend. Preach the best to smallest assemblies. Jesus preached to one woman at the well, and she got all Samaria out to hear Him next time. Ventilate your meeting room. Sleeping in church is due to bad air oftener than bad manners. Do not repeat sentences, saying, "As I said *before*." If you said it *before*, say something else after. Do not end sentences, passages of Scripture, or quotations with "and so forth;" say what you mean, and stop.

Leave out words that you cannot define. Stop *preaching*, and *talk* to folks. Come down from your stilted ways and sacred tones, and become "as a little child." Change the subject if it goes hard. Do not tire yourself and every one else out. Do not preach till the middle of your sermon buries the beginning, and is buried by the end. Beware of long prayers, ex-

cept in your closet. Where weariness begins, devotions end. Look people in the face, and live so you are not afraid of them. Take long breaths. Fill your lungs and keep them full. Stop to breathe before the air is exhausted. Then you will not finish off each sentence *ah*, with a terrible gasp *ah*, as if you were dying for want of air *ah*, as some good people do *ah*, and so strain their lungs *ah*, and never find it out *ah*, because their friends dare not tell them *ah*, and so leave them to make sport for the Philistines *ah*. Inflate your lungs. It is easier to run a saw-mill with a full pond than an empty one. Be moderate at first. Hoist the gate a little way. When you are half through, raise it more. When you are nearly done, put on a full head of water. Aim at a mark; hit it! Stop and look where the shot struck; then fire another broadside. Pack your sermons. Make your words like bullets. A board hurts a man most when it strikes him edge-wise. A pound of feathers is as heavy as a pound of lead, but it will not kill a man as quickly. An ounce bullet will kill quicker than a sack of wool. Do not condense too many words into a few thoughts. Make your discourse proportionate. If your talk is narrow and shallow, do make it short. If it is deep and strong, the stream may run longer. Do not think every brook is deep, because you cannot see the bottom of it, nor call a man a deep

diver because he always brings up mud. Have a clear head, and your words will be clear. Know what you are talking about; then you can make others understand you.

Stand for God, if you stand alone. Keep out of the clutches of party hacks and religious politicians. Preach a straight Gospel, and live up to it. Keep your distance from sin. Do not play with edge tools, nor fool with temptations. Look to the stars instead of weather-cocks for guidance. Be in earnest, but not wild. Keep open ears, and a close mouth. Do not be a clown. Let the devil make his own fun, carry his own mail, settle his own quarrels, and foot his own bills. Make few promises. Learn to say *No* very sweetly. Keep out of debt. Do not let any one owe you more than you are able to lose. Speak to the people like your Master, as they are able to bear. Do not feed bones to babies. Do not abuse people for believing what you once believed yourself. Respect honest convictions. Judge no man. Be patient towards all. Make friends with the children. Be cheerful with the young. Keep clear of gluttony, dyspepsia, and pious grumbling. Remember, each sermon may be the last you shall preach, or your hearers shall listen to. Keep the judgment in view. Please God, and you will please Christians. Let others praise you. Live for Christ. Preach the Word.—*H. L. Hastings in the Christian.*

Facts and Opinions.

Dr. I. G. Bliss writing from Alexandria to the *Bible Society Record*, says:—"Eight years ago the patriarch of the Coptic Church made a bonfire of Bibles and other books in the court

of the principal church in Osiot, the capital of Upper Egypt, hoping by that desperate measure he would be able to put a stop to the circulation of the Scriptures among his people, and check

completely the work of evangelism in Egypt; but instead of destroying our work, it proved a grand advertisement of our books, and created among all classes a great curiosity to see what kind of books those were which so stirred his wrath. Since March, 1867, when the burning took place, 16,781 volumes of the Scriptures and religious and educational books have been sold in that part of Egypt, for which \$3,282.01 in gold have been received—an average daily sale of seven books. But this is not the only result: schools have been started, self-supporting evangelical Protestant Churches have been organized, and the present outlook from that capital of Upper Egypt is most favourable for the speedy establishment for our Lord's kingdom in all that region. This great Bible and evangelistic work is not confined to the Copts alone. Quite a number of Moslems, also, have become deeply interested in the study of the Bible."

