

THE

UNITED CHURCH  
ARCHIVES

# Church Miscellany.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

First Congregational Church,

KINGSTON, ONT.

MEETINGS :

Sunday Public Services.....	11 A.M. AND 7 P.M.
Sunday School.....	2:30 P.M.
Church Prayer Meeting, Wednesday.....	7:30 P.M.
Bible Class, Monday.....	7:30 P.M.
District Prayer Meeting, Fortnightly, as Announced.	
Young People's Association, Fortnightly, as Announced.	
Ladies' Aid Society, Monthly, as Announced.	

The Church is the House of God and the services are free to all.  
The entire revenue is derived from voluntary offerings.

*"One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."*

*"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen."*

# Church Officers and Committee.

**PASTOR :**

DR. SAMUEL N. JACKSON.

**DEACONS :**

G. S. FENWICK,

GEORGE ROBERTSON.

J. F. McEWAN.

**SECRETARY :**

JOHN DRIVER.

**TREASURER :**

GEORGE S. FENWICK.

**GENERAL COMMITTEE :**

The Pastor and Deacons, together with—

J. H. MCFARLANE,

HUGH JACK,

THOMAS HENDRY,

THOS. SAVAGE, JR.

WILLIAM D. HENDRY,

JOHN DRIVER,

JOHN BOYD.

**COLLECTORS :**

R. HENDRY .....	<i>Weekly Offering.</i>
W. D. HENDRY .....	<i>Open Collection.</i>
T. SAVAGE, JR. ....	<i>Open Collection.</i>
D. SPENCE .....	<i>Sunday Collection.</i>
E. MORHAM .....	<i>Sunday Collection.</i>
W. D. HENDRY .....	<i>Sunday Collection.</i>
W. RICHARDSON .....	<i>Sunday Collection.</i>

**CHURCH STEWARD :**

GEORGE ROBERTSON.

**ORGANIST :**

JAMES SMITH.

**CHORISTER :**

THOMAS HENDRY

**USHERS :**

ROBERT HENDRY,

H. MILLER,

WILLIAM NEISH,

L. B. SPENCER.

**AUDITORS :**

ROBERT HENDRY,

DAVID DOWNS.

**SEXTON :**

E. SANFORD, No. 67 Sydenham Street.

## CHURCH MISCELLANY.

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Most of the members of the Church have now returned from their vacation trips and sojourns in various places. We have reason for gratitude that God has graciously preserved all from accident and death, especially when so many have been taken suddenly away. We have once more come to the "busy season" in Church work, for while nature rests after its abundant manifestations of life and fruits, the influences of the spiritual world with their blessings are abundant. The individual or church which neglects this autumn and winter with their claims and opportunities will be likely to neglect all. By the evidences of the flight of time and by the indications of decay and death in nature are we not reminded that our time is short and urged, whatsoever our hands find to do, to do it with all our might.

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Now that another winter's work is before us let us settle this matter in our mind that we need not wait and not even pray God to suffer us to work, or to be willing to graciously aid us in His service. That matter was fully settled many centuries ago. We know God loves us, has made atonement for sin, has given us the Spirit, has opened to us all the inexhaustible resources of His grace and is more willing to bless us than we are to receive. As the unsaved have only to take the gift of eternal life, so believers have only to receive the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. We need not pray to God to open to us the windows of Heaven; the windows are open, as we will find by bringing the tithes into the storehouse and receive a blessing superabounding.

The Rev. B. W. Day, until recently pastor of the Congregational Church, at Cowansville, Que., has accepted of a call to Lanark. Mr. Day is a nephew of Dr. Wilkes, an earnest Christian minister, and his coming into this Eastern District will be a great help to us all.

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It is important that we all bear in mind our individual responsibility to God. The Heavenly Father never loses sight of his child in the crowd, neither is the child's identity or responsibility lost in the family. We come into the world and leave it as individuals, as such do we sustain a relation to God while here, and thus shall we be judged. Then the question is not what others do or do not do, it is, rather, what am I doing? If others are cold we need to be all the more aglow; if they are idle we need to be active; if they are disobedient we must obey. Then let us not wait for one another or look to each other, but let each one lay aside every weight, and the sin (unbelief), which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race set before us, looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

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The annual collection for the Congregational College is being taken up in this congregation, and it is to be hoped we shall, in giving to this good cause, reach the standard of previous years. In 1879 there were forty-one subscribers giving in sums from 25c. to \$100 the amount of \$314.05. Last year but about twenty-five subscribed,

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giving in all \$314.05. Let us return to the larger numbers who subscribe, then we shall not only sustain but increase the amount. The work of the College is of vital importance to our Churches and to Congregationalism in Canada. The session for 1880-81 opened on the 16th inst., with a class of twelve students, the Rev. Alexander Hanney, Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, addressing them. Let each one of us subscribe something to this object this year.

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At the Raikes Sunday School Centennial a united Communion service was held in a Baptist Church, over which Mr. Spurgeon presided. There, at the LORD'S Table Christians of every name and from various parts of the earth sat down together to commemorate the dying of the Son of God. In his remarks Mr. Spurgeon said: "It is impossible to restrict Communion, and as blood is said to be thicker than water, so the blood of Christ, by which he hoped for salvation, was thicker than the water of his baptism, and he was therefore glad to commune with saints of every name." Recently, in the city of Manchester, N. H., the pastor of this Church, for the first time, communed with the members of a Baptist Church and assisted the pastor in the ordinance, no one thinking of challenging his right to a place at the Lord's table.

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In the last number of the MISCELLANY a mistake was made in the statement regarding the amount given by this Church to help meet the deficit due by the Publishing Company; instead of unconditional subscriptions to the amount of \$140.76 it should have been \$106.78, and the

total pledged by this Church for this object, together with the new subscriptions, \$224.78 instead of \$254.76. Mr. Burton has since visited Montreal for the same object, with what result we have not heard.

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When a man humbleth himself for his faults, he easily pacieth those that are offended with him. God protecteth and delivereth the humble; unto the humble man He inclineth Himself; unto the humble He giveth great grace; and after his humiliation He raiseth him up into glory. Unto the humble He revealeth His secrets, and sweetly draweth him unto Himself. The humble person, though he suffer shame, is yet in peace; for that he resteth in God and not in the world. Do not think that thou hast profited anything, unless thou esteem thyself inferior to all.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

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“I have a pledge from Christ, have His note of hand, which is my support, my refuge and haven; and though the world should rage, to this security I cling. How reads it? ‘Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.’ If Christ be with me what shall I fear? If He is mine all the powers of the earth to me are nothing more than the spider’s web.”—*St. Chrysostom.*

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“What we do, as Christians, proves whose we are *in the eyes of the world* (Rom. 7. 16-20); but the great question with us is, whose we are *in the sight of God*; and that depends entirely on the acceptance of the finished work of Christ. Union with Christ makes us Christians; and that should be the test whose we are.”—*Adelaide Newton.*



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*Psa. ciii. 13.*

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### The Fatherhood of God.

“Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.”—  
*Psa. ciii. 13.*

“If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?”—  
*Matt. vii. 11.*

**W**ILLIAM BEXSON was a tailor, rather comfortably off, for he often had four “hands” employed at his board. He was by no means a gloomy man; in fact, he would

often half boast of his cheerfulness, as compared with some persons, for whom he had no particular fancy. They were "the praying people" he did not like, or Christians generally. William Bexson "could speak his mind," and if that is a virtue, he was not slow to let me know that he possessed it in a rather rare degree. There was an abundance of talk in Bexson's shop, talk which took rather a wide compass, reaching, at times, as high as the throne of the monarch, and as low as the cottage of the agricultural labourer. The leading men of the political world who were not of Bexson's "school of thought" often came under his loud correction, while the unenfranchised of the country had in him a warm and stern disclaimer against their disabilities. Christians generally, as I have before hinted, he thought were more to be pitied than rebuked for their credulity on matters of religion, though he sometimes forgot to carry out this rule of compassion.

One time when I saw William Bexson, he and his "hands" were busy at work on their "board," from which he looked down upon me, as I sat in a chair, with eyes of mingled pity and contempt, as I asked him some religious question. In reply to it he said, "I would prefer, sir, for your sake, not entering on religious subjects; for you will only get angry, as men of your cloth do when these matters are discussed."

I assured him I would try and control my temper to his entire satisfaction, if he would oblige me by talking with me, for a short time, on some religious subject. Upon my making this promise, he rather abruptly said:

"You may know, sir, that, as a rule, I don't think much of praying men. But let me ask you, sir, do you believe in prayer?"

"I must ask you," I said, "before I answer your question, to explain to me what you mean by the terms, 'Do you believe in prayer.'"

"Well, perhaps that's fair; we shall then know certainly what we are talking about. What I mean by these words

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is this: Do you believe that there is any use in a man praying to God for what he wants? Do you think the Infinite Being is influenced by a man's prayer? If He's as good as you make Him out to be, why, He'll give us what we want without going begging for it. I may as well be plain, and tell you, sir, at once, that I believe prayer is all humbug. God doesn't want to be humbugged by my prayers."

After expressing a hope that he would use becoming words when speaking of God, and not such as were full of irreverence and impiety, I answered, "I say at once, then, that I believe that God *is* pleased with prayer; that it *is* of use praying to God for what we want; and that God *is* influenced by prayer; and I am prepared to give you my reasons for this belief."

"I should like to hear your reasons, certainly," said Bexson. "I hope they will be worth your breath and my attention; but mark me, sir, I want reasons without the Bible, for you and I may think differently about some things in that book, and prayer, perhaps, may be one of them."

"One thing," I said, "we are agreed upon, which will allow us to speak on this subject, and that is, we both believe in the existence of a supreme intelligent Being, who made us, and may, to say the least, take interest in the concerns of His creatures."

"Very well, He may; but no Bible reasons, remember," said Bexson, sharply.

"As you object to my referring to the Bible on this subject, I must, instead of saying God is pleased with the prayers of His creatures, only say, He may be pleased with them. First, then, since God made us, He stands to us in the same relation, to say no more, as we do to our children; that is, He is our Father. Let me ask you, as a father yourself, whether your children ever ask you for anything they desire?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Bexson, adding laughingly; "oftener than I like at times."

“To use your own words, do you call their requests ‘humbug,’ or do you feel yourself ‘humbled’ by your children asking you for what they want?” Bexson was silent. “I need not wait for your answer. I know you must, like other parents, feel a satisfaction in their doing so, because one of the first lessons a good parent teaches his child is, that of entire trust in the power and willingness of its parents to meet its common wants. But even before this lesson of trust, the very first instinct an infant shows is what I may, for convenience sake, call an assurance of its mother’s ability and duty to meet its necessities of life. It makes its wants known to her, sometimes most urgently, at others coaxingly; and does the mother refuse an ear to her infant’s call? No, indeed. Well, now, if that is how a child by instinct acts, and how you, as a father, teach your children to act, and how you feel towards them in their application to you for help, how can you think that our heavenly Father is less pleased with our prayers? Hasn’t Jesus Himself said, ‘If ye (parents) then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?’<sup>1</sup> Can He who gave to us parents these humane feelings be devoid of them Himself? I know of one man who reasoned in this way, ‘He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see?’<sup>2</sup> And so we may say, ‘Shall God, who endowed us with parental sympathy, Himself not sympathise?’”

“But stay, sir,” said Bexson, “you are getting on rather fast. When you ask whether my children never ask me for anything they want, and whether I give them what they ask for, you forget one great point of difference between my praying to God for what I want, and my children coming to me for something. I admit I give to them, but then they know I do so, because they see the hand that gives; but you, sir, can’t see God’s hand give you what you pray for. There’s the difference between the two. Let me see God’s

<sup>1</sup> Matt. vii. 11.

<sup>2</sup> Psal. xciv. 9.

hand, as my children see mine, and I'll believe that He gives in answer to prayer. And then, sir, I object to you sticking into what you say a few passages of Scripture on the subject of prayer. But go on as you have been, and I'll hear what more you have to say."