In Brazil where Roman Catholicism has had complete control for more than 300 years, there are signs of an utter collapse of that system. "The fact is," says the Rev. J. L. Wilson, Secretary of the Southern Presbyterian Board of Missions, who has recently visited the country, "the [Roman] Catholic Church in Brazil is rotten to the core. It has lost the confidence and respect of all the better class of society." This unsoundness, he declares, has sprung more especially "from the lamentable ignorance and utter profligacy of the native priesthood." Mr. Wilson found everywhere a readiness to converse on the subject of Evangelical religion, an eagerness for the Bible, and a desire to have the children placed under the care of protestant missionaries.

The following incident is reported from one of the Marsoval out-stations of the American Board: "During

the winter an event of great importance occurred in Amasia. A Greek who, fifteen years ago had turned Mohammedan and married a Mohammedan wife, forsook that religion, and again professed the Greek faith. A great stir was made. He was imprisoned, and no one could know what his fate would have been had not the one bold and influential, though not particularly religious Protestant of the place, sprung to the front, heading the Christian sects, who all united under his leadership. They fearlessly appeared before the pasha and demanded the release of the prisoner, declaring that a refusal would be received as a reproach of Christians of all names. The pasha yielded, and set the man at large. Immediately after this, his Mohammedan-born wife also renounced Islam, and avowed herself a Christian, declaring that live or die, she would go with her husband. This was a still more serious matter. It would seem doubtful whether Turkish bigotry would bear this provocation. But again this stern demand was made by the Christians, and again it prevailed. The woman was released, and, with her husband and children, is dwelling in Bafra unmolested. Thus, within a few months, two persons in these parts have renounced Islam and embraced Christianity without losing life, liberty, or property. This is not a little remarkable."

"PRESIDENT GRANT has delivered an address at the reunion of the Society of the Army of Tennessee at Des Moines, Iowa, which has created a profound impression. He said, after alluding to the late war: 'If we have another contest in the near future, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's line, but one between patriotism and intelligence on one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other. In

the centennial year the work of strengthening the foundation of the structure commenced by our forefathers at Lexington should begin. Let us labor for security of free thought, free speech, free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and equal rights and privileges of all men, irrespective of nationality, colour, or religion; encourage free schools; resolve that not one dollar appropriated to them shall go to the support of any sectarian school; resolve that neither State nor nation shall support any institution save those where every child may get common school education unmixed with any atheistic, pagan, or sectarian teaching."

TESTIMONY TO THE SABBATH.—Dr. Kogel, Court Chaplain at Berlin, spoke on the observance of the Sunday. The purport of his remarkable address, and the discussion which followed, are given in the following resolution passed at the close: "The Congress expresses its conviction that the German nation is in danger of losing, through the increasing desecration of the Sunday, its best moral gifts of Christian culture and true liberty. The future of the German people is endangered if God's institution of rest and sanctification of the Lord's day is not restored. The Congress therefore requests all in authority, all synods and church governments, and all religious associations, to seek by all means in their power, through legislation, administration, etc., and by their own example, to repress the evil. The Congress especially begs the State authorities to grant Sunday rest to all their officials; it begs all fathers and mothers to make their houses places for the sanctification of the Lord's day." Let us hope that this excellent appeal will not remain in vain. Undoubtedly the religious life would be far more developed in Germany if there was a Sunday in the full sense of the word.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.—Tuesday, the 30th of November, was observed by the Church of England as a day of intercession on behalf of foreign missions. Dr. Moffat, the father-in-law of the late Dr. Livingstone, delivered a lecture in the nave of Westminster Abbey, at the invitation of Dean Stanley. In a leading article the *Times* says: "Dr. Moffat appears to have illustrated, with all modesty, from his own experience, the method which has always been, and must always be, the secret of successful evangelization. That principle is kindness, and the utter repudiation of anything in the nature of force. The world was evangelized originally by men whose sole power consisted in an infinite capacity for suffering on behalf of their convictions. Sufficient recognition has rarely, perhaps, even if ever, been done to this wonderful exhibition of the principles proclaimed in the Sermon on the Mount. The Christians at certain periods were a numerous and a united society in the Roman Empire, and even in the Roman army; but until the Church became victorious, we do not hear of a single attempt at forcible resistance to persecution. Our modern missionaries have yet to learn this lesson in its fullness, and it is the highest honour we can pay to Dr. Moffat and to Dr. Livingstone to say that it has been effectually illustrated in their memorable careers."