"We are not speaking now," I continued, "of seeing the hand which gives, but whether, considering the relation God bears to us as Father, it is likely He is pleased with His children's prayers. You know as well as myself, of course, that it cannot make a gift the less real because we do not see the hand which bestows it. Does not many a child receive presents from a father from home? The hand itself is not seen, but the gift is as real as if it were so, nor does the child dream of questioning its reality, because it cannot see the giver. And should it be so that the father and child had never seen each other, still the toy would be as really a toy, as though the father had brought it home himself. Did you yourself, or, if not yourself, have you never known or heard of a person receiving a gift from some unseen hand? And has there ever been a person so foolish as to disbelieve in the reality of what he has received, because he has not seen the giver? I cannot expect to see God's hand any more than the person of God, for we are distinctly told that no man can see God and live;<sup>1</sup> but the fact of God hearing and answering prayer is no less certain for that, if we are to believe men who are worthy of belief on this matter."

Thanking Bexson for listening to me so far as he had, I thus appealed to him, "I should like to ask you one other question, and that is, Why do you and I feel a degree of satisfaction, and even pleasure, at our children making known to us their desires, wants and troubles?"

Bexson said rather warmly, "If you are like me, sir, you get more of those wants and troubles than you care about hearing. If I had a good big purse and plenty in it, I might be a little more disposed to give an ear to their wants

<sup>1</sup> Exod. xxxiii. 20.

and wishes ; but since I have not, the less I hear of them the better."

"You know quite well," I said, "that that is no answer to my question ; and since you choose to evade it, I will answer it for you, if you will allow me."

"You are at liberty to do so, certainly," said Bexson, adding, in a good-humoured way, "you are more liberal, sir, in your questions than I expected you to be ; so if you are disposed to answer the question for me you can do so, certainly, while I put on a couple of buttons, which pays better than prayer."

"The reason why," I said, "parents feel a satisfaction and pleasure in their children making known to them their wants and troubles, is that this is their acknowledgment of our authority, care for, disposition and ability to meet their requirements, as well as of their dependence upon us. That is the chief practical way of acknowledging their relationship to us. If, then, the same relationship subsist between us and God (as we both have said is the case), ought it not to be acknowledged by us? and if so, how can it be better done than by prayer? And further, what shall we say of that conduct which denies that relationship?"

"I deny your statement, sir," said Bexson, casting down upon me a rather angry look. "I emphatically, and in the most express terms, deny that prayer is the only way in which we can acknowledge the relationship of God to His creatures. I can and do acknowledge it a fact by confessing it ; so you are wrong, sir."

"Don't misrepresent what I said, which was this, that prayer is the chief practical way of doing so, not the only way. But, then," I added, "granted you do acknowledge it with your tongue, what shall we say of your conduct? Look at the contradiction between what you say and how you act. You confess with your tongue that the relationship of father and child subsists between you and God, while you deny the fact in living a prayerless life."

"I tell you plainly, sir," said Bexson, who was fast losing

his temper, and whom I here begged to be calm, "I tell you plainly, that I do not believe in prayer. I've never known it to fill any one's belly, nor put a coat on a man's back. Sir, I believe in work, not in prayer."

"Perhaps you may not have known prayer to have performed those offices," I replied; "but a good many other people have known it to do both, not as a substitute for work, but where work could not be done—I mean in exceptional circumstances. And this has been but according to God's promise, 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.'<sup>1</sup> 'In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.'<sup>2</sup> This is the injunction, and then the promise follows: 'God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.'<sup>3</sup> And as to your boast, that you believe in work and not in prayer, let me tell you that the Christian in this, as in every other respect worth consideration, has the advantage of you, for he believes in both. So that he gets all you do by honest work, and all besides which cannot be got, except by prayer."

"Very well," said William, "he's welcome to all he can get on his knees. I only know, that if I waited for a shilling till prayer earned it for me, I should die like a dog in a ditch."

"Prayer," I replied, "was never intended to earn anything. Do your children fancy they earn, by asking for that which you give them? You are a tailor: asking for work earns you nothing; making the coat gets you the money."

"Stop, sir," said Bexson, eagerly, "asking gets me the work, and how could I get the money without the work? Answer me that, sir, if you please, before you say any more."

"I can only repeat what I have just said, that asking does not earn the money, but making the garment does. Asking procures you the work only. I think that answers your question. Now prayer, that is the prayer of faith, offered up to God through Jesus Christ, procures for the Christian

<sup>1</sup> Matt. vii. 7.

<sup>2</sup> Phil. iv. 6.

<sup>3</sup> Phil. iv. 19.

what he needs. He has not to work for it, as you have to work for money. God's gifts are free, 'without money and without price.' Prayer is only asking God for what we need, and was never intended, as every sane man knows, to supersede work. God's Word distinctly states, that if a man will not work, neither shall he eat.<sup>1</sup> You speak of 'dying in a ditch,' if left to prayer to save you from it. How can prayer help a man who disbelieves in its use? Misbelief in the duty of prayer puts a man beyond the help which prayer is known to afford. 'Without faith it is impossible to please Him (God): for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.'"<sup>2</sup>

I left William Bexson that day not very well pleased with our conversation, because he felt, I believe, that prayer to God, after all he had said, was but a natural and reasonable thing, and he had no desire to feel this; but it was just what I wished him to feel.

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Many years have passed away since that day. I have had many talks with him since, and I may truly say, that his views of prayer are now very different to what they were then. He shows this change by the whole course of his conduct, both in God's house and in his family. He looks upon the prayerless past of his life as so much of a short life wasted, nay, worse than wasted, because a prayerless life must injure the moral character of other people, especially a parent's own children.

Once, when speaking of his past life, he said: "I would have given anything to have known you, sir, twenty years ago. It would have saved me a good deal of trouble in many ways, and other men from a bad influence which my prayerless life and busy, unholy tongue have exerted upon them. I have often had talks with religious men before I saw you, but whether what I said irritated them, I don't

<sup>1</sup> 2 Thess. iii. 10.

<sup>2</sup> Heb. xi. 6.

know ; most likely it did, for I was not particularly nice in what I said ; but this I know, they often got out of temper, and this I put down to the weakness of their cause, and, of course, to the strength of my own."