CONGLOMERATE.—Rome boasts of unity; but Rome's coherence is not that of the rock—under which similitude she is very fond of representing herself. Rather may her system be said to find a not inapt representation in a wall or structure built of bricks, united together by Roman cement—confessedly, thoroughly joined together, very tough, and hard to break asunder, but all artificial; the bricks, the cement, and the union of the materials are all of men, not of God. The true Church may be presented under the form of a—

rock—for that is the Lord's creation, not man's; for we know but one scriptural representation of the whole matter: Christ is the rock, not His Church, which is built upon him as its sure foundation, and against which, thus established, "the gates of hell shall not prevail." Or, to use another figure, Rome's union is like a Mosaic table—formed of different woods. One must admire the ingenuity, and skill, and patience required to put it together; but, so far as it is Mosaic, it is a manufactured article, and shows its human origin. The union of the true Church is better represented by a table formed of the trunk of a single forest tree—some *Wellingtonia gigantea*—which has God alone for its maker, and which has grown naturally into its oneness of texture, its grain and conformation, and which, when examined—the more microscopic the examination the better—awakens the admiring acknowledgment, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." In all truly evangelical churches, and among all real Christians, the essential component parts of a true unity—visible to God, if not to man—are to be found. Multitudes are to be met with who lean by faith upon the Son of God—are one with each other in their union with the Master, and their dependence upon the Divine Spirit for life and sanctification. They constitute the true Israel of God.

THE ULTRAMONTANES AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—War! Yes, religious war is the theme of many papers. Appearances tend to it, and Ultramontanism bears it in its ample skirts, wherewith it is attempting to shroud France and stifle freedom. Catholic congresses, where "war to the death" against "heresy, Gallicanism, and revolution," is decreed; Catholic unions, weaving their web of organism all over France; Catholic committees, first formed in 1871, and spreading widely—all point to war, and take Joan of Arc for their

patron saint. France and Catholicism against Prussia and Protestantism! It does sound bellicose; and the welding together of politics and religion has brewed evil enough ere now to make manly hearts quail for the future. Therejoicing of the Ultramontane party at the liberty they have gained to open universities is natural. At the Congress of Poitiers, Mgr. Nardi repeated one of the "great truths of the Syllabus," says the *Univers*, viz.: "Teaching cannot be free in the sense in which certain doctors explain it, since teaching can only be the propagating of the truth, which in its nature admits of 'none else.'" The truth is hidden in the folds of the Papal infallibility! Every now and then crops up this notion of *liberty for themselves alone*.—*Paris Correspondent*.

"WHAT SHALL THE END BE?"—But the question returns, "What shall the end be?" Concerning the nearer foreground, it may be that the auguries of the irreligious or non-religious politician are justified, and shall be verified; we know not. Concerning the far distance, now in the dim background, we have no doubt or hesitation. The visions of the seers of old, the hopes of the sons of God in every age, will be gloriously accomplished, and dark superstition, with its attendant and even darker shadow, infidelity, shall vanish from all lands. But concerning the *mid-distance*, we cannot banish all forebodings. Perhaps never in this country (as elsewhere indeed) has the gigantic power of Rome been more daring in its claims and its actions. It is calling forth its reserves in preparation for a new campaign, which it is commencing with all its long-tried, untiring energy, most skilful strategy, and almost unprecedented zeal. Its intolerant overbearing, its astute tactics, its natural force, seem not to have abated, and all unite to foreshow a coming struggle such as our age has not yet seen.