From feeling that prayer was both natural and reasonable, William Bexson came to feel it to be a blessed thing—the way not only of acknowledging God's existence and His relationship to His creatures, but an appointed means of reconciliation with God. Prayer is the expression of our faith. We believe in our lost condition as sinners, in the Lord Jesus as our only Saviour ; and because we so believe, we come to God in prayer confessing our sins, and seeking forgiveness in Christ. A prayerless man is, and while so must remain, an unpardoned man. True prayer is faith stretching out its hand for God's blessing. Where there is no faith, there can be no acceptable prayer, and where there is no earnest prayer, there can be no saving faith.

William Bexson's experience taught him that prayer was a reality ; that God as really answers prayer as He hears it. Not, however, always just when the prayer is offered, neither always just as the prayer seeks, but when and as God sees fit. When, at times, answers seemed to linger in their way from God to William Bexson's soul, he would say, "Patience, patience. I do the same, when I think it right, with my own children ; and they often think more of the gift for having to wait for it."

### Winds and Waves.

BRIGHTLY one morn rose the sun in the east,  
 And fair seemed the promise of day,  
 But soon o'er the hills dark shadows were seen,  
 A gloomy and threatening array.

Up, up, they gathered and strong became,  
 Blacker and thicker they grew ;  
 Behind their folds as they hurried along,  
 The sun was hidden from view.

WINDS AND WAVES.

And then the winds and the waves began,  
To see who should strongest be,  
And a noisy roar and shout they raised,  
In their rolling boisterous glee.

One great wave came with its head upreared,  
White and crested the crown it bore,  
On, on it came till with angry moan  
It broke on the pebbly shore.

Then back it went to gather again  
Fresh force for another blow,  
Like a king it rode in its conscious power,  
Its grand unceasing flow.

And the wind was trying his mighty strength,  
And blowing a shivering blast,  
He tried to unfasten the little boats  
The sailors had anchored fast.

He thought 'twould be fun to see them ride  
Away from the sheltering shore,  
And on the tops of the crested waves,  
To dance to their deafening roar.

Down and up, up and down, in spite of the wind,  
Rode safely each tiny boat,  
For the ropes were strong and the anchors firm,  
And lightly they kept afloat.

Out far beyond there were other ships,  
In peril they seemed to be ;  
Such boisterous play was no fun to them,  
They preferred a calmer sea.

A fisherman's wife strained her eyes to look  
What became of one tiny sail,  
Her husband was there with his nets for fish ;  
Would he weather the stormy gale ?

Would his boat ride safe o'er those stormy waves,  
Would it stand 'gainst the chilling blast,  
And oh ! would his hand and his heart keep true  
Till the peril be overpast ?

Ah, well she knows that though fierce and strong  
Doth the mighty tempest blow,  
There's a voice that can speak with commanding power,  
"Thus far, but no farther go."



HOW EDWARD FOSTER REMEMBERED HIS SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The monarch who ruleth the winds and seas  
Is the Lord, the King of heaven,  
And 'tis from the hollow of His right hand  
Their mighty power is given.

No harm can happen unless He wills,  
Their strength has no leave to smite ;  
Though He dwelleth in power He dwelleth in love,  
And His dealings are always right.

Like the smallest atoms His hands have made,  
They bow to His sovereign will,  
Winds and waves are calm, and their rage is stayed,  
When He speaketh, "Peace, be still."

S. P.

How Edward Foster Remembered his Sunday-  
school and the Lessons he Learned there.

**I**T was midnight in Australia. In a garret in Melbourne, three or four stories up, a young man, just twenty-five years of age, sat, pondering and weeping. At intervals he examined a handsome gold watch, lying on the table beside him, with keen and eager interest ; and at these times his distress seemed to abate, and a spirit of indecision and uncertainty appeared to creep over him. Then, he would glance at an open Bible lying beside the watch, and weep again. It was evident that a serious matter was trembling in the balance that night. What did it all mean? What was the cause of his distress?

Edward Foster was a prodigal son. Many years before this, he had been a scholar in an English Sunday-school, and had listened to the great verities of the Word of God, as expounded and placed before him by his teacher. This teacher was an earnest, affectionate man, and a true Christian. He laboured in his work with a single eye to God's glory, and the salvation of his scholars. He especially looked upon Foster with trembling, for he discerned

in his character the seeds of those follies which had now ripened into fruit. Even in his boyhood he was weak to resist temptation, reluctant to say No, to tempters, and fond of that glitter and frivolity which strands many a fair young life. These things boded ill for Edward Foster's future; but the teacher watched and prayed over him, as one that must give an account, one that must meet his scholars at the judgment-bar of the Most High.

Thus time went on, until Foster grew up to young manhood. Of a restless, roving disposition, he had rejected the idea of settling in England, and had unceasingly importuned his friends to supply him with the means to emigrate to Australia. At last they did so, though with a protest, for, with the young man's habits and tendencies, the future bore no promise in it for him. True, he had, up till that time, been preserved from gross outward faults; he had steered along fairly, but, away from home and the restraining influence of his parents, there was reason to fear that he would speedily grow worse.

Foster went away, and reached Melbourne in due time. His first two or three letters were filled with all bright pictures. He had found employment, friends, amusements and excitement, and life seemed to be full of pleasure. Afterward, his home-ties grew more dim to him, his newly-found engagements more enticing, for he wrote only seldom, and then very hurriedly and briefly. Finally, as he grew more unsteady, and mingled more freely in dissipation, he ceased to write at all, only too conscious that this conduct would not bear the scrutiny of home. So his friends could only follow him with their tears and prayers, leaving him to the watchful mercy of God. More time rolled on, and Foster became known among the *habitués* of the public-houses, theatres, and gambling-saloons of Melbourne as a reckless, spendthrift young fellow, who would revel in extravagance and reckless indulgence at one time, while at another he would toil and work just as eagerly and recklessly, undergoing great hardships in the process of securing

funds sufficient to purchase a few days' drunken and gambling enjoyment. As long as his funds lasted, he was a constant visitor at the theatres; and here it was that the Spirit of God met with him. It came about in this way.

At one of the lowest theatres in Melbourne, the proprietor, in order to increase his gains, announced that he would, on a certain night distribute prizes to all those who would, on the spur of the moment, solve certain riddles, then and there to be propounded. The bait took, and on the night in question an immense number thronged the theatre. Among the crowd was Edward Foster, full of eager curiosity as to the riddles and prizes, and resolved to try to gain one, for he had frequently been complimented on his ability in solving conundrums. As this part of the evening's programme drew on, he gathered up his courage—for dissipation had shaken his nervous system—and made one or two unsuccessful trials. The hardest conundrum was reserved until the last, when a gold watch was offered to whoever should solve it. As it was propounded, Foster thought of a passage which he had learnt at the Sunday-school, in the far-off days of his boyhood, and, singular to say, gave it at once as the answer. It is a remarkable fact, that the passage in question, one from the Book of Proverbs, was deemed by those who were the judges to be the best solution; and to Foster the gold watch was immediately awarded, amid the applause, of the onlookers. No sooner, however, had the prize been secured, than Foster became the prey of reproach and remorse. His conscience stirred within him, as he recollected that he had dared to profane God's Word, by using it for such a purpose, and in such a place. How it all rose up before him: the old-time Sunday-school, his faithful teacher, his praying-parents' home! and, hurrying to his cold and cheerless lodgings, he gave vent to his feelings. His horror of soul was great; he looked with loathing upon his success in winning the prize, while he remembered too, with a feeling of despair, that he had

## WATCH.

wilfully wandered away from all the good influences of his youth.

The hours of that night passed in this manner, and as soon as morning broke, he sought out a minister of the gospel, in order to gain direction as to the course he should pursue. He had not far to seek; a venerable servant of Christ advised him, instructed him and prayed with him, until light and consolation began to dawn. Acting on the minister's advice, Foster returned the watch to the proprietor of the theatre, with an intimation that he could not conscientiously retain it. He then broke away from his evil companions, and joined himself to the congregation and church over which his adviser presided. As time flew apace, he manifested the "fruits of righteousness," and witnessed a good confession of faith. Finally, he sent home to England the news of his conversion, to gladden the hearts of his parents, and then, having obtained their sanction, devoted his life to the work of that Gospel which once he had profaned and despised.

E. R. P.

## W a t c h .

"And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."—*Mark* xiii. 37.

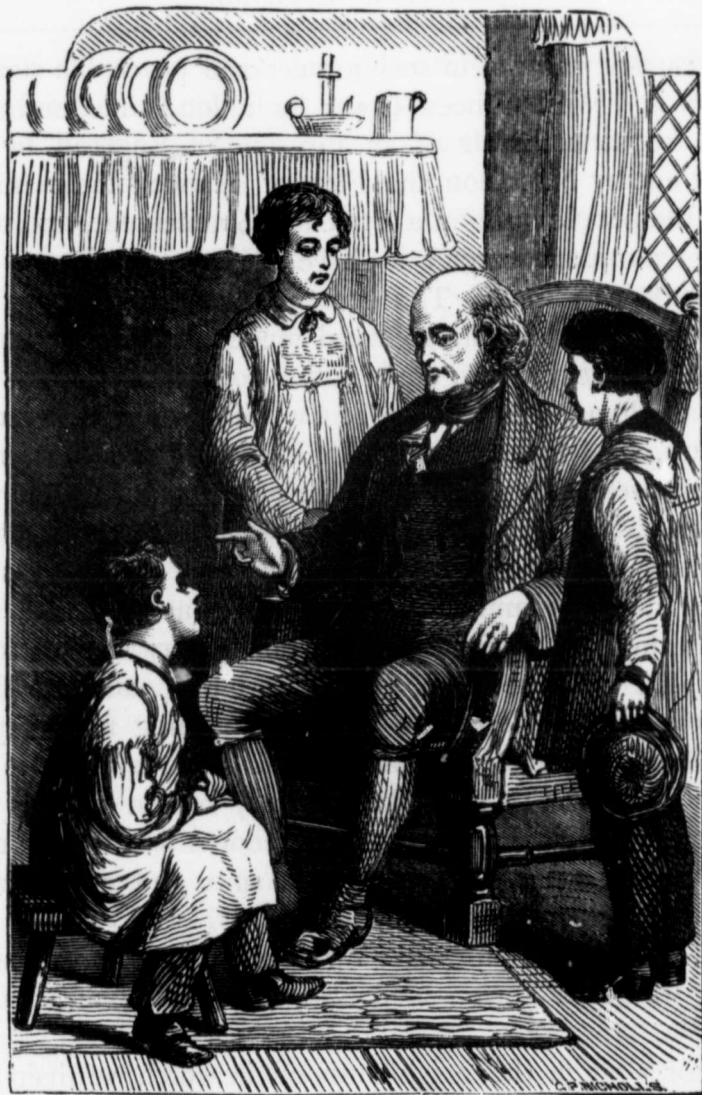
**W**ATCH! for we know not when our call will come;  
At midnight, or at daybreak we may be summoned home.  
Watch that our souls with sin may not be stained,  
Watch that our Saviour's loving heart may not be pained.

Watch that in life's temptation trust may not give way,  
Let us through earth's dark valley always watch and pray,  
Watch that our hope in Jesus may be for ever bright,  
Watch still through all life's troubles for the pure and heavenly light.

L. L. P.



busine  
" In  
tell yo



### Saved by a flood.

**Y**OU know, boys," said my grandfather, as he settled himself in his old-fashioned easy-chair, preparing to tell us a tale; "you know, boys, that my father was a miller, as I am, and that I learnt the business under him when I was quite young.

"In order that you may understand what I am going to tell you, I must remind you that, when I was a young man,

our country was not in such a quiet and peaceable state as it now is. We had been at war for a long time, and there were frequent threats of an invasion of England by her great enemy Napoleon the First of France; these threats kept the people quite in a ferment of excitement, and made our government careful to have the army and navy well supplied with men. The great expense of keeping the country on a war footing caused much distress, by making everything very dear; and, added to this, there was one year an almost entire failure of the wheat crop all over the country, and bread became so high in price that many persons were brought to the verge of starvation; these poor people, driven to desperation by want, and urged on by unprincipled agitation, sometimes banded themselves together and committed many unlawful and wicked acts. Several mills in different parts of the country were attacked by them, and the corn and flour either carried off or destroyed. And it was no uncommon thing for a farmer who had managed to grow enough corn to store in his barns or stacks, to have these wilfully set on fire by men who fancied that these acts of wickedness would be for the good of the country, or else out of spite and envy against their more prosperous neighbours.