PREPARATIONS are already being made at the Vatican for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the consecration of the Pope to the episcopate, which will occur May 21, 1877.

THERE are 71 churches connected with the California Congregational Association, an increase of four for the year past. The net gain of members for the year 1875 was 652. The total amount of money raised was \$159,647, of which \$14,100 were for benevolent objects.

THERE are 80 Sunday Schools in Stockholm, containing 18,000 pupils. The largest schools are the Methodist, 800 pupils, and the Baptist, 500 pupils. A Sunday School Union was this year established in Sweden. The revival, under Messrs. Moody and Sankey, in Scotland, had powerfully affected Sweden also; their hymns had been translated into Swedish.

THE New York *Observer* of this week is not ready for the taxation of church edifices, and hardly ready, as we read, for the taxation of any church property. "It says that "Churches and colleges and asylums, founded by private benevolence, contribute to the improvement of values in real estate, in any community, more than their exemption imposes upon the rest. It pays to encourage their increase. The State gets more taxes by having these institutions, even exempt, than it would get if they did not exist.

THERE are now 17 periodicals published in the United States in the interest of Young Men's Christian Associations. The number of Association buildings is 56, valued, with building funds, at \$3,000,000.

THE orthodox Friends held a First Day School Conference in Philadelphia lately, at which eleven yearly meetings, those of New England, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Western Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, North Carolina, and Canada, were represented, and several independent First Day Schools sent delegates. There were reported 2,895 officers and teachers, 32,844 pupils enrolled, and an average attendance of 19,768 upon First Day Schools. In the discussions of this conference many were conspicuous for ability and eloquence.

AN archæological discovery has just been made at Jerusalem. About 150 yards north of the Damascus gate two rock-cut burial chambers have been discovered twelve feet underground. In the larger chamber is a large stone chest, cut from a single stone, containing human bones. It is suggested that this is the burial place of Eudocia, who died in Jerusalem about 461. The Church of St. Stephen is supposed to have stood near this spot, if not over it. Underneath the smaller burial vault is another excavated to the depth of ten feet below the first. The digging of a cistern led to this discovery.

Christian Miscellany.

THE BALANCE DAY.

On my lately waiting on a respectable man of business for payment of

an account, he stated that as it was then "*Balance day*" in the bank, he would feel obliged by my calling again on another day, and that he would pay

me. I understood from this little episode that the bank strikes a balance once a month in order that it may be clearly ascertained in what precise relation each customer stands in regard to his transactions with the Bank; whether the balance in his favour is large or small, or appears in the Books as against him. As the amount at credit regulates the degree of affability, blandness, and obsequiousness of the banker, in the intercourse with his customer it becomes a matter of vital importance to the latter, to strain every nerve to secure a good balance in his favour on that all important day; for assuredly the *small and retrograding customer* needs no telescope to discern ominous and well defined dark spots on the serene but chilly countenance of the supreme bank luminary. To a customer of sensitive feelings such ominous signs are disagreeable, if not positively painful. No wonder therefore that one should be anxious to stand well in the eyes of his banker on that eventful day. This train of thought led me to surmise whether all *Bank customers* are as anxious to have their *current accounts* as between their Maker and themselves, show as good an appearance at least as their Bank accounts. Do they even attempt to strike a balance with Him at all? And do they fervently pray for divine grace to make up their own deficiencies through the all-prevailing merits of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? If not let them rest assured that the account shall be balanced for them by the divine Banker Himself, notwithstanding, and that an inappreciable moment of time is to occur even in the future of their lives, when they shall hear the *still small voice* of their Maker whispering in their ears the terrible word "Remember," and instantly there will spring up before their astonished and agonized gaze, a *dread balance-sheet* which will decide their *eternal destiny*.