“You may be quite sure that with things in this state, those who had corn stored away had rather an anxious time.

“For a while the neighbourhood in which we lived had been remarkably quiet and free from the acts of violence I have described. But it proved that we were not to be let alone, and in the winter of which I am going to tell you, when I was about twenty years old, our part of the country became as riotous any other.

“Day after day we heard of some lawless deed, and sometimes at night we saw a red glare in the sky, which we knew was probably caused by the burning of some poor farmer’s corn stacks.

“These things made us anxious about our own mill, and

my father often looked very grave when he heard of what was going on around us.

“‘Father,’ I said to him one day, ‘what shall you do if our place is attacked?’

“‘I can do nothing,’ he said, ‘but trust in God to help us. If the corn in the stores were my own, I would sell it all out, but as it is only here to be ground for other people, I can’t do that.’

“‘But,’ I urged, ‘these rioters won’t care about that. And if they do visit us, it is likely enough they will destroy the mill as well as take the corn.’

“‘Have you never read, Henry,’ my father answered, ‘that “the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them”?’

“‘Yes, father, I know that, but——’

“‘But what, Henry—would you say you have not faith enough to believe it?’

“‘No,’ I said, ‘and yet I should not like to say that none of those who have had their property destroyed feared God.’

“‘God forbid that I should say so either, my son, but wherever that has been the case, whatever violence they have suffered has been allowed to fall upon them for some good purpose or other.’

“I cannot say that I felt at all satisfied with my father’s reasoning. The fact is that, although I had been religiously trained from my earliest childhood, I had not then been brought to rest my entire confidence in God’s watchful care and protection. I can see now how wrong I was to have so little faith in His ability to help us, and in His care for His people.

“It was a rule strictly attended to by my father, that every day should be opened and closed by prayer, and the whole family assembled night and morning to join in these pious devotions. Solemn and earnest as my father’s prayers were, I could not but notice that at this time they were still more so in tone and feeling.

“Very touchingly did he pray that the country might be brought out of its present straits, and that the God of all nations would cause His face to shine once more upon our land; that He would succour the poverty-stricken and miserable, and forgive the lawless and sinful, and bring all to know and fear Him. Nor did he forget to commend himself and his family to the care of his Heavenly Father. Thus he constantly felt that he was under the protection of a Divine providence, and this gave him a calm and quiet that were unknown to those who had no such trust.

“I must now tell you that our mill was driven by a little stream that ran from the river a mile above, and returned to it again just below the mill. This stream formed a boundary to our meadows on one side, and they were bounded on the other by the river; the little piece of land thus enclosed formed a miniature island, and on this island, close to the mill, stood the house in which we lived. Sometimes, when there had been a great deal of rain, the usually quiet little stream became swollen and overflowed its banks, and then our house was quite surrounded by water, and, but for the little wooden bridge that reached from it to the mill, the only means of communication with the outer world was by boat.

“It was the first week in January; the ground was covered with snow for miles round, and on the hills above our mill there were such enormous drifts that we looked forward with fear to the time when there should be a thaw, as we knew that if it came on rapidly the river and stream would be so overflowed as to endanger the mill and house.

“However much my father put his confidence in God, and trusted in Providence, he was not the man to leave unused the means that lay in his power to prevent misfortune of any kind overtaking him. He accordingly set to work in having all the corn moved from the lower to the upper parts of the mill and store-houses, and as far as possible removed everything that could be injured, in case a flood set in.



“It was on a Saturday evening that this precautionary measure was completed, and we were about retiring to rest, feeling satisfied that all was done that could be to prevent mischief in case of a thaw, which appeared likely soon to come on. Before going to bed, however, my father and I took a last look round the yard to see that all was safe, and while doing so we noticed that the air was very much milder, and found that a thaw had already commenced, and the stream was rapidly rising; we entertained no fears, however, and went to bed.

“Early the next morning I was roused from my sleep by a roaring sound, and on going downstairs to ascertain the cause was surprised to find that the stream, which had made the sound, had risen to such a height that the water was already nearly level with the door-sill; this was much higher than I had ever seen it before, and I began to feel alarmed for the safety of the mill, which was old, and not calculated to bear such a strain upon it as was caused by the overflowed stream.

“I quickly roused my father, who was astonished at the rapid flood, and felt nearly as nervous as I did about the mill; but he said that he felt sure that no harm would come to the house, which stood on slightly higher ground; and he added that we were in good hands, for that He who could command the elements was our friend, and He would not allow us to be harmed.

“It made me almost angry to hear him speak so confidently; I felt more inclined to be rebellious, and to say that if God’s promises were of any use, now was the time for Him to fulfil them, and to save us from loss; but neither my angry feelings nor my father’s faith had the effect of staying the waters. On they came, creeping higher and higher, until at length the floors of the lower rooms of the house were flooded, and we began to move the furniture into the chambers above.

“It is impossible for me to describe the anxiety we suffered during the long hours that intervened before daylight began to appear.

“ My mother and younger brothers and sisters were much alarmed, especially when there was the sound of a crash, as if part of the house were giving way ; indeed, the crash was so loud that I determined to venture out into the yard to see what had happened. Lighting a lantern, I cautiously stepped out of the house, and began to look about me, but could see nothing that could have occasioned the noise ; and as I found the water too deep to allow me to get as far as the bridge, I was obliged to return unsatisfied.

“ ‘ Never mind,’ said my father, ‘ we shall know what it is when the morning comes.’

“ By-and-by there was a glimmering of light in the east, and before long we were able to see the extent of the flood. What a sight it was ! The little island on which the house stood was entirely covered with water, and many acres on the opposite side of the mill were quite inundated.

“ Anxious as we were to see whether any damage had been done to the mill, my father would not go out, or allow me to go, until we had held family worship. It was our custom on Sunday mornings always to sing a psalm or hymn before our father read from God’s Word, and that morning he chose Watts’s paraphrase on the seventh Psalm, beginning thus :

‘ My trust is in my heavenly Friend,  
My hope in Thee, my God ;  
Rise, and my helpless life defend  
From those that seek my blood.’

After singing this Psalm, and reading a chapter from the Bible, our father spoke of the love of God to His people, and tried to calm our fears by saying that we were in God’s hands, and that nothing could harm us unless it were His will, and pointing out that we, as children, ought to feel as assured as Paul did when he said, ‘ We know that all things work together for good to them that love God—to them who are the called according to His purpose.’

“ After our worship was concluded, my father and I went to look after the mill, but found to our dismay that the

bridge had been washed away, no doubt causing the noise that we had heard. The force of the stream had carried the bridge quite out of sight, and had also sunk the boat, which we had left tied to the railings. There was now no possibility of reaching the mill until the flood subsided sufficiently to allow us to raise our boat; nor was it probable that we should have help from our neighbours, as none of them had a boat large enough to venture in whilst the flood was still rising.

“During that memorable Sunday the waters continued to rise, for the snow was melting rapidly on the hills, and, added to this, great torrents of rain fell throughout the day.

“We now began to fear that our house would give way under the heavy pressure of water, and that we should all perish.

“It was during the long hours of that Sabbath day and night that my father and mother showed the value of feeling themselves to be God’s people, and under His special protection. Had it not been for their unshaken faith, I fear that some of us would have almost given way to despair.

“It was early on Monday morning, long before it was light, that I went out of doors again to reconnoitre, and to my great joy found that the water was beginning to subside. Hardly could Noah’s dove have brought more welcome news to those in the ark when she came back with a leaf in her bill, than did I when I brought my parents the happy intelligence.

“‘Let us thank God for His mercy,’ said my father; ‘if the water does not rise again we shall be safe.’

“Once more we had anxiously to wait for the breaking of day; and when the sun at last appeared, it was to show a cloudless sky and an entire absence of snow—all was melted away.

“Our worst fears were now over; although we knew that many hours must pass before we could get our sunken boat out of the water, and thus reach the mill, we felt confident that the house was now out of danger.

SAVED BY A FLOOD.

“I need not tell you of all the hours that passed before we were able to leave the house. We were detained prisoners until Tuesday, when the water had so far subsided that we were able to raise our boat, and my father and I rowed the rest of the family across the flooded meadows to our nearest neighbour's house, where they took refuge until our own house was again fit for them to enter.

“We were thankful to find that no damage had been done either to the house or mill; and in a week's time we were settled down to our usual work and mode of living, my father praising God for having spared us from what had seemed imminent calamity, and I asking myself why God had permitted us to suffer what we had.

“Little did I then know that the flood on that Sunday night had been the means of saving us from what might have been far more disastrous to us. But this was found afterwards to be the case.

“A year had passed away since the incidents I have related took place, a year of suffering for many, for, although the prosperity of the country was slowly returning, much distress still prevailed. During this time my father had exerted himself in doing good among the suffering families in the neighbourhood, and had gained for himself the gratitude of many a poor man and woman for his timely help.

“It was when he was on one of these errands of mercy that my father met with a poor man, a stranger to the parish, who was very ill, and to all appearances not likely to live. While speaking to him of his eternal interests (for he never gave temporal relief without trying to impart some spiritual instruction too) the man seemed much affected, and thinking as he did that he was fast approaching death, he tried to relieve his burdened mind by telling my father of some of his past sins, and among them he confessed that on the very Sunday night that we had been flooded in, he, with a number of others, had planned to attack our mill, and not only had they meant to take away the corn, but, because my father was what some of them called a saint,

they had determined to burn down the house and mill, regardless of who perished in the flames.

“These plans were frustrated only by the impossibility of their reaching us, because of the tremendous flood.

“So you see, my boys, the flood that I had murmured about was really the means of saving us from utter ruin and perhaps from death.

“The man went on to say that they could not plan for attacking the mill on another night, as the very next day troops appeared in the neighbourhood, and they were obliged to scatter to different parts of the country.

“My father forgave the man for his wicked intentions, and when, contrary to expectation, he regained health and strength, he gave him work in the mill, where he remained a good and faithful servant until his death, some years afterwards.

“I always believed, with my father, that it was the hand of Providence that had shielded us that night from being burnt in our home; and, my dear boys, I don't think either of you will doubt it.”

G. H. S.

## Two Little Waifs, and the Way they Drifted.

### CHAPTER VI. AND LAST.

**T**HE voyage was prosperous. Evil communications were not permitted to corrupt good manners; but, on the contrary, good communications manifestly improved bad manners. Walter's mission was carefully performed, and then he was at leisure to indulge the long yearnings of his heart, by seeking the home of his beloved Maggie.

What each expected to behold in the other, perhaps they could scarcely have described, and it required several earnest looks before the mischievous urchins of years ago could be recognised by each other in the cultivated youth

and maiden, re-introduced after so long a separation, and under circumstances so different.

Their well-sustained correspondence had kept events and character familiar to both ; there was not much to learn concerning tastes, habits, and occupations, but the surprising thing was the alteration in personal appearance, for which each was unprepared, and Walter and Margaret would gladly have dwindled, for a while at least, if they could, into the Watty and Maggie of former days. But soon only joy and thankfulness prevailed, and the departing mother's prayer was gratefully and tenderly remembered by the happy orphans.

Walter was invited to spend a little time with Maggie in the Home, where she had become a favourite and favoured teacher among children rescued as she had been, and during that time sought to interest her for David, whom it was his desire to leave under some friendly guardianship when he should have returned to England.

"Shall you always stay in England?" she summoned courage to ask.

"Shall you always stay here?" was the rejoinder.

Questions not easily solved at once.

"I must return to my duties in London, Maggie, at least for a time. Gratitude to kind friends there claims my best services in the position they have given me."

"The dear ladies who commenced this Home for orphans have been so kind to me, Walter. I love the place, too, as the only home I have ever known, and the superintendent of it has been the tenderest of mothers to me."

"Well, we shall never forget such goodness, Maggie, while we both give our first best thanks to God. He will tell us what we should do, for we are His children, you know. Now I want you to do something for me, will you, Maggie? Look often after poor David, who is going to work on your premises here. Your lady has promised to employ him. Help him to be steady and industrious, to study his Bible, and to follow the Lord Jesus. Will you do this until—until—I come back again?"