INVERNESS.

J. C.

AT THE LAST.

A New York secular paper relates the following incident: "A gentleman died recently, at his residence, in one of our up-town fashionable streets, leaving \$11,000,000. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, in excellent standing, a good husband and father, and a thriving citizen. On his death-bed, lingering long, he suffered with great agony of mind, and gave frequent expressions to his remorse at what his conscience told him had been an ill spent life. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, as his weeping friends and relations gathered about his bed, 'Oh! if I could only live my years over again. Oh! if I could only be spared for a few years, I would give all the wealth I have amassed in a life time. It is a life devoted to money-getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter!' His clergyman endeavored to soothe him, but he turned his face to the wall. 'You have never reproved my avaricious spirit,' he said to the minister. 'You have called it a wise economy and forethought, but my riches have been only a snare to my soul! I would give all I possess to have hope for my poor soul! In this state of mind, refusing to be consoled, this poor rich man bewailed a life devoted to the mere acquisition of riches. Many came away from the bed-side impressed with the uselessness of such an existence as the wealthy man had spent, adding house to house and dollar to dollar, until he became a millionaire. All knew him to be a professing Christian and a good man, as the world goes, but the terror and remorse of his death-bed administered a lesson not to be lightly dismissed from memory. He would have given all his wealth for a single hope of heaven.

HINTS ON PRAYER.

Would you pray to God in a proper way? We would try to help you with our advice.

1. Read a few verses of the Bible before you pray. Much of the language of Scripture is in the form of prayer, and by using it we find help in our approaches to God.

2. Always go to God with faith in Christ Jesus. In his name you may ask for every blessing; and through His merits, and for his sake, you may find all that can make you happy in this world, with the pardon of your sins, and a good hope of heaven.

3. Seek for the aid of the Holy Spirit; for He will show us what we need, help our weakness, put right desires into our hearts, and teach us how to pray aright.

4. Feel that you have something to say to God. Do not say words in a general and unmeaning way. Spend a few minutes in thought before you begin to pray, that you may not "mock God with a solemn sound."

5. Leave the answer to the love and wisdom of God. He will give to us those things which it is best for us to receive.

WAKE UP.

Dr. Talmage speaks very plainly about church members. He says: "The church needs a change in quality as well as quantity of membership. One-half of the professed Christians amount to nothing. They go to church. They pay pew rents. They have a kind regard for all religious institutions. But as to any firm grip of the truth, any enthusiastic service for Christ, any cheerful self-denial, any overmastering prayer, any capacity to strike hard blows for God, they are

a failure. One of two things these half and half professors ought to do, either withdraw their names from the church-roll, or else go so near the fire as to get warm. Do you not know that your present position is an absurdity? You profess to be living for God and heaven, but all the world knows you are lying. Wake up! Do something before you are dead. Either help pull the Lord's chariot, or get out of the way. We want more old-style holiness, the kind they had before railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs. A consecrated heart is momentum for all Christian work. Your gun is well enough, but the gun-carriage is rickety, and so unfit for the Lord's battery. The Lord give us all a higher life, a deeper life, a broader life. We can not do much toward saving others till we ourselves are more surely saved. We can not pull others out of the surf when our own feet are slipping on the rock. More purity, more faith, more consecration, will be more momentum.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

It was on the love of Christ that the early Church so strongly leaned. It is to this love that we find the Apostle Paul so continually turning. This was his soul's true resting place and refuge. It was under the branches of this palm tree that he found a shadow from the heat. This was the deep well out of which he drank his endless consolation. He needed no other. To be "able to comprehend with all the saints the length and breadth, the height and depth" of his love, was his aim; and to "know that love which passeth knowledge," was the sum of his prayers.