"Yes, indeed, Walter, joyfully, if he will let me; but I am afraid he will miss you too much to stay quietly here."

Walter thought it would be strange indeed if David would *not* let her.

But he was enlightened on the point by finding that David had packed up his extra suit, and intended to work his passage "home," as he expressed it.

"David," remonstrated Walter gravely, "you daily ask 'Our Father' to keep you from temptation. Can you expect Him to do so when you wilfully put yourself into it? You know what you left behind in your former life, you know that there is comparative safety here—no bad companions, no familiar haunts of vice to attract you, but all that is good and true and holy to fill up time and thoughts. Oh, don't distress us all by refusing to stay."

"Why, ain't He there as well as here?" asked David, pointing upward to the sky.

"That is true; but if we would feel His protecting arms around us, we must shun everything that might dispute His influence. The path of duty is the path of safety, and, knowing all you know, is it your duty to go where former companions would have opportunity to entice you back to sin and ruin? Oh, David, I could not bear to see it."

"I don't mean you should see it, but I want to keep by you; and if the ship got wrecked, I'd give my life for you, Walter."

Deeply touched, Walter grasped his poor friend's hand.

"Dear old fellow, I like to have you with me, but I want you to do what is best for yourself; and I truly believe that if we could hear our Lord's mind about it, He would say, 'David, keep out of danger, be patient, and try to please and serve Me where you are awhile.'"

"Think so? Then I will, as much as if we did hear Him say it. But ain't there nothing I can do for you?"

"Yes, learn to write—my sister will teach you—and send me plenty of letters."

“And shall I take care of her?” pointing back with his thumb.

“Yes, do—till I come back.”

The last Walter saw from the deck of his ship was David rubbing his eyes to clear them for one more long look.

It was not long before David had an opportunity of proving his devotion to his new charge. A fire broke out one night in the Home, and amidst a scene of terror and confusion Margaret was the sole object of his thoughts until he should see her placed in safety. In vain amidst smoke and burning wood she tried to pass the little ones over into his care.

“Whoever has got to be burnt, you ain’t,” he said, as catching her in his arms he bore her quickly to a school-room detached from the main building, where some of the inmates had already taken refuge.

“Margaret, take charge of the children, and keep them quiet,” said the superintendent, depositing two of them, and flying back again.

“I’ll bring them all safe, only you stop here, and believe me,” said David. “Walter would say so, if he was here.” And away he went, working so bravely and wisely that much was saved, besides all the lives in the house; and it was not until all was done that could be done, that the effects of over-exertion, and many a burn, were noticed in the brave boy.

Then, while help and sympathy and supplies poured in upon the dislodged sufferers, it was Margaret’s turn to minister to the comfort of her preserver; and not only the body, but the soul also of the young hero benefited by her care, and the royal heritage of “David’s Lord” in joint heirship through grace and faith would be shared by David’s namesake.

“Promise me this, else I won’t let you dress this burn,” said David, in a wilful fit notwithstanding; “if Walter comes back—and I know he will some day—that you won’t let him go away any more, ’cos I can’t live in two countries,



ABOVE.

and you both belong to me, and I'm going to serve you as long as I stop down here."

"I can't make any conditions, I must dress this burn," said Margaret, smiling and colouring.

"Then Walter will make them, and so it'll be all right," said David contentedly, yielding the wounded arm.

And in due time it was "all right," according to more notions than David's. After faithfulness in "little," Walter and Margaret were trusted in "much," and in a pleasant school-house in an important settlement of the West, superintended together the education of the chief portion of its youthful population. And the mother's prayers were richly answered, directly for her orphan child, and indirectly for the faithful boy who loved and did his best to protect her. So *three* little waifs drifted together into a haven of earthly peace and heavenly hope; for, of course, David was part of the household. What seemed aimlessly tossed about for a time on life's rough ocean, was nevertheless guided by an unseen Pilot, as "the wind that bloweth where it listeth," and always "listeth" right.

L. E. G.

Above.

1 Cor. ii. 9.

WE have seen the bright flowers which deck earth's  
green breast,  
We have seen the rich sunset that crimson the west,  
We have gazed on the ocean that sparkles with light,  
And the stars which look down from their dark throne of  
night.

But the beauties of earth, and the sunset's rich glow,  
And the ocean's deep waters that sparkle and flow,  
Oh, more than all these, or the stars' golden rays,  
Shall burst on our sight and enrapture our gaze.

We have heard the deep tones of the anthem's rich swell,  
As 'mong the tall arches it rose and it fell;  
But more glorious far is the undying tone  
Of the anthem above which for ever rolls on.

PRAYER FOR NIGHTFALL.

We have imaged sweet visions undimmed by earth's care,  
As bright as the rainbow, than daylight more fair ;  
But thought cannot fathom, nor fancy portray,  
The glories that fade not and pass not away.

Oh, glorious land which no darkness may know,  
No shadows are there, and no tear-drops may flow ;  
There beauty and gladness for ever shall last,  
And earth with its cares be a dream of the past.

But naught that defileth shall enter therein,  
All, all shall be pure and unspotted by sin ;  
And the blest ones who bask in those heavenly beams  
Have washed their robes in the Blood that redeems.

HARRIET POWER.

Prayer for Nightfall.

SUNSET has faded from the sky,  
Among the trees the night winds sigh ;  
Upon the earth deep shadows fall,  
And darkness broodeth over all.  
Saviour, whose deep and earnest prayer  
Rose on the lonely, midnight air,  
Be near us, listen to our cry,  
Ere slumber close the weary eye.

Soon will night's curtain be withdrawn,  
And stars grow pale in early dawn ;  
Soon will the shadows pass away,  
And darkness yield to glorious day.  
Saviour, who while the world still slept,  
A lonely, prayerful vigil kept,  
When sunbeams chase the darkness drear,  
Oh, let us wake to find Thee near.

HARRIET POWER.

G. S. Fenwick  
J. F. McEwen  
J. H. McFarlane  
J. Boyd  
James Reid  
Thos. Henry

MISS

YOU

DR.

J.

HENRY SA  
JOHN DR  
JAMES SM

J. F  
J. F

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