This love is our refuge, too—our true, quiet home. The knowledge of his love is perfect peace. We sit down and let this love breathe freely

into us, and straightway all is calm. Each storm has gone to rest; each gust has died away. Love beyond all loves, in greatness, in freshness, in efficacy. Gifted with strange power of healing and comforting! He who has possession of this love, has got hold of a hidden spell mighty to charm away all heaviness of heart, all bitterness of soul. What can withstand it?

In this love all the loves of earth are gathered up and centered. It is a father's love, yet far above the love of

an earthly father. It is a brother's love, yet passing far above. It is a bridegroom's love, as the Song of Solomon shows, yet tenderer than the love of mortal bridegroom. It is a husband's love, yet truer and more faithful than the love of the truest and most faithful husband upon earth. It is a love without any intermingling of selfishness, or jealousy, or coldness, or forgetfulness, or weariness—a love without fickleness—a love without decay.

Children's Treasury.

THE WAY TO WELCOME HIM.

"Papa will soon be here," said mamma to her little three year old boy; "what can Georgy do to welcome him?" And the mother glanced at the child's playthings, which lay scattered in wild confusion on the carpet.

"Make the room neat," replied the little one, understanding the look, and immediately beginning to gather his toys into a basket.

"What more can we do to welcome papa?" asked mamma, when nothing was wanting to the neatness of the room.

"Be happy to him when he comes," cried the dear little fellow, jumping up and down with eagerness as he watched at the window for his father's coming.

Now, as all the dictionaries will testify, it is very hard to give good definitions, but did not little Georgy give the very substance of a welcome?—"Be happy to him when he comes."

HOW TO PUT AWAY OUR FAULTS

One day I was watching a great Newfoundland dog. He had been told

by his young master to fetch him a basket of tools that the gardener had left in the shed. The great dog went to obey his young master. He took hold of the basket in his mouth, but he could not lift it. What did he do? Give it up? No, never! One by one he took the things out of the basket, and carried them to his master.

One by one! that is what we must try to do with all our faults. Try and get rid of them one by one. Jesus knows how hard it is for you to do this, and so He has given you a word that will help you to do it, and that word is, "To-day."

I will show you how. Take one fault—we call it "bad temper," and in the morning, when you get up out of bed, ask God, for Christ's sake, to help you "to-day" to overcome that bad temper. Perhaps by and by something will make you begin to feel angry; then remember your prayer, and try and drive away the angry feeling, and say, "Not to-day, not to-day, I will not be angry to-day."

If you have learned any bad, wicked words, like some poor children in the

street who do not know any better, then ask God, for Christ's sake, to help you to-day not to say any bad, wicked words; and then, when you are tempted to do so, remember—"Not to-day, not to-day; I will not say wicked words to-day."

And do the same with all your faults. Take them one by one, and try for one whole day not to give way to them. It will come so much easier then.

MY FATHER'S WILL.

An old man was one day walking to church with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said:—

"Good morning, Mr. Price."

"Ah! good morning," replied he, "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along"

"Well, what has He left you?" said his friend.

"Why, He has bequeathed me a hundredfold more in this life; and in the world to come life everlasting."

This beautiful reply was the means of comforting his Christian friend, who was at the time in sorrowful circumstances.

THE TRUE STORY OF WHITTINGTON.

More than four hundred years ago, there lived in a village of England a boy named Richard Whittington. His parents, who were quite poor, died while he was yet a child. Not wishing to be a burden to any one, he thought he would go to London and seek employment. So he put a few articles of dress in a bag, and with the aid of a stout stick under his arm, set forth on his journey.

It was a long and weary walk for him in those days, and sometimes he

felt almost famished for want of food. At Highgate, within view of London, he sat down on a rock by the road-side. He felt so sad and hungry that he could hardly keep from weeping. He threw his bag and stick on the ground, and wished he were back in the village where he was born.

"There," thought he to himself—"there, in that quiet village, are at least the graves of my parents. There I can find persons who knew and respected them, and who will give me work enough to keep me from starving. Yes, I think I will go back." Richard turned his face in the direction of his old home, and rose from his seat. But suddenly he heard the Bow Bells chiming, and he sat down again and listened.

He listened for some minutes, sitting with upraised finger in the attitude of one whose senses are all absorbed in the one sense of hearing. And he smiled while he listened; for he fancied that the bells suited their chiming to these words, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

Very slight causes will sometimes influence us strongly for good or for evil. Richard had probably, in his day dreams, been thinking how many a poor boy had, by industry, fidelity, and strict attention to duty, risen to offices of high trust. "Why might not a poor boy rise even to be Lord Mayor?" perhaps he had thought.

How hard it was to give up all these hopes of advancement, and go back to his native village! And so, while he was hesitating, the very bells, as they chimed, seemed to protest against his faint-hearted resolve, and to cry out to him, by way of encouragement, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

And he *did* turn. He took up his bundle and stick, and walked on to London. He saw a mercer's shop. On the sign over the door was the name of Hugh Fitzwarden. Richard

paused and looked in at the windows, and at last, boldly entering the shop, accosted Mr. Fitzwarden, and told his story.

The good mercer was pleased with Richard's frank and respectful manner, and his bright, pleasant face. So he said to him, "I will take you on trial, my lad. If you are diligent, honest, and attentive, be sure you will prosper, and we shall agree very well." So Richard became the mercer's apprentice.

Richard's first care was to be strictly honest; his next, to look closely after the interests of his master, and to grudge no labour spent in his service. So well did he succeed in these determinations that Mr. Fitzwarden grew very fond of him, and encouraged an attachment which he saw springing up between his only daughter, Alice, and the youth.

So Richard at last became the good mercer's son-in-law. A few years afterwards he was made partner in the business. So much skill and faithfulness did he show in all his dealings, that he gained a high character among the merchants; and before he was forty years old, when the citizens were looking round for a candidate for their highest civic office, one tradesman said to another, "If we could have Richard Whittington for our mayor, we should be sure of having an honest man."

"Ain't you surprised to see me?" said a five-year old girl, as she tripped into my house in the midst of a rain storm. "The rain fell all over me like it ran down through a strainer, and I shook it off, but it wouldn't stay shooked. I asked God to stop, but there was a big thunder in the way, and he couldn't hear, I underspeck; and I most knowed He couldn't see me, 'cause a black cloud got over my head as black as—anything! Nobody couldn't see little girls through black

clouds. I'm going to stay till the sun shines, and then when I go home, God will look down and say, 'Why, there's Nettie! She went down to see her auntie right in the middle of the rain,' and I guess He will be just as much exprised as you was."

THE OBJECT OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Is it the purpose of the Sabbath School merely to gratify the curiosity or to sharpen the intellect of the scholars? Or is it designed mainly to teach them morals and behaviour, or to exercise and develop the power of their memory, or to enable them to read fluently or sing harmoniously? Or is it to amuse children by well told or skilfully written stories, or to purchase their punctuality, attendance, and aptitude at committing lessons by holding up before them the incitement of festivals, or of prizes and rewards of different kinds?

Certainly this is not all that we should expect from the Sabbath School; though each of these things is entirely right in its proper place, and all are important aids for the attainment of the real and ultimate object, which should never be lost sight of. The true aim and object of the Sabbath School should be to bring children to the Saviour; to fill their hearts with that love of God which passeth understanding; to stimulate their faith in His promises, and train them in the ways of His word and commandment; to make their hearts burn within them at the story of the Cross, and to teach them to rest wholly upon the merits of Christ's great sacrifice; to fill their souls with a sense of gratitude to Him for the inestimable salvation that He has wrought for us, which, overflowing in love to all men, shall manifest itself in efforts for the spiritual and physical benefit of all for whom Christ died